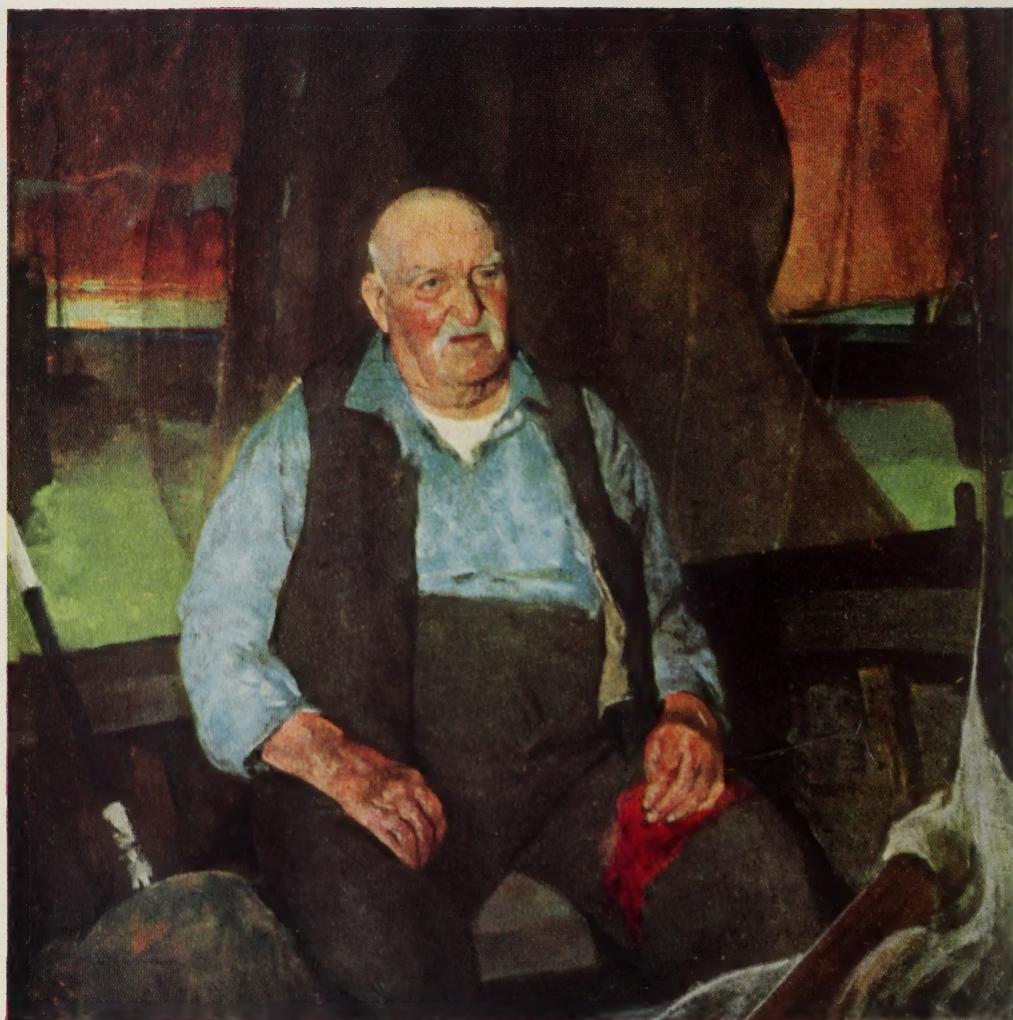


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THE FIRST MATE  
By Charles W. Hawthorne  
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## FEMINISM AND JANE SMITH

ANONYMOUS

IT IS surprising, to the casual observer, that in the discussions of feministic theory, formal and informal, which he has heard or taken part in very few have consented to be anything like fundamental. Talk and books alike seem to rest their argument on political or social conditions which, in the nature of things, must constantly be changing. There is no reason to suppose that if Greece and Rome passed we shall endure; and no man can say how, or when, we shall perish. What is certain is that our best chance of preserving our civilization is to separate, in all weighty matters, the essential from the accidental; and, in determining our attitude, to rest, as far as possible, on facts that are not going to change with political, or economic, or even ethnic fashions.

Nothing is more striking to the same casual observer than the failure, on the part of feminists and anti-feminists alike, to bring sex, as such, into the discussion; their tendency, in other words, to argue forever about the social or economic by-products of the physical fact without once examining the physi-

cal fact itself to see what it implies. Whether discussion of child-insurance and maternity relief is considered more delicate than discussion of the marriage-relation, which stands causally behind these other problems, I do not know. Very likely; for we seem to sidestep any reference to "male and female," though we may prate as much as we like of romantic love, or repression, or complexes. Yet it would seem to be clear that you can get at no satisfactory solution of the political, social, or economic relations between the sexes without considering the respective roles which Nature has assigned them in the fundamentally and eternally important business of reproducing the race. Nature is concerned—as far as male and female go—only with that. What creative evolution may eventually do to modify the process of reproduction now existing it would be idle to speculate upon. Certainly, as far as we know, ever since the human race has been what we call human, children have been begotten, conceived, and born in one way and one way only. To the race in general, the



average man is significant chiefly as a potential or actual father, the average woman as a potential or actual mother. Passion is thrown in as a bait and a lure, to one end alone.

Psychology (in the non-laboratory sense) counts much more for the average person than pure science or pure philosophy. Even a biologist is human outside his laboratory; as a feminist is human when he or she steps off the platform. The average person does not think about his own human relations so much as he feels about them. It is not from the point of view of pure science that you can discuss these things, because all sorts of complicated reactions enter into the decisions and opinions of the average person. The writer is attempting to discuss them only from a widely human—a merely psychological—point of view. Nor is this intended for an exhaustive discussion: only as a reminder of certain facts that many special pleaders, on both sides, have omitted to mention. The great omission, as has been said, is the omission of any reference, direct or implied, to the respective roles of the two sexes in reproducing their kind.

It is an interesting fact that the most rational lists of the "twelve greatest women" with which we were not long ago afflicted mentioned only women who were unmarried or childless. Some people who sentimentalized motherhood were even, I believe, offended thereby. The fact is interesting only in passing, as a straw to show which way the winds of the ages blow. Anyone who has ever given thought to the matter would have expected it. Through all the ages, the respectable wife and mother has been a very rare achiever of distinction in any field of creative work. The "great" women (in the sense of artistic or intellectual success) have been for the most part either unmarried or childless—or frankly contemptuous of the conventions of their world. This fact, as I say, need not detain us. The sex is merely running true to form. What is more

important is that a large number of the women who are most vociferous about what used to be called "women's rights," about the whole question of women's "equality" with men, are either unmarried or childless. There are, of course, notable exceptions; but the reader, I believe, will agree that a large number of the feminist agitators have never borne a child. The writer would respectfully submit that a woman who has never borne children, while she may be perfectly qualified to speak about the rights and needs of the exceptional woman, is positively unqualified to speak about the needs and rights of the average woman. Of plain Jane Smith, married and a mother, she knows very little.

The mystical attitude is a dangerous one to adopt towards any subject. Yet it is the attitude that determines the sacramental idea; and the sacramental idea is far older and far more nearly universal than any Church. It inheres in the commonest counsels of the race; it lies at the bottom of all such familiar tags as "you never can tell till you've tried it," and "must be experienced to be appreciated." A sacrament is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—that is, at least, the definition of the Christian Church. But, to take it more widely, a sacrament is a physical fact which has a spiritual significance that could not be apprehended without the physical experience prescribed. You do something or other with your body in order to learn something with your soul. The Church made marriage a sacrament fairly early; it never, with its secular bias against women, made childbearing a sacrament. To most people ecclesiastical notions of sacraments make very little difference nowadays. Yet most people cling to the belief that there are certain experiences you must have yourself in order to reason properly about their significance. No one, I think, would put a monk or a nun on the jury that was considering a *crime passionnel*; no one would ac-



cept a teetotaler's decision as between two brands of champagne. Mrs. Jane Smith, mother of children, may be less well equipped intellectually to discuss feminism than Miss Mary Jones; but she knows something that Miss Mary Jones cannot derive from an intellectual process.

## II

One does not suppose that Jane Smith is usually—taking the planet over—particularly well able to reason. The average person is not. But, if she can reason, she is possessed of fundamental facts to go on, with which Mary Jones is not provided. Let us suppose, for a moment, that Jane Smith is articulate, and dispassionate; not bewildered, or resentful, or sentimental. She is likely enough to be all three—especially the last, for on no fact of life has more sentimentality been misspent than on motherhood. Partly, in our Western world, no doubt, a matter of defense: the Church thrust women all along the line into an inferior position, and women had to find such consolation as they could. Certainly the cult of the Blessed Virgin must have been a great help to a repressed and downtrodden sex. Nothing, it must be admitted, is as simple as all that; but the statement may pass as suggestive of a truth. Returning to Jane Smith, let us suppose her, as we said, articulate; able, to some extent, without religious or egotistical prepossessions, to state her case in the light of her own adventure, to view herself as a human being who has undergone certain normal and universal experiences.

She knows, first of all, that childbearing is a physically humiliating experience: such a surrender of bodily integrity as the other half of the race knows nothing of and can hardly imagine. The social attitude to motherhood may differ widely with civilizations. To the Chinese woman, to the Hindu woman, it may be the sole great source of legitimate pride. To the English or American woman it may, on the other hand, be

an occasion for the sympathy, if not the pity, of her friends. We will not deal with these accidental points of view. We are giving Jane Smith an English name, as a matter of convenience; but we are for the moment regarding her simply as a female human being, paying no attention to climate, religion, or social status.

Stripped of the prestige value which may or may not, at any given epoch, in any given country, be attributed to the feat of maternity, childbearing remains, as we said, a humiliating experience. Jane Smith, who has been a mother, knows it. The maternal instinct is strong in most women; and few mothers would ask back, if they could, the price that they have paid. Hypatia's refusal to "suffer tortures fit only for slaves to bear" would find, perhaps, no far-reaching echoes. Nor is it the fact of pain that gives Jane Smith pause when she considers the implications of her role in life. Pain is not confined to her sex, and she knows it. No woman suffers in childbirth as countless soldiers suffered in the late war; though it must be remembered that the pain of childbirth is the only absolutely inevitable pain which Nature has provided for those who live what Nature considers the normal life. People may die even, suddenly and without suffering. It is being done constantly. Pain is likely to come to all of us during our three-score years and ten; but it is sure to come to the woman who marries and has children. The cards are stacked against her.

Still, as we said, pain is so nearly universal a fact that we will not dwell on it. People, moreover, both men and women, often deliberately incur or accept pain for reasons of altruism. It is not pain that makes Jane Smith feel that she knows more about the position into which her sex is thrust by the Universe than the childless woman can know. It is rather, as we said, the humiliation of the experience. Modern science has mitigated the suffering and the dangers of maternity, so that the modern woman



who can afford nurses and specialists need dread the mere childbearing no more perhaps than the Red Indian woman does. Her more delicate and complicated system may suffer more after-effects than the savage woman's; but on the other hand she has chloroform and ether on her side. What science has not done, cannot do, never can do is to make it a decent business. The race avoids pain when it can; any woman will choose the best care she can have at such a time, for the sake of the future as well as the present, for the sake of her children as well as for her own; but the fact remains that, were it not for natural cowardice, Jane Smith would prefer the solitude of the Apache woman's labor to the ministrations of obstetricians. The only way in which Jane Smith, mother of children, can put up with her memories is to discard them. This, with the astonishing gift humanity has of forgetting the unpleasant when it is once over, she manages to do. But her experiences have inevitably, if she is a reflective person, modified her attitude to herself. She will never, having borne a child, feel the same creature again. Passion may be a shared thing; in any case, if a woman loves a man truly, she is willing—and glad—to be his wife. But the long period of pregnancy, ending with the shattering fact of labor, is something that she must put through alone. She must be ugly, weak, miserable as an isolated individual; and at some hour or other of her prolonged purgatory, she is going to observe, reflect on, vividly and keenly ponder, her husband's immunity. If she is not sentimental, she will not make the mistake of glorifying herself as the sole parent and producer of the child to be born. Some women do that, taking unto themselves all the pride of parenthood. But Jane Smith has an honest mind; she is not going to consider her child more hers than its father's.

Jane Smith is also—remember—perfectly normal: ready to "accept the universe"; she is not going to resent the

inequality of the physical burden. The fact that it is absolutely inevitable will in itself reconcile her to it. She believes that the race must go on, and she knows that it can go on only if women everywhere endure what she is enduring. She is not, I repeat, going to resent male immunity, any more than—sensible soul—she resents the precession of the equinoxes. Both are, as far as humanity is concerned, inevitable. But she is going to understand absolutely what was in Euripides' mind when he made Jason cry out against the way in which the race has to be reproduced. She is not going to agree, with her whole mind, for, remember, she has accepted the universe; but she is going to understand Jason's purely masculine point of view better than most men ever can. She is even going to see that to be included in another human being might revolt the imagination, as including another human being within oneself can revolt it. She has had the experience of a complete captivity; she has been the helpless habitation of another human creature; she has been invaded, to the uttermost recesses of her being, by a life not her own. These things do not happen to woman without profoundly modifying her outlook on life, especially her outlook on the problems of her sex.

Love and respect, which make all the difference between rape and the consummation of marriage, make also all the difference between happy and unhappy motherhood. Jane Smith, remember, is normal, is not morbid, is ready to play her part, and is asking only to base her theories on ascertained fact. She sees clearly that if women are to hold their heads high—and they must hold their heads high, for everyone's sake—they must find real compensation for the physical humiliation of marriage and childbearing. Love, which makes all things mystically clear, cannot be too heavily counted on; for it is too much to hope that most marriages, the planet over, will be garments of the great love. Women must go on bearing children,



though they are not heroines of grand opera. Children themselves are not the whole answer, for they are the father's children as much as the mother's, and he has paid no such price, physically speaking, as she has paid.

What Jane Smith discovers, as she ponders, is that Nature has evidently never been preoccupied with making the sexes equal in either dignity or liberty. A child is begotten from the positive impulse, the overwhelming desire of the father; whereas conception is a passive role. To put the case extremely: a woman, as we all know, may conceive a child not only against her will, but when her aversion from the man amounts to horror; she could even conceive a child in a state of complete unconsciousness; whereas no child has ever been begotten except from strong desire—albeit merely physical—on the part of a man. Nature, which is interested solely and supremely in getting the race reproduced, has done only what is needful in the matter. She has stopped short of gratuitous favors. That the race should go on against all discouragements, moral, social, sentimental, it was necessary that some instinct should be well-nigh irresistible. Nature endowed the male with that instinct. It was not necessary to her purpose that the female should be endowed with it as well. It was necessary that women should be, generally speaking, capable of feeling sexual attraction; otherwise we should have the potential mother eternally eluding the potential father. But the mere fact that passion on the woman's part is not in the least necessary to the conception of a child shows where Nature chose to lay her stress and bestow her consideration. Not only did she make the male stronger than the female; she made the reproduction of the race a matter, initially, of his impulse and his volition. She saw to it that fatherhood should in no wise incapacitate him physically. She gave to the female the subservient role.

These facts—the mere alphabet of

marriage and parenthood—once looked at for what they are worth, not confused with social or sentimental issues, may well give Jane Smith furiously to think. She comes inevitably to the conclusion, first, that male and female are not, in certain ways, equal; and that female "equality" is the fruit of male pity, or the attempt on the part of sensitive and high-minded men to redress artificially a balance that can never be redressed really. Nothing that women have won, in any society, whether it be chivalrous homage, or financial irresponsibility, or the vote itself, has been won except because men let them win it. On the merely moral side of the matter, Jane Smith will not ponder long, because moral superiority, or inferiority, or equality—whichever it may be—is a very difficult thing to determine. She will probably let it go at saying that men and women are both human beings, and have the defects of their respective virtues. She is interested, remember, merely in finding out what Nature has irrevocably decreed; and Nature has never been in the least preoccupied with morals. She will, on the other hand, linger over the question of the comparative mental powers of the sexes. That, indeed, is the chief point of conflict, for even Miss Mary Jones does not usually argue for the physical equality of the sexes. Miss Mary Jones takes it out in announcing that women are intellectually equal to men. That is the crux of the matter, for feminists and anti-feminists alike.

Jane Smith, then, takes account of stock. She sees her sex given the subservient and the painful role in the reproduction of the race. She sees that whether or not the family be the sole natural unit of society, during the helpless period of the offspring's existence the family has to be, if only temporarily, the unit. The male is given his physical immunity in order that he may be free to provide sustenance for an incapacitated mother and for helpless young. She shrewdly suspects that since he must

have the strength for three, or four, or five, since he must not intermit his natural work, whether he is working for food directly, or indirectly in the form of money, it is his strength and his share in the impersonal work of the world that Nature is interested in. In other words, she suspects that immunity was granted to the better candidate, and that even had the case been reversed, the immune female would have been of less use than the immune male. She does not pretend to speak authoritatively of Nature's belief in the matter; she admits that the causal relation may be different—that the woman may be the lesser person because she has not this immunity. The results, however, seem to her extraordinarily similar. Either the woman is inferior because the passive role (in the full sense of "passive") has been thrust upon her, or the passive role was given her because she was inferior to the male. Remembering that enforced surrender of vital integrity, that subservience and obliteration, Jane Smith shrewdly suspects that Nature, framing her for one tremendous purpose, and one only—since the fulfilment of that purpose incapacitates her largely for other tasks—did not waste on woman more strength than she needed, for her peculiar function. In other words, that Nature gave immunity to the sex which could use it best; that if men are left free to do the varied work of the world, it is because they are more fitted for it. And that comes very near, in Jane Smith's honest reflection, to an admission that men are definitely superior. One would certainly expect Nature to handicap the creature that is less fitted to respond to the multitudinous demands of the human society—to withdraw from the world the person the world least needs. Jane Smith is not interested in setting the sexes over against each other; but she realizes, too, that the mere fact of superior physical strength makes for superior mental power. And she does not believe that Nature gave the subservient and suffering role to the female

sex merely by way of a compliment, for it would be a very back-handed one. Jane Smith, in her heart of hearts, finds herself suspecting that women, as a sex, are not "up to" men, as a sex.

### III

Jane Smith, as I said, is not a morbid, or a sentimental, or a resentful person. She wants only the facts. She will then proceed to square her self-respect with the facts—not the facts with her self-respect. She has probably been bred up in some religion; and most religions grant women souls. Jane Smith is quite sure that if men have souls, she has one, too. If any final spiritual dignity is attainable by human beings, that final spiritual dignity is as much her goal as her husband's. She knows, of course, that all men are not born equal, and that many women are superior to many men. She is not going to sentimentalize her own role, but neither is she going to minimize it. If Nature gave men the physical immunity that frees them to do the work of the world, she gave to women qualities that enable them to preserve, for children and husband, certain priceless elements of existence. The atmosphere of conflict is not the atmosphere to develop those qualities; and the home is not the place where conflict should be necessary. Conflict, and the strength for conflict, belong in the world outside the home. Without sentimentalizing maternity, without, on the other hand, sentimentalizing male immunity, she realizes that her role is ultimately and absolutely important. To be necessary to the fundamental purposes of humanity is dignity enough for a human being. Jane Smith, in her more moral moments, desires not to challenge the male on his own ground but so to harmonize her role with his that male and female, husband and wife, shall present, as it were, a complete working organism for the service of society. She is no saint; and if she is willing to complement the male role instead of



usurping it, it is because she knows that complementing it is the most that, in the end, she can manage with real success; that when Nature itself proclaims her subserviency, her only game is to accept it and make of it a beautiful and dignified thing.

Nor is Jane Smith a reactionary, or a traitor to her sex. She will, I think, welcome any honest achievement of women: she will be the first to applaud those who stand out from the ruck. She will want the women who prefer independent and impersonal endeavor to the more personal task of marriage and motherhood to be successful and praised of men. She will never forget, however, that the woman who has chosen independence of this sort is not the average woman, and cannot decide the problems of the average woman. She realizes that the fundamental problem is not what women can achieve when they evade the duties Nature has imposed upon the sex, but what women can achieve when they fulfil the complete natural destiny. In other words, that the attitude of society at large to female capacity must be determined by the capacity of the wife and mother; and that claims of equality are valid only if the wife and mother issues them and makes them good. It is Jane Smith's firm, if reluctant, belief that the wife and mother—taking the race as a whole—will neither issue the claim, nor make it good; that the present "emancipation" of women has no more permanent significance in human history than had the Kingdom of the Amazons. She would not have women mediævally confined—though she will also be well aware that many mediæval women carried far heavier responsibilities of a business and administrative kind than most modern women; that they managed estates, held courts, and dealt in politics, to an extent that in this age would be considered extraordinary; that, indeed, the deepest immersion of the female in important affairs has come in periods when her personal submission to the male was complete.

It will be strange if Jane Smith does not in the end wonder whether talk of "equality" will not give place to a sharper definition of differences; whether the maximum efficiency of women as well as men will not be reached by admitting certain inferiorities to begin with, and dealing with life on that basis. Certainly she finds her own dignity, her own self-respect more or less after the fashion of the Christian when he repeats the words "whose service is perfect freedom." The Christian knows that the service of God is not, in many senses, freedom at all. It is only to the man who accepts God without after-thought or reservation that His service is perfect freedom. It is only when Jane Smith accepts her inequalities, her inferiorities, as fundamental and inalterable that she can proceed to envisage herself as free. Freedom is freedom within possibilities; and accepting the universe is the beginning of self-respect. If the sex persists in considering its inequalities as accidental, not fundamental, the war for equality must needs go on. But Jane Smith has decided that Nature has given the lie to those extremer pretensions. She refuses to waste her time on them, therefore.

Since every law of life involves a human duty in relation to it, Jane Smith, who has experienced marriage and maternity, will naturally ask herself what duty of hers is defined or conditioned by the state of affairs that she has found. Let no one be shocked if she comes, at long last, to the conclusion that the reins of government in any normal household can be held ultimately by only one person, and that, as far as she can honestly see, the male would seem to be, as physicians say, "indicated." Men have never shown much disposition to usurp the distinctly female responsibilities; and she will not be hard put to it to keep the governance of the domain that is obviously hers. She will have little time or opportunity, if she wished, to regulate the work her



husband does outside the home: for his impersonal responsibilities are not to his wife but to a stranger. In every household, however, there are questions to be decided which are neither peculiarly woman's nor man's field, yet which affect them both nearly. These are decided by consultation, agreement, or compromise. The only case that presents any difficulty to Jane Smith's reflections is the case of positive disagreement. It is in the nature of a decision to reject one alternative and accept another; without such acceptance, such rejection, there can be no decision—the matter, whatever it is, is left hanging. Practically, that will not do.

To Jane Smith, who has accepted Nature's discriminations against her, comes now the necessity of accepting the logical sequel. Since there are moments when one opinion must prevail, it would seem to her indicated that the opinion of the superior person should prevail. That it may not always, in any given case, be the superior opinion is more unfortunate than significant. Nothing is so destructive as indecision; and it is obvious that if decisions are to be made, there must be some ultimate court of appeal. There cannot be two ultimate courts of appeal. She sees society, in every land, holding the male responsible to the outer world for his wife and minor children. The person who is held responsible is the person who must decide. Jane Smith will probably make up her mind, in the end, that the male has more legitimate pretensions than the female to the dominant role. She may never put it to herself that it is her moral duty to obey her husband, but she will put it to herself that the interests of order and efficiency are best served by his having the final word.

#### IV

We said that Jane Smith would be the last to grudge to the special case its special opportunity. That is true. She wishes the utmost possible fruition for every woman's gift. Jane Smith is not

anti-feminist: far from it. She is not, I think, particularly enthusiastic about women in politics, because she recognizes there the likelihood of a dilemma. The really valuable person in affairs of government—as in every other field—is the trained person. The man who really counts politically is the man who has prepared himself arduously for a political career. The woman who would count politically must also be willing to give her most serious attention, her best years, to some activity that prepares her to govern. The wife and mother cannot do this. During the years when she should have been in closest contact with public problems, she has been given up to problems, equally vital but wholly different, within the home. The women who can really train themselves to be politically valuable are the women who have not spent their youth and early middle-age upon purely personal interests and duties. Jane Smith is a tolerant creature, and loyal, besides, to her own sex; but she notes with apprehension the tendency of the exceptional woman who achieves political standing not only to view public questions from the point of view of her sex, alone, but from the point of view of a minority of her sex. Jane Smith, for example, views with amused alarm the tendency of the feminist to fight for laws that ignore her—Jane Smith's—most fundamental discoveries. She will not support legislation that thrusts all the women of the world into a position that few women, comparatively speaking, hold. She feels that the normal woman, doing her normal job, is no more a business or a political animal than she is a fighting animal. She sees Miss Mary Jones arguing in high places for "rights" that the sex as a whole cannot effectually claim, for responsibilities that the sex as a whole cannot effectively discharge. No law can be fair to all individuals, and Jane Smith thinks it better that Mary Jones should suffer an undeserved eclipse than that the average millions should be thrust into a position which they cannot

fill. She is quite willing to have Mary Jones herself a senator, but she is mortally afraid that Mary Jones, being quite unable to speak for her sex at large (yet usually determined to do just that), will make the sex at large ridiculous by attributing to it powers that it has not.

Jane Smith does not sentimentalize or idealize men; but she sees them obviously fitter, by natural opportunity, for certain tasks than women. Mary Jones does not prove the political value of women any more than the Battalion of Death proved the military value of women. Yes, if Jane Smith is English or American, she will probably cast her vote—for she not only accepts the universe, she accepts the present period of history. If she quietly asks her husband how she shall vote, it is not because she considers herself disqualified to think about these things; it is because every honest voter makes up his mind after much consultation and argument with his kind, and as much tapping as possible of the sources of expert information. Jane Smith is an honest woman, and she has tried consulting her own kind, in vain. She probably prefers her own husband's opinion to the windy echoes of the opinions of other women's husbands.

Undoubtedly Miss Mary Jones could tell her, fluently enough, how to vote; but she is a little afraid of Miss Mary Jones, who seems to her to base her partisanship on misconceptions, if not on ignorance, of Jane Smith. She is not at all sure, that is, that Mary Jones is really speaking for Jane Smith, or can intelligently represent her. She comes near to believing that the father of her children understands her political needs better than the cleverest and most altruistic spinster. Moreover, in her long pondering on masculine immunities, she has come to admire—I will not say envy—most of all the immunity from sudden gusts of emotion and prejudice which even the sanest woman will not escape. She credits men, to be sure, with emotions and prejudices; but she feels

that these are usually traceable to something at least more stable than a state of nerves. She who has borne children knows how deeply physical conditions reach down into the nervous system. She knows, too, that the creature to whom physical health is the first of all duties—for the sake of children about to enter or recently entered upon their earthly career—is not the creature best equipped for dispassionate mental effort. The mother's chief duty for long stretches of time is to inhibit her "nerves," and to emulate the placidity (to say nothing else) of the cow. When one considers—as Jane Smith does—that under the best possible conditions each child means one year out of a woman's life: months of pregnancy, during which she must protect the life within her, weeks of labor and its after-effects, weeks or months, probably, of feeding the child from her breast: a period during which most women, given up to this special duty, can hardly be assigned with advantage to any duties more impersonal or public—when one considers these things, one will not lightly say that women stand in a similar position to men for dealing with the affairs of the world.

There has been latterly, in discussion of the equality of the sexes, a certain stress on the word "economic." Economic equality would lay on the woman a financial, legal, and social responsibility equivalent to the man's. This conception of justice need hardly detain us, even though it should momentarily prevail. Jane Smith, the world over, is not going to be able to hold a job as her husband can. Even if she finds employment outside the home, when she can, she is perforce going to belong to the type of casual worker who is the last to achieve the real rewards of labor, the last to be considered important. Even if she sticks through thick and thin to that job, she cannot stick to it as uninterruptedly as the male. Even if the government takes over her children at birth (one of the extremer solu-



tions) she still has to reckon with those intervals when she must pass her job on to someone else, and drop temporarily out of the running. Nor does she see any likelihood of any government's permanently succeeding to the parental role. Both she and her husband know that to no individual, to no system, to no law, can the child ever be so important as to its parents; and in the end the human race will see (as it has hitherto always seen) that the truest economy lies in getting the maximum solicitude for the least expenditure. Parental affection is too profound, too universal a thing not to be capitalized by any successful state.

Feminists will point to the woman who has borne her children young and has reached a comfortable middle age, with health, leisure, and money to attend to intellectual or political affairs. These women, unimpaired in health, free, rich, who have also been able to keep up a continuous intellectual development, are proportionally very few. Not many men who have passed the decade from twenty-five to thirty-five in invalidism bulk big in affairs thereafter. Even leaving actual ill-health out of the question, the seclusion, the special concentration, and the special interruptions of the childbearing years have no better parallel than invalidism. And when Jane Smith considers that for most mothers of children, who cannot hire people to take over their job, the rearing of the children borne adds another decade to the original one, she sees her sex handicapped through half of active life. In the name of common sense, she is not going to turn over the

administration of her country to such. Her rough and ready reasoning would run: the normal woman living the normal life is incapacitated for the management of national affairs; and it is dangerous business to let the unmarried and the childless woman be spokesman for the women she does not really represent. The fact that many men in public life are not husbands and fathers counts less. In the first place, most public men are husbands and fathers; and if the fantastic case arose of a Senate and House (for example) composed almost wholly of bachelors, people would sit up and take notice and object. Jane Smith herself would object; but first of all to object would be Miss Mary Jones.

To be sure, as we have said, Jane Smith goes farther. With all her loyalty to the exceptional woman, she does not believe in the equality of the sexes, as a general proposition. She sees no warrant in Nature for such a belief; and Nature is the one thing that cannot be bucked. If Nature has assigned her, in no uncertain terms, a passive and subservient part in the game of life, she feels that her strength lies not in trying to get that assignment reversed, but in perfecting her own role, in being as virtuous, and various, and intelligent, as she can, within her obvious limitations. The superwoman is as useless a criterion as the superman. Jane Smith, facing facts, makes up her mind—reluctantly, it may well be, and after a bitter struggle—that the fair rewards of feminist doctrine have nothing to do with her, and can come her way only theoretically. Therefore, she rejects them.



# THE TIGER

A STORY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

LITTLE Homer Brown had one night, after too luxurious a supper, a nasty dream. He dreamed that he was in a jungle. He was lost in a thick dark mass of bush that seemed to rise like a forest with green spikes on every side of him. He walked with naked feet on pointed grass sharp as razor blades, and then he saw shining at him out of the dark mass two burning eyes. Petrified with something more than terror, as one is in dreams, he stood there waiting for the tiger to spring. As the tiger sprang he woke up.

The only thing about this dream was that in the morning he remembered it. He never remembered his dreams, which was a pity, because they were in general pleasant ones, and he had not much romance in his actual waking life. It seemed that he forgot the pleasant ones and remembered the nightmares, which was perhaps characteristic of him because he was of the sort that worries over little troubles and forgets too quickly the larger delights.

He remembered his tiger for three days at least. He told his sister, who kept house for him, and several of his more intimate friends about it. They wisely cautioned him against eating steak just before going to bed. The trouble with him was, as he thought about it, that he was convinced in his heart that there was more in the tiger than steak. He had all his life been afraid of the future, that something would spring out at him one day and eat him up. He was a man small of stature,

sentimental of nature, and likely to catch colds. But, like many another Englishman, he was brave enough before the things which he could see. He had so little imagination in general that the things which he could see were the only things about which he did worry. But again, like many Englishmen, he had one thin stream of imagination running underground deep in his subconscious life. He had been aware of the dark steady flow of it on certain occasions. Once, when as a child he had been taken to the pantomime and all the houses in Dick Whittington's London had rocked before the inebriated cook; once in an animal shop in Edgeware Road when he had seen a sad monkey stare at him from behind the window; once when he had proposed marriage to a lady friend and had been rejected, and once when a motor car in which he was riding had killed a black Cocker spaniel.

On such occasions he had seen visions. It was as though the earth had opened up beneath his feet and he had realized that he was walking on a kind of hot pie crust over an underworld of energetic little demons. But for the most part he forgot these revelations and lived quietly enough with his tall, bony sister in a neat little house in Wimbledon, pursuing every morning his successful little insurance job somewhere in the bowels of the city.

And he forgot the tiger.

It was this insurance business that sent him one day to New York. Quite



an adventure for him. Phoebe, his sister, who was as kind as she was tiresome and, though he didn't know it, absolutely necessary to his existence, was disturbed at his going alone. She would have liked greatly to accompany him and hinted at this; but he sniffed at his coming freedom and would not have had her with him for anything. Nevertheless, when he found himself quite alone on the gigantic liner his heart failed him. He discovered that he had lived so long with his particular cronies that he had quite forgotten how to make new acquaintances. He was afraid to play cards lest he should lose his money, he couldn't dance, and for reading he had a kind of shyness as though by giving himself away to a book he was endangering some mysterious part of his morality. So he walked up and down the deck a great deal, very proudly holding his head up and daring any stranger to speak to him, but secretly hoping that some stranger might.

In New York, however, he was not lonely. That warmth and eagerness of hospitality which always astonishes every Englishman and sends him racing through strangely conflicting moods of suspicion, pride and, although he tries not to show it, sentimentality—these caught little Homer Brown by the throat and caused him to think that after all he must be a very fine fellow indeed.

He started with a room at the Brevoort, but this was a little remote for his business, and in a very short while he was staying with a Mr. and Mrs. Moody in West Sixty-ninth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody were very quiet Americans. Mrs. Moody was so quiet that you had to listen very carefully if you wanted to hear what she had to say. Mr. Moody was stout and broad-shouldered but oddly timorous for a Mid-Westerner. You would think to look at him that he would defy the world, but as a matter of simple fact, he couldn't defy a living thing. Englishmen are much more sentimental than

Americans, but they are not, of course, so demonstrative. Little Homer conceived slowly a passion for the large, hearty and gentle Mr. Moody, and Mr. Moody, having been brought up in the usual American creed that ten American men were worth only one American woman, was surprised that anybody should pay him much attention. And before Homer Brown returned to England these two had formed a greater friendship than they knew.

Homer Brown was delighted with New York. He loved to feel that every minute of the day was important and it didn't matter to what you were hurrying so long as you hurried. The noise around him excited him as a small rather lonely child is excited at a large children's party where everyone shouts and sings for no especial reason.

At home in Wimbledon he always went to bed at ten o'clock. In New York he found that he could be up till three or four in the morning and not feel at all tired the next day. At least, this was so for the three weeks that his business kept him in New York. It is true that he slept on the boat returning to England for three days and nights almost without a break. The sad thing was that, back in London again, he found himself unsettled. He missed the noise, the hurry, the cold sharp air, the sense of rise and fall as though he were sailing on an invigorating sea of waves and buildings, and he missed very much indeed the warmth of pleasure with which people had treated him. No one in London said that they were delighted to meet you, but only, "Hello, old man. Haven't seen you about lately." No lady in London told him to his face that he was too amusing for anything or that it had been just lovely being with him. And then, oddly, he missed the large Mr. Moody. He had never missed a man's company before. He wrote him a rather affectionate letter, but received no answer. American men have time only for business letters.



And so it happened that he was very quick in maneuvering to send himself back to New York again. He was amazed at his own eagerness when one fine spring day he found himself once more plunging through the Atlantic, straining his eyes toward the Statue of Liberty. His first acute disappointment on arrival this time was to find that the Moodys were in Colorado. Mrs. Moody had not been well and, as Homer knew, the slightest wish on her part was immediate law to Mr. Moody. He had a sentimental feeling that he would like to be near their street, so he found two rooms in one of the West Sixties, rather high up, and out of his window he could see on the left a huge building crashing to the ground and on the right another structure slowly climbing to the sky. Although the Moodys were away, he was not, of course, alone in New York. He had a whole circle of acquaintances and almost every evening he went to a party, bathed in the splendid glamour like a tired business man having a holiday at the seaside. The summer came and he did not return to England, and he did not leave New York. The Moodys were still away, and quite suddenly one hot summer's night he discovered himself to be alone. He sat in front of his open window looking at the pale purple-misted sky, listening to the hooting of the taxis, to the clanging electric hammer, to the wriggling, rasping clatter of the Elevated, and to the flashing of strange adventurous discovery; he had no invitation for that evening and nearly all his friends were away. What should he do? He would just walk out and take the air and let adventure have its own way.

When he had walked for a while he discovered that it is a very strange thing to be alone in New York. He had never been alone there before. He was standing in Fifth Avenue somewhere about Forty-fourth Street when he realized that he couldn't make up his mind to cross the street. He looked down the

shining length of that wonderful avenue, saw the packs of motor cars and omnibuses held like animals in leash, knew that he must cross now if ever, and his legs refused to move. The lights changed and the cars swept down, and as they passed him they seemed to him to toss their heads and lick their lips as though they would say, "We should like to find you in our path—toss you in the air and then ride over you. One day we shall lure you forward." I have already said that in the main he had very little imagination, but once and again something stirred it, and it was the gleaming mass of those fiery eyes that held him now prisoner to the pavement. He pretended to himself that he was lingering there admiring the beautiful evening and watching the stars come out along the river of sky which ran between the high cliffs of the buildings. But it was not so. He was frightened. He didn't move because he didn't dare to move. New York was suddenly hostile and dangerous. Guarded by his friends, he had felt until now that the City was benignant and especially gratified that he should be there. The City was benignant no longer. He turned away, his heart beating, and after a while found himself in Broadway. Here was a lovely land—like the fairy play of one's childhood, scattered with silver and golden fruit. He admired the lighted signs, the cascade of silver that poured out of the purple fountain, the great flowers of amethyst and rose that unfolded in the middle of the sky and then faded tremblingly away, the strange figures of dancing men that hung on ropes of crimson fire, turned somersaults, and vanished into thin air. And he loved with a strange trembling passion the building that soared into peaks of silver light far, far above the town. The only fairy palace ever seen by him in actual truth.

He stood staring at these things and was pushed about by the hurrying crowds. He bore them no malice. They, too, were the sharers of this mar-



velous fairyland. And then, withdrawing his eyes from the heights, it seemed to him for the first time that the faces on every side of him were pale and unhappy and apprehensive. The laughter appeared to him loud and false. The haste had something of panic in it. Shrill bells rang through the air. Everyone scattered and pressed against everyone else. The fire-engines came clanging down the street, and it was as though he felt the ground rock under his feet.

He thought that he would go into some show, and after a while he pushed through some doors, paid his money at the box-office for he knew not what, and was conducted by a girl, who looked at him with a sad and weary indifference, into his place. He had been to the theater on many occasions before with his friends and they had always been jolly together, or he had fancied that they had. He had never noticed before that many of the American theaters have no music in the intervals between the acts, nor had he realized how sadly American audiences sit, as though they were waiting for some calamity to occur. He looked on the row of faces that stretched out beyond him to the wall, and they all seemed to him grave, preoccupied, and weary. Again, apprehensive. He had often abused in London the chattering, foolish chocolate-munching sibilants of the theater crowd, but he would have liked them to be with him to-night. The play was strange and odd, and for his Wimbledon propriety extremely indecent. It was concerned with ladies of easy virtue in China who were imprisoned in small gilt cages, and there was a woman with a white Chinese face who terrified him.

As the play proceeded it became for him more and more a bad dream, as though it were his dream and all the people watching it were all his creation. So strange a hold did this gain upon him that during the third act he was largely occupied with wondering what would happen to the audience when he woke up; what would become of them when he

stretched his arms and, yawning, found them all vanishing into smoke as he looked around on the familiar things in his Wimbledon bedroom. The last act of the play presented an exotic situation in which a mother finds that she has unwittingly killed her own daughter. This seemed to little Homer the climax of his bad dream and, just as one always wakes up from a nightmare when the final crash arrives, so now Homer got up and walked out although the play was not quite finished.

He hoped that his bad dream was over, but it was not. It seemed to continue with him as he walked through the plunging lights and shadows that played over Broadway. The faces now on every side of him were white and strained; everyone was feeling the heat of the night, and a large silver fountain in the middle of the sky that was forever spilling its water among the stars which it stridently outshone accentuated Homer's thirst so desperately that he went into a drug store and drank a strange sickly concoction of pineapple, ice cream, and soda water.

After that afternoon he never seemed quite to wake from his dream again. He received a letter from his sister urging him to come home. It appeared that for once they were enjoying a beautiful summer in England. It was neither too hot nor too cold. But as he read her letter he had a strange, aching vision of the dark cool lanes, the lap of the sea heard very faintly from across the fields, the sudden dip of the hills and the cottages, of the small villages nestling to the stream, roses and carnations everywhere. Of course he ought to go home. There was nothing to keep him here now. There had been nothing really to keep him this time at all. None of his friends was in New York, the weather would soon be appalling. It was not very comfortable in his lodgings, and he had always a strange little headache that ran like an odd tune, a little distorted, always through his head. Of course he

ought to go home. But he could not. And he could not because he was held in this odd dreaming condition. Could he but wake up he would take the next boat back. Perhaps he would wake up tomorrow.

A few nights later the weather was desperately hot. There was no air, and after a brief sleep he woke to feel his heart pounding in his chest like a hammer. His windows were wide open, but there was no coolness. He lay there on his bed, his pajama jacket open, and the sweat pouring from his body. He threw off his pajamas, plunged into a cold bath, and then lay a little comforted, quite naked, on the top of his bed. As he lay there he heard, beneath the sharp staccato cry of an occasional car, a kind of purr as though someone were gently sleeping nearby. Purr, purr, purr. . . . It was not, he assured himself, the breathing of an individual, but simply the night sound of the City. He had never heard it quite like that before; and between the breathing there came short restless sounds as though someone were turning over or brushing something aside as he moved. The sound had a little of the rhythm of a train when in a sleeping-car you wake in the middle of the night. Rhythm translating itself into a little tune, but this was not so much a tune as a measure that advanced and then receded and then advanced again. He had the idea that it was almost as though someone were walking in his sleep, padding stealthily along the quiet streets beyond his window and, so thinking, at last he fell asleep.

Everyone who has lived in New York during hot weather must have noticed that the town seems to change completely its inhabitants. Those who can afford it leave the City. But many of the inhabitants, Southerners, negroes, South Americans who are accustomed to great heat, pervade the streets with a kind of new ownership. They have a sort of pride as though this were their weather and they alone know how to deal with it. They walk about

as though they owned the town. Homer, coming one morning out of his door, noticed passing him a large, stout, honey-colored negro. Rather a handsome fellow with the free disengaged movements of an animal. His big heavy body was clothed in dark, quiet garments, and he passed with lithe, springy gestures. Homer did not know why he noticed him. The negro did not look at him but passed on with his strange determined ease down the street. That evening Homer met him again. "He must live near here," Homer thought. Then he had a curious idea. "If he were naked and in a dark forest you would think that he was an animal."

That night once again Homer dreamed of the Tiger. It was not so hot a night, but damp and humid. Homer was once again walking with naked feet on sharp spiky grass. And once again he was held with sudden terror, and once again saw the gleaming eyes and smelled the thick foetid breath of an animal. He woke in a panic of terror and was at first delighted to find that he was in his plain simple little room and then he was horrified to discover that the smell of an animal's breath seemed still to linger with him in the room. It was so strong that he could not possibly be imagining it. He got up, walked about the room sniffing. He went to the window and leaned out and saw the town lying under a dazzling sheet of stars. There was a little breeze, and when he turned back into the room again he found the smell was gone. In the morning it was as though he had had actual contact with some animal, and he had hard work to convince himself that some large dark-colored beast had not padded round his room while he slept. He seriously examined himself. "This won't do," he said to himself. "This hot weather is getting on your nerves. You must leave for England at once."

He went that very morning to some shipping office, booked a passage for himself for the next week, and sent a cable to his sister. He felt now as



though at last he had awaked from his dream, and England seemed to come very close to him with its cool breezes and long, gently undulating moors and sudden little woods with scattered anemones. But while he was sitting in his little Italian restaurant eating his luncheon he heard again through the open door a purr as if it were of someone breathing close beside him, and as he heard it his body trembled as though someone said to him, "You are not going home. You will never go home." That afternoon he sat in Central Park and watched the blue motionless water and felt a desperate longing for Moody's return. "I am not very well," he said to himself. "It is as though I am only half awake. Must be this hot weather," and he did a strange thing because he went up to some children who were playing at the edge of the water and put his hand on the arm of one of them and spoke to it about something. The child answered him gravely, not at all alarmed, and pointed to some boat that it was sailing on the water. The child was a real thing. But was it not part of his dream? If he woke suddenly in his Wimbledon bedroom where would the child be? So he hurried home in a panic and then, just outside his door, passed again the large, heavy negro who did not look at him, but went on padding steadily forward. He hurried into his house.

When the time for the actual sailing came he did not go. He sent a cable to his sister saying, "Important business prevents leaving. Sailing later." But there *was* no important business. The weather grew ever more hot, but he was accustomed to it now and, although it depressed him, he liked it. He liked, too, the slightly acrid, rather foetid smell that seemed now to accompany him everywhere. For a while he was puzzled as to where he had known this smell before and then he thought of the monkey rooms and the snake rooms in the London zoo. It had been just that warmth, damp, and pungent.

On a very hot afternoon, sitting

in his room, he suddenly thought, "There must be animals somewhere. Animals that like this heat." It was, he imagined, what a jungle smell would be; and the light beyond his windows beating down from the blazing blue sky on to the roofs and pavements had a glossy shimmer as though he were looking at a scene through very thin sheets of opalescent metal. Then, once he had this idea that there were animals about, he began to wonder where they would be. He had the odd fancy to picture to himself this vast city, honey-combed with underground cells and passages, like the dark shadowy cells behind the Roman amphitheaters where they kept their beasts for feast days and holidays. It would be a strange thing were the whole of New York built about these dark stone cellars and the wild beasts forever prowling there. Sitting at his window in his pajamas, he fancied how these hordes of animals would slink about, padding their way from passage to passage, and the only things seen in that gray dusk were thousands and thousands of fiery eyes, and then it might happen one day that some of them would escape and appear in the streets. Lions and tigers and leopards and panthers, dazzled at first by the bright staring light and then accustomed to it, plunging into the middle of the multitudes. A great lion with tawny head finding its way through the entrance of one of those vast skyscrapers, padding up the stairs, and then confronting a group of clerks and stenographers. Yes, that would be fine, and how the people would rush from the building to the street! He'd heard it said that if all the human beings ran at the same moment from the skyscrapers into the street, they would be piled one upon the other five deep, and he could see them heaped up in this hot dry weather struggling in masses, and from the windows of the building the lions and tigers peering down at them and waiting with slow licking lips for the splendid meal that was coming to them.

Moving from this still farther, he came to his own especial tiger. The animal about which he had dreamed so many years ago, waiting now for him somewhere in the underground beneath the street. At this thought a pleasant warm shiver ran through his body. He put his hand in front of his eyes as though he would shut out from them some picture, and the familiar animal smell seemed to increase in the room.

It was just then, at the end of August, that the Moodys returned to New York. Homer was very glad to see them, but not as glad as he would have been a month ago, because he had now something else to think about. They didn't know about all these animals, all these beasts prowling under the streets in the shadowy dark. And they must not know, because they would think him foolish and wouldn't understand. So, because he had a secret from them, he was very mysterious and preoccupied and not so frank with them as he had been. They noticed, of course, the change and commented on it to each other. Moody had a real affection for this little Englishman, largely because he had been noticed by him and made to suppose that he was somebody; partly because he had a truly kind heart and wanted people to be happy; so he was distressed and asked Mrs. Moody, for whose opinion and judgment he had the profoundest respect, if she knew what the matter could be. "He seems preoccupied with something," he said to her. "He always thinks of something else. He doesn't look well at all. Perhaps it's the heat that's got on his nerves. Englishmen can't stand it. When I was in his room last night he asked me whether I noticed a smell. I noticed nothing. But he said that I should in time. He seems to have a terror of the subway. He implored me yesterday not to use it. His eyes were terrified as he spoke to me about it. I don't like the look of things at all. I think he'd better go home."

But Homer now saw the Moodys through a dark glass. He wondered how it could be that all the inhabitants of New York were not aware of their great danger. He thought it might be his duty to write to one of the papers about it. But after all, the animals had been there so long the people must all know. He supposed that they were so confident of their control that it didn't worry them. But suppose you had, as he had, one particular animal who was watching and waiting for you. He knew now exactly where his tiger must be. Somewhere underground between Fortieth and Forty-fourth Street where the traffic and the press of people are thickest, and he began to be fascinated by that part of New York. He found that if he went down to the Grand Central Station and stood on that great shining floor he could almost hear the animals moving beneath his feet, and he fancied that if he went lower down through the gates to the trains and stood there in absolute silence when no trains were passing he would be able to hear very clearly soft feet moving and the heavy bodies brushing the one against the other.

So one day he got permission from the station master to go and meet a train, and he went through and for five minutes was alone there, save for the colored porters, and through the silence he heard quite clearly the whispering footfalls. There must be many beasts there, thousands perhaps, and you can imagine how one would push ahead of the others and wait, his eyes eagerly fixed for the black gate to open. And one day it might be that the negroes who brought them their food, great red lumps of bleeding meat, would be a little careless, and some of the beasts would slip past and moving noiselessly would be up on the sunlit street before anyone knew that they were there. His own especial tiger would be waiting more eagerly than any of them. He must be a great strong beast with a huge head and gigantic muscles. One scratch of



his paw and your cheek would be torn open and then, at the sight of the blood, the tiger would tremble all over and his eyes would shine until they were like great lamps, and then he would spring.

Then one night Homer told Moody about it. He had not intended to tell him, but it irritated him that that great heavy man should be sitting so calmly in his room and not notice the acrid smell. He told him first about the big honey-colored negro who was always passing down his street, and Moody thought there was nothing odd in that; so that Homer, thoroughly exasperated, burst out with, "He is one of the keepers. Although he hasn't told me I know it and he knows that I know it." "One of the keepers?" asked Moody. "Keeper of what?" "Why, of the beasts, of course. Can't you smell them everywhere?" He went on then and said that he couldn't understand why people were not frightened. "It would be so easy some day for one of the animals to steal out while the keeper wasn't looking. Or suppose they went for the keepers one day and broke out—hundreds of them—into the streets. That would be a nice thing. You would see people run for their lives then all right."

Moody became greatly alarmed but, as always when one's friends are odd or queer, adopted a tone of quiet reassurance as though he were speaking to a sick child. He consulted with Mrs. Moody and the result of this was that he invited Homer to go with him one day to call upon a friend of his. Homer went with him most readily and had with this kind gentleman two hours of most interesting conversation. The interesting, quiet man who talked to him and asked him questions was surprised at nothing which Homer had to tell him. When Homer spoke about the animals he nodded his head and said, "I know. When did you first notice it?"

Homer, delighted to discover that he had found a sensible person at last, told

him everything. "You see," he said, "I shouldn't really mind, myself, a bit, but of course I am a little uneasy because of my own tiger. You can quite understand that it isn't pleasant to feel that he can escape at any time. Then he would come straight for me. He knows just where I am."

"Why not," said the quiet little man, "go home for a while? Your tiger won't follow you to England."

"Ah," said Homer, mysteriously, "I am not so sure. Besides, don't you think it would be cowardly? And then, there's something exciting in defying him. I am not going to show him I am afraid," and a little warm tremor ran all over his body.

His kind friend asked him many questions about his childhood. When he was very young, had he been taken to the zoo and had he looked at the tigers there? Homer nodded his head. Of course he had. Had he when he was very young been shown pictures of tigers? Yes, of course he had, but what had that to do with it? His little friend agreed that, of course, it had nothing to do with it, but it was just interesting. It was suggested to him that he should come and see his little friend quite often, and Homer said that he would, but, nevertheless, he had no intention of doing so. This man took it all too quietly. He would wake up one day and find out his mistake.

Early in September there came those warm days, close days that are perhaps the most trying moments of all the American climate. If you took a walk you were at once bathed in perspiration. The town had indeed, for even less active imaginations than Homer's, a jungle air. The traffic now was terrific. Down on Fifth Avenue the cars would stand packed in serried ranks. Then, on the changing of the lights, they would slide furiously forward for a brief space, then sit back on their haunches again.

It happened one evening that, hurrying home in the dusk, Homer, looking up

the street, saw these hundreds of gleaming eyes and thought with a furious beating of his heart that the moment had arrived at last and that the animals had escaped. He realized at once, of course, that it was the traffic; and yet, was it? Were not these things alive and acting from their own volition? It might be that they were in union with the beasts and were acting under command, and one day at a given order, they would suddenly take the thing into their own hands. In great armies of shining metal they would drive the trembling thousands of tiny human beings into panicstricken mobs and the animals would be released.

This was fanciful perhaps, but when he returned to his room, he knew with a sudden certainty that his Tiger was free. Homer did not know how he was aware of it, but he was certain. What must he do? He wanted to escape. He was trembling with fear, but at the same time he wanted to face the animal. Some horrid fascination held him. He could imagine himself walking down some dark side street, lit only by some scattered lights, shaking slightly with the reverberation of the overhead railway and then, turning a corner, there the Tiger would be. He sat there all night not sleeping, sitting on his bed, wondering what he must do. At about three in the morning obeying some curious impulse, he barricaded his door, putting two chairs in front of it and pushing his bed toward it. When day came he must buy a gun; but of what use would that be? He didn't know one end of a gun from another and, besides, it was hopeless. No gun that he could buy would injure the Tiger. His fate was certain. He could not escape it.

That morning Moody came to see him. He entered very cheerfully. "Now, my friend," he said, "what's this, you're not dressed? Come on, take a bath and come have a meal with Mrs. Moody and myself. You are not well, you know. Mrs. Moody wants you to come and stay with us for a bit.

Cheerful company, that's what you want."

Homer thanked him, shook his head. It was very kind of him, but he was very busy just then and would come and see them in a day or two. Moody talked to him for a little and then apparently alarmed at Homer's expression went away.

When the evening came Homer dressed and went out. First he walked on Fifth Avenue and as the traffic rushed by him felt an oppressive bewildering excitement. He knew beyond doubt that now the Tiger had come very close to him. He must be very near any one of these side streets. There were so many animals that the keepers had probably not yet discovered the loss of one of them. The Tiger was waiting in some dark alley or court, crouched against the wall in the shadow. At every step that he took he was being drawn irresistibly nearer. He was no longer afraid, but only strung up to some great pitch of emotion as though the supreme moment of his life had at last come. He was oddly hungry (he had eaten scarcely anything for days) and he went into a little Italian restaurant. He sat down in a corner and saw that there was a very good meal for a dollar. You could have antipasta, minestrone, spaghetti, broccoli, and all for a dollar. At a large table near him some twenty people were having a feast, and were laughing and joking very loudly. In the far corner a violin and a piano were playing gay tunes. The minestrone was very good,—hot and thick. He talked to the waiter and asked him if he liked New York. The waiter liked it very much. "Now here was a real town. Something was going on all the time and there was money about. Lots of money. You could pick it up in all sorts of ways." Homer was about to say, "Yes, but suppose the animals get loose one day, where will you be then?" But he didn't say it, stopped by a kind of sense that it would be bad form to mention it.



He sat there staring at the gay supper party. They didn't seem to care. What would they do if he went over to them and told them that just up the street a great Tiger with huge velvety haunches was waiting? They might not believe it, and then he would look foolish, and in any case, this was the one thing that in New York nobody mentioned.

After a while he paid his bill and went out. He was now in one of those streets that seem in the evening to be the very borderland of madness. Overhead the trains rattled, on the right the street was "up" showing black cabins of darkness and then a blaze of burning light. The trains came clattering up issuing from forests of armed girders and tangled masonry, people hurried by as though they knew that this was a dangerous place and that they must not pause there for a moment.

Homer took a deep breath, stepped forward into the middle of the street, stared past the bright lights of a drug store and then, with a whirl of concentrated knowledge as though everything in his past life had suddenly leaped to meet him, in one swift instant knew that the time had come. Facing him as he stood there at the very issue of the dark side street opposite him, crouched the Tiger. Although the street was so dark, Homer could see every detail of his body. He was very like a huge cat streaked with his beautiful colors. His eyes burning just as Homer knew that they would do. His head moving very slightly from side to side. With that vision, terror leaped upon Homer. He turned, screaming there in the middle of the street, and even as he turned, the Tiger jumped. The huge body was

upon him. He felt the agonizing blow and then sank deep into pits of darkness.

A crowd collected. His body was dragged out from under the taxicab. The driver began an eloquent explanation. It had not been his fault. The man had seemed bewildered by the lights, had run straight into the cab. There was no time for the driver to do anything. The policeman took notes, an ambulance was summoned.

The Moodys heard of the accident that night. It appeared that it was nobody's fault. Homer had been crossing the street and becoming bewildered, turned back, and was struck by the taxi.

About three the next morning, Moody woke up quietly trembling, and at last roused his wife. He talked to her about the poor little Englishman. "I suppose," he said, "staying here in the heat was too much for him. Odd thing that, his imagining that some animal was after him." He lay there, greatly discomfited. "New York's getting a queer place," he said. "You can imagine anything if you let yourself. All this traffic for instance. They look like animals at night sometimes." He turned and took his wife's hand in his. "A bit close in here," he said. "You don't smell anything, do you? Sort of animal smell." "Why, no, dear, of course not," said Mrs. Moody. "Imagination, I suppose," said Moody. "Funny thing if this town went wild one day."

But Mrs. Moody was a sensible woman, not given to silly fancies. She patted her husband's shoulder and so fell asleep. But Mr. Moody lay there looking into the darkness.



# PORTRAIT OF A BUCCANEER

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

THE outline seems familiar. As it comes up against the sky we know it in an instant. For it is always seen against the sky, the deep and sunlit sky of the Spanish Main. The foreground is a little trivial—a carronade or so, some tangled cordage, perhaps a stiffening and disregarded victim, and a short stretch of planking which the marine attainments of the illustrator have littered generously with broken spars, a marline-spike, and a few fallen blocks. But our delighted eyes hurry across the scattered detail. For he stands beyond, superb upon his deck (or still more superb on someone else's); and behind him the inimitable background glows with its hint of hidden beaches beyond unknown headlands, and doubloons, and sea chests, and pistoles—as it glowed so often (but, alas! no more) in the warm fancy of Howard Pyle and Lovat Fraser. That lonely figure in the laced hat and sea-boots redeems any picture. We ask no more than ruffles at the wrist and pistols in the belt. The magic never fails. Set him upon his deck and—however odd the naval architecture—scuppers (there must be scuppers somewhere) run with blood, while masts, wherever placed, taper deliciously towards the glorious suggestion of a black ensign fluttering against a startled sky. For he walks a pirate's deck, and a pirate's hand rests on a pirate's hip in pirate *hauteur*.

How sad that piracy has faded. Lamentable indeed that Execution Dock has done its work so well, and Long John Silver sleeps with the dodo and the two-toed horse. The purged seas lap idly

against our coasts; our ships go up and down the world without so much as a treacherous supercargo or a wide-eyed boy with a sound moral instinct and a precocious gift for narrative; and our ensigns are red, blue, white, yellow, and green, occasionally mauve, but never black. For piracy has vanished, and ardent *amateurs* collect its traces. It has become a parlor rarity for mild-eyed bibliographers to catalogue its "firsts" and collate its title-pages. Kidd is a curio, Morgan and Blackbeard an association item. For piracy is dead. No more the shot from a bow-chaser and the boarding party; no more the spoil, the lonely figure, and the sinking sun. Even in commerce, last and most secret of its beaches, it begins to yield before a quickening public conscience and an unpleasant tendency in Governments to legislate against the buccaneer. Only, perhaps, in politics . . .

## II

A flagstaff in Downing Street is the last place to look for a Jolly Roger. To the casual eye that brief but decorous thoroughfare appears to be entirely given over to policemen, press photographers, and persons in search of the entrance to the Foreign Office. But besides these (and the Prime Minister's door-knocker) it contains premises of less soaring notoriety than No. 10. For, unexpectedly, that famous multiple has neighbors. Less numerous, perhaps, than other people's, they are sufficient—if gossip be correct, more than sufficient. Untroubled by the dog at No. 1, the cat at



No. 2, the parrakeets at No. 3, the Premier knows nothing of the tonic sol-fa across the way at No. 5, the twins at No. 8, the scales at No. 7, or the incessant clarionet at No. 6. These humane delights are for lesser subjects. But though the official ingenuity of successive Postmasters General has never succeeded in detecting any letter-box in Downing Street for the insertion of postal matter addressed to No. 9, the door of No. 10 is not alone. For, before the exhausted street subsides down a flight of steps into the Horse Guards Parade it achieves a second number; and there are tenants at No. 11—and tenants of the highest standing. The house, indeed, is occupied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a modest mansion, as becomes the residence of one whose waking hours are spent in inducing economy in others. It is even a trifle somber. Yet it wears a tidy flagstaff; and since the resident is Mr. Winston Churchill, those halyards might support without ineptitude the Jolly Roger.

A less alarming ensign is flown on public holidays. But one feels that the Skull and Crossbones would not be uncongenial to the tenant: perhaps he runs it up at nights. For Mr. Churchill has always something about him of those splendid solitaires whose ghostly keels still grate on lonely beaches as the moon comes up by *Nombre Dios*. Can it be his transatlantic blood? For his hand, like theirs, is on his hip, his elbow on a carronade, his eye watchful, like theirs, for all comers. He has never sailed for long in the obedient convoys of strict party discipline, but early broke away and ran for the open sea and wide horizons of his personal preference. Those were the days when he was a Tory hopeful with a lively pen. The pen, the tongue as well, was vigorously plied. But as promotion tarried (they were the gentle closing days of Cecil nepotism) the hopes began to die. For youths from Blenheim had little future under a Hatfield dynasty; and the young Churchill, rarely reposeful, grew definitely

restless. Came at this crucial moment a lively issue, which sent him careering out of his party on the Free Trade question. The Tory brave was copiously sprinkled with the pure milk of Mr. Cobden's word. He watched his arms before that blameless altar; and, these rites concluded, he was received into the victorious Liberal hosts of 1906. For eight congested years of office he seemed capable of party allegiance. He was (the phrase rings oddly in such a context) a sound party man. His voice intoned the full litany of Tory sinfulness and Liberal virtue in the bright days of People's Budgets, Peers recalcitrant and foiled, land taxes, and resounding Land Songs. The accent was always personal, the idiom rich with his vivid, slightly labored imagery. But the content was impeccably orthodox: he was a party man at last.

It might, perhaps, have lasted. But the gale, which broke half Europe from its moorings, set him adrift again. The War fulfilled his longing for sensation. It satisfied that keen dramatic sense. Had he not startled naval administrators for years by jerking out the sudden question, "What happens if war with Germany begins to-day?" Was there not a closed case (why, in the name of mystery and Mr. William Le Queux, a closed one?) on the wall behind his desk in Whitehall, showing the daily positions of the German fleet? So when the tension ended and a voice in Berlin cried "Havoc" and let loose the dogs of war, we may conjecture that it fell on one delighted ear; and Mrs. Asquith at the foot of a staircase in Downing Street saw him go swinging "with a happy face" across the hall to tell the Cabinet that the war telegram had gone out to all ships. In this delighted mood he did his war-work—admirably, as all his work is done. For there are few Ministers of whom officials speak with more unfailing praise. Perhaps the note was forced at Antwerp. Perhaps his leaping temper was not always kind to the slower judgment of his technical advisers. Perhaps

the Dardanelles . . . But he was glut-tonous for work and always ready with decisions; and if the decisions were not always right, at least they were decisions.

The undulating course of war-time politics gave him variety. There were vicissitudes, even momentary extinctions. Sometimes he was a war-lord, sometimes a landscape painter in retirement, sometimes a slightly startling unit in the field. As the dust subsided, he was still in office. The German fleet had vanished—first, into a suburb of Edinburgh, and later beneath the gray waters of Scapa Flow. But there was no *détente* for Mr. Churchill. Those fists were still clenched, that eye still fixed. For he had detected on the far horizon of the world another menace, where the northern sky glowed over Russia. He faced it with his usual ardor, formed a swift conclusion, decided that the world was menaced by the Soviets, and threw himself against them. He threw himself. He also threw as much as he was able to command of his country's resources. The results were far from happy; but they belong to general history. Their contribution to the odyssey of Mr. Churchill was more decisive, since they sent him roaming once again. He was still, in form at least, a Liberal. But his deep conviction of the depravity of Russian Communism and of its weak-kneed friends in British Labor disqualified him for sincere collaboration with his Liberal friends. For Liberals, however little addicted to extremes themselves, are strangely tolerant of extremes in others. Besides, they felt (and Mr. Churchill did not) a kindness for the antics of the Labor Party, which included periodical obeisances before the highly novel shrine of Russia. Once more he faced an issue, took his bearings, and parted company with the obedient convoy of his party. This time his transition to the enemy's fleet was gradual. But after a slightly equivocal phase in which bewildered voters encountered him as a "Constitutionalist,"

the Tory colors fluttered to his mast-head once more. The Tory Armada dipped its ensigns, paid its customary tribute to intelligence, made him its Chancellor; and he dwells secure with Mr. Baldwin.

But even here some flavor of the lone wolf still clings to him. Once a Tory among the Liberals, he is now something of a Liberal among the Tories. Did not his earliest Budget shock the ranks behind him (and draw surprising cheers from those in front) with Widows' Pensions? Was not his intervention in the coal strike, while his leader sipped his water at Aix, an interlude of mildness in the Everlasting Nay of pure Conservatism? For he is still a solitary. The silhouette comes up against the sky. The deep background glows behind the buccaneer, eternally superb upon his deck—or is it someone else's?

### III

But there is a larger aspect in which he seems to play a lonelier hand. For he must strike a close observer as a vividly personal figure in the deepening anonymity of our times. Ours is, beyond a doubt, the age of organizations, great aggregates of nameless individuals, which are themselves so nearly nameless as to run mostly to initials. We have the felicity to be born into the age of the T.U.C. The N.U.R. bends softly above our cradles; our infant brows are fanned by the N.U.T., our paths are lighted by the A.E.U. Our whole existence is an organized affair presided over by these anonymous deities; and far above them all, sitting (like Tennyson's "Freedom") on the heights, the L. of N. observes its featureless reflection in the Lake of Geneva. In this depressing Pantheon Mr. Churchill must appear as a lively rebel. No anonymity for him. That thrusting profile was never buried for long in the unnamed executive of an initialled body. "He believes quite naïvely that he belongs to a peculiarly gifted and privileged class of



beings to whom the lives and affairs of common men are given over, the raw material for brilliant careers." That was the angry protest of a modern voice, when Mr. H. G. Wells encountered his anti-Bolshevism in a Sunday paper. The modern was extremely angry. But a diagnosis followed that may still be of service:

He shares the blood of the brilliant and erratic New York Jeromes. . . . His imagination is obsessed by dreams of exploits and a career. It is an imagination closely akin to the d'Annunzio type. In England d'Annunzio would have been a Churchill, in Italy Churchill would have been a d'Annunzio. He is a great student and collector of the literature of Napoleon I., that master adventurer. Before all things he desires a dramatic world with villains—and one hero. And I think if we had the patience to probe carefully into his sayings and doings it would become very plain to us that this wild antagonism to the Bolsheviks is a mask and a diversion from his real dread, which is a dread of a coming sanity, a coming supremacy of justice and order throughout the world, that will keep adventurers in their places or lay them by the heels. The steadfast drift of the civilizing process is to deal with adventurous politicians, adventurous property and finance, and adventurous manners as a nuisance. . . . He struggles against this bleak dawn of reason and responsibility in a world that was once so flaringly adventurous.

It is a bitter diagnosis. For Mr. Wells was (perhaps pardonably) extremely angry. But it is strikingly in line with haunting fancy of the lonely figure walking its poop with pistols at its belt.

One feels that Mr. Churchill will be miserably out of place in a world that succeeds (if ever it does) in banishing personal color and transacts its business in drab synods of nameless delegates in session at the T.U.C.—and even the L. of N. His critic's portrait was a trifle angry. But was it wholly unjust? May we not recognize a few, at least, of his features in the lively figure of "Rupert Catskill, the Secretary of State for War," who paraded his splendid militancy quite shamelessly through the

Utopia of pure research and summer underwear in which Mr. Wells conducted the exquisite speculations of *Men Like Gods*? The outward portrait was as brilliant as *amateurs* of that studio might have expected—the virtuosity in hats, the "slight impediment in his speech, the little brother of a lisp, against which his voice beat gutturally," even the naughtiness of that first look at his audience on the hillside in Futurity—"He put back his coat tails, rested his hands on his hips, thrust his head forward, regarded his audience for a moment with an expression half cunning, half defiant, muttered something inaudible and began." There is the husk of Mr. Churchill perfectly portrayed, if without any touch of superfluous affection. It was, one must remember, painted within three years of the sitter's disagreement with the artist over the destinies of Russia. But something deeper emerges in his imaginary speech, that startling reminder to the Utopians that their ordered happiness, far from "the bracing and ennobling threat and the purging and terrifying experience of war," is nothing more than "autumnal glory! Sunset splendor! *While about you in universes parallel to yours, parallel races still toil, still suffer, still compete and eliminate and gather strength and energy!*" Follows the amazing parable of the little garrison on Quarantine Crag, with Mr. Churchill (I beg pardon—Catskill) planning the conquest of a world with his head full of Cortez and Pizarro. The portrait is unkind. But is it fundamentally unjust?

In a world of increasing tedium, of deepening discipline and the rising tide of anonymity Mr. Churchill's figure remains—annoyingly to some, to others hearteningly—conspicuous. His name is one of the few in contemporary politics that is still sure of its answering cheer or groan in a topical song. That thrusting figure has the old prominence of public men in days when Disraeli, Gladstone, Chamberlain were names for lion comiques to conjure with. Except in the

concerted dreariness of public meetings, to which men come to cheer or hoot, who cheers or hoots for Baldwin, for MacDonald, for whatever blameless incarnation of Liberalism may be improvised as a despairing substitute for Mr. Lloyd George? Yet Mr. Churchill draws that fire infallibly. And some of his prominence, perhaps, is due to the consoling fact that here, for once, is a figure that stands—not for some dismal group of party delegates agreeing on the lowest common denominator of their principles, but for himself. Not in the baser sense of crude ambition—although he has, of course, the confident belief of all self-reliant men that he alone can save his country and that countries are not saved by speeches, however sage, delivered by statesmen in Opposition. But his strength in popular feeling (and in an odd way he has climbed from depths of unpopularity to a measure of public esteem) reposes in the simple fact that he is, undeniably and upon all occasions, himself. That self may not infrequently vary its course. But yet the stars by which it steers are reasonably fixed—ordered society, armed and conscious

power, a sense of social justice with an eye that sometimes wanders to her sword when it would be better employed upon her scales. Was it unpardonable error in an essayist to appraise him three years since in the single ejaculation, "High up on the short waiting-list of England's Mussolinis one finds the name of Winston Spencer Churchill"?

His idiosyncrasy inevitably repels the pure collectivist. For those who love the anonymity of Leagues and Unions this vivid personal appeal is almost unspeakably distasteful. There may be substance in the darker indictment of Mr. Wells that he is a lover of the jungle, a friend of the glorious imperfections of the Age of Confusion, a genuine reactionary. Perhaps. We shall not know until the world has finished with him. At any rate he is a figure to speculate about—and that is more than can be said of most of his colleagues and nearly all his rivals (perhaps the terms are synonymous). For he has at least an outline. As it comes up against the sky it seems familiar. For it is always seen against the sky, the deep and sunlit sky of the Spanish Main.







## CONFESSIONS OF A FORD DEALER

AS TOLD TO

JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

THE former Ford dealer said: Things have changed a lot around here since 1912, when I bought out the man who had the Ford agency and paid him inventory price for his stock, plus a bonus of five hundred dollars for good-will. A dealer didn't have to hustle so hard then to make both ends meet. You kept a few cars on your floor and when you needed more you bought them. You were your own boss. There weren't any iron-clad rules laid down for you saying how you had to run your business.

Sometimes I wonder if Mr. Ford knows how things have changed. I have just finished reading his book, and in one place he says: "Business grows big by public demand. But it never gets bigger than the demand. It cannot control or force the demand."

Understand me, I think Mr. Ford is a wonderful man. They say he is worth a billion dollars; and no one can make that much money unless he has plenty of brains. Still and all, when Mr. Ford says business cannot control or force the demand I can't quite think he means it. Or maybe it's his little joke. You *can* force demand if you ride people hard enough. And, believe me, you have only to get on the inside of a Ford agency to learn how.

Take my own case, for instance. Like I say, when I first took the agency I was my own boss like any other business man, selling as many cars as I could and buying more when I needed them. I didn't have to make many sales on in-

stallments, because people who wanted cars usually saved up in advance and had the cash in hand when they got ready to buy. Occasionally some man that I knew would want a little time, in which case I just charged it the same as if it was a bill of dry goods or groceries, and when the account fell due he paid me. There was no such thing then as putting a mortgage on the car and taking it away from him if he didn't pay up. If I didn't believe a man was honest I simply didn't give him credit.

I did a pretty good business this way and by 1916 was selling an average of about ten cars a month. Then one day a representative of the Company came to see me. I'll call him by the name of Benson, though that was not his real name. In fact wherever I mention a man's name in giving my experiences I shall call him something different because some of them probably would not like to be identified. Well, anyway, this man that I call Benson came into my place at the time I speak of and said ten cars a month was not enough for a dealer like me to sell. It seems the Company had made a survey of my territory and decided that the sales possibilities were much greater. Benson said my quota had been fixed at twenty cars a month, and from then on that number would be shipped me.

Naturally, I got a little hot under the collar at this kind of a proposition, and I told Benson where he could get off at. I said I was doing all the business that could be done and I intended to buy only

the cars that I needed. The Company could ship me as many as they wanted to, but I would pay for what I could sell, and no more.

Benson was pretty hard boiled. He said there was no need of my getting mad at him because he was only doing what he had been ordered to do, and I could take my choice. Either I could buy twenty cars a month or the Company would find another agent. There were plenty of live wires who would jump at the chance.

Of course I knew this last was true. I had got to making a little money during the four years I was Ford agent, and there are always fellows who will go into a thing when someone else has done the hard sledding. My wife had got used to living pretty well and, beside that, my boy was fixing to go away to college. I knew there would be an awful roar at home if I gave up a sure thing and started over again at something else. Still, I couldn't see how I could possibly sell twenty cars a month in my territory. There were only about nine thousand people in the town, and possibly that many more on the farms. Most of them were poor folks. It wasn't, I told Benson, like an Eastern manufacturing community where there are a lot of moneyed people and a big bunch of well-paid mechanics who can afford to have their own cars.

Benson only laughed and said that didn't make any difference. There was a certain population in my territory that called for a certain number of sales, and the Company would show me how to do business. All I had to do was to follow instructions.

Well, I finally decided to take a chance on twenty cars a month rather than lose the agency. I had read a lot of nice things about Mr. Ford in the newspapers and I felt sure he wouldn't ask me to do anything he wouldn't be willing to do himself. Benson said he was glad I looked at things in a businesslike way and promised me plenty of assistance in moving my twenty cars a month.

He called it "breaking down sales resistance."

I guess I should explain that out West here an ordinary Ford dealer doesn't do business direct from the factory in Detroit, but works under a general agency. The agency that I worked under was located in the city about a hundred and fifty miles from here, and I suppose the manager there took his orders from the factory. During the fourteen years I was in business there were eight different managers, and some of them rode us local agents pretty hard. I always thought I wouldn't have so many troubles if I could have done business direct with Mr. Ford, but I can realize how busy a big man like him must be, and I guess it is necessary for him to leave things pretty much in the hands of his managers that way. A few times when I thought they were riding me too hard I wrote in to the factory and complained about certain things, but I never got any answer. My letters were sent on to the branch manager, and of course that got me in bad with him. I found that if I wanted to hold my agency I had better do what I was told. Out of the eight managers six were transferred to other branches and two threw up their jobs to go into other lines of business. I met one of these fellows after he had quit and asked him why there were so many changes. He said he guessed it was because the Company believed a man had a tendency to get too friendly with the local agents if he stayed too long in one territory, and to see things too much from the agents' viewpoint. Personally, he said he quit the Company's service altogether because he couldn't stand the pace.

Maybe it was true that a branch manager would get to see things too much from the local agents' standpoint if he stayed too long, but it never seemed that way in my own case. Shortly after I agreed to take my twenty cars a month the War came on, and it was not a case of how many cars I could sell, but of how many I could get.



Every day people came in wanting to buy new Fords and, as I never had any stock of cars on hand, all I could do was to take their deposit and set down their names, promising each one that he should have his car according to his number on the waiting list. Then what should develop but a lot of bootleggers in Fords! These fellows would come in, or send someone else in, make a deposit, and get their names on the waiting list. Then when one of their cars came they would pay the balance due, drive it around the corner and sell it for fifty dollars' profit. Sometimes they could even sell their place on the waiting list for that much. Seeing what was going on, I thought I might as well make some of the easy money myself. I entered some fake names on my waiting list and sold myself two or three cars that I sent out on the street and sold over again for a bonus. It was like getting money from home, but it didn't last long. How the Company detectives found out about it I don't know, but one day I got word from the branch manager in the city saying he knew what I was doing and if I wanted to hold my agency I would have to quit it. I guess a lot of local agents were doing the same thing I was, because I understand the order came direct from Detroit. I guess Mr. Ford was right and we had no business to bootleg his product that way. Everything I read in the papers about him is one hundred per cent favorable. Just the same, I thought at the time he might as well let us agents who were making money for him get the extra profit instead of its going to the bootleggers.

Certainly I could have used some of that easy money later on. Of course business kept up fine during the War and for nearly two years afterward, and I made enough money to move out of my rented quarters and put up a nice brick building for my show room, garage, etc. But I sure got it in the neck when the slump of 1920 came on. If anyone wants to know what hard times are he ought to try to do business in a Western

farming community during a panic. Almost overnight half of our sheep men went bankrupt when wool dropped from sixty cents a pound to twenty cents, and hardly any buyers at that price. The potato growers couldn't get enough for their stuff to pay freight to the Chicago market, and most of them let their crop rot in the ground. Of our four banks in town two went into the hands of receivers and the other two had to call in every possible loan in order to save their own necks. A lot of our Main Street retailers fell into the hands of their creditors that year, too.

I was in about as bad a fix as anyone else. By then I had agreed to take thirty Fords a month, which was a pretty heavy job to get away with in good times, to say nothing of the sort of a situation we were going through. These cars came in each month, regular as clock work, and I had stretched my credit at the bank about as far as it would go in paying for them as they arrived. The bank kept hounding me all the time to cut down my loan, which I couldn't do with my expenses running on all the time and hardly any business going on. From September to January that year I sold exactly four cars.

Pretty bad? I'll say it was. But the worst was yet to come. Altogether I had more than one hundred and forty new cars on hand, besides a lot of trade-ins, and no immediate prospect of selling any. Then all of a sudden came notice that a shipment of fifteen Fords was on the way to me, and that I would be expected to pay for them on arrival. I thought there must be some mistake, and got the branch manager in the city on the long distance. He was a pretty hard-boiled egg named Blassingham.

"What's the meaning of these fifteen cars that are being shipped me?" I asked. "I've already taken my quota for the month."

"It don't mean anything," Blassingham answered, "except that you're going to buy fifteen extra cars this month."

I tried to explain to him that I was in

no position to get hold of the cash for such a purchase, and even if I was I wanted to know the whys and wherefores.

"You know as much about it as I do," he snapped. "Those are the orders, and my advice to you is to pay for those cars when they arrive."

Of course I sensed the reason later on, when it came out in the newspapers about Mr. Ford's little tilt with the money sharks down in New York, how they tried to get a hold on his business and how he fooled them by getting the cash without their help and then told them to go chase themselves.

If you ask me, I'd say Mr. Ford is an absolute humdinger when it comes to handling a lot of crooks who are bent on feathering their own nests off other people. At the moment, however, I was too busy with personal problems to think much about the battles of Big Business. Like I say, my credit at the bank was used up, and the bank had no money to loan, anyhow. I was taking in enough cash to pay my mechanics in the garage, but I had to stand off the office help Saturday nights with part of their wages and ask them to wait on me for the balance. I couldn't sleep much for worrying, and I guess my wife worried as much as I did because at three and four o'clock in the morning she would ask me if I had been to sleep yet and when I would say no, she would say she hadn't either.

I had fully made up my mind I was going on the rock pile when just a couple of days before the extra shipment of Fords was due to arrive I had an unexpected stroke of luck. There was a sheep man named Flanagan I knew who had made a trip out west to Salt Lake City just before the market broke and closed out his entire holdings for something like a hundred thousand dollars in cash, which he put into Liberty Bonds. He had a Ford that he ran around in sometimes, and one day when he drove up to the garage I happened to think about his money and asked him how he would like

to come in with me as a silent partner. To make a long story short, he became interested in the proposition and bought a third interest. Of course I had to sell him his share for a lot less than it was worth, but it saved my scalp.

There was kind of a funny sequel to this deal, and I don't know yet whether my taking a moneyed partner had anything to do with it, or whether it would have happened anyway. We took the fifteen extra Fords all right when they arrived and thought everything was settled, but a few days later Blassingham came down from the city and told me fifteen more were about to be shipped to our town. It seems these were extra cars that were intended for some dealers in little nearby villages but they were absolutely flat broke and unable to pay for them. Blassingham didn't actually tell me I had to buy these cars, but from his conversation I knew it would be wise for me to do so if I expected to stay in the automobile business.

I went to my silent partner, Flanagan, and told him he would have to put up a few thousand dollars more. He made an awful roar and said he would see Mr. Ford in Hades before he would pay for any more new cars when we already had nearly a hundred and fifty on hand. I explained that Mr. Ford had nothing to do with it, that it was the branch manager, Blassingham, who was riding us; but Flanagan, mad as a hornet, asked me who in hell I supposed gave Blassingham *his* orders. He made me give him my agency contract and took it to a lawyer. Pretty soon he came back, a good deal milder than when he went away, and said he guessed we had better buy those fifteen extra cars, though if he had known what he was getting into he wouldn't have been so quick to invest his money in the Ford game.

Of course, the trouble with Flanagan was that he had been a sheep man all his life and didn't understand big business. Still, I couldn't blame him for getting still madder at what happened next. Counting our trade-ins, we had



about a hundred and eighty cars in stock, which was a pretty heavy load to carry with business like it was; but I told him we would come out all right because Ford cars were just as staple as wheat or sugar and we would eventually get our profit on them. But shortly afterward the Company announced a reduction in price in order to stimulate sales. Altogether we ran behind about thirteen thousand dollars between January and July that year.

Flanagan was a pretty good sport and after the first shock took his medicine like a man. He was a silent partner with me two or three years, and while he didn't actually do any work in the office he was a good man to have around because he could always put his hands on cash money when it was needed, and he had a lot of friends that he talked into buying Fords. It's running a little ahead of my story, but later on word came through that Mr. Ford had decided it was not fair to the public that there should be any non-producers drawing profits from the sale of his products and so I had to buy Flanagan's interest and go it alone again. Flanagan is a pretty shrewd business man and, believe me, I had to pay him a price that made up his losses.

I am willing to confess that we rode the public a little ourselves while we were getting rid of our big surplus of cars. There are always some people that you can sell anything to if you hammer them hard enough. We had a salesman named Nichols who was a humdinger at running down prospects, and one day he told me he had a fellow on the string with a couple of hundred dollars who would buy a car if we would give him a little extra time on the balance. This prospect was a young fellow that had come out West on account of his health and was trying to make a living for his family as an expert accountant. Just at that time the referee in bankruptcy was doing most of the accounting business around town, and I knew the young fellow wasn't getting on at all. He had

about as much use for a car as a jack rabbit. I told Nichols this, but you know how plausible these go-getter salesmen are; he told me it wasn't our business whether the young fellow had any use for a Ford or not; the main thing was he had two hundred dollars in cash.

Well, we went ahead and made the sale, but we never got any more payments. The young fellow took to his bed just after that, and the church people had to look out for him and his family until he died. In the final showdown it turned out that the two-hundred dollar equity in the car was everything they had on earth, and by the time we replevined it and sold it as a trade-in there wasn't anything at all. I gave twenty dollars toward his funeral expenses. I know this sounds pretty tough; but when it's a case of your own scalp or some other fellow's you can't afford to be too particular.

By 1922 things had picked up a little in my territory, though the farmers hadn't entirely recovered from the 1920 setback and our town population had shrunk considerably on account of scarcity of work. It was pretty hard under these conditions to sell my quota of thirty cars a month, but the branch manager in the city held me to it. By this time Blassingham had been transferred, but another man named Cosgrove took his place who rode me harder than Blassingham had done. Like I say, he held me to my quota of Fords though I had fewer people to sell to; and not only that, but he also told me I would have to buy fifteen tractors every year besides. This wasn't all, either. Eventually I was saddled with two Lincoln cars a year and also supposed to take a certain number of subscriptions for a magazine called the *Dearborn Independent* that is owned by Mr. Ford and has a page every week entitled "Mr. Ford's Page." I guess even the best of us like to see our names in print.

I say I was required to do all these things, but there was in reality a little

leeway. I learned on the quiet that Cosgrove would not take away my agency if I fell down a little on the fifteen tractors and two Lincolns. But on the thirty Fords a month there was no alibi allowed, and the same thing applied to the *Dearborn Independent*. This last gave me a lot of trouble. I'm not much of a reader myself and was short on sales talk when it came to selling magazine subscriptions. Eventually I hit on a scheme that worked fine while it lasted. Every time I sold a man a Ford I figured an extra dollar in on the price and then set his name down for a subscription. Everyone seemed to be satisfied that way, but after a while an order came through from headquarters saying I must quit it. The order said the *Magazine* must be sold on its merits. After that it was just a case of making my magazine quota by going after my personal friends. At Christmas time I would give away some subscriptions as presents.

Sometimes I wonder what Flanagan would have thought about big business if he had stayed in partnership with me. Half the time I didn't know whether I was in business for myself or whether I was only a hired man. The branch manager up in the city had a corps of inspectors who went around all the time to check up on local agents and keep them on their toes. Of course these inspectors had to make a showing in order to justify their jobs, but sometimes it was pretty irritating. It seemed to be part of their policy to find some fault or other. Sometimes they would tell you that your show windows weren't clean enough, or that your cars weren't properly displayed on the sales floor, or that the papers in your office were disorderly. On one occasion I got wind in advance that an inspector was coming and I had things fixed up in such apple-pie order that I was sure he could make no criticism. He spent pretty much the whole day poking around, and I was laughing in my sleeve all the time to see how stumped he was, but in the end he

made his report stating there were some flies in the toilet and instructing that I should buy a can of disinfectant. I suppose his traveling expenses and hotel bill and salary for that day's work was in the neighborhood of twenty-five dollars.

About the most nagging thing to me were the visits of the expert salesmen who came around every so often to show us how to sell cars. It seemed to me that so long as I was taking my quota every month I ought to be the best judge of how and who to sell. There was one expert I specially remember by the name of Burke. Among other things I had to do was to keep a card file of people in the territory who had not bought cars, and usually on these cards we wrote items like "says maybe will be in market this fall," or "not ready to buy yet." Burke was always raising Cain because we didn't make people give more explicit reasons for not buying. I remember once he laid me out because a card said only "Can't sell him." The man was a poor devil of a renter seven or eight miles out of town who never had enough cash ahead to buy a wheelbarrow, but Burke insisted that one of my salesmen go out there with him to try and land a sale. When they got there a couple of the children were down with whooping cough and a hailstorm had laid out his bean crop, but Burke came back and told me he would expect me to put over a Ford on the fellow before he came on his next trip.

It is funny about these high-powered salesmen. Burke traveled around the country in a new Ford on his visits to the dealers, and every so often the Company allowed him to sell his used car and get a new one. I never knew Burke to sell his used car himself. Always about the time he got around to see me he was ready to get rid of his old car and he invariably made me take it off his hands and sell it for him. Of course it cut me out of the sale of one of my own trade-ins and I suppose I could have refused, but it pays to keep on the good side of such fellows because you never know how



much influence they have at headquarters.

There was another fellow named Ogilvie who used to come around to show us how to put over Lincolns, and we used to have quite a lot of fun with him. There are hardly any people in this territory able to own a high-priced car; in fact to get rid of my quota of two Lincolns a year I always had to fix up some special kind of a deal with someone by which I took my loss and charged it up to general expenses. But of course to keep on the good side of the branch manager up in the city I had to go through the motions of salesmanship, so in advance of Ogilvie's visit I would arrange with some friend who would make out that he was interested in a fine car and then take Ogilvie around to try and make the sale. Once the victim was a lawyer friend of mine named Patterson and, according to arrangements, I went with Ogilvie to Patterson's office to stage the ceremony. I guess Ogilvie must have learned salesmanship through a correspondence course because he always talked as though he was speaking a piece and nothing in the world could stop him until he was through. This time he went on pretty near two hours, telling all about the technical points that only a mechanic could understand, but Patterson acted as though he was all worked up over the prospect of owning a Lincoln and was just about ready to sign on the dotted line. In fact Ogilvie had already got out his order blank when Patterson casually mentioned that he had a Cadillac he would have to trade in that was standing in front of his office. So the three of us went to look at this Cadillac, and after going over it solemnly Ogilvie conferred with me and I whispered to him that we ought to value it at about eight hundred dollars. I told Patterson what we had decided on, which was the cue for him to blow up, and he did it with great effect. He called us a couple of crooks who were trying to get his car for nothing and said he would have nothing more to do

with us, after which he turned around and went back into his office leaving us out on the street.

I always felt kind of sorry for Ogilvie after one of these staged affairs. Like the other experts who were sent out to show us how to do business, he had to make a written report to the Company telling what he was doing every hour of the day, who he was interviewing, etc., and on occasions when he spent an afternoon over at the pool parlor I used to let him put down on his report that he was in conference with me, going over lists of prospects.

You do a lot of things when someone is riding you all the time that you wouldn't do under ordinary circumstances. Beans and clover seed are the farmers' principal money crops around here, and one fall in September and October we had one heavy rain after the other that practically ruined everything. Business was terrible because the farmers hadn't recovered yet from the bank failures and the slump of 1920; and one day I wrote in to the Company, telling what bad shape the farmers were in and asking if my quota couldn't be reduced for a few months until things picked up. All I got for my trouble was a letter stating that "such farmers are not the people to sell to."

Of course it was easy enough for them to write such a letter, but I always thought Mr. Ford ought to realize that in a country community when the farmers are broke the doctors and dentists and storekeepers are in about the same fix. Not being able to get my quota reduced, I had to take business wherever I could find it, and it was about this time that I had my experience with the army captain. It seems this captain had been kicked by a horse in the course of his duties and came to our town for treatment in the hospital. He showed up at my place one day and said he wanted to buy a Ford coupe. He had a dented-in place on the side of his head from the accident, which I suppose was the reason for his acting

so queer. There were some big used cars in the place that belonged to customers, and while the salesman was showing him Fords he would hop into these cars and start the engines and then say he wanted to buy one of them instead of a Ford. It didn't make any difference when the salesman told him the cars belonged to other people. Finally the salesman came to me and asked what to do. I had a talk with the captain and at first was inclined not to sell him, especially when he said he only had fifty dollars to lay down as a first payment. We are supposed to get a third down on a new car, but of course when the branch manager is riding you all the time you sometimes make deals that are not strictly according to Hoyle, and with my quota of thirty cars coming in every month and no farmer trade in sight I was inclined to take chances. The upshot was that I took the captain's fifty dollars and off he drove.

He had promised to bring in another hundred dollars when he got his salary check, but the first of the month rolled around and no captain. We wrote him letters but he didn't answer, and the collector never could catch him in at the place where he was staying. When it strung along for another month I set a private detective on his trail and found the captain went three times a week to the hospital for treatment, from ten to twelve in the morning. We have duplicate keys for all the cars we sell, so one morning I sent one of my mechanics out to the hospital and when the captain parked his car at the curb and went inside the building this mechanic just unlocked the car and drove it back to the garage. Of course I didn't have any right to do this but possession is nine points of the law, and when the captain threatened to make trouble I reported him to the army authorities as a deadbeat. I guess he was a little daffy anyhow, from the dent in his head, because it turned out he had been buying a lot of other things on

installments. People said he was a real nice fellow before his accident, but in the investigation that followed he lost his commission and was fired out of the army. The last I heard of him he was bootlegging.

If Mr. Ford knew personally some of the things that go on I am sure he would call a halt to his branch managers riding the local agents the way they do. Like I say, when you are crowded all the time to make your quota under all sorts of business conditions, you do things you don't like to. There are some pretty tough characters in this town just as there are everywhere else; but a quota is a quota and you can't stop to pick your customers. One thing I have noticed is that the hardest boiled eggs are most likely to come up with their time payments. Only last year I sold a car to a big colored fellow and of course as he had no visible means of support I took a mortgage on it so I could replevine it in case he didn't pay, but every month he came in right on the dot with the cash. Naturally I'm not bragging about it, and I'm not saying anything was wrong; but during that time a street car conductor was held up at the end of the line a couple of times and there were some other bits of devilment of a like character.

I have talked to a lot of Ford agents around here and practically every one of them complains about the way the branch managers have stuffed their orders for parts. It often happened with me. I remember once I ordered a hundred timers and when the shipment came it was five hundred. I wrote and called attention to the mistake but got no answer. The next week I was up in the city and spoke to the branch manager about it personally. He was one of the fellows who quit the Company later on to go into another line of business. At first he tried to laugh off the five hundred timers and said a little thing like that wouldn't make any difference to a millionaire like me, and anyhow I would use them up in a few



months. But that evening over a couple of drinks he got confidential.

"You Bozos in the small towns think I'm riding you," he said. "Well, maybe I am. I've got my work cut out for me the same as you have, and I've got to make good or lose my job. But if any of you think you're having a hard time, all I've got to say is that you ought to trade jobs with me about a month!"

The thing that made me quit the Ford game was the campaign they put on for farm machinery. Understand, I was in sympathy with it too, because I knew Mr. Ford was trying to make things easier for the farmers—like he says, help them do their whole year's work in twenty days. Still and all, I didn't feel I wanted to go broke even in a good cause.

The first thing I knew of Mr. Ford's plans was on a Saturday afternoon when I got a long-distance call from the city saying the branch manager was coming out next day and for me to be in my office at eleven o'clock. I usually go to church Sunday mornings, and besides I always understood Mr. Ford was against Sunday work; but an order is an order and I wasn't taking any chances on getting in bad with the branch manager. In our town there are laws on Sabbath observance, but if a business man wants to work a little no one bothers him just so he keeps the shades down.

The branch manager was a new man by the name of Biggs, and he told me that from then on I would be required to carry a line of farm machinery suitable to go with the Ford tractors. As I remember it, there were no ifs or ands; I understood it to be an order, and I knew what Biggs could do to me if I didn't obey orders. Anyhow I thought it might be a good thing to help move the tractors, which were always harder to sell than Ford cars. I asked Biggs if he wanted me to sign a contract and he said no, that wouldn't be necessary in this case, but when the salesman came along it would be indicated to me what I should buy.

Biggs left that afternoon to see the dealers in some small towns farther up the line, and some time later the machinery man called. I never did quite understand Mr. Ford's arrangements with the machinery manufacturers. The salesman who called on me represented a big jobbing house in the city, and apparently there was no connection between this jobbing house and the branch manager's office; but there must have been some kind of a working agreement because the salesman had my assortment of stuff all lined up for me and all I had to do was to sign the order. Altogether it amounted to about seven thousand dollars' worth. There were seeders, 12-inch plows, etc., all sorts of implements to be hauled by the Ford tractors.

Well, so far as our section of the country was concerned, the farm machinery campaign was a pretty bad flop. In the first place, it was hard to convince the farmers that they ought to buy their machines from the Ford dealers instead of from regular implement merchants. Naturally the implement merchants were down on us for trying to take away their trade, and knocked Ford cars every time they had a chance. Then it was found that 12-inch plows weren't suitable for our territory, and some of the other machines proved too heavy for the Ford tractor. Biggs sent out a lot of demonstrators and high-powered salesmen to help us move the stuff, but none of us could make a go of the line and after a while so many squawks came from the dealers that Biggs called a meeting to hear complaints. As I was the biggest agent in that part of the state the meeting was held in my office and the smaller dealers came there.

Biggs called the meeting to order and asked the different ones to air their complaints. Believe me, there were a plenty. One fellow would tell his troubles with the farm machinery line, and then another, and then half a dozen would be on their feet at once, blaming

Biggs, and the Ford Motor Company, and the farm machinery company, and pretty near everyone else, for their griefs. In the midst of it Biggs hopped to his feet and pounded the table.

"If any man here can show a scratch of the pen," he yelled, "to prove he bought his farm machinery at the orders of the Ford Motor Company, I dare him to get up and say so!"

Of course no one could show a scratch of the pen because there wasn't any. Biggs hadn't made any of us sign a contract for our farm machinery. He had just *told* us to buy it, and we took it to be an order from headquarters.

I sold out my business as soon after that as I could find a buyer. I was afraid after Mr. Ford got through

helping the farmers he might decide to help out the Hottentots or someone, and I didn't feel like I could afford to assist him. The fellow I sold my business to wouldn't take the farm machinery stock at any price. Since then I have been peddling it wherever I could, but it's a hard game. I sold one machine that cost me \$800 for \$300, and took the farmer's notes for it, spread out over three years, without interest.

I am sure Mr. Ford can't know about all these things, because if he did he couldn't have written in his book this grand sentiment:

"The principle of the service of business to the people has gone far in the United States and it will spread through and remake the world."

## SWING SONG

BY A. A. MILNE

**H**ERE I go up in my swing  
*Ever so high.*  
 I am the King of the fields, and the King  
*Of the town.*  
 I am the King of the earth, and the King  
*Of the sky.*  
 Here I go up in my swing . . .  
*Now I go down.*





# BABA THE THIEF

A TIMBUCTOO EXPERIENCE

BY LELAND HALL

ON THE third or fourth night of my stay in Timbuctoo several black men came to call. It was just after supper. In the yellowish light of the lantern on the table, with the straw mats on the floor and a native blanket or two on the back of a chair, the room looked not unattractive. First to arrive were two big fellows. The foremost, in a magnificent white *boubou* and an orange turban, greeted me cheerily from the doorway; and, leaving his sandals at the threshold, swept into the room. His name was Mahmadou Siy, and he was an official interpreter.

"I had a talk with your servant, Omar, downstairs," he said. "Omar is a good boy, of my own race. For I am not of the Timbuctoo race, though I speak the language perfectly, but a Toucouleur. My father was the intimate friend of many French generals. I myself know General Gouraud well. He did not wish me to leave his service. Your house is pleasant, and I am glad to know you have a good boy."

There was perhaps a note of patronage in the commendation of my house and my boy. But why resent it? Siy meant above all to be friendly and reassuring.

He presented his companion, who had remained standing in the doorway, as a young holy man, like myself a stranger in the town, who was lodged with him for the time being. Alimamy, this young marabout, was in a dark-blue robe, bareheaded, with a string of ebony and silver prayer beads hanging from his

neck. A sculptor would have been glad to carve that perfect negro head. Alimamy was as quiet and reserved as Siy was lively. I tried him in French, but he would not respond and, withdrawing to a shadowy corner, he sat cross-legged on the mats without moving and without speaking during the whole evening. Young as he was, and powerfully built, there was, nevertheless, a certain soft melancholy in his handsome face. He was slow to smile and he never laughed. Immediately after these two came a slightly older man who had lost a hand in the War. Siy and Alimamy had both fought in that conflict, and I met many others who had done likewise. Their opinions of Europe were not uncharitable. This man, whose name I never knew, was small and bright and lively as a bird, and his red fez was like a crest. He ought to have been a black Kalandar from the *Arabian Nights*, or something.

Then came three teachers from the Medarsa, the ancient academy of the town, one of them in the handsomest robe I ever saw in Timbuctoo: a fair blue, embroidered with circles and triangles in white. He sat on the floor close by Mahmadou Siy, who had reclined superbly in the steamer chair; and as the big interpreter waxed eloquent, listened keenly to him. When the others put questions Siy laughed his replies; but when this quiet young teacher asked anything Siy had obviously to stop and think.

Most of these arrivals were such big men that when two more came they pre-

ferred to sit on the threshold. There the outline of their dark heads was vague against the shadows beyond, but now and again they turned their faces towards the light from the lantern, and then their eyes and their white teeth shone.

The misgivings I felt about entertaining so many strangers proved to be superfluous. Mahmadou Siy, royal and benign in the deck chair, talked almost unceasingly, with many animated gestures and much laughter. It was all in the language of Timbuctoo. The little one-handed man kept fluttering from one place to another, the better to fasten his eyes on the eloquent Mahmadou; till at last he came to settle down by me and to translate something of the long story—a courtesy for which I was grateful. It was often thus: black men, and later on, Arabs, would come in groups to visit me and soon fall to talking animatedly among themselves. The host was the stranger on such occasions; but he had before his eyes many faces fascinating to watch in their changes of expression, and a recompense in believing that the best proof of hospitality is that guests make themselves at home.

What was it all about, then, Mahmadou's brilliant tale? The absence to-day of such powerful holy men as had held sway in former times. Why, only ten years ago a native employed in the post office robbed the safe of a big sum of money. Having hidden this away, he went to beseech the protection of a holy man. The holy man prayed with him and, writing for him a sacred charm, said, "Carry this always with you, walk boldly where you will." So the young man went in the streets, and walked up and down before the post office; and though the Christians looked from their windows, and though they knew well it was he who had stolen the money from their safe, they laid not a hand on him to drag him into the courts of the "Romi."

"There is scarcely a holy man with that power to-day," the teacher said.

To this they all agreed, but apparently held the fact less to be lamentable than

curious. I looked at Alimamy, the young holy man who was like myself a stranger in the town. Did he believe in the possibility of such a power within himself? Had he vowed himself to a life of denial, of loneliness, and unkemptness such as that through which saints of all times and lands have achieved miraculous grace? His eyes were half closed. In truth, he understood little of the language of Timbuctoo and had surely given over trying to follow Mahmadou Siy.

At last Mahmadou Siy turned to me with elegant gestures and not less elegant French.

"But, my dear friend," he said, "you do not understand our tongue and hear nothing of all this. Besides, it is now time for you to sleep."

Gracefully and with no clatter they bestirred themselves. Shaking hands with me they thanked me for my hospitality and wished me good night and, having slipped their feet into their sandals, stood a moment in the starlight of the terrace. I urged the young holy man to come and see me again, but he made no reply.

Below at the heavy street door whither I had descended with them all, Mahmadou said:

"When we came we found the door of your house open and walked in. Your boy is gone and we have been sitting upstairs, and anyone might have entered and stolen. In this city you must lock your door, my friend. There are thieves who make no noise, and they will steal from you because you are a white man."

Earnestly, the little one-handed man echoed this warning. Then the outer door creaked behind them. There was a bolt to shoot, but Omar might come early in the morning and rouse me from my bed to open for him. That night, and many nights after, the door remained unlocked.

## II

Just after breakfast the next day, Omar being already gone to the market,



there silently appeared at the threshold of my room a young black man who wore nothing but the tatters of a pair of O.D. breeches. His round head was smoothly shorn; his eyes, unlike those of most black people, were small as shoe buttons and not at all steady in their look. But he held in one mud-caked hand a little basket of carrots while with the other he removed the narrow band of tape which he had knotted round his head in symbol, at least, of a turban; and so standing in the doorway, uncovered and ready to smile, he offered me the carrots.

"I come from my master," he said, "Mahmadou Siy, the interpreter. He told me to bring you these carrots from his garden, where I am the gardener's helper."

"And your name?"

"My name is Baba, Mahmadou Baba. You may call me Mahmadou. You are a good white."

He spoke French easily, in a low, smooth voice. The officer for whom he had once worked as boy had taught him how to cook, he said; so that he was fully trained to be my boy if I would take him. Was he not happy working in the garden for so fine a man as Mahmadou Siy? No; Siy spent all his money on women, and he with two wives elsewhere, and at the end of the month there was seldom money to pay the gardener. Besides, the interpreter wished him to do work about the house as well and, though he was fed for this, the old woman who was cook in the house had a vile temper and accused him of many things.

"My life is hard. I am a poor boy. My mother is dead and my father gone away to Niafunke, and I have a little sister and a baby brother to provide for."

Yet he would not accept a bit of money from me, protesting that he had not come to beg. He accepted a cigarette, but, pointing to his bare feet and legs, his arms, his tatters, all caked with soil of the garden, he refused to come into the room to smoke. Rather, he sat on the threshold, contented. When his

cigarette was done he must return to the garden where the gardener would be waiting to scold him. So he left, as silent on the stairway in his bare feet as he had been in coming up.

In a minute or two, young Alfa, a black lad who, the day after my arrival in Timbuctoo had, without question or contract, simply attached himself to my house and me, rushed breathless with excitement into the room.

"What was Baba doing in your house?" he panted. "He must not come to your house. He is the worst thief in all the country."

This was a rude awakening from Baba's soft, pathological turns. Still, there were the carrots.

"That's all very well, but Baba must not enter this house again." And Alfa flew to the little window which looked down into the court and peered and cocked his ears. He returned to me in no way calmed. "Baba has spent most of his life in prison for thieving. He has just come out of prison."

That seemed exaggerated.

"But," Alfa screamed, "can't you see how fat he is!"

Extraordinary evidence, which Alfa must explain. A man is well off in prison; he has not too much work to do, and he has plenty of rice to eat three times a day, or corn, and sometimes meat.

"Look at me," he pleaded; "see how thin I am. That is because I am honest. And Baba shall not come to your house again."

Alfa utterly scorned the suggestion that a man coming from prison should be given a chance to live straight. For lots of black men prison was a bit of good luck. Because a thief had got fat in prison would he steal the less? It was agreed, however, that until Baba did steal something from the house he should be allowed to come into it. And Alfa would keep watch. "My eyes see better than the white man's," he said, "and my ears are keen. I know every one in the town, and what goes on in it;

and if a stranger came to town I should know him for a thief or not by one glance at him." I maintained that Baba would not steal.

There was another Alfa who used to come often and at all hours to the house. He was older than the youngster who had attached himself so closely to us and, therefore, we called him Big Alfa. Big Alfa was at once self-important and very emotional. From his mother he had inherited a faint strain of Arab blood; and though he could not speak Arabic except for a few literary phrases, mostly from the Koran, which he had learned during fragmentary studies at the Medarsa, he fancied himself a little above most of his pure-blooded fellows. Besides, he had inherited likewise from his mother a considerable sum of money, and he enjoyed, to the full, the reputation of being a very rich young man.

Yet everyone knew he had lost a good part of his fortune. Big Alfa minded this not a bit. Loss or gain mattered little to his spirit were only the figures big enough. And so I have seen him while telling of the recent loss of ten thousand francs soar into an ecstatic mournfulness, and there, the mere diminution of his possessions forgotten among the trivialities of the world, his eyes softened with unshed tears, idolize the grandeur of his loss.

Like most black men, he took me to have a great deal of money because I was white. It avails nothing telling a black man you have not, for he refuses to believe you. But when once, in answer to his enquiry, put with breath-stilling earnestness by the way, I spoke the humble figure of my wealth, he believed me. At the moment he held a lighted cigarette in his fingers. In silence he extinguished this and laid it down carefully.

"It is true, then, my friend," he said, in a voice blurred with emotion, "that you are poor. I, as you know, am rich. But I will come to see you every day as I have always done. Only, I will smoke no more of your cigarettes. It is not

right for the rich man to smoke the poor man's cigarettes."

Thereafter, though I often urged one upon him, he held true to his word. But he would sit close to me as I wrote of a morning, watching the typewriter, and the smoke of my own cigarette. When I had squashed out the fire of one in the ash tray, Big Alfa would study this end profoundly. With the fluid movement of a serpent uncoiling lazily, he would bring forth from some pocket of his robe the barrel of a broken fountain pen, would extend one delicate hand and recover the cigarette end, would fit it into the broken rubber tube and light it. Still like an amiable serpent, he would slowly eddy into repose, and with moist eyes, would thoughtfully inhale the few puffs and sigh over my poverty. Not a jerk of movement and not a word. Big Alfa, I believe, fancied himself endowed with unusual spiritual powers, and sometimes dreamed of becoming a holy man. On this, it seemed, rather than on his wealth and his social prestige, he shaped his demeanor in the presence of his fellow-townsmen. He was overbearing towards almost all the young men. The poor expressed their resentment of such an attitude slyly and maliciously; still, on the whole they appeared to accept his superiority, as I did, though my Young Alfa, who had not a cent to his name or a whole garment to his body, could not endure the presence of Big Alfa and left the room when he came, like an animate sneer.

Now one morning before Big Alfa and me, sitting at the table, appeared Baba at the bright threshold in his rags. And Big Alfa saw him and shook his fist at him and roared:

"Get out of this house!"

It was awful in its suddenness and its violence. Big Alfa frowned down upon me with a brow of thunder.

"That man is the worst thief in town," he declared.

Baba did not go away, but sat on the threshold, turning his back to us and weeping quietly.



"He is a thief, a thief!" Big Alfa shouted, without mercy. "And his father was a thief before him and always in prison, and even his mother was a thief. Go away! Go away from this house!"

Then Baba stood up, and with his head fallen on his naked black breast, went out of our sight. Just like Young Alfa, Big Alfa ran to the little window which surveyed the court, and watched thence till Baba had crossed and we had heard the creak of the heavy door behind him. His indignation was deep; and since Occidental idealism had in similar case failed utterly, I let him talk on. Gradually he grew calmer and wound up on a note of serious caution, reminding me that things were not as they should be in my house if Baba could walk in without challenge while Omar was out and we were upstairs.

He took his leave. Hardly had he had time to descend the stairs when, like an apparition out of the brilliant light of the terrace, soundless and immediate, Baba stood before me at the threshold. In his tiny eyes glowed the fire of resentment. Swiftly he came in across the mats and sat down at the table opposite me.

"He is a cruel man and he has no right to say such things. I have been in prison, but I am not a thief. Take me away with you."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere away from Timbuctoo. It is true that my father was in prison, but he is not here now, and my mother is dead. I am sick of walking in the streets of this town. The men and women cry after me, 'There goes Baba the Thief,' and the children run away from me. Do you know what it is when no one will speak to you and no one will play with you, but everyone calls you Thief and hides in the doorway till you go by?"

He talked in a dull voice; the simple phrases had no specious ring. In a pause I asked him how he could leave the little sister he had told me of. He pointed his beady eyes at me a second.

"You do not believe I have a little sister? She is thin because she cannot eat enough now that corn and rice have gone to two francs the measure, and Siy pays me only half a franc a day."

I gave him a big piece of chocolate. He broke off a small bit for himself, and wrapped the remainder in a rag to take home to the little sister. We nibbled in silence a while; but he meanwhile showed more and more that he was agitated. His hand trembled, his breast rose and fell more rapidly. He leaned closer and closer to me, and at last whispered:

"He, of all men, has no right to cast the prison in my teeth."

"Who?"

"That Big Alfa. He has been in prison more than I."

Up to this point, I had been able to detect no evidence of sham in Baba; but at this incredible accusation, I began to suspect that he was false. Even though I realized that the very crudeness of the charge might prove it only a flash of resentment, I decided, much to my distaste, that we had perhaps better keep an eye on him while he was in the house.

### III

Early the next morning, while still the desert chill which set us all shivering was in the air, Baba appeared again in the doorway, straighter than ever against the cold blue light of the terrace.

"I have brought my little sister to see you," he announced, and turning, spoke to some one out of my sight.

"She is timid," he apologized, and went to fetch her. In the silence I heard the cry of a child softened to whimpering. Baba dragged his little sister to the threshold. He bade her sit down there, which she did, like an odd bird teetering on the sill.

Coming into the room then, Baba said:

"That is my little sister."

It was a girl child perhaps six years old. The miserable rags hid no detail of her body, all bones, over which the black

skin was stretched and grayed like worn thin leather. It was a famine child, shivering with cold, almost wasted away but for the enormous eyes fixed on me in terror. No approach to her was possible. At my slowest step towards her she shrank away; at the gentlest word she cowered. A bit of candy should win a child's trust, but in the end I had to give it to Baba to convey to her. Her hand closed on it like the slow claw of a bird, but did not dare put it to her thin lips.

Baba said again: "That is my little sister. You see."

There was nothing to be gained by her staying here where she was so terrified.

"You had better take her away," I said. "And here is five francs for you."

He protested that he had not brought his little sister here to beg.

"Take it," I said, "but do not tell anyone I gave it to you. If you do everyone in town will be running in."

So he accepted the gift and promised that no one should know whence it had come to him. He would have his sister say thank you; but on being dragged out of her corner she all but screamed, and we let the thanks rest unspoken. They went down the stairs together, she almost falling from each uneven tread or dangling from her brother's hand like a small scarecrow picked up in a field.

I now realized how deeply Baba's accusation against Big Alfa had shaken my faith in his ingenuousness. That waif—there was no doubting her thinness, her misery; but was she Baba's sister? That I never knew and never shall know. He might have picked her from nowhere in the streets to act her dumb and pitiful role in his play to my sympathy. But I am inclined to believe she was his sister.

There is time to think in Timbuctoo. The hubbub swelled in the market place, the sun drove away the chill and beat down the terrace in light. At least the child was warm by now. Beyond the doorway, in which already so many pictures had silently framed themselves, powdery dust of sand, golden in the sun-

beams, floated against deep purple shadows. Through the windows to the north came faintly the voice of some black man on the tower of the mosque, calling to noonday prayer.

Suddenly I heard noise and shouting on my stairs. Surely many people were trying to rush up at once and were clogging each other in the narrow ascent.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" they were calling.

Out of the shadow and confusion of the stairway Mahmadou, the interpreter, shot up into the sunlight flooding the terrace. His orange turban, partly unwound, streamed about him, and his robes billowed with his panting. What he was shouting I could not catch, for like a rocket at the tail of another, the one-armed man shot up into the sun and shouted; and then Omar, and then two or three men of the town, and last a tall black policeman with red fez and gleaming brass medals; and all talked and shouted at once. Out of the din only one phrase emerged distinctly, "Is it true? Is it true?"

We could get nowhere till silence had been restored and Mahmadou Siy appointed spokesman.

"Is it true," he then asked, "that you gave my boy Baba two francs?"

I saw no need to say it was five and not two I had given him.

"Yes," I answered, "I gave him money."

They deflated themselves with long "Ahs," and stood round, a little disappointed but very picturesque, looking to Mahmadou Siy to tell the whole story. This he proceeded to do, though not without many interpolations from the others.

"I was in my office," began Mahmadou Siy, "and a man came running from the market place and said to me, 'Baba is buying things in the market place. He has money. He has stolen. Oh, thief, thief!' 'What has he bought?' 'He has bought an elbow of cloth from the weaver and salt and rice.' 'Then he has stolen,' I said, and we ran to the



market. We ran to the weaver, and I asked, 'Has Baba bought of you?' And the weaver answered, 'An elbow of cloth. And he paid me *tanka* and went on. And when he had gone I said to myself, surely Baba has stolen; and bade this man run and tell you Baba had money and had stolen.'

"Yes," said the weaver's man, stepping forward, "and I ran to tell Mahmadoou Siy, and the woman in the rice market clutched my robe as I ran by and said, 'Baba the Thief has bought rice and paid for it. Run and tell Mahmadoou Siy Baba has stolen again.'"

"Then," said Siy, "we sought Baba in all the streets."

"Yes, we ran after Baba in all the streets," said the policeman, "and we caught him near the hut where he lives. I caught him. Is it not so, Mahmadoou Siy?"

"Yes," cried Siy. "And I said to Baba, 'You have bought things in the market place for money. You have stolen again. O, you miserable thief!' And he said, 'I have bought nothing.' But he had with him the cloth under his arm and a small bowl of rice, so we told him he lied."

"Was it not clear that he lied? So he said he had bought things, but he had not stolen; that you had given him two francs."

"Yes," I said, "two francs." And I told them how he had come that morning with a starving waif, and asked if he had indeed a little sister.

They wagged their heads thoughtfully and mumbled, but agreed that Baba always said he had a little sister.

"Just the same," Mahmadoou Siy declared, "you should not give him money. He is a thief."

"He has not yet stolen from me," I replied. "And because he has been a thief will he always be a thief?"

Mahmadoou Siy laughed heartily and the others joined with him.

"The woman who cooks for me had a fine new stewpan, and yesterday morning Baba stole it. And my friend

Alimamy, the holy man, he had a beautiful blanket; and while he was praying this morning Baba sneaked into his room and ran off with it."

"What! Stole a blanket from a holy man while he prayed!"

This was too much. We roared with laughter, we bent double and choked with laughter, laughter flew from the terrace over the market place and tears ran down our cheeks. The black men slapped their thighs, and I held my sides.

"And such a fine blanket!" Mahmadoou Siy gasped.

"And to steal it while the holy man prayed!" the one-armed man snickered.

But the conclusion was that I must never give money to Baba because, as all the world knew and as it must be plain to me, Baba was a thief.

When they had gone I called Omar in consultation. Omar said, "A thief is a man who steals. Yesterday Baba stole a pan from the old woman, and to-day a beautiful blanket from a holy man. But what has that to do with us? He has stolen nothing from us. And why does Mahmadoou Siy, who is my countryman and whom I much admire, keep him still to work in the garden and send him round to us with vegetables?"

In the cool of the afternoon Alimamy at last came to call on me. For all his youth and his magnificent physique, he was a gentle, dreamy man, who spoke slowly and rarely with a smile. He had enough French, after all, to tell me of his wanderings over Europe in the War and of his wounds; to tell picturesquely how he had returned to his native land, Dja, and there had decided to be a holy man.

"I heard," he said, looking out the north window over the desert in the aloof and dreamy sadness which was peculiar to him, his heavily molded lips moving slowly, "that in Timbuctoo there was no holy man who went into the market place, and so I came. But there is little for me to do. I am not happy here. Sometimes I write two or three charms in a day, but many days none at all, though I sit in the market from sun-

rise to sunset. Then I can buy no kola nut, and my head aches for lack of it.

"No," he went on, "I am not happy here. I am no longer welcome in the house of Mahmadou Siy, but I will go and live in another house, that one there, with the tower. And this morning while I prayed at dawn Baba the Thief came and stole my blanket."

"Ah, that was a wicked thing to do."

"It was written," he said, in Arabic, meaning that it was written in the Book of Destiny that his blanket should be stolen. He was without anger and without resentment. He merely added, "No, I am not happy here."

When he left, he smiled.

"I will come often to see you," he said.

#### IV

Baba appeared the next morning, bringing vegetables from the garden. He did not greet me, but standing in the doorway said clearly:

"I did *not* steal the holy man's blanket. The old woman hid the stewpan because she hates me, and then she stole the holy man's blanket, and I know where she put it. She is a bad old woman. She has a box with a lot of money in it, and I have nothing. Why does she call me a thief if she is not evil?"

Why, indeed, Baba?

He asked sadly to be forgiven, and when I questioned what there was for me to forgive him he reminded me that yesterday he had broken his promise and told Mahmadou Siy I had given him money. But what could he do? Would I not please bear in mind that they had pursued him and that he had to tell about the money—at least a little about it. I assured him I would never forget that, after all, he had kept three-fifths of his promise, which is something even in the white man's world.

Now, all this went on during the first weeks of my stay in Timbuctoo while still it was my habit to go for an early morning swim in the pool, leaving the house wholly empty and the street door

wide open for Omar and the Daggar shepherd who brought milk. Then one morning, for no reason I can think of, I decided not to go down to swim. The morning was not especially cold; I was feeling perfectly fit. I just chanced not to go. I remember humming old hymn tunes while I shaved, amused to find myself in such a Western mood. When I went to throw away the shaving water I glanced down the stair and saw, standing by the kitchen door, the bottle of milk the Daggar had brought without my hearing a sound. Probably I saw something else, too, something moving or a shadow; for I stopped humming, set down the basin, and returned across the terrace on tiptoe. And when I came to the head of the stairs and looked down I saw a black arm close to the ground and a black hand about to close on the milk bottle.

Why did he not run when I shouted? He could have escaped from the court before I got to the bottom of the stairs, and no one descending the stairs could have seen more than a fleeing pair of legs. But he stood as if paralyzed.

Of course, it was Baba. I hated to catch him. It gave no satisfaction of any kind to say the hard things that must be said. He protested that he had meant only to put the bottle inside the kitchen door so that no one else would steal it. But that black hand and arm had been too stealthy for honesty. Well, he was not to come into the house again, and the best time to leave it for good and all was now. Again, his head fell on his black breast, his legs dragged on the way to the door. I held it open for him to pass through. He did not look back.

Not five minutes later Young Alfa tore up the stairs.

"What has happened to Baba?" he cried, much excited. "He is walking through the streets with tears on his face."

I had not the heart to tell him, and he ran off to pick up news in the town. But naturally when Omar came I told him, and Omar said:

"Now he is a thief. Yesterday and



the day before he brought only half the vegetables and I think he sold the rest."

It was nearly noon when Alfa reappeared, this time with Alimamy, who seemed the gentler for the youngster's fierce delight.

"All the town is hunting for Baba the Thief," Alfa announced.

"Where is he?"

"He is not a rat. There are not holes enough for him to hide in. Even in the desert he cannot hide. The police will find him, perhaps not in one day but before three days.

I told them Baba had been to the house early in the morning and asked what he could have done since to set the police on his track. Alimamy, in his gentle manner, gave me the story. Many people had seen Baba weeping in the streets. Now, the old woman who cooked for Mahmadou Siy had a box with money in it. She did not live in Siy's house but in a hut by herself. She kept the box in the hut. Baba went to the old woman's hut. She was not there, and he broke in and stole the box. Someone had seen him. Now he could not escape. He was not a rat. There were not holes enough for him to hide in.

Alfa interrupted, "Even if he hides in the darkest hut the sun rises higher. It will be hot. He will be thirsty. The police will watch the wells. At night there is the big moon. They will watch day and night, and they will find him before he can die of thirst or hunger."

Alfa foresaw every twist and turn within the cunning of the hunted man. He would have dragged me on the terrace to point out this and that corner of the light-drenched town where Baba might pant a second in hope before running on in fear.

At last I told them what had happened in the house that morning. They listened in silence, and after I was done Alimamy put me through a questioning.

"You go every morning to swim?"

"Yes."

"You did not go this morning?"

"No."

"Were you feeling well this morning?"

"Perfectly."

"Had you gone this morning Baba would have stolen the milk?"

"It looks that way."

"But you stayed in the house?"

"Yes."

He leaned towards me.

"Why?" he almost whispered.

Alfa's eyes shone like stars. He, too, leaned towards me and with lifted hand checked my response.

"Let Alfa tell you why," he said. "Allah is in your house."

We were all silent a moment.

"Yes, my friend," Alfa went on, his eyes glowing, "Allah is in your house. That is why nothing has been stolen from you, though your door is always open. The black thief is sharper than the white man. Always he steals from the white man, for it gives him pleasure. Why have not thieves stolen from you? Allah is in your house. Alfa does not flatter. That is true."

"No God but Allah," Alimamy breathed, "and Mohamed is his prophet."

Their great dark eyes were full of happiness. They smiled, not in rapture, but in peace. The chattering in the market place sounded far away; and through the room, from door giving on sunny terrace and from window looking to the north over the vastness of the Sahara, streamed the light which, though its clarity and its hues are never to be caught in words, still plays in the memory over every recollection of Timbuctoo.

As they left Alfa said, "Perhaps they will catch Baba before the sun sets. I shall know first when they have caught him and will run to tell you."

But they did not catch Baba before the sun set that day, nor did they catch him the next day, or even the third day, for all Alfa's prophecy. Baba had disappeared. Rat or no rat, he had found holes to hide in. I locked my house, not that I feared being robbed, but that I dreaded Baba's sneaking in to find refuge there.

A week went by. Mahmadou Siy came to chat, Alimamy visited me often, Alfa was always in and out. But no one of them had news of Baba.

Then in the middle of one night I heard from my bed a voice calling softly in the street below. For a while I thought I had been dreaming; but the voice was persistent, and I went to the window. The street was dim and gray in the light of a waning moon, and I could see no one in it, though the voice called me again softly. He was standing against the opposite wall, the black man, almost blotted out in its shadow.

"Do you know me? I am Baba Mahmadou," he said, very low.

"I could not see for the shadow."

"I dare not stand in the light. If you will come down and open your door I will run in."

"I will not let you in because the police would find you here. Besides, I told you never to come again."

He was hungry, and I threw down bread and chocolate into the shadow. I hardly saw him stoop to pick them up, but I knew he got them. His voice, soft and melancholy, rose once more to the window. "*Bon soir, monsieur, bon soir.*" Then he was gone.

But he came again, and in the broad light of day. Never did I suspect who was calling in that clear voice from the street; and when I looked down, I hardly

recognized Baba in the uniform of a *tirailleur*, with jaunty shoulders and a red fez on his head. Badgered by the police, he had sneaked his way to the recruiting sergeant, who, glad to welcome so stalwart a young black, had asked no questions. So it had ended. Baba had now three good meals a day, and his little sister was taken care of.

He promised to come and see me the next week, when he should have won the broad sash of red flannel these soldiers wind about their waists; and this he did, telling me on that occasion that he fancied not to steal again.

Young Alfa remained scornful; but Big Alfa, so elegant and so mystical, would never again raise a minatory fist against Baba the Thief. And one day, as I was talking over the natives with another white man, we fell upon Big Alfa.

"He is a little simple-minded; but I don't think he is crooked. Prison took that out of him."

"Prison!" I cried, tormented by the shade of a misjudged Baba. "Big Alfa in prison?"

"Surely. He had a long term. It was technically forgery, but he is so simple that perhaps he did not realize what he was doing. Everybody knows it."

Ah, yes, and Baba the Thief had but whispered it.





## IN PRAISE OF FREEDOM

BY WILL DURANT

*Author of "The Story of Philosophy"*

IT IS a marvel inadequately noted that the contemporary victory of conservatism in the politics and economics of the world has been accompanied by the triumph of liberalism in religion and morals, in science and philosophy, in literature and art.

We have selected for our rulers gentlemen who reverently represent the established gods of industry; and we have put behind us, for the while, all thought of experiment in the relations of master and man. We have conferred a mystic popularity upon officials whose only virtue is their timidity; while our scorn of rebels and reformers is so great that we have ceased to persecute them. The capitals and governments of the world are in the hands of caution; and change comes over them only in the night, unseen.

Yet, bewilderingly simultaneous with this virtuous avoidance of the new in the official world, behold in our cities such a riot of moral and literary innovation, such an exuberant rejection of ancient faith and discipline, as makes every gray head shake with sociological tremors, and every aged finger point to corrupt Imperial Rome. Science thinks it has won its battle with the antediluvians; in the exhilaration of its victory it marches gayly into a mechanical dogmatism that does justice to everything but life. Literature violates every rule and every precedent; the boldest experiment is applauded by the most respectable critics; no one dares admire the classics any more; and to be a revolutionist in poetry and painting is as fashionable as to vote

for mediocrity and reaction. The stage has suddenly discovered the mysterious beauty of the female form divine; the cabaret is devoting itself æsthetically to "artistic nudity"; and sculpture, which decayed as clothing grew, may be expected to flourish happily again. It is a remarkable synthesis of the omnipotent state and the liberated individual.

How shall we explain this humorous anomaly? Partly it is a corollary of our wealth: the same riches that make us timidly conservative in politics make us bravely liberal in morals; it is as difficult to be ascetic with full pockets as it is, with full pockets, to be a revolutionist. Puritanism did not die from bichloride of *Mercury*, it was poisoned with silver and gold.

Partly the situation issues from a contradiction in our hearts: it is the same soul that hungers for the license of liberty and the security of order; the same mind that hovers, in its fluctuating strength and fear, between pride in its freedom and admiration for the police. There are moments when we are anarchists, and moments when we are Prussians. In America above all—in this land of the brave and this home of the free—we are a little fearful of liberty. Our forefathers were free in politics, and stoically stern in morals; they respected the Decalogue, and defied the State. But we deify the State, and riddle the Decalogue; we are Epicureans in morals, but we submit to all but one of a hundred thousand laws; we are slaves in politics, and free only in our cups.

It is revealing that when an American

speaks of liberty's decay he has reference to his stomach rather than to his mind. A convention of the American Federation of Labor threatened a revolution some years ago: because of the open shop?—certainly not; but because of the closed saloon. All the liberalism of the respectable American to-day confines itself to making alcohol the first necessity of a gentleman, and broadmindedness the first requisite of a lady. What does it matter that a Polish immigrant is nearly hanged by a Massachusetts court for expressing his skepticism of an ancient faith—or that the aged saints of orthodoxy, lavishly financed by manufacturers who forget the practices of their middle age in the theology of their infancy, are everywhere introducing bills for the outlawing of biology, and the refutation of Darwinism by legislation? What does it matter that freedom to think is lost, if freedom to drink remains? *Primum est bibere, deinde philosophari.*

It is not law that takes our freedom from us, it is the innocuous desuetude of our minds. Standardized education, and the increasing power of mass suggestion in an increasing mass, rob us of personality and character and independent thought; as crowds grow, individuals disappear. Ease of communication facilitates imitation and assimilation; rapidly we all become alike; visibly we joy in becoming as much as possible alike—in our dress, our manners, and our morals, in the interior decoration of our homes, our hotels, and our minds. God knows—perhaps even our moral freedom is a form of imitation.

Yet some rebellion is better than none; and possibly our thirst for liberty will go to the head, and dare to include thought. It is good that men should resist wholesale moralization by the law; to forbid the use of stimulating and consoling liquors because some men abuse them shows the amateurish weakness of a government that does not know how to control the fools without making fools of all. Civilization without wine is im-

possible. Civilization without restraint is impossible; and there can be no restraint where there is no liberty.

Let us listen for a moment to those who believed in every freedom. Perhaps it will refresh and strengthen us to forget for a while our countless laws and walk a little way with the idolators of liberty.

## II

“Great part of that order which reigns among mankind is not the effect of government. It had its origin in the principles of society and the natural constitution of men. It existed prior to government, and would exist if the formality of government were abolished. The mutual dependence and reciprocal interest which man has upon man, and all parts of a civilized community upon one another, create that great chain of connection which holds it together. . . . In fine, society performs for itself almost everything which is ascribed to government.”

Who is it that writes with such unfashionable courage and simplicity? Brave Tom Paine, protagonist of two revolutions, remaker of two continents; the American Voltaire, the English voice of that great Age of Reason, that audacious century which won the name of the Enlightenment. For in that fearless time, when the passage of economic power from the idling aristocracy to the thriving middle class had disturbed every tradition, broken the cake of custom, and loosened the holds of ancient superstitions upon mankind, the individual found himself unprecedentedly free, as if for a little while the iron grip of the past upon the present had been released. The senile dynasty of the Bourbons reigned but it did not rule; the Church, in a society where irreligion was *de rigueur* and even bishops flirted with rationality, was powerful only in the village, powerless in the capitals; every law was relaxed, every canon criticized, every norm of art or conduct violated without fear and without reproach. It



was the age in which Rousseau denounced the State as an evil, and Jefferson proclaimed that government best which governed least. It was the epoch of the individual.

From the beginning of human history, presumably, man had fretted under social restraints, and the natural barbarism of the will had seen an enemy in every law. "Laws," said Rousseau, "are always useful to those who own, and injurious to those who do not. . . . Laws gave the weak new burdens, and the strong new powers; they irretrievably destroyed natural freedom, established in perpetuity the law of property and inequality, turned a clever usurpation into an irrevocable right, and brought the whole future race under the yoke of labor, slavery, and misery. . . . All men were created free, and now they are everywhere in chains."

It is remarkable how far the ideology of the rising bourgeoisie, in the century of revolution, partook of that hunger and thirst for liberty which generates in anarchism the simplest and most alluring of political philosophies. Adam Smith argued that the wealth of nations depended upon the freedom of the individual. Mirabeau *père* and the Physiocrats wished to let nature alone in her management of commerce and industry; and Herbert Spencer, inheriting the liberal tradition from Bentham and Stuart Mill, reduced the state to a vanishing point, retaining it as a "night-watchman" for his property.

The theorists of logic developed with blind logic this cry of the middle class for freedom from feudal tolls, dynastic government, and aristocratic snobbery. If liberty was good in commerce and industry, it must be good in morals and politics. Godwin was sure that human nature, of its own inherent virtue, would maintain sufficient order without law; let all laws be abolished, and mankind would progress in intellect and character as it had never progressed before. Shelley versified these ideas when their author had ceased to believe in them,

and practiced the new liberty with Godwin's daughter without consideration for the right of a philosopher to change his errors with his years. The patriotic Fichte made the individual will the base and apex of the universe, and saw all reality as the creation of a mind walled and moated in from external things and other souls. Stirner, condemned to teach in a young ladies' seminary, consoled himself by conceiving a superman liberated from the despotism of the state: "The state has never any object but to limit the individual, to tame him, to subject him to something general; it lasts only so long as the individual is not all in all . . . just straighten yourselves up and the state will leave you alone."

This aspiration to absolute liberty shows an arresting universality and a strange persistency. Among the pupils of Socrates there were Cynics who preferred the life of nature to the rule of law, and aimed, like Aristippus, "to be neither the slave nor the master of any man." Among the Stoics, who had no goods and many bonds, there were some who hoped for an earthly paradise in which all goods would be shared and all bonds would be loosed. Among the primitive Christians the use of force, for any purpose at all, was self-denied, and little saintly groups lived in peace and brotherhood, till wealth increased. The Anabaptists of the Reformation preached anew the gospel of freedom, and anticipated heaven by abolishing marriage. In the French Revolution Marat and Babœuf proclaimed the dawn of liberty and the twilight of the state. During the rebellious forties Proudhon wrote that "the government of man by man in every form is slavery. The highest perfection of a society is found in the union of order and anarchy. . . . In any society the authority of man over man is in inverse ratio to the intellectual development which that society has attained." In revolutionary Russia Tolstoi defined government as "the association of property-owners for the protection of their property from those who need it" (or

want it, as the owners would amend). Bakunin, abandoning his wealth and aristocratic position to join the Nihilists, predicted that education would spread so rapidly that by 1900 the state would be unnecessary, and men would obey only the laws of nature. Kropotkin, prince, gentleman, and anarchist, labored to show how, in the Utopia of liberty, men and women would need to work only an hour a day; and almost succeeded in proving that the spontaneous co-operation of man with man has been the basis of all sound social organization, far more powerful and salutary than the artificial compulsions of the state. In England William Morris indicated his respect for government by describing a happy Nowhere in which the Houses of Parliament were used to store Utopian manure. In *laissez-faire* America Emerson preached the frontiersman's self-reliance—"no law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature," and "the only right is what is after my own constitution"; Whitman conceived the function of government as a preparation for the time when men would rule themselves; and Thoreau, while he made his perfect pencils, gayly announced, "I heartily accept the motto, 'That government is best which governs least'. . . . Carried out it finally amounts to this, which I also believe: 'That government is best which governs not at all.' And when men are prepared for it, that is the kind of government which they will have."

### III

What shall we say of this brave religion of liberty? How far is social order natural, and how long can it maintain itself without the prop of law? How far is freedom possible to man?

In human affairs (to spoil a perfect phrase of Santayana's) everything artificial has a natural origin, and everything natural has an artificial development. Expression is natural, language is artificial; religion is natural, the Church

is artificial; society is natural, the state is artificial. Like language and theology, obedience to law comes through social transmission and individual learning rather than through impulses native to mankind. Hence the perpetual conflict, within the self, between the desires of one's heart and fear of the policeman; and hence the joy which triumphant rebels find in violating, with social approval and comparative impunity, some artificial and irksome prohibition. We are anarchists by nature, and citizens by suggestion.

But though in the secret sanctuaries of our souls we are lawless savages, we are not indisposed by nature to a moderate measure of spontaneous order and decency. Society is older than man, and older than the vertebrates. The protozoa have their colonies, with a division of labor between reproductive and nutritive cells; and the ants and bees bring this specialization of function to the point of physiologically differentiating the organism for its social task. Even the carnivores, whose tusks and hides and claws are individualistic substitutes for the strength and security of social order, include those gentle-eyed dogs who can be more sociable than a salesman and more loyal than a rural editor. "The Hamadryas baboons," says Darwin, "turn over stones to find insects; and when they come to a large one, as many as can stand round it, turn it over together, and share the booty. . . . Bull bisons, when there is danger, drive the cows and calves into the middle of the herd, while they defend the outside." Imperiled horses gather head to head, heels outward, forming a *cordon sanitaire*, as the Gauls put their women at the center when they engaged the foe. It was in such unions for defense, presumably, that animal society had its origin, and through them that it established a heritage of social impulse for humanity.

Add to this spontaneous sociability the formative co-operation of the family, and the case for a purely natural order



simulates plausibility. "The social instinct," says Darwin, "seems to be developed by the young remaining a long time with their parents." The brotherhood of man is in this sense as old as history; it vitalizes a thousand secret societies and forms of fellowship; there hardly lives the brute with soul so dead that he has not thrilled at times with a sense of his almost physical solidarity with mankind. Along with natural fraternity a beneficent spread of parental tenderness helps us to mutual aid; and altruism, which the Enlightenment (in Taine's phrase) reduced to virtue furnished with a spy-glass, is as natural as love and as universal as maternity. Kant marveled that there was so much kindness in the world, and so little justice; perhaps it is because kindness is spontaneous sympathy, while justice is bound up with judgment and reasoning. Women, in consequence, are a little less than just, and infinitely more than kind.

Finally, society itself, supported on these instinctive and economic props, develops in the individual certain social habits which become as powerful as any second nature, and constitute a pledge of order far more reliable than law. The longer we live the more gregarious we become; the more susceptible to the opinions of our neighbors; the more imitative and respectable; the more attached to custom and convention; the more reconciled to those restraints upon desire which make civilization depend upon habit rather than upon force.

Every organized psychological power strives to complete this taming and socialization of the individual. The church sets up, almost at his birth, a bombardment of moral exhortations from which some gentle influence remains even when their theological basis has passed away. As parental and ecclesiastical authority wane, the school replaces them more and more; it pretends to prepare the individual for economic and artistic victories; but quietly and subtly it molds him, as Aristotle advised, "to suit the form of government under which he lives"; it

pours into his receptive constitution the peculiar habits and morals of his group; and it modestly covers the naked truth of history with such a glorification of the nation's past that the young graduate is ready to spur his neighbors to any sacrifice for the enhancement of his country's power. If the school fails in this socializing strategy, or the individual eludes it by immigrating when adult, the press will carry on the work; mechanical invention co-operates with urban aggregation to bring every mind within reach of that ancient thing called "news," and that delicate indoctrination which lurks between the lines.

When these molding forces are viewed in summary, the drive to good behavior seems so irresistible that one might reasonably question the necessity of laws that would regulate morality. In a large measure it is society that exists, and not the individual; as the scornful Gumpłowicz has put it, "what thinks in man is not he, but the social community of which he is a part"; even his conscience is only his master's voice. "Man," said that supreme psychologist, Napoleon, "is a product of the moral as well as of the physical atmosphere." By biological heredity we are bound to our animal past; by social heredity—through our imitative and educational absorption of the traditions and morals of our group—we are bound to our human past; and the forces of stability, so rooted in our impulses and our habits, leave precious little in us that requires the unnatural morality of the state.

Since these forming influences act upon us in our tenderest and most suggestible years, we hardly overcome them except at the cost of a struggle that involves our very sanity. A miserable nostalgia visits us when we depart from the *mores* of our country and our time; and when we settle down in life it is most often into one or another of the grooves that the past has dug. Contented people are usually those who adopt without question the manners, customs, morals, and grammar of their group, becoming

indistinguishable molecules in the social mass, and sinking into a restful peace of self-surrender that rivals the lassitude of love. The greater the society, the stronger will be the pressure upon the individual to divest himself of individuality even in those fashionable novelties which delight the modest soul because they are felt to be not really innovations, but respectful variations on an ancestral theme. In the final result a large population becomes an almost immovable body; the natural conservatism of society outreaches the chauvinism of the state. The individual, made in the image of the whole, becomes so docile and well behaved that the compulsions and punishments of law appear as a gratuitous extravagance; and we are for a moment tempted to sign our names defiantly to the doctrine of those fearful anarchists whom we exclude, or deport, or vilify, or imprison, or hang.

#### IV

Let us reassure ourselves: there are defects in this philosophy of freedom. For first, it underestimates the violence of the strong: the same ruthless domination that makes the state would rule with more visible and direct force, and with more suffering and chaos, if there were no state at all. Civilization is in part the establishment of order and custom in the use of the weak by the strong. The precariousness of international law reveals the imminence of violence among the mighty; only little states are virtuous. "If, while living among mankind," said Socrates to Aristippus, "you shall think it proper 'neither to rule nor to be ruled,' I think you will soon see that the stronger know how to treat the weaker as slaves." Every invention strengthens the strong and the unscrupulously clever in their manipulation of the unintelligent, the scrupulous, and the weak; every development in the complexity of life widens the gap and makes resistance harder. It is a bitter thing to realize; but society is founded not on the ideals

but on the nature of man. His ideals are as like as not an attempt to conceal his nature from himself or from the world.

Again, the social dispositions upon which a natural order rests are far less deeply rooted in us than those individualistic impulses of acquisition and accumulation, of pugnacity and mastery which underlie our economic life. Even the cry for liberty comes from a heart that secretly hungers for power; it is because of that hunger in the human beast of prey that liberty is limited and bound. In some measure it is the weak who by the pressure of majority ideas curtail the freedom of the individual, lest unshackled strength should so widen the gap between itself and the unfortunate that the social organism would burst, like a growing cell, into revolution. The first condition of freedom is its limitation; life is a balance of interferences, like the suspension of the earth in space. Men are so diverse in capacity and courage that without restraints their natural differences would breed and multiply through a thousand artificial inequalities into a stagnant and hopeless stratification of mankind. The French loved Napoleon because, with all his despotism, he kept careers open to all talents wherever born, and gave men in unprecedented abundance that equality which timid souls love a little more than freedom.

Ages of liberty, therefore, are transitions, brave interludes between eras of custom and order. They last while rival systems of order struggle for ascendancy; when either system wins, freedom melts away. Nothing is so disastrous to liberty as a successful revolution; the greatest tragedy that can befall an ideal is its fulfillment.

Why is it that wherever there has appeared in history the spontaneous order that rests solely on the natural sociability of mankind, as in primitive societies, or in the California of forty-nine, or in the Alaska of the nineties, it has passed eventually into the artificial and com-



pulsory order of the state? It is a large question, for which a single answer will not suffice; no formula can do justice to the infinite variety of truth. Doubtless part of the cause lies in the passage from the family to the individual as the unit of production and society. Visibly the family loses its functions, even to the care of the child; filial respect and fraternal loyalty give way to a patriotism that becomes the only piety of the modern soul. Divested of its functions the family rots away; nothing remains but centrifugal individuals, magnificently independent in a common slavery. For slavery looks much like freedom when the master is never seen.

Meanwhile the aggregation of people in cities breaks down neighborhood morality as a source of spontaneous order; every egoistic impulse is free in the protecting anonymity of the crowd. Where natural order is still powerful, as in simple rural communities, little law is necessary; where natural order is weak, as in our sprawling cities, legislation grows. The state replaces spontaneous society as the corporation replaces the small dealer, or as the great railroad system replaces the stage-coach of picturesque individualistic days. The developing complexity of life has bound us into a highly integrated whole, and taken from us that independence of the parts which once was possible when each family was economically a self-sufficient sovereignty. Political and economic liberty decays for the same reason again that moral laxity increases: because the family and the church have ceased to function adequately as sources of social order, and legal compulsion insinuates itself into the growing gaps in natural restraint. Freedom has left industry and the state, and survives only in the gonads.

If the implements of production had remained as in days of barbaric simplicity—a spade and a plot of land—the state would not have swollen into the monster that now dwarfs our petty lives. For then each man might have owned his

tools and controlled the conditions of his earthly life; his freedom would have kept its necessary economic support, and political liberty would not have become, like political equality, a baseless sham. But invention made tools more complex and more costly; it differentiated and evaluated men according to their capacity to use or direct or acquire the subtler or larger mechanisms; and in the end, by the most natural process in the world, the ownership of tools was centered in a few, self-sufficiency disappeared, and freedom became a politician's phrase, an honored relic commemorated annually like the rest of our noble dead.

On every side, then, we are caught in a current of development in which ancient and natural liberties are swept away. Our industrial relations are too intricate to be left entirely to "economic law"; certain functions, like transport and communication, are so strategically powerful that without legal limitation they would bestride all industry like some colossal beast of prey. All in all, it is well that these processes should fall under regulation by the state, incompetent and partial and corrupt as every state must, in our generations, be. Perhaps all the main channels of the economic life should be under such national control, and every vital artery between producer and consumer should be withdrawn from the strangling dominance of entrenched and irresponsible individuals. When all the avenues of distribution welcome every user on equal terms, production and consumption will be as free as human lust will tolerate; and industry—cured of that arteriosclerosis, that narrowing and pinching of the arteries of exchange by multiplying intermediaries, which threatens our economic health in the very heyday of our wealth—would sprout and flourish like an unbound plant; the initiative and enterprise of individual ownership would be liberated rather than enchained; co-operatives would find some protection from the hostile lords of our distributive machinery; and freedom, so pruned and trained,

might in the outcome be deeper and richer than before.

## V

All this is a grudging concession; for the Jeffersonian ideal of the government that governs least still grips the heart with its simple lure, and every added law desecrates the sovereignty of the soul. Order is a means to liberty, and not an end; liberty is priceless, for it is the vital medium of growth. "In the end," as old Goethe said, "only personality counts." The state was made for man, and not man for the state. Heredity was invented to preserve variations; and every custom began as a broken precedent. Evolution feeds on difference and change; social development demands innovation and experiment as well as order and law; history moves through genius and invention as well as through impersonal forces and unthinking crowds.

If we let our economic lives be limited we ought to guard a hundred times more jealously the freedom of the mind. Mental liberty should be at least as dear to us as liberty of body to an animal; caught and caged, it never reconciles itself to captivity, and paces about forever on the watch for a way to freedom. Perhaps it is because we can bear to see such pitiful prisoners, and can look without remorse into eyes deepened and softened with the longing for liberty, that we are unworthy of the freedom our fathers had when they met the animal on equal terms, and killed it in fair fight instead of imprisoning it as a pleasant sight for a Sunday afternoon. But we ourselves are caged, and do not complain; how can we understand the hunger of the fettered beast?

There is a Chinese proverb to the effect that when a nation begins to have many laws it is slipping into senility. The ancient Thurians provided a halter for every unsuccessful proponent of new laws, suggesting his fit punishment for mutilating liberty. Our legislatures in America, one hears, pass some six thou-

sand laws per week; if this is so, we are a nation of thieves, and we need not laws but education. Sessions of Congress are a source of national apprehension, to rich and poor alike; and perhaps the quiet esteem in which the present executive is widely held is due to the fact that he is a *roi fainéant*, who may be relied upon, like an English king, to do nothing but draw his salary. Even his vetoes are gratefully received; what if the bills they nullify should by strange chance be good?—even a good law is a law, and so far bad. There is not so sharp a contradiction as we supposed between the unpopularity of virtue in our cities and the popularity of an abstemious president; in either case it is liberty that is served.

If this appears to imply that our current moral laxity is not so unmixed an evil as those of us suppose who soothe our consciences by making other people virtuous, the presumption is correct. Much of our immorality takes the form of honesty; we oldsters were as lax as we could afford in our guarded and impecunious youth; and when we sinned we sinned in silence, and carried pious faces into meeting. The growing generation is not so skilled in secrecy, and likes to boast of greater crimes than it commits. Its sins are superficial and will be washed away in the confessional of time; experience will make men mature enough to love modesty again. Meanwhile of what moment is it that in our youth our grandmothers smoked malodorous pipes respectably, while in our desuetude our daughters smoke whatever satisfies? How shall we dissuade youth from making *vade mecums* of whiskey flasks (whose contents they manfully pretend to enjoy), except by ceasing to forbid it? What does it matter that nudity can be seen more readily and less furtively than in our hooped and petticoated days, that undue stimulation replaces morbid brooding? Habit will correct the evil gently by dulling sensitivity, and clothing will have to be restored to generate again the illusions of desire.



Against this magnificent uprising of the young the old can only think of laws. Every timid and jealous voice calls upon the immaculate assemblymen of America to come to the rescue of morality. Because some sleek panders have made filthy lucre by exposing God's handiwork upon the stage, tired people demand that policemen be empowered to revise all pictures and dramas before their public unveiling. But one supposed the police had full power to stop indecency by pre-existing legislation. One supposed that the police had the power to put an end at once to any spectacle that violated the statutes against obscenity. Possibly there is no need to resort again to indiscriminate prohibition; possibly public opinion, if it is the public's opinion, would suffice to condemn excess, and might prove (as it does in the case of drink) more effective than any law. It would stamp us indelibly as a provincial and infantile nation if we relapsed into the strait-jackets of Puritanism at the very time when America begins to create its own literature, its own drama, and its own art. Better a Charles II than a Cromwell.

Luckily for us, life is on the side of youth in these matters, and youth is on the side of life. Our heirs may commit suicide, and prefer baseball to epistemology, and forget to say grace before drinking, but these diversions must not obscure for us the buoyant health and bright good-nature of contemporary adolescence. Let the young be happy; soon enough they will be old; and the lassitude of the flesh will make them virtuous. If morals are transiently too lax, they will correct themselves as knowledge and wisdom grow; in the end, as Socrates suggested, we must instruct rather than forbid. Every vice was once a virtue, necessary for existence, and every virtue was once a vice, de-

veloped beyond need; not laws but public opinion hewed them into social form. If we wish to improve other people's morals let us improve our own; example speaks so loud that precept is unheard. The best thing we can do for the community is not to fetter it with laws, but to straighten our own lives with tolerance and honor. A gentleman will have no morals but his own.

The time must come (for the world does move) when men will understand that the highest function of government is not to legislate but to educate, to make not laws but schools. The greatest statesman, like the subtlest teacher, will guide and suggest through information, rather than invite pugnacity with prohibitions and commands. The state, which began as the conquest and taxation of peaceful peasants by marauding herdsmen, will become again, as it was for a moment under the Antonines, the leadership of a great nation by great men. We need not so despair of our race as to believe that government will be in the hands of politicians forever. Day by day the level of intelligence rises; generation after generation the ennobling heritage of culture grows, and finds transmission to a larger minority of mankind; soon men will not tolerate the charlatans whom we have suffered so patiently and so long. Our children's children, lifted up by our care, will choose their rulers more wisely than we chose. They will ask not for lawmakers but for creative teachers; they will submit not to regimentation but to knowledge; they will achieve peace and order not through violence and compulsion, but through the advance and spread and organization of intelligence. And perhaps—who knows?—as their knowledge mounts they will deserve, and therefore get, at last, the best of all governments—which will govern not at all.



## THE LORDLY DISH

BY FORD MADDOX FORD

I SELDOM sit down to an American meal without remembering pleasantly the scriptural verse: "He asked water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish," and when I am not otherwise engaged I frequently wonder why it is that Americans who are not sparing of their criticisms of things Continental never—or never as far as I know—grumble at the parsimony of European *restaurateurs* in the matter of that comestible. For myself the continually refilled miniature saucer of firm, fresh butter that is always beside my plate on the American table is a constant source of pleasure. And to all appearances it is supplied gratis, though whether it be or no I have no means of knowing since I have never looked at a bill in this country.

I don't look at bills—not because I am extravagant, or British, or plutocratic. In France or England I not infrequently examine a waiter's reckoning with some attention. In France you are not respected if you do not do it, and I do not care whether the English waiter respects me or not, so having learned the habit in Paris, I do not bother to discontinue it in London. But then in London and Paris I know the language. I don't mean to say that in New York or Chicago I should not understand the wounding things that a detected waiter might say to me—the point is that I should not know how to sass him back, whereas in either of the other metropolitan cities I enjoy making a scene in dishonest restaurants. I remember one . . . That has nothing to do with American cooking but it has this American association for

me in that we were taken for Americans—and South Americans at that—and treated as such. That is to say that we were—or rather my friend was—charged eighteen pounds odd, or say ninety dollars for four indifferent dinners such as are served at monstrous and expensive caravansaries the world over, for three bottles of wine two of which were corked, and some liqueurs. With its sequelæ that made an agreeable evening.

But I do not mean to write of those large and despicable places which are all the same the world over. Their procedures are identical, find yourself in which hemisphere you may. They hire a famous chef. He has as a rule one special dish which he rides to death in the menu and only carefully prepares for the very rare customer who is well known to be captious. He has too many underlings to be able to superintend them properly and as a rule he lets them do as they will after a lesson or so. His hot plates—or whatever means he adopts of keeping dishes warm—keep dishes warm until they are tasteless, tepid, and entirely tedious. It is indeed the tediousness of meals in these places that is their chief characteristic even if the chef has distinguished himself over his special *plat*. For what is the good of eating canvas-back duck *à la* New Orleans, or *canard Rouennais*, or wild duckling with marrowfats and orange-peel sauce, be they never so delicious, if all the rest of the meal be tepid and slovenly? That is deep boredom. I would rather have a little bully beef, a raw onion, some good strong cheese, a leaf or so of cos lettuce and salt, some good crusty bread and



plenty of fresh butter—and of course a bottle of hard old ale. I aver that I have had better appetite for such a meal—and better talk over it—than I have ever had for the most excruciatingly French-misnamed cookery in any of the Ritzes or Carltons or Splendides in any city of any continent. Of course their champagnes will stimulate the tongue, but personally I hate both champagne and the conversation it induces. Claret is the only wine over which to converse; *Château Neuf du Pape* is good if you are tired and wish to soliloquize or talk heated politics; burgundy is good to make love upon—but champagne is good only for the fag-end of dances, and in the form of cocktails for young ladies at that.

But what is this? . . . I am writing in Chicago. This is a daydream. I must have nodded. Here I drink ginger-ale with my meals, the water tasting night-mareishly of chlorine.

But how else is one to write of cooking? The purpose of meals is companionship, reminiscence, and communion, otherwise they are mere stoking. And immensely much of the pleasure of consuming choice meats is geographical. How often when, at a really good board, you are dwelling on chicken with all its fixings will you not observe a dreamy look steal over the face of your dinner partner! Then you know that she is thinking of Maryland with its steamy fields at dusk when the chickens come to hand and the grasses are fragrant. Or how often have we not dreamed of the Common and the Back Bay, or of Lexington, or Concord or the Adirondacks when we consumed *cassoulet de Castelnaudary*, which in its more commercial forms of the Paris restaurants is nothing but baked beans and pork? . . . Of course when you consume *cassoulet de Castelnaudary* in Castelnaudary I do not know what geographically you think about. You compose, I imagine, a *nunc dimittis*. I know I have done so. We had on that occasion between us two bottles of the most priceless 1906 Ch— But I know I

must not. The *cassoulet* came off a fire that has never been extinguished since 1367 and that has always had a *cassoulet* on it. . . . And the sunlight beating down on the white road sent hot rays up through the jalousies and the commercial travelers cleaned their knives on the tablecloths and like the morning stars sang in their glory. Do you know what you sing on such occasions? It is

*Aussitôt que la lumière vient entrer mes rideaux,  
Je commence ma carrière par visiter mes tonneaux  
Le plus grand roi . . .*

But I *know* I must not.

The curious thing is that I cannot remember what I ate long, long ago in Baltimore or elsewhere in Maryland—except for watermelon which comes back to me as resembling a bath sponge that has sopped up some very weak sugared water. We used to cut chunks out of it with the machetes with which we cut the corn, and then we would return to cutting the corn beneath a vertical sun in the copper sky. I remember, too, sitting with my feet on a barrel at the store at crossroads, waiting with the rest of the inhabitants for the mail and consuming dried apple-rings from another barrel. And I used to wonder what could have been the cause of the subsequent nightmare. I remember, too, bringing numerous packages back from the store in the buckboard I was given to drive. I remember how the buckboard was tied together with bits of string and the harness with decayed rope. I still see the agile chestnut horses; I still feel the jolting over the roads which in England we should have called sand dunes and ravines because of the rocks; I remember the sun which in England we should have called a blast-furnace and the dust and the catyids. . . . But as for what was in those packages from which we presumably ate . . . nary bite!

But stay. There comes back to me succotash in little saucers which did not interest me. But corn grilled, or rather

toasted on the cob! Ah, that I remember. I remember the butter dripping off the elbows in the kitchen of the colonial farmhouse where we ate. And, by a process of reasoning rather than by recollection of taste, I remember fried eggs and chicken on Sundays. I say process of reasoning because I remember the farmer saying that he dare not kill one of his own beasts or hogs because they were all marked down by the meat trust. You could not, he said, buy fresh meat between Baltimore or Philadelphia and San Francisco. Perhaps he was exaggerating.

At any rate I do not remember much of the rural food of Maryland or Pennsylvania in those days; but I do remember pleasurably certain foods in New England and New York. I never, I think, ate baked beans actually in Boston, but I do remember eating admirable beans in Fall River, Massachusetts, in a little frame-house, the property of a trolley conductor. He had begun by asking if I were English and then had said that his wife was English. I talked queer but not so queer as her. So he took me home to lunch with him. And there, sure enough, was his wife and, sure enough, she did talk queer, for she was a Lancashire cotton-operative lassie speaking a dialect so broad that it was all I could do to understand her. So we cowered us down in i' th'ingle and had a gradely pow, while the beans were baking in the bean pot, which was as delicately browned as any meerschaum. She was a high-colored, buxom creature. I don't remember whether she had come to Fall River of her own accord to make her fortune in the cotton mills or whether the trolley conductor had visited Manchester and married her because she was a skilled cotton-operative. But she wore a shawl over her head for all the world as she might have done in Ancoats market, and in spite of it her beans were admirable—as good as the *cassoulet* of Parisian restaurants. I have certainly latterly never tasted anything so good. But that is perhaps prejudice.

You see, the other day, somewhere north of Boston, I read the wail of a New England gastronome. It was to the effect that, alas and alas, local comestibles no longer come from the designated localities. Boston beans come, the pork from Chicago, the beans from, say, Milwaukee; and they are all canned somewhere in the Middle West. And so with all food in America: it came, he said, out of tins—even canvasback duck, Russian caviare, and soft-shelled crabs. That writer indeed averred that there were only two clubs in New York where you could be certain of eating genuine canvasback and you had to order it beforehand at that. He perhaps exaggerates!

How that may be I do not know. Standardization must have its victories that are more cruel than those of war. It is true that during the late War we had frequently to eat baked beans and mutton out of cans. I remember a first-class carriage on a siding outside Hazebrouck at one o'clock in the morning with the thermometer below zero and no windows in the carriage; and my batman heating one of those Mackonochie rations over three candles tied together; and our sharing it. And damned good it was. But to eat it in an apartment house in peace time, with no chance of even such exercise as running from shells would be pretty cruel.

## II

Standardization and de-territorialization go on the world over. Last summer in Avignon in the south of France under the shadow of the Palace of the Popes, in a restaurant that I had found admirable for thirty years—I had, indeed, years ago eaten there in the company of Frederic Mistral, the Provençal poet—there, in that sacred and august shadow I was offered Norwegian anchovies with the *hors d'œuvres* and *pêche Melba* made with California peaches out of a tin. The Mediterranean that swarms with real anchovies was only fifty miles



away, and Norway is seven hundred or so—and Heaven alone knows how far it is from California to Avignon, whilst in the spring whole hillsides of Provence are nacreous-pink with peach blossoms. But the peaches go to London; and Norwegians and Californians go to Avignon to eat their home products, and I come to New York to eat Mediterranean anchovies. It is perhaps not a mad world, but it seems a pretty queer one sometimes.

The gentlemen who write to the newspapers about the deterioration of their national cookings may perhaps be regarded with suspicion. They are apt to cry *O tempora O mores!* because it is agreeable so to cry and, being usually oldish, their palates have frequently deteriorated. I daresay my own may have. And I usually avoid newspaper comments on food. I never can understand what sort of person writes them. Nevertheless, they are sometimes amusing. I have lately been reading a controversy between a writer in an anti-American English paper and another in a pro-German and, therefore, anti-English review published in New York. Says the one, "It is impossible to find anything decent to eat in New York"; and the other, "It is impossible to eat any London food." Cries the Briton, What price the shoulder of mutton at A's; the beef-steak, oyster and kidney pudding at B's; the quince and apple tart at C's; the beef *à la mode* at D's; the Welsh rarebit at E's; the entrées at F's; the dessert at G's? . . . all in London. Retorts the American, What about the *Sauerkraut* at H's, the *Kaiserschmorren* at I's; the *Limburger mit Pumpnickel* at L's; the *gedaempfte Gaenserbrust* at M's? . . . all in New York. And so the contest rages. Let us try to ascend into regions more serene.

Think of oysters. . . . There are few things that I have so frequently discussed with Middle-Westerners on the boulevards not of Chicago, Ill., but of Paris, France.

There are few things over which ex-

cited patriotisms are more hideously stirred. You may more safely blaspheme against the Tricolor, the Union Jack, or Old Glory than breathe a word against the blue point, the Whitstable native, or the Marenne. And on the boulevards where the battle of the oyster is daily waged during all the months that have r's in them I am frequently alarmed for fear knives should finish up these contentions.

The Americans allege that American oysters alone are divinities amongst bivalves; they allege that all European oysters taste strongly of copper. The Europeans have naturally never tasted American oysters, but the idea that anything can be said against their sacred and nacreous sea-food with the traditions that go back to Caligula—that sets them foaming at the mouth. The subject last year so intrigued me that I one day determined to give the matter an exhaustive test. The idea occurred to me in Paris, in mid-September, and from that day to this I have consumed oysters daily and at almost every meal. In New England I have even had them for breakfast. This you will not believe, but I have. And well, I have eaten them in Paris, in New York, in Boston; and—though I was warned against it—in Chicago. I even wished to eat them in St. Louis, but I was there taken firmly in hand and given some sort of soup instead. I hate soup.

So imagining myself fairly qualified and being sure of my impartiality, I venture to give this verdict. It is incorrect to say that the European oyster tastes of copper. Indeed, how can the American gastronome know how copper tastes, whereas have not every Briton and every French child sucked coppers in their cradles? He ought not to do it but he does, so that few savorers can be more familiar to him than that of the humble ha'penny. At any rate, it is familiar to me and I solemnly aver that what the European oyster tastes of is the sea—and that is why we love it. Whilst we devour it we see frigate-warfare in which

the victories are won by Nelson or Villeneuve according as we were born on one side of the blanket or the other; we see the limitless verges of eternal ocean; the blue of Capriote grottoes gleams translucently before our reminiscent eyes. And as I have already said, one of the chief values of food is the reminiscential romance that it causes to arise.

The clam does taste of copper and, except in the form of clambake eaten on an open beach, I personally dislike it very much. But the Blue Point and the other American oysters are different. They are completely flavorless and they rely for their attraction on texture. For their flavor they have to fall back on such adjuncts as tomato catsup, horseradish sauce, and other excitants of the palate. They are, in short, different. No doubt if you have seen them in their beds or if you have consumed them on the shores of Nantucket they will make you see the ocean by means of their texture; but for me the only thing that happens when I eat a Blue Point is that I see the face of the nice person with whom I was eating when I first self-consciously and with attention placed one of those morsels, duly dripping with cocktail sauce, between my lips. . . . That is good enough; *je ne demande pas mieux*. And by a curious coincidence, it was the same person who refused to allow me to eat oysters in St. Louis.

The singular flavorlessness of the American oyster impressed me so much that at first in my haste I averred that you might just as well take one of the little round crackers, butter it well, and soak it in cocktail sauce. But that is not true. I remember, by the bye, twenty-one years ago at Mouquin's—alas, there is no longer any Mouquin's—asking Miss Cather, whose name I permit myself the pleasure of mentioning, why she took horseradish sauce with her oysters. She replied, "Well, you see they have sometimes rather a funny flavor." But that was twenty-one years ago, and refrigeration has abolished that characteristic. Still it is not

true that buttered cracker will really replace the Blue Point. I eat them frequently just for the flavor of the cocktail sauce but I don't then see any pleasant visions.

No, the real merit of the Blue Point as of the Cape Cod and their even vaster compatriots is their texture. If you could give the denizens of East Atlantic shallows that texture or if you could give their American relatives the European flavor then indeed you would have called the New World in to redress the balance of the Old. You can indeed convey their jolly plumpness to the Whitstable native and doubtless to the Marenne. I once kept a number of English deep-sea oysters in a shallow tub of frequently renewed sea-water, feeding them on very fine oatmeal the while, for about a fortnight. At the end of that time they were as plump as butter. . . . But they had completely lost all flavor! And they had not the pleasant—let me call it resilience, of the Westerner.

And of course, with its great varieties of size, the American oyster can give points and a beating in the matter of emotion. Its gamut is extraordinary. The Marenne or the Whitstable native—or even the humble Portuguese oyster which resembles a teaspoonful of sea-water to which has been added a little gummy mud—all these you must eat in a sort of reverie so that your tongue may miss none of the passages of flavor. They should, I think, really be eaten in solitude. But over the American oyster you can converse freely, you can be gay, I daresay the young could even make love, as they can over burgundy. Madame la Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnere in her admirable book on *les bonnes choses de la France* states that the favorite—the almost sole comestible consumed in the *cabinets particuliers* of that pleasant land is the crayfish, the drink being Pommard, so that it is on the scarlet shells of those crustaceans rather than upon the nacreous blue-gray ones that you tread when mounting the stairs. How that may be I do not know but the



duchess' assertion goes to prove my contention that the European oyster is an attendant upon reverie.

But it seems to me that you can do anything over any American sea food. I daresay you could even cry over a Cotuit, and as for me, when called upon to consume one of those things as large as soup plates that now and then come in one's way, I feel myself to be a cave-dweller, a real he-man, devouring young babies, having in each hand a half-gnawed shinbone with which I bash on the head my fellow guests to-right and left.

### III

I am now going to make a terrible confession: I find American food in practically *all* public places to be huge in size, splendid in appearance, but almost invariably as nearly flavorless as possible. That is not really an indictment of American cookery, but merely of the material employed and, if it is an indictment at all, it is meant to attach only to meals served in public places. For I want to make as strong a point as I can of the following statement, since it is the Great Truth about cooking. If I could I would print the whole in capitals so as the more firmly to rivet it on your attention. I am amazed when I hear Americans complain with heat and even as if with hatred that you cannot get decent food in England. These individuals I always ask at once, "Do you know any English families? Have you ever eaten in an English upper or upper middle-class home? Or have you ever even eaten in a first-class English club?" Of course they never have. You could exactly reverse the questions and the answers. And that is the Great Truth.

In wealthy—and still more in wealthyish—American homes the cooking is as admirable as it could be anywhere. I remember an American dinner which was cooked in Paris by a French woman whom the American family in question had taken with them to spend two years

in this country. She had been an authentic *cordon bleu* to start with and she had picked up her American cooking from negresses in, I think, Kentucky. At any rate it was in the South. And this combination resulting in this particular dinner was as good as anything I have ever eaten. It was as good as anything could possibly be. That was American cooking.

But if you reproduced the same sort of circumstances for English cooking—I mean that if you took a French cook and installed her for two years in England in such circumstances as would let her assimilate the knowledge of English "good plain" or "professed" cooks, the dishes she would cook on returning to Paris would be just as admirable. They might, indeed, be better. Except for the wine—since you cannot get good wine in England!—they might really be better if she remained in London where materials are better than they are in Paris—at any rate in the department of meat and fish.

That would be English cooking. For there is no sense in talking of any national cooking except in terms of meals produced by really skilled professional practitioners in moderately wealthy homes, the meals to be composed of first-rate materials. For it is to be remembered that cooking begins before the kitchen is reached, the selection of foods being almost as important as their preparation or their heating and dishing up. I cannot, of course, claim to have any very intimate knowledge of the materials that are at the disposal of the American professed family cook. I have taken the trouble to visit one or two markets and to examine the meats, fish, and fruits displayed. They all seem to me to suffer from standardization, and certainly they all do seem to suffer from cold storage or refrigeration. But that very good material can be obtained in this country I know because of innumerable meals that I have eaten in kindly and hospitable families.

American public meals are horrible—

but so are English public meals and so, for the matter of that, are French, German, Italian, and Spanish Anglo-Saxonized ones. For, in the matter at least of cookery, the world suffers from over-communication and too efficient transport. I daresay that in California even Californian apples, oranges, or figs may have some flavor. They certainly have not in London, New York, Boston, Avignon, or Strasbourg. That may, of course, be due to transport, but I happen to have paid some slight—of course mainly epistolary—attention to the matter of fig-culture in the Far West, and I believe it to be due in that case to climate and soil—the most delicious of small Italian brown figs becoming almost as entirely tasteless and fibrous as the native Californian fruit within a year or so after transplantation. But it is not merely the transporting of food materials from one end of the world to the other that is responsible for the dead monotony, inedibility, and indigestibleness of all western European and farther Occidental public cooking. I sometimes think that, long before the invention of wireless telegraphy, *restaurateurs* and restaurant cooks must have developed some thirteenth or fourteenth sense by which from the Prado to the Lido and from the Strand to the banks of the Nile and back again to the shores of Lake Michigan they have telepathically communicated their terrible secrets of the preparation of tepid underdone beef, sauces compounded in imitation of bill-stickers' paste, *côte de veaux Clamart*, chicken cutlets, and the even more unnameable vegetable horrors that you are called upon to eat amongst marble and gilding, with spiky palm leaves threatening to tickle the back of your neck, to the sound of standardized jazz or standardized Tzigane or Viennese waltzes. As far as I am concerned, the best public meals I have eaten I ate lately in Chicago—but even they were nothing to write home about.

These things run in strata. Below these gilded atrocities are to be found the

Cimmerian box-shaped caves where eat the poorer white-collared classes—the clerks and stenographers who are the ball-bearings of our civilization. Here you may reach the lowest depths of despondency over imitation-marble table tops. I say despondency because whether in London, in New York, in Birmingham, Manchester, or any other American or British provincial city to eat regularly in these places you must not only feed without interest but you must have arrived at a state of being without hope, and so your digestion will color your mentality with the gloomier shades of despair.

The curve goes upward in the strata socially below this. I have eaten in what we call "good pull-ups for carmen," cabmen's shelters, and the like in I don't know how many European cities, and in several American ones, and I have never in one of them come across food that was not admirable in quality, if usually a thought tough, roughly served, of course, but always piping hot and well-flavored. That is because that class of human beings—the men who drive horses in wagons, or motor lorries, who haul heavy burdens about the world and up to sixth or fourteenth floors—goes to make up the one Occidental city class which takes a keen interest in its food. It needs good keenly flavored viands to crush between its powerful teeth and it sees that it gets them. Its subsequent labors take care of its digestion.

#### IV

It sees that it gets them. . . . The whole moral of the world of food considered as a delight lies in those words. Except by accident or when making purposed excursions for the purpose of this writing, I have lived as well, I have found as good food and as well cooked, in New York as I habitually do in Paris. That is because if I may express a he-man's sentiments in soldierly language I damn well see that I get it. It takes some trouble, it means explor-



ing nooks and corners, mostly in the basements of obscure streets. But it can be done. It might be done by everybody.

It might be done and Anglo-Saxondom should do it, as they used to say of the Northwest Passage. I have spent some time lately in examining with attention the weekly menus afforded presumably for non-wealthy households by the cookery experts of Sunday papers of many cities in this continent, and all I can say is that when reading them I have felt precisely the same profound dejection which has been mine when perusing similar diet sheets in Great Britain. And I know something about it. For a long period of time I prepared the weekly diet sheets for large units of His Britannic Majesty's expeditionary force. Nay, I even waged an eternal war in the course of which I was frequently disciplinarily but not morally bruised—a war with the Commander in Chief of the culinary branch of the service. In private life the gentleman who commanded this arm of our forces was the director of one of those immense concerns that spread indigestion, ennui, and despondency through sixty per cent of the thirteen million population of the capital of our empire. He would produce for my guidance diet sheets that might have been compiled by Isabel of the *New York Sunday Eagle* or Dora of the *Liverpool Weekly Herald*. There was the same superfluity of what I believe is called in this country "roughage" and the same complete want of anything with any taste to it. I for my part completely ignored his orders; I gave my men as many savory, small portions as the food at my disposal and the industry of my cooks could command. I tried to contrive that frying was done with animal and, if possible, with pork fat; I nibbled coppers away from money allotted to the awful things called in this country cereals and spent it on condiments. In France I even bartered small quantities of, say, hominy-ration for garlic. All hell broke loose over

my battalions; the G. O. C. i. C. Messing launched worse than papal bulls at my head. But my men were contented, alert, cheerful, good at drills, admirable marksmen, and perfect demons with the bayonet. . . . And I was not shot.

The dreadful topic of "roughage" needs a whole volume to itself. I must limit myself here to the briefest moral summing up. Happiness, contentment, alertness, clear eyes, bright crisp hair—and even, who knows? consummate salesmanship!—can come only from eating many small portions of food that you really like and that is so savory that your mouth waters in anticipation. It is by the water of your mouth that your eyes will be made to shine. You must eat, when you eat in restaurants, in tiny places—they can be found in New York—where there are no gilding, palms, or music. The money that might have been spent on those will there be put into the viands and the wages of the cook. You must talk frequently to the proprietor about his menus and discuss what you eat with your wife or your fellow guest. And above all you must eat what you like and only what you like. You must also see that garlic is in your food but only in sufficient quantities to accentuate the flavor, not to have a taste of its own. You will object that in that case you will be distinguished by an unpleasing odor. But in a whole gay population which consumes garlic you yourself, having consumed it and being gay, will not be so distinguished, neither will your neighbors.

Those terrible inquisitors, the physicians of to-day, have discovered that in garlic is to be found the real fountain of youth. So they are prescribing it for you—for almost all complaints—but synthetically and flavorlessly. The doctor is like the priest. He tries to kill joy, but along the lines of your superstitions and fears. We—you and I Anglo Saxons—are trying to-day with our cookery to condone the sins of our Puritan ancestors. It is the only Puri-

tanism that remains in New York, which is not America, and also in Great Britain, which is not yet America. So we let the physician replace the priest to whom we no longer resort; and the doctor, knowing that our superstitions trend that way, knowing that we think it sinful to take a delight in the palates that the good God has given us for our health and delight—the doctor insists that we eat things tasteless, uncondimented, unassailed, unblest—and horribly productive of what in this country is, I believe, called “gas,” but to which our grosser shepherds give a more romantic name.

Let us, then, limit the term the American cuisine to the admirable, the almost perfect, meats that negroes here prepare in their culinary ecstasies. For no negress knows how she cooks. Neither do I when I cook. I use everything within sight in a frenzy resembling a whirlwind, and it takes an army of scullery maids to clean up the kitchen

after me. But you won't have a headache after a hogshead of their—or my—cooking.

Let me finish with a story—for people like stories. When I was last in London I listened to a dialogue of two young women of the shop-assistant type on the top of a bus. Says the first, “You aren't out with your toff to-night?” Says the second, “No, I says to 'im, ‘Charley, you've 'ad me out every night this week. We've bin to Lyon's Corner House, to the A. B. C., to the Carlton Grill, and the Savoy. I don't know where we 'aven't bin. And what I says is, “Give me a rest. Let me stop at 'ome and eat something out of a tin.””

I thought it might have been New York. And upon my soul I don't know whether I ought to have rejoiced because the populace is revolting against the food provided in public places or whether I ought to have cried *O tempora O mores!*

## THE LIE

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

**I** CAN believe the maddest things,  
That ever madman told:  
The smile of gods, the wrath of kings,  
Mountains that nod or beasts with wings;  
A princess with two wedding rings,  
And the moon once bought and sold.

And I can doubt the sanest truth:  
Rain on a rainy day,  
An empty purse, an aching tooth,  
A snarling word or shrug uncouth;  
A fever and a cry called youth,  
That came—and went away.

But how can I believe this lie  
The gossips love to spread:  
“Some day,” they say, “when Spring comes by,  
“Twirling her skirts and stepping high,  
“Juggling the earth and a bit of sky—  
“Why you? You will be dead!”





## CHARACTER AND TALENT

BY ALFRED ADLER, M.D.

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Translated by Walter Béran Wolfe, M.D.

THE thesis advanced by the group of psychological thinkers known as the Individual Psychologists—the thesis that talent is not inherited, and that the possibilities and potentialities of any individual for performance are not fixed—has been a bombshell in the camp of the old-line academic psychologists. Individual Psychology has given evidence to show that talent, potentiality, endowment, special gifts are merely elements in the structure of an individual. It has shown, further, that these elements may be variously employed, depending upon their relation to the total activity of the individual.

The Individual Psychologists have decided to understand the totality of the individual before regarding the partial phenomena of his existence. They hold that a partial phenomenon, such as a talent, a gift, an endowment, can be properly evaluated and properly understood only when the total is first known and thoroughly understood. In other words, we can judge the potential performance of an individual in some specific situation only when we can determine his total reactions, his total behavior pattern, his general style of life, his “distance” from the normal goal of life.

An example will show you how valueless any other viewpoint than that of Individual Psychology becomes in the face of an actual problem. Consider the case of a thirteen-year-old boy who gives the general impression of a backward,

mentally retarded, neglected child. He has not made the usual progress at school, has been forced to repeat several grades, and is brought to a social agency because of thievery and vagabondage. The reports concerning this boy are uniformly bad. He is irritable, unsocial, has a poor memory, is unable to concentrate, inattentive. These reports are the results of psychological tests as well as the schoolroom experiences of his various teachers. Closer study of his character and history shows that he was the younger of two children for some eight years, during which time he was inordinately spoiled by his mother. Then his younger brother was born, and at the same time financial difficulties occurred in this family, with the result that the mother had to leave the home to help earn a living. The net result was that the boy began to receive far less attention and love than he had previously been accustomed to experiencing.

School, therefore, found him in an entirely new situation. His thievery occurred chiefly outside of his own home; but everything that he gained by stealing he gave away as presents to other children, in order to gain their friendship and affection. You can see by this that one cannot make final conclusions when one brands a child as a “thief.”

We next learn that this child often ran away from home when his father was particularly brutal to him, but that he always managed to deposit a bundle of stolen kindling on the doorstep for his

mother to cook with. This done, he spent the nights in the streets, sleeping in alleyways or old barns.

We can hardly evaluate this "truancy" or "delinquency" according to the time-worn conceptions. It is quite evident that his thievery is more than mere stealing, and his truancy more than running away from school. And we must call attention here to the inadequacy of branding the actions of an individual with some set label and then believing that we have understood him!

This "delinquency" and this "thievery" mean something different. It is as though this boy were saying, "I want to force my parents into a situation in which they will pay more attention to me, love me more, sympathize with me. I can best do this by showing my mother that I care for her needs!"

I should like to ask whether there is anyone who could suggest to a boy like this, for whom normal activity in the schoolroom seems hopelessly distant because of his bad preparation for life, a better method of winning the affection and love of his parents and school friends than he has chosen? I shall later show why this normal activity seems to him so impossible of realization. For the present I simply want to indicate that we cannot call such a child "delinquent," "criminal," or "backward." If we want to characterize this boy, we could say that he is a child who demands and needs an inordinate amount of mother love. That this boy seeks for this affection in an asocial way, which he does not particularly like, is due to the fact that the normal approach to his goal seems to him effectually barred by circumstances. The normal paths to affection would be industry and progress in school, giving pleasure to his parents and teachers by helpfulness, attention to work, etc. But we have already heard that he was a spoiled child. It is the characteristic of all spoiled children that they cannot change the behavior pattern which they have developed as a result of being spoiled. It is their tragedy. A child

has formed and shaped his behavior pattern at the end of his third year of life. A change in the nature of his character as a result of external influences seldom occurs thereafter. Particularly in the case of a child with the behavior pattern of the spoiled child. Such a child never learns from experience. His experiences, good and bad, are all assimilated into his pattern. He takes an experience and twists, turns, distorts, reshapes it until it fits into his predetermined scheme of things.

Naturally, he does not want to go to school, because the warmth and affection which he is used to is found in greater abundance at home. As a result, he comes to school on the first day against his will, and resistant to all attempts at instruction. His teachers will say that he is inattentive, lacks concentration, day-dreams, spoils the games of other children, cannot concentrate, has a bad memory. All these things are explained when we know that he has an entirely different goal in life than that of a normal schoolboy. The truth is that our boy finds himself in a new situation for which he was never adequately prepared. And in this situation occurs the tragedy of the petted child. He is always right! Since he does not play the game in school, school becomes a very unpleasant place for him. To make matters worse, he now finds his home also unpleasant. Bad school reports turn his mother against him. She does not show her love and affection to the same degree as before. The child blames the school for his misfortune at home, but he does not change his style of life. Love and affection he must have. He seeks it in other places, and with other means.

Enough for our example. It proves very simply that when someone characterizes an individual with a definite character trait we really know nothing about him. We are in much the same situation as a musician who is asked for his opinion of a symphony after hearing three chords. But let the musician be acquainted with musical history, play



him a simple melody, and he will be able to say, "That is Bach!" or, "That is Wagner!" We cannot judge a personality unless we have its dominant motif, unless we understand it as a totality.

## II

The Individual Psychologists have also shown that the development of a personality cannot be foretold from the phenomena of physical inheritance. The inherited instruments with which we fight the battle of life are very varied. *How we use these instruments*, however, is the important thing.

We can never tell what actions will characterize a man if we know only whence he comes. But if we know whither he is going we can prophesy his steps and his movements toward his objective. It is for this reason that we have found the concept of goal-attainment, of goal-appropriateness, the essential one for the understanding of human behavior.

In the case of our boy, knowing that his purpose in life is to achieve warmth and affection, we can understand the means that he will choose toward that end. And we know also what our therapeutic approach must be, for we understand the tragedy of this child's life. Suppose, for instance, that we could discover that the father and the grandfather of this child were thieves also. This would in no way be responsible for the activity of this particular boy. To be sure, it is interesting to know just why the boy should choose thievery as a means to gaining love and affection. This point must be cleared up in order to rule out a possible hereditary influence. But we shall clear up this point, too.

In the earliest remembrances of childhood we often find the key to later activities. Among this boy's earliest remembrances is the following: He recollects that he was present at the burning of a delivery truck. The men on the truck threw many rubber balls out on the street, in order to save them from the fire.

Children and adults who had gathered about the burning delivery truck seized upon these balls as the acknowledged booty of the onlookers. Nobody seemed to have any scruples about helping himself to this property. This remembrance served the boy as a model, as a training, if you will, for his future career as a thief. He found that there were, so to speak, extenuating circumstances even in thievery. Later, when the normal development of a child seemed barred to him, he chose the way to enrichment and power for which this scene had prepared him.

A word now about his development in school. In kindergarten things went rather well. He had a very tender, loving teacher, who was not unlike his mother. But in the primary grades he met a very strict and stern teacher—and he immediately withdrew into himself, failed miserably in class, and resigned himself to the conduct mentioned above as a protest.

The great majority of our opponents stand on the theory that the really important factors in the development of a character or personality are hereditary and congenital. These opponents are always anxious to show that subsequent developmental "trends" modify the result. In support of this theory they often make very keen observations, as for instance Kretschmar and his school. We do not deny the findings of Kretschmar; in fact, we have anticipated them long ago when we stated that if an individual gets off to a bad start in life, by reason of congenital defects or hereditary anomalies, it requires an extraordinarily beneficent environment to prevent him from developing a warped style of life. Lacking this beneficent influence of a fostering environment, the individual assumes a false and unwholesome behavior pattern which fits perfectly with his defectively developed physique, his inadequate endocrines, his sickly habitus. He is just like a man on a slippery incline: if he falls and sprains his ankle it is not to be wondered at. But wonder-

ing is not enough. We must attempt to keep him erect, and actually that is what we have succeeded in doing.

### III

What I have said about the development of character holds also for the question of talent. In discussing this question I rule out those individuals whose equipment is so woefully inadequate as hardly to come under consideration. I mean the congenital idiots and imbeciles whose condition is actually due to a failure of organic development, to enormous defects in the actual nervous substance of their brains.

There remain, however, the great majority of children and adults, who have the materials but have not developed them to the full extent. Is it absolutely impossible for such people to render a good performance with relatively poor tools? In the early days of our human race were there not accomplishments which could be compared with ours of to-day, even though our forefathers lacked our developed technic and worked with poor instruments? Are we capable of imitating to-day what the old guild workers accomplished with relatively poor tools? Of course we are!

And here we are back at the problem of hereditary faculties and talents. And again I must deny that heredity has a great deal to do with accomplishment or performance. It is not true that with heredity the last word is said, that the chromosomes are inexorable determinants of subsequent genius. In fact, it is probable that an organism equipped with deficient organs, with inadequate tools, will actually develop a better and more ingenious technic to combat the rigors of its environment. Such an organism will pay a great deal of attention to detail, will devise more unerring "short-cuts," will undergo a more intensive training. This brings us to the surprising, the terrifying conclusion of reality. The great accomplishments, the really worthwhile achievements,

have been made by individuals whose equipment was poor.

Normal individuals with normal organs approach the normal adjustments of everyday life with a greater equanimity, since accomplishing these tasks seems easily within reason. They lack the tremendous tension that is characteristic of an individual who sees less clearly than his fellow, or a left-hander who is forced to work with his weaker and more poorly co-ordinated right hand. The normal individual seeks for no tricks, no legerdemain, because he can adjust without tricks and legerdemain. Try to drive a nail with a hammer. The hammer almost does it by itself, because it is an efficient instrument. But try to drive that same nail with a pair of scissors, or with a pocket-knife! You need tricks and legerdemain now, and a refinement of technic, to accomplish the same result that comes easily with a hammer.

We must come to the conclusion that it is one of the greatest advantages to an individual to be born with defective organs. That is the conclusion that we arrive at when we regard the question of heredity in a purely objective fashion, the great majority of psychologists, physicians, and laymen to the contrary notwithstanding. The average layman believes that he carries his future with him into life, like his milk teeth: a given quantum of creative ability, which need only be unpacked, so to speak, to make him a dolt or a genius. This superstition lies at the basis of the premise which so many investigators use when they say, "Let us see how far this individual has developed his native talent."

We are constantly hearing people say, "Yes, there is a definite quantum of talent given every human being!" But this is not true. What occurs is this: There is a definite human constant of talent and potentiality, but this constant remains only so long as no effort is made to develop and train it. The boy whom I discussed in the beginning of this paper certainly belonged to the "untalented." He had been forced to repeat two grades



by the time he had reached the fifth grade. After treatment he became the best student in his class. The psychologist of the old school will counter, "Yes, he had a latent talent." That is precisely my point. Everyone has latent talent.

I shall cite several examples from our experience of so-called "untalented" children who developed a marked "talent." This development, however, does not take place by magic, or occur over night. I am choosing for illustrative purposes some of the easy cases, but you must not believe that it is always so simple to make a brilliant student out of a backward child. Sometimes one succeeds easily; often it requires great effort and greater patience. In the end, however, it is always better to be able to say that one boy has talent because he was properly and encouragingly trained to overcome a defect, and that another boy is untalented because this or that error was made in his education.

If we disregard professional activity for a moment and investigate, rather, very small details of child activity, we can best see the development of talent. Take for instance a little three-year-old girl who tries to sew dresses for her dolls. She takes a few stitches which are certainly far removed from works of art, and her mother comes to her and says, "Do you know, that is a very good beginning. Now if you take a few more stitches like this" (showing the child), "then you will have a beautifully dressed doll!" Such a mother, by encouraging this child in its efforts, giving it new fields to conquer, appealing to the child's ability to do more, is preparing the way for a "talent." Contrast another mother whose three-year-old daughter makes the same clumsy stitches in a doll's dress, and is met with, "For heaven's sake, don't bother with that needle! You'll only prick yourself! Little girls can't sew dolls' dresses!" In the first case the child is encouraged to find new combinations, new colors, new models, and develops its technic

because its efforts are met by encouragement and applause. The second child loses all desire for activity in which its clumsiness is held up as a cause for shame and punishment. The first develops a talent. The second will complain all her life, "I have absolutely no talent for needlework!"

An eight-year-old girl came into the office, weeping, with her mother. The latter explained that the child made no progress in school. She had come in from the country with excellent reports, having finished the third grade. She was put in the fourth grade in a city school, failed, was demoted to the third grade, failed again, was finally demoted to the second grade, and was doing very poorly there. The disparity between the previous excellent reports and the present bad reports was very marked. From the standpoint of Individual Psychology the change in reports represented not a change in talent, but the substitution of a bad environment for a good one.

Investigation of the child's life disclosed the fact that until recent months she had lived in the country with foster parents. The mother had been divorced from her husband and, while trying to gain an existence by work in the city, had sent her daughter to the country. Now that she had succeeded in establishing herself financially, she had brought the child home to live with her.

From our standpoint this amounts to a psychological experiment, and the experiment in this case had been unsuccessful. The reasons for the child's failure are not hard to find. We can imagine that this child living in the country with foster parents expected that the return to her mother would be something of a triumphal entry into a promised Eden. She expected her mother to be the apotheosis of beauty, kindness, goodness. One question gives us our clue. I ask, "Did you like it out in the country with your foster parents?" The girl answers, "Yes. They were very kind to me, treated me like their own child, and bought me pretty playthings."



Now I ask the mother, "How did you receive the child, and how do you treat it?" The mother answers, "I have had a very sad life with my husband. He was an habitual drunkard, and I was afraid that the child had inherited his bad traits, and so I have tried to educate her very strictly, and prevent, if possible, the curse of drunkenness falling upon her, too!" "How do you do this?" I ask. "How does one educate a child to prevent the curse of drunkenness from showing itself?" The mother replies, "One must be very strict and severe with the child; not allow it to play with bad children, criticize all faults, punish all lies and moral failings."

Now put yourself in the child's position. This is the promised land, this is the mother from whom one expects the goodness of an angel, the beauty of motherly love! And the mother turns out to be a nagging, anxious, criticizing, punishing sort of an avenging witch.

I take the mother aside and tell her that perhaps under other circumstances her actions would be advisable, but that in this case it might be better if she attempted to win over the child to her with love and affection. "If I were in your shoes," I tell the mother, "I should go so far as to admit to the child that I had made a mistake, that I had meant well but had followed a bad method, and that now I wish to be reconciled, and to try to forget the past and do better in the future. I know that you will not follow my advice entirely, because it requires great courage on the part of a mother to admit an error to her child, but you can at least try love and affection."

This mother, however, did have the courage. "I shall do exactly as you would do," she said. Mother and daughter were reconciled before my eyes, in the midst of ceremonial tears and sobs. Fourteen days later, mother and daughter returned. The picture was entirely different. Both were laughing, both were happy. The little girl was leading her class in the third grade, and

brought a note from the teacher saying that a miracle must have occurred.

We have the records of a number of similar cases. With the more complicated cases I do not wish to burden my readers, but it is precisely these most complicated cases which come into our hands, as psychiatrists. These are the cases of patients who have suffered a total shipwreck of their personality upon the rocks of somebody's prejudice and have been mis-educated in their childhood. Either the individual believes he is totally untalented and unworthy, or, as frequently happens, the individual or his relatives believe that he is enormously talented, but the talent does not appear because the individual is "so nervous!"

There are hundreds of such individuals, who find themselves duty-bound to live a life of sickness and "nervousness" in order that their "talent" (which they inwardly fear does not exist) shall not rise to the surface. You can see what mischief this conception of "talent" can accomplish in a life. The paradox is that the poorly equipped man, the man who starts behind the line, has the greatest advantage. Progress and achievement result only from the conquest of difficulties. He who conquers difficulties wins.

The question of talent, particularly in America, England, and Germany where the need for trained technicians is great has reached such importance that nowadays half-grown children are tested for their "talent" for some adult profession. It is my duty to point to the fact that the most expert and highly trained experimental psychologists all make timid, unconvincing reports concerning tests of ability. All their experiments point to the fact that no well-defined, actual judgments can be rendered concerning the "talent" of an individual for any particular task. All of them agree that reality is quite different from the tests, and that one finally has to take the stand that the average man can perform the average task. The riddle really



begins where we find an individual who cannot pass the tests.

#### IV

What science has designated as organic defects are a very general phenomenon. No one has ever seen a normal child, and one can find some kind of organic defect in everyone. What is important is the *sense* of defect which the child feels because he has an inadequate organ, and more particularly, what that child's environment says about his defect. There are families who believe their children are sick if they do not weigh twice as much as normal children. As a result, a perfectly normal child grows up in an atmosphere of a chronic invalid. We have seen many children who have grown up with the idea they had weak hearts. Despite the fact that no cardiac lesion could be discovered, these individuals could not run or exercise, and shrank from every effort. Their anxiety and care for their preservation from excitement went beyond the bounds of all reason, and the tendency to guard and defend themselves as though they were fragile porcelain remained long after their discovery that they were quite healthy and as capable of work as anyone else. They had prepared a soft berth for themselves in life, and were loath to leave it. But as a matter of fact we find many children who suffer from organic defects, particularly of the sense organs. And we know well that such individuals suffer much more in life than normal children. They experience the deficiencies of their bodies, as for instance a weak digestive tract, a bad skin, poor eyes, more intensely; and they feel a certain pressure which, under normal circumstances, would develop into an added attention, a greater training, a better technic for overcoming their difficulties.

All poets probably belong in this class. Goethe and Schiller both had bad eyes, and the German poet Gustav Freytag writes in his diary that at the age of

fourteen he could imagine better than he could see, as his ignorant father refused to let him wear glasses. The organic defect often gives direction to the total activity of the individual.

Under unpropitious circumstances an organic defect is compensated in a useless way. In such cases we have problem children, criminal children, neurotic children. It may be stated with certainty that wherever we see a child occupied with useless or criminal or neurotic behavior it is because he has felt himself "untalented" for the normal activity demanded by our world. Here is another angle to the difficult problem of "talent." You see, the catchwords with which other psychologists finish their work remain the challenge of the Individual Psychologists to begin to do something about it. A boy learns that he is not talented for mathematics, and finds himself in a group of similar boys who have been branded in the same way. Or a girl finds herself in a group who "cannot learn Latin." These individuals present us with a very ticklish problem, because if we cannot prove them otherwise, they maintain that they are right, that they are untalented, or talented only to a certain degree.

One of the greatest contributions of Individual Psychology has come in the discovery that there need be no actual organic deformity or inferiority for a child to consider himself hindered at the start. The sense of pressure which I have described as occurring in the actual presence of organic inferiorities may occur also in the presence of purely social difficulties, or as a result of the position of the child in the family constellation. In other words, a child with a normal digestive tract but bad nutrition may assume a behavior pattern similar to that of a child with a malformed stomach.

It is possible to burden a perfectly normal child with a pressure so great that he feels himself unable to cope with it. This point explains the fact which

has been the thorn in the side of other psychologists, namely, that one occasionally finds an individual with perfect organs, with good inheritance, and of good family, who is, nevertheless, untalented, incapable, a poor performer, the proverbial black sheep. We have determined that this is entirely due to the relative picture, the context within which this child finds himself, and that the blind fate of his behavior pattern has been fixed in previous relationships.

Similarly, in children who are educated without love or affection we find a characteristic behavior pattern. The unbelievably large number of illegitimate children who are tossed from pillar to post by our society come in this category. But a child does not need to be illegitimate to grow up with the idea that he is hated. The petted child sooner or later comes to the same conclusion. A petted child in a situation in which he does not get his accustomed love and affection shows all the reactions of a hated child. This becomes particularly evident in the case of first-born children who are followed by other children. The parents may not actually change their attitude toward the first-born, but he interprets the presence of the second-born as an insult to his prestige. He considers himself a dethroned monarch, and acts accordingly, making every effort to regain his lost power. Suspicion, hate, envy of the rival are the natural consequences. This type is particularly frequent among first-born children.

It is at this point that I wish to blast another superstition. It is generally believed that children who grow up in the same home pass through the same environmental influences. This is a fallacy. The tension, the relative context is as different for each individual as can be. No other child ever lives through the same situation that a first-born experiences. Every other child always has a pace-maker. The first-born always occupies the family limelight for a time. Put a child in the limelight and accen-

tuate the situation strongly, and you build up an unmistakable behavior pattern. This will be the style of life in which one strives always for the center of the stage, in which one must always occupy the main position. Quite different is the second-born. He directs all his energies at making power crash from its throne. He is always under steam, always on the go; he is always looking for short-cuts to power. I do not say that every first-born son and every second-born must follow this pattern; but we are more accustomed to finding these reactions in these situations.

## V

If I have now given brief proof of the influence of the environment in determining the social and professional capabilities and talents of an individual, their preparation or lack of preparation for the solution of the problems of life, what remains of that mystic quantum which we have been accustomed solemnly to call talent? Where is this alchemic thing which psychologists want to weigh and evaluate with scientific instruments? Our problem is quite another one: To make talented individuals out of untalented ones.

The opposite school of thought has always suffered shipwreck. Wherever one has tried to foster the so-called talented individuals, one has come to no good end. The schools for talented, psychologically tested "over-average" pupils hide their heads in shame because of their poor results. What of classes for talented and untalented children? I have always found, particularly in Vienna, that the classes for talented children consisted mostly of relatively well-nourished individuals from the better classes, whereas in the untalented classes the poorly fed and poorly dressed children of the proletariat were to be found. Binet, the father of psychological tests, made the same discovery. In the very beginning of his researches he called attention to the remarkable



fact that there was a constant relation between talent and body-weight. We should not be surprised at this constant relationship. But it is not a cause and effect relationship at all.

The elements which the Individual Psychologists have found most necessary to the development of a child into a useful social being are a good relation with the rest of humanity and the feeling that he is equal to other children. Training toward the social feeling should be begun in the earliest years, and continued through life. Courage and the consciousness of power and equality should be fostered wherever possible. If this is done, we find an individual always on the useful side of life, showing the personality of a worthwhile, courageous, socially-minded man or woman.

Rob this child of his courage and the feeling of his equal chance, and you thwart his development. The bogey of talent is one of the most effective means of putting bounds to the development of a child. If you tell a child offhand he is untalented, and he then proves untalented, this does not prove that you were right. You "fixed" him! And you must not wonder at your evil results. A similar damage can be done to the so-called "talented" individual. By constantly giving him tests of his prowess, usually useless ones, one runs the risk of serious damage to his self-confidence and self-esteem. At any rate, a pathological ambition is bound to develop and the chances are that this talented individual will soon have to hide behind a smoke-screen of "nervousness" to defend himself from useless tests of powers.

The courage which is the basis of talent must be combined with an adequate training. Many seemingly untalented individuals are simply poorly trained. Their slightest actions bear the inhibitions of this inadequate technic. We know that there are individuals who walk badly, who have no talent for speaking, and of course others who seem

to have no talent for studying, or reasoning or thinking, or reading books. It is simply a question of finding the right technic.

Let us refer to the biography of Charlemagne and read the amusing words of his biographer: "Although Charlemagne tried with might and main to learn to read and write, he never accomplished these things because he obviously had no talent for them." But since the days of Pestalozzi, it is no longer necessary to have talent to read and write—every child can do it!

Growing insight into technic and training will doubtless open up new fields for the formerly "untalented," and I prophesy that in not many years the delusion of "talent" will vanish into the limbo of witchcraft, the evil eye, and the casting of spells. If we could develop the technic of teaching composition better, we could make a half-way adequate composer out of everyone. This sounds like heresy to the composers, to the musical genius. But I need only remind you that while Beethoven's mother was pregnant with him, his father said, "If this will be a boy, he will be a second Mozart!" We can say that he guessed correctly, that the boy had the appropriate talents. But what was the most outstanding feature about Beethoven? A hereditary organic defect. Otosclerosis, a hereditary disease of the ear ossicles which results in severe deafness about the twentieth year. What would one of our modern vocational guidance psychologists have said to the young Beethoven? Would he have prophesied talent as a musician? Certainly not. He would have made a shoe salesman out of him, would have directed him to leave music strictly alone. And had Beethoven followed his advice, become a shoe salesman, the vocational guidance psychologist would have claimed that he was right. No musical genius would have developed in him!



## SEVERSON

A STORY

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

"I WILL tell you a story," said Weatherby, "to prove my point. The story of Felix Severson."

We waited, for his "point" of a moment before had been stated with a peculiar passionate brevity that left it a little obscure in our minds. Somebody had brought up, more or less idly, the question of what is most necessary to man. It had started one of those discussions—"Love," "Health," "Success," "Faith." All these were put forth when Weatherby, the new arrival, quietly said, "The thing most necessary to a man is that he be known."

This stopped us, of course. We waited for him to go on, to explain.

"Simply that," he said, "to be known. I have known a man to be willing to give his life for that. To be known—identified."

And then he offered the story of Severson—in support.

It had begun, he said, in New York something like six years before. He supposed we hadn't read anything about it at the time, and shouldn't remember it if we had. It wasn't the kind of sensation to reach across the continent. Even the New York papers had carried it on the second page and dropped it entirely after the second day. Severson was not a celebrity. Not at all an "important person" in the popular sense. He was simply a quiet, easy-going, but immensely likable fellow whom Weatherby had known for years. He had some kind of small but fairly profitable importing business, "although," said

Weatherby, "you never thought of him as a business man. You thought of him as just—Severson. I believe he had inherited the business from an uncle and since it was established he had carried it on. It gave him an occupation, made, as he said, a 'respectable citizen' of him, and left him free to live the sort of life that suited him. I used to see him on an average of once a week. If I didn't happen to meet him anywhere else, I was sure to see him at Dave O'Mara's studio."

He was, it seemed, one of four or five men who were accustomed to dropping in at O'Mara's studio on Saturday night. Not so much, apparently, because of any special entertainment offered them, nor yet because of the excellence of O'Mara's Scotch, but chiefly because it afforded them an arena for irascible debate.

It had come to be a kind of standing engagement with all of them, "See you at O'Mara's Saturday night," an engagement somehow more likely to be kept since it was never specifically made. There was Hooper, the painter, Viet, a young attorney, Sloane the adventure writer who had never been out of New York, and, of course, Severson.

They were so used to seeing him there, sunk into one of O'Mara's comfortable old chairs, his long legs stretched out before him, relaxed and indolent after what he called "a day in the marts of trade," looking as if he were about to go to sleep, but in reality just waiting to catch in the talk the seed of one of those endless abstract arguments that, once



begun, grew like a fakir's tree fantastic out of all proportion to the seed, until there was nothing left for the original idea but to climb up it and disappear. For Severson loved ideation as another man loves drink. Those nights at O'Mara's were sheer sport to him.

Like most men who "live in their heads," Severson felt no need of outward excitements to fill his life with interest. He was the one man among them least marked for drama of any active kind. And certainly not the man to have a Secret in his life. He was, when it came to facts about himself, the most candid and straightforward soul alive. He had, moreover, a queer streak of sentiment for his friends. And he cherished a really old-fashioned allegiance to O'Mara, because he was his oldest friend, because they had played together as boys. "Dave knows me," he used to say, "better than I know myself." A statement which oddly seemed to please him, to satisfy him in some way.

All this may have been because he had no people of his own, and there had been a time when the old O'Mara house in Stuyvesant Square had been almost like home to him. During the years when he and O'Mara were away at the same prep school, there had been a room in that house known as Felix's room, and a standing invitation from O'Mara's mother for Christmas and Easter holidays. And later when both boys went to New Haven and began to come down to town for parties and theaters, Mrs. O'Mara had insisted upon Felix having a key of his own, so he could come and go as he liked.

Severson still had the key, although after his mother's death O'Mara, who had no need of a whole house, for his tastes were simple and he liked being "all together" as he said, had the interior of the house remodeled, an apartment on each floor, keeping only the studio and living quarters on the top floor for himself.

But the street door remained the same, and Severson said that it gave him

a sense of permanence in a much too changeable world to come round to the old brownstone house in Stuyvesant Square, let himself in with his key, and climb the stairs to the familiar studio. He and O'Mara often dined together on Saturday nights, but even if he had some other engagement that had to be kept, he always turned up at the studio before the evening was done.

That was why on the night when he didn't come at all, they kept asking one another, "Where's Severson?" O'Mara had talked to him on the telephone about four o'clock, and he had said he was coming then. Weatherby had seen him at lunch, and he had said, "See you tonight at Dave's." He had certainly meant to come. But although they stayed talking until nearly two o'clock, Severson had neither come nor telephoned. They had wondered about it, of course, since it was unlike Severson, but they dismissed it casually enough on the score that "something had come up" at the last moment and he couldn't get away.

Probably not one of them had thought of it again until in a late edition of a Monday morning newspaper a headline appeared:

**"Man Killed in Office. Importer Disappears."**

The story followed. An unknown man had been found shot dead in the private office of Felix Severson, importer of — Broadway. Employees arriving early that morning had discovered the body on the floor and, after telephoning Severson's hotel and being told that he had not been there since Saturday morning, had notified the police. From papers found in the pockets of the slain man his name was thought to be R. DeSoto. Further than that no identification had been made. He had apparently been dead some thirty-six hours. It was believed that the shooting had taken place late Saturday afternoon when the downtown office building was practically deserted for the half-holiday. Up to the time of going to

press no trace of Severson had been found. A warrant was out for his arrest.

It was the sort of thing that happens in cities every day—but not to people like Severson. “Not Severson, not good old Severson,” they kept repeating all that afternoon while they futilely searched, conjectured, and waited for news.

O’Mara stayed by his telephone, in the belief that Severson would communicate with him. Viet had come forward at once as Severson’s legal representative. Both he and O’Mara had been in touch with the authorities. O’Mara, recalling his last talk with Severson over the telephone about four o’clock on Saturday, could not say where Severson had been when he called. They had talked about meeting somewhere for dinner, but had decided against it because they were both going to be busy until late. Severson had definitely said he would be at O’Mara’s studio that night. Certainly at the time of that conversation there had been no hint of anything wrong.

At the garage where Severson kept his car it was learned that he had taken out the car shortly after three o’clock on Saturday afternoon. He had turned south on Broadway as if he were going to drive downtown. The car had not been returned to the garage.

The identity of the slain man remained a mystery. And no one connected with Severson had ever heard of his having an enemy.

O’Mara still stayed by his telephone. And that night they waited again for Severson. And again he neither came nor telephoned.

“If he is alive,” O’Mara said, “he’ll communicate with one of us. . . . Good God, he knows we’re his friends!”

At ten a message came to the effect that the dead man had been identified by the proprietor of a small downtown hotel as a man who had registered “R. DeSoto, Buenos Ayres, Argentina,” on Tuesday of the week before. He had

left the hotel on Saturday and had not returned.

The information left them more than ever in the dark.

Weatherby stayed at O’Mara’s studio that night.

“He has the key,” said O’Mara, alert for the slightest sound at the door.

When morning came and still no word they began to make use of that phrase by which the worst of fears may be both covered and conveyed. They began to say that “something had happened to Severson.”

And that day Severson’s car was found in a spot deserted at that time of year on the Long Island shore. Footprints in the moist sand led to the rocks at the water’s edge—and did not lead back again.

The police, suspecting a ruse, continued their search. The investigation trailed along for several weeks, and gradually gave way to cases which promised at least some chance of being solved. The authorities at Buenos Ayres reported that a man named Rinaldo DeSoto, and answering the description of the man killed in New York, had operated as a “Mercantile Agent,” dealing in various products and commodities, in several cities of South America. He had left Buenos Ayres some months before. He spoke English and was believed to have gone to the States.

It offered only the clue that a “Mercantile Agent” might have some business dealing with an importing house. But beyond that the mystery remained insoluble. Severson did not return. His body was not found. The case stood on the records as “Murder and Suicide.”

Here Weatherby, telling the story, paused, made a short gesture of finality, and said, “And that was all. All we knew, and all we seemed likely ever to know of what had happened in Severson’s quiet downtown office that Saturday afternoon.”



Severson was gone, the victim of one of those fortuitous tragedies that sometimes overtake the least adventurous of men. And he himself, given a similar case, could hardly have devised a theory improbable enough to account for the mystery of so sudden and violent an end.

His friends could only say, and say again, that Severson was not a murderer. If he had killed a man it was for good and sufficient reason, that they would stake their honor on. Yet, if that were so, why had he taken his own life afterward? Surely there was conviction of guilt, surely there was evidence of remorse.

Like all questions to which there is no answer, that question finally ceased to ask itself. And although his name came often into their talk, they ceased eventually to speculate upon his fate.

O'Mara continued to produce his bold and eccentric simplifications in black and white; Hooper to paint his characteristic canvases; Viet continued to appear before the bar, plead, make motions, win or lose; Sloane, the adventure writer, continued to fabricate, from his vantage point in New York, his extravagant tales of the far places of the earth. And they all continued to forgather at O'Mara's studio on the top floor of the old house in Stuyvesant Square.

A man is never really forgotten by his friends; but his memory will come to be like a story told. A word may recall it, a figure in the street, a turn of phrase, a point of view. And so it was with Severson, as with the best of men.

Even O'Mara no longer thought of him instinctively on those nights when the others came.

Five years may be long or short, according to the change they bring. But time flows easily in such safe and pleasant lives; and five years found them all with little outward change. Viet was married, Hooper engaged, but still with their personalities intact, and managing to look in at O'Mara's with a good deal of regularity. Sloane had been prevailed upon to take a trip around the

Horn, thereby "losing his perspective" on the world at large, and he had come back to write a novel of sophisticated New York life which had gained him a reputation that seemed to embarrass him, "accustomed as I am," he said, "to my well-known obscurity."

The book had been seized upon at the height of its popularity and dramatized, and it was of it that they were talking at about half-past ten o'clock one Saturday night at O'Mara's in November of that year.

Viet and Sloane had earlier in the evening looked in at a rehearsal of the play, from which, according to their report, they had departed unwept and unsung. And Sloane was saying that he had "regained his obscurity."

"I'm the author of the book behind the play."

Viet, measuring a highball, said, "An actor asked me who you were."

"Who did you tell him?"

"I told him," Viet began—and looked suddenly toward the door.

It had thrust abruptly open, to admit a man. A tall lean man who loomed upon them from the threshold, stopped there, halted, just within the light—as if he challenged them to some encounter, some violence of word or act.

Silence spread throughout the room, the sudden immobility of men whose eyes report an impossible event; whose reason waits the re-establishment of normal sight.

No one moved and no one spoke.

He faced them from the doorway, his hand still gripped upon the knob; his body, tense and static, seemed to wait upon some signal of release. His eyes had terror in them, submerged terror and demand.

Beneath the surface of the stillness something seemed to vaguely move. And then he launched into the silence his desperate command.

"Recognize me! . . . For God's sake recognize me!"

It struck them for a moment to a silence deeper still.

Then a voice said quietly, "*Severson.*" From his chair O'Mara slowly rose. "Felix," he said, "Felix—"

And then the tension broke. Every man was on his feet, every man cried out his incredulous "*Severson!*" "*Severson!*" "*Severson!*"

And with every repetition of his name the light flamed higher in his eyes. As if the answer to his challenge far excelled his hope. As if it fed some hunger long denied.

"Yes, Severson! Felix Severson!" he cried, "That's what I've come back to hear!"

Then suddenly he sank into the nearest chair and for a moment seemed to verge upon collapse.

"Let me sit down," he said. "Let me look at you."

"You're alive," O'Mara said, as if only now at last he took it in when he saw him sitting there.

"I am now," he said, in a curiously tired and quiet voice. He looked up, and his slow half-ironic smile brought sharply back the Severson of five years before.

"You see," he said, "I committed suicide." And then he burst into a laugh so full of an insane relief that they stepped toward him, laid their hands upon his shoulder. "Of course," they said, "we heard that, thought that, at the time; but now—you're back—you're here—"

He broke off laughing suddenly. "I've been dead five years! The only difference was I knew it—and most dead men don't. That's what brought me back—to hear you tell me that I'm not!"

Viet had stepped quietly to the window, and the rasp of a shade being drawn startled everyone but Severson. He came back then and gently said to Severson, "Old man, does anybody know you're here? Anybody else, I mean?"

Severson shook his head. "No, I came straight here."

"From a train?"

"Yes, from the train—straight here."

"All right," said Viet. "We're your

friends . . . your friends, you understand."

"I know," he said, "I've always known you were."

It was clear that he had not understood the thing that Viet had meant.

But O'Mara understood.

"How did you come here, Felix? In a taxi—from the station—how did you come?"

"Yes—in a taxi—why?"

The questions seemed to bewilder him, and O'Mara said, "Viet's your lawyer, Felix, and he ought to know."

Severson looked from face to face. It was as if they had reminded him of something he had forgotten until now.

"I know," he said, "I killed a man. . . . God, how long ago that seems!" Then he looked up suddenly and asked, "Who was he—did anybody ever know?"

"Didn't *you* know who he was?"

"I? . . . I?" He seemed to be trying to recall that after all we hadn't known. . . . "Of course you thought I must have known him—that I must have done it for a reason . . . a *reason*—" He sat there slowly shaking his head, lost in some intent reflection of his own.

"It's queer," he said then, rousing himself, "I still can't get it into my head that it happened—just that way. It never has seemed real. I was coming here that night—you remember that? It was Saturday afternoon."

Did they remember? The memory of that night came back to them as vividly as if it had been the night before. How they had waited in that very room for him to come, and how during the weeks that followed they had waited, expecting him to make some sign, to let them know, to let them help.

The vividness of their memory seemed to surprise him, as if he hadn't counted on it, as if he had failed then or afterward to visualize the implication of his disappearance to his friends.

And it was clear throughout his story that he did not see himself as a man in danger, but only as a man come back to



life. He saw no peril in this return, or if he did, it had no terror for him, it had taken second place. If in fact it occupied his consciousness at all.

Even when Viet, intent upon protecting him in spite of himself, interrupted him with questions now and then his answers had a puzzled tone, as if he didn't quite see the point, although he answered without annoyance, repeating patiently what obviously seemed to him the most unimportant details.

He told his story, as Viet suggested, from the beginning, "to get it straight." And the beginning took him back to that Saturday afternoon of his disappearance and the lunch he had with Weatherby, when he had left him with "See you tonight at Dave's."

They had parted at the door of the restaurant shortly before two o'clock, and Severson had taken the subway uptown, and had spent the next two hours in the second-hand bookshops along Fourth Avenue and University Place, looking for some book he wanted that was out of print. It was a diversion he particularly liked, and he would probably have spent the whole afternoon nosing about in the old bookshops if he had not remembered suddenly that he had left some papers at his office which he wanted over Sunday. And since he was in the neighborhood of the garage where he kept his car, he decided to drive downtown to the office and look over the papers there. On his way to the garage he stopped in at a telephone booth and called up O'Mara. That was about four o'clock. He drove downtown, parked the car, and went up to the office. There wasn't anybody there, and he was looking over the papers when a man telephoned. He had an accent, Spanish, Severson thought. He said his name was DeSoto and that he wanted to see Severson on business. He seemed so urgent that Severson told him he would wait if he would come right up. He said he was in the vicinity.

He was there in ten minutes, a stoutish man about forty, with a black mustache

and very black eyes, and Severson didn't notice anything queer about him when he let him in, except that he was foreign, Spanish, maybe, or Mexican, and a little more excitable than you expect a business man to be.

He began to talk about money to be made in importing hardwood, mahogany from South America. Severson told him that he didn't handle anything of that sort.

"But you're an importer, aren't you? You want to make money?" And Severson explained that it was out of his line. He said he just wanted Severson to listen, and he could show him how they could make a lot of money. He began to explain some sort of scheme he had for getting hold of some big tracts of hardwood in South America, and the more Severson tried to tell him he wasn't interested, the more he talked. Severson saw that his scheme was crooked, but for a minute he didn't know that the man realized it himself, and he said, "You can't put that through."

The man stopped like a flash and demanded to know why not. Severson saw then that he knew it was crooked, and he said simply, "Because it's not legal. You know that. It's crooked—that's why."

He had tried to let him down easy, he wasn't interested in it anyway, but the fellow wouldn't let go. The whole thing, mind you, happened in no time at all. Severson said that it wasn't more than twelve or fifteen minutes, and that he still didn't think of it as having really *happened*, as being real in the way ordinary things are real. He ought to have seen it before, but he didn't. The man was desperate, but Severson thought he was, you know, just an excitable Spaniard talking to a phlegmatic American. And when Severson said, "It's crooked, that's why," the fellow's black eyes dilated horribly, he waited a minute, yelled "*Crooked!*" shouted something in Spanish, and whipped out a gun. I suppose the man was mad. Insane. He looked

it, Severson said—out of his head with rage—crouched and coming toward him with the gun. Severson jumped for him and landed, and somehow got the gun. But the man was on him like an orang-outang. Stronger than two men. He was using some wrestler's trick, after the gun—Severson knew he'd get it—and he shot. Shot wild. The man just rolled over away from him, and was still.

Severson got up with the gun in his hand, and looked at him there on the floor—dead, a strange man he'd never seen until half an hour before. Never heard of, didn't know existed—and now didn't exist. Twenty minutes was the extent of his life, so far as Severson knew.

Severson said he didn't know whether he could make us understand, but from that minute—the minute he got up and saw him there on the floor—the whole thing began to seem unreal. It had exactly the quality of a dream, one of those queer light floating dreams where the wildest things seem not to have any meaning, perfectly clear, but you're not surprised by any kind of violence. He didn't remember hearing anything, didn't remember any sound when he shot the gun; didn't remember *thinking* anything. He didn't seem to have any reaction to it at all. He knew he wasn't thinking. And he wanted to think. Everything he did from that moment on he did without premeditation, without plan.

"You see," he said, "I'd never killed a man before. I suppose I wasn't used to it. But, as I tell you, I didn't think of that then. I was moved by the idea that I must think—that I must—wake up—realize what had happened, and do whatever was to be done. I didn't feel guilty. . . . I suppose it *was* a kind of shock."

For he had seen it himself, afterward, but when it was too late. The thing that had happened to him was simple enough and familiar to all psychologists. The mind seeks escape from an intolerable reality. Under the shock of some

unforeseen and disastrous event the unwilling consciousness rejects the truth, and reality itself takes on the quality of an illusion, the inconsequential sequence of a dream.

At the time Severson merely acted, without emotion, and without thought. It seemed perfectly simple to him. He got his hat and went out of the office, shut the door behind him, and went down the hall and rang for the elevator. He couldn't realize that the thing had actually happened, and he knew that he must get it straight, he had to realize it before he could do anything about it.

The elevator didn't come up and, still without thinking about it, or making any plan, he walked down the stairs, and out of the building to the street. Then automatically he remembered the car, and he thought quite calmly that he would drive somewhere, drive and think. He went to the parking place, got the car, drove to the bridge and across. And all the way to the bridge and crossing it, and getting through the traffic on the other side, he hardly thought at all—just drove. He noticed how easily he got through the traffic, slowed, stopped, waited, made time, all without seeming to have to think. He saw everything, took everything in. It was, he said, like any other day. It was impossible to realize that there was anything unusual about that drive.

Of course he didn't have any objective in mind. He just wanted to drive out somewhere and get the thing straight before he went back—before he took it up, you see. He actually even forgot the whole incident, just responded to the usual things, one-way streets, what turn to make. He even enjoyed the feeling of a kind of unusual skill in managing the car. Just as he might have felt any other day when the car and everything else went especially well. Then he was out on the open highway—just driving, driving. It was a moonlight night, and he caught himself forgetting that anything had happened—forgetting that he had come out there



alone to think. The movement seemed to hypnotize him into the illusion that he was just driving for pleasure, taking a drive, you know, and he would catch himself beginning to whistle under his breath—he used to do it always when he drove in the country at night.

At last he turned off the highway and followed a country road, drove along that for miles, he supposed, in the direction of the shore. He must have turned off again into one of those private lanes, for he had an impression of passing some buildings, all dark—the summer people had gone back to town—and he must have been driving along by the water for some time before he noticed it. Without knowing why, he stopped the car, got out, went over, and climbed up on to the ledge of rock where he could look at the water.

He was going to light a cigarette, and put his hand in his coat pocket for a match—and felt the gun. He had no idea it was there, hadn't even felt it all that time. And it gave him such a start that he jerked it out and threw it with all the force of his arm across the water. A crazy thing to do—but he didn't know it then—nothing seemed crazy to him then. His whole and only impulse was to get rid of it. To fling it off.

It struck the water and disappeared. He felt an enormous relief.

Now it may have been that the disappearance of the gun had some curious effect upon his subconscious mind. It may have carried the suggestion that he might himself disappear as easily as the gun. Yet at the time he attached no importance to throwing the gun away beyond the instantaneous physical necessity to be rid of it. He couldn't attempt to account for what he did. But after he had stood there perhaps fifteen minutes longer, as if he were waiting for something, he turned and began to walk along the ledge of rocks until he came to a place where the ledge widened to the edge of the road. He went down there, and he remembered

stepping across the road on scattered loose stones. The woods came to the edge of the road on the other side. The earth under the trees was covered with moist dead leaves, and he struck through the woods, walking. He felt about the car almost as he had felt about the gun—rid of it—free.

He had gone fully three-quarters of a mile before the idea occurred to him that it might look as if he had drowned himself, committed suicide. And then it only passed through his mind lightly. Idly, really, as if it had nothing to do with him, though there must have been a part of his consciousness somewhere telling him what to do. Something must have directed him, for example, to step carefully across that road on stones, so that no footprints would be left in the moist sand. He didn't even think of why he had done it until days later he read in a newspaper that "The tracks led to the water's edge, but did not lead back again." It gave him a kind of shock when he read it, the kind of sensation, he said, that you get in a detective story when an important point is made. But at the time he didn't think anything about it except that in crossing the road he was—leaving himself behind—it was all part of that sense he had of freeing himself.

He was in a state of mind entirely new to him. It wasn't normal, but it seemed normal, natural, without stress, serene.

He must have walked that night for hours. Straight ahead. He came out of the woods at last and found himself on a road. He passed by villages, automobiles went by him, he went through towns—all without the least feeling of fatigue. He walked until he came to a small railroad station on the outskirts of a town. A train was just coming in, and Severson automatically got on the train, and took a seat. When the train started and the conductor came round, he had no ticket. The conductor said, "New York?" and Severson nodded and handed him cash for the fare.

When he got out of the train with everybody else at the call "Last stop!" he was surprised to find himself in the Pennsylvania Station, where all the Long Island trains come in. He walked along the slip and through the gate with the crowd, and the first thing that caught his eye—it seemed abnormally large and prominent; he could *see it*, you know—was the sign on the starting board, "WASHINGTON EXPRESS." People were already going through the gate, and without any thought about it, just as if he had meant to do it all along, he went across to a window and bought a ticket and berth to Washington.

He must have been fairly exhausted from the hours of walking, for he slept that night. He said he still meant to think, but that he simply hadn't been able to keep awake.

And the porter woke him in the morning when they were getting into Washington.

When he left the train, he walked through the station, and along a street. It was Sunday morning and quiet, with very few people out. Passing a restaurant, it occurred to him that he wanted breakfast, but the place was closed. Sunday. He walked along block after block until he found a little lunch-room open, and he went in and had breakfast there. An odd thing was that Severson had had the same breakfast for years—fruit, tea, and rolls. But he didn't think of it there that morning. He had coffee, toast, and an egg. Looked at the menu and ordered it, quite as if it were the usual thing. And he had that same breakfast every morning afterward—as if it had been his habit, always.

The sun was brilliant and warm, and when Severson left the restaurant he continued to stroll about the streets, as if he were merely out for a Sunday-morning walk. He had no plan. Nothing he did was planned. If he had planned it it wouldn't have worked. He'd have slipped up somewhere.

He had turned down one of those side streets with a succession of little shops

that deal in electrical supplies, novelties, old furniture, greeting cards, phonographs, that kind of thing. People had begun to come out and sun themselves in the wider streets, but this side street was still deserted, quiet, asleep. Presently an old Jew came out the door of a shop and stood looking idly into the street. In front of the shop and in the window were used and shop-worn trunks and luggage, and it suddenly occurred to Severson that he would buy a bag of some kind, and go to a hotel. The proprietor said he wasn't open for business, but of course if he wanted anything . . . Severson asked the price of a suitcase in the window, and followed the proprietor inside. The suitcase was worn but in good condition and cheap, and while Severson waited for his change, he discovered that one end of the case had the initials "J. D. McI." stamped in black ink. He took his change, and went out with the suitcase in his hand.

For the first time he had an objective and, turning out of the little side street, he walked along block after block until he came to a hotel. One of those out-of-town business men's hotels. He could see through the window men sitting about the lobby in big leather chairs, reading the Sunday papers.

He went in and asked for a room. The clerk whirled the register about and handed him a pen. Severson set down the suitcase on its end, and as he did it the black stamped initials stared up at him. "J. D. McI." He took the pen and wrote without the least hesitation, "John D. McIntyre, City."

The clerk twirled the register round again, wrote down a number, and called a boy. "Take Mr. McIntyre up to 643." And he handed the boy a key.

Severson said it was exactly like passing through a door. It seemed perfectly natural, as if his name really *were* McIntyre. And it's queer how easily you could imagine him as John McIntyre. It suited him. Tall and rugged, with his likable friendly face, his gray eyes, his



stubborn sandy hair. Anglo-Saxon—Scotchman—John McIntyre.

Sunday and Sunday night he spent at that hotel. He had lunch in the public dining room. He bought the New York Sunday papers and looked them through, reading the headlines and a paragraph here and there. The world was as usual. It had not occurred to him that nothing would be discovered until Monday morning. And the fact that nowhere in the news was it mentioned increased his sense of its unreality. It hadn't happened in the way things happen that get into the papers. He didn't expect really to see it—ever. Not then or afterward.

In the afternoon he went out and walked, sat for a while in a motion-picture theater, and came back to dinner at the hotel. After dinner he played several games of chess with an elderly stranger in the lounge and won every game, easily, without any conscious effort of concentration. And the elderly stranger said as they parted to go to their rooms, "Give me a chance at you to-morrow night if you're going to be here."

"I'm sorry," Severson said, "but I won't be here to-morrow."

And the next day, Monday, he left for Chicago. A curious physical necessity to keep moving seemed to lead him on.

It wasn't until two days later in a Chicago hotel room that he read the headline in a New York paper, "Man Killed in Office. Importer Disappears." And a day later the account of the car being found, with the sentence, "The footprints led to the water's edge, and did not lead back again."

At that sentence all that had happened seemed to clarify itself, like the emerging sequence of a plot. He saw for the first time that his actions had been those of a guilty man fleeing from the scene of his crime. He *had* fled. He thought the word quite calmly, without emotion, without feeling that he had fled. And he had thrown away the gun—without looking at it. He didn't even know

what kind of gun it was—what make, what caliber. They would never believe that he had deliberately destroyed the only bit of evidence that could have established the fact of self-defense—his assailant's gun.

It was clear that they believed he had drowned himself. Why else had he so carefully picked his way across that road on stones, leaving no trace of his coming away from the spot? They would search for his body. It would not be found. This, too, was like a detached picture in his mind.

He felt curiously free and safe. Safer than if those waters had closed over him, and his body drifted out to sea. He tried to imagine going back, but could not. His mind veered from the idea before he had really encountered it. Some deep distaste not only prevented his turning back, but drove him farther on.

He had been living meagerly, but his money was running low. It was only by good luck that he had a more than usual sum in his pocket on that Saturday afternoon. He had been to the bank that morning and cashed a check. But railroad fare had made inroads upon the supply, and he had bought a few necessities.

Well, a man could always find some kind of work. It would fill the time, give him something to think about. Yet that same profound distaste for the whole situation kept him from facing squarely the problem of what he was to do. He would be moved by chance, which had guided him safely so far.

It was certainly by chance that he saw in a Chicago newspaper one of those Chamber of Commerce advertisements of a small town in Western Illinois. "Opportunities for live young men. Choice factory sites. New residential additions booming. Invest in town lots."

Two days later he stepped off a train at the station of that little Illinois town, carrying the suitcase marked "J. D. McL.", and walked up the main street until he came to an obviously new

plate-glass window with gilt lettering, "OAK PARK ADDITION. Agents. Building Sites. Farm Lands."

Severson went in, presented himself to the Manager, and asked if there was an opening for a salesman for the new addition. He gave his name as McIntyre, and said in reply to the Manager's questions that he wanted to get out of cities, and into a smaller town. Asked if he had had experience in selling real estate, he said yes, and the Manager took him at his word.

There was nothing anxious or stressed about his manner, for he wasn't particularly concerned about the job. He had merely walked in and asked for it. It was all part of that curious effortless flow of events which had carried him forward day after day. And he felt neither relief nor surprise when later the Manager told him that if he would come back after lunch and meet the President of the company, he thought they might arrange to take him on.

To be sure, Severson wasn't the type of man who walks into a small-town business man's office every day, ready to go to work. He was neither down at heel, nor too obviously presentable. He didn't quibble about salary—enough merely to live on, and his chance at commissions for the rest. He made no insistent effort to sell himself. His very unconcern, and the simple directness of his approach must have inspired them with confidence. It is easy enough, knowing Severson, to see why they took him on. Then too, they could use him. The new addition they had opened was at the height of its selling campaign.

That afternoon Severson drove out to the ground with the President and went over the section with blue prints until he knew what he was to sell. And the next morning he woke to find himself established, with a job. The name of John D. McIntyre, Salesman, was set down on the books of the company. By the end of the week he had closed several sales, and had been taken home to

dinner by both the President and the Manager.

All this had happened so suddenly, so abruptly had he come to the end of his flight, that he could scarcely credit it himself. It gave him the uncanny sense that he had actually "left himself behind"—that he was no longer Severson, but McIntyre.

Already in the second week the young men were beginning to call him "Mac." And people to whom he vaguely knew he had been introduced were calling "Morning, Mr. McIntyre," as they passed him in the street.

Unused to the ways of small towns, Severson did not know how quickly their judgments are formed; how the advent of a new and unattached young man into any small town is news that spreads overnight. It creates a flutter of anticipation, a pleasant subterranean stir. The stranger is seen, judged, taken in, or left to shift for himself all before he has learned to recognize his judges by name.

"Have you seen the new man?" the question goes the rounds. For it is upon this first impression that their decision mysteriously rests. Few questions are asked beyond, "What is he doing here?" and that they already know. It is part of the original news, and he remains only to be seen.

In Severson's case the verdict was obviously favorable from the first. He was puzzled and embarrassed by their friendly overtures. They opened their doors to him, invited him to their homes—and he found no way to refuse.

There was something almost appalling in the way they had taken him at his word. They asked him no awkward questions about his past. It was plain that their interest lay not in him as a messenger from the outer world, but in him as an addition to themselves. It seemed to be generally understood that he had come from Chicago, but that he had come was the important thing to them. And if they were not interested in the past of McIntyre, they were un-



aware that there had ever existed anywhere the man called Severson. He had only to avoid speaking as Severson, to remember that he was McIntyre.

Only that night when he had gone home to dinner with the Manager—his hostess had said pleasantly, "Your home is in Chicago, I believe, Mr. McIntyre—your people, I mean," and feeling queerly that he was lying, he had replied that he had no people, and consequently, really no home. And she had said kindly that she hoped he was "going to feel this was his home." It was an expression he was to hear more than once. Apparently it was the thing they were accustomed to say.

Whenever after that the truth about Severson fitted McIntyre, he had the same queer sense of its being a lie, and the feeling also of Severson about to reveal himself, about to break through. He must keep them separate. They must not be confused. McIntyre was the disguise he had assumed in order that Severson might be kept intact. When the time came he would discard the disguise and resume his life again as Severson.

Just when that time would come, or how, he did not know. Would a hand be laid on his arm, a stranger pronounce his name, and furnish a ten days' scandal to the town? Or would some miracle occur, some unpredictable solution set him free?

In his pocket he still carried the key to O'Mara's house in Stuyvesant Square—the key O'Mara's mother had given him when he and Dave were boys. Often his fingers would close upon it as upon the reassuring hand of a friend. It was the one actuality that remained to him of his life as Severson. Alone, on Saturday nights, he would take the key from his pocket, and look at it in his hand, thinking, trying to imagine them there in the old familiar studio. Were they thinking of him, talking of him, his friends? And then he would remember that they believed him dead. Nevertheless, he was haunted by the absurd hope that one day

in the streets of that little town, O'Mara might appear.

But weeks passed into weeks. O'Mara did not appear. No hand was laid on Severson's arm; no stranger quietly spoke his name. No miracle occurred.

Day after day he showed people lots, talked persuasively to prospective buyers, eased them to the point of signing, talked of steady increase of values, the inevitable growth of the town. Day after day he told himself that it wouldn't do. And day after day he became more involved. He stayed on, answered to the name that was not his, grew accustomed to the sound of it, identified it more completely with himself. He learned to play bridge, spent evening after evening at one house or another, with no talk beside familiar bantering, trivial personalities, and the game. An easy surface relationship was all they seemed to require of him—and McIntyre carried it on.

McIntyre appeared to be a much more practical and efficient man than Severson could ever have been. Perhaps it was because he did not really exist, and so had nothing to settle with life itself. He walked, talked, ate, and slept. But when he slept it was Severson who dreamed. In his dreams he walked again in the familiar streets of New York, heard the familiar voices of his friends, and woke from those dreams to struggle slowly back to consciousness and the sound of a strange voice calling across a continent, "Seven-thirty, Mr. McIntyre!"

All this Severson told them on that night when he so startlingly appeared on the threshold of O'Mara's studio five years afterward. For as John McIntyre he had lived in that little Illinois town five years. And as John McIntyre he came very near to living out his life. It was not until the middle of the second year that Severson had begun to recede. "Recede" was the word he used in telling it that night. "As an entity," he said, "apart from McIntyre."



He had been living for some time in the house of a quiet elderly couple whose children had grown up and gone to homes of their own. They had taken Severson "for company." He had a big corner room with windows overlooking the lawn, and little by little he had come to feel at home in that room. He had begun to read again and to acquire books, which he ordered from the publishers or from bookstores in Chicago—the habits of Severson beginning to fuse with McIntyre.

He grew used to keeping what he read to himself, to having no one to talk it over with. He grew fond of the kind old couple with whom he lived, and often on summer evenings he sat with them on the porch and talked politics, town news, or the small things of the day, until it was time for him to go perhaps for the usual bridge at the home of some friend, or if it was a party, to call for some girl he had been assigned to take. For McIntyre was that treasure of hostesses in small towns, the odd man who could always be depended upon.

He had developed an easy facility in the current small talk of the town, of the people he knew. He heard their reminiscences of the days when they were children, growing up together there, all the old stories they had in common, the old jokes, the days of their youth. His own youth seemed very dim, far away, and unreal. They did not notice that he had no stories of his own boyhood to tell. They had forgotten that he had not always been one of them. He had long ago ceased to be the "new man" in town. Already another had succeeded him, and he had heard them ask, "Have you seen the new man, Mac? What is he doing here?"

He no longer woke from sleep with that painful struggle to place himself. He slept without dreaming now. Or perhaps he dreamed and no longer remembered his dreams. Perhaps his dreams enacted themselves in so deep a level of his consciousness that he no longer knew he dreamed.

And then a curious incident occurred. One morning, arriving to open the office as usual, for he had progressed steadily to a position of trust in the company, he discovered that he had mislaid his office key. He searched his pockets for it, but it was not there. He decided that he must have left it in his room, and quite naturally thought of trying other keys before he went back for it. After trying his house key and the key to his room, only one key remained. He had drawn it out with the rest. The key to the old brownstone house in Stuyvesant Square. He slipped it into the lock, it turned, and the door opened inward as if the key had been made for it. He felt a kind of inner shock and stood there staring at the door as if some magic had been worked. He heard a voice at his shoulder, "Well, what's the good word this morning, Mac?" The bookkeeper had arrived. Severson took the key from the lock, and followed the bookkeeper in. The bookkeeper was in a cheerful mood and inclined to talk as he prepared for work. The key was still in Severson's hand, and he did not return it to his pocket until a moment later an early farmer came through the door, and the day's business had begun. But all that day his thoughts kept coming back to the key and the queerly disturbing fact that it had opened the office door.

That night he searched his room for the office key, but could not find it anywhere. And the next morning, half wondering if it would work again, he opened the door with the key to O'Mara's house in Stuyvesant Square. He searched his desk, and had the janitor look for the other key, but it was not found. He had lost it then. He would have a new one made. To-morrow he would see to it. And the following morning he used his key again. And the morning after that.

Day after day he told himself that he must have a new key made. And day after day he let it go, until he no longer reminded himself of it. He grew accustomed to using the key. But never



once did he draw that key from his pocket and slip it into the lock that there did not pass before him the momentary vision of another door—a high black-painted door, with plate and knob of polished bronze, and a flight of brown-stone steps leading up to it.

At the end of that year Severson was made an officer of the company. The President, then seventy, had died, the Manager had succeeded him, and the letterheads now bore the name of John D. McIntyre as manager. The little boom that had brought him there had passed, but there was the usual steady business, farm lands bought and sold, insurance, mortgages. He was sharing a percentage of profits now. A respected citizen, with a growing bank account.

At this point, telling his story to them there that night in O'Mara's studio, Severson had come to a stop. He was silent so long, gazing into the fire which was dying now, for no one had remembered to replenish it, that they were almost startled when he spoke again.

"And then," he said, "there was a girl named Mary."

He was silent again, and they knew he was wondering how best to tell them about her. And presently he began.

It had come about, he said, so gradually that he hadn't known it was happening at all. Not until one day he had heard somebody, planning a party of some kind, end a list of couples with, "And of course, Mary and Mac."

Not until then had he realized how much he had been seeing of her, and how natural it had come to seem that he should call for Mary when they were going anywhere. Had it begun by chance, as in such places those things do so easily? Or had he brought it about himself, as a matter of choice? Had he really preferred her to the rest? He didn't know. And after all, what difference did it make? He did, in fact, prefer her to the rest. And it simplified things for him in a social way. He was

certainly far less often bored than he had been when he was at the beck and call of every hostess, pressed into service to take home any unescorted girl. Often when he took her home he had gone in and sat talking with her for half an hour. She was pretty and companionable, and she made none of those demands upon his time that foolish girls so often make. And then he began to go round to see her on other nights as well. To spend whole evenings with her alone. Of course he was falling in love with her, and concealing it from himself. Fighting against it all that time, without knowing why. That she was in love with him was plain enough, but this, too, he did not allow himself to think about.

One night he realized that there had been a moment when she had expected him to ask her to marry him. He found himself walking away from her house in a most perturbed and troubled state of mind. She wasn't, he told himself, the first girl he had ever kissed. And the others hadn't expected him to marry them. But this he knew was not the same.

He avoided seeing her for several days, and then went back again. He didn't want her to think him a fool. Girls were used to men making love to them. She had probably not taken it seriously at all. Very likely she had forgotten the episode. But he knew she had not forgotten, the instant he saw her face. Yet she played her role of easy platonic friend as if nothing had happened between them to suggest that it might be otherwise. And his visits continued as before. But now the more watchfully she kept to her role, avoiding even an accidental touching of their hands, the more urgent his impulse grew to take her in his arms. Why shouldn't he make love to her? Why shouldn't he—marry her?

One morning as he was unlocking the office door to begin the day as usual, he woke to the incredible fact that for months he had not thought of the key in his hand as ever belonging to any other

door. It had become the key to the office, nothing more. Abruptly he realized that it was Mary who had made him forget. He had not only forgotten the key, but he had almost forgotten Severson. He saw the danger toward which he had been drifting and which he had but vaguely sensed before. He saw what it would mean to marry her. Nothing could save him then. He would never again be known as Severson. He must wear to the end of his life the mask of McIntyre. More dreadful still, he would actually *become* McIntyre.

It was then, he said, that he began to dream again. Harassing dreams in which his life as Severson and his life as McIntyre and long-forgotten details of his childhood were hopelessly confused.

"I even dreamed," he said, "of those andirons." He pointed to the fire. "You remember, Dave, we used to call them the prancing horses when we were boys and this room was your den? I dreamed that they pranced out into the room, dragging the load of burning logs, and set fire to the room, to everything, and burned up the world. There was nobody left alive but Mary, and she couldn't hear me when I spoke to her. . . . Nightmarish dreams."

He dreamed that he was fighting for his life, his antagonist a swarthy dark-browed brute, who, as they struggled, turned slowly to a girl who smiled at him with Mary's smile.

And still he kept on seeing her, because he had no reasonable excuse to stay away. And she expected him. He knew the danger, but he went. They all expected him to go. Her family, who kept so pointedly out of the room. Her friends. His friends. They all expected it. Expected him to marry her. They treated it as an established fact. His employer said to him one day, "Well, how about it, Mac, my boy, can I sell you a nice corner lot? You'll be building a home of your own pretty soon, I suppose." Even the bookkeeper, seeing him sitting abstracted at his desk, said

flippantly, "Why don't you marry the girl?"

He had got through the summer without asking her, but he knew that he would ask her before the autumn passed. He knew he must because, although she had become the symbol of the thing he dreaded most, so long as he went on seeing her he wanted her. He seemed to be three men. He was Severson, who had come to life and was fighting for the right to live; and he was McIntyre, the man the others saw; and he was the man who desired a woman and knew himself desired by her. And these last two were leagued against the first. One fought for peace, the safe opinion of his fellows, for habit and security. One fought for desire of a woman. And one for something more deeply rooted still; he fought for his own identity.

The obsession grew upon him to have someone call him by his name. To be recognized. He contemplated telling Mary that he was not McIntyre but Severson, just to hear her say the name. But it was not the name itself, he must be *recognized*. And that she could not do. It would only be to her a strange name she had never heard before, a name to be explained. And if he told her everything, he would then become to her a fusion of two strangers, neither one of whom she knew. No, he must keep them separate. If he was to stay at all, it must be as McIntyre intact.

At last a day arrived when he knew that if he saw her again that night his resistance was at an end. At last he would say the words she expected him to say and be forever lost.

Suddenly, sitting alone in the office at noon, he got up and put on his hat and coat. The antagonists, spent with the struggle, had fallen apart. The stronger among them had won. He crossed the street and entered the bank, where he drew out fifteen hundred dollars in cash. The teller looked surprised at the size of the check, and Severson said calmly that he was taking a little business trip. As he shoved the bills across



to him, the teller said knowingly, "Some sparkler, I guess. Chicago, eh?" Nothing, it seemed, could break the luck of McIntyre.

Severson recrossed the street to the office, took out a sheet of paper and wrote, "Chicago for two days. J. D. McL." He left the paper on his desk, looked at his watch, and went out, closing the office door behind him carefully. He walked straight to the station where, ten minutes later, he boarded the twelve-twenty train.

Three days later, on Saturday night, he appeared in the door of O'Mara's studio.

"And so," said Weatherby, "that is the story of Severson." He made again his short odd gesture of finality.

Presently, out of the silence, somebody spoke.

"What happened? Did he get off?"

And another voice said, "Yes, did they arrest him? For killing the man, I mean?"

"Oh, that!" said Weatherby, and it was plain that he, as well as Severson, had long since ceased to consider that an important point, or part of the story at all. He came back to it as Severson must have come back to it that night when Viet kept trying to remind him of the danger he was in.

"His trial comes up next month. I'm going back for it."

"Murder?" Several voices asked at once.

Weatherby nodded. "Naturally," he said.

## THE COSTUMER

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

**I** SEE you trying them all before Life's glass,  
 Robe after brilliant robe—and slipping them down:  
 Sackcloth and motley ashes, seaweed and pearl . . .  
 Once it was a prophetess' starry mantle,  
 Once the pitiful grief-torn robe of a heartbroken girl,  
 Now it is a courtesan's scarlet gown—  
 This too shall slip from your slender shoulders and pass.  
 I am glad Life lets you try on so many to glitter before your eyes—  
 Beauty is always a good—and the world will pause and stare,  
 Wondering still at the many tires that you set on your hair,  
 And the many shapes of your garments, their glittering dyes.  
 One day you will find the robe that you like the best—  
 Life will sell it to you for but little—and smile and step down and rest.  
 Only I cannot help wondering a little wistfully  
 Why it was that Life only held up to me  
 One dark garment for working in, straight and brown,  
 And once for a moment, only to touch and see  
 For a very little while, a rose-patterned dancing-gown.



# WHAT PASSES FOR ART

SOME REFLECTIONS ON CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS

BY WALTER PACH

FOR TWENTY years I have been trying to strangle this article—now let somebody else take the job. Like others, I had long known that a worse form of art was being produced to-day than ever before in history, and I was convinced that it was misleading numberless people. But I believed that the prodigious wealth of great painting and sculpture in the modern world offered a sufficient guaranty against permanent harm, and also that the underlying conditions of modern life must change before what was bad could disappear and a healthy and beautiful result in art become general. I still believe both arguments to be right; but it may be that a survey of the counterfeited art in our period can hasten the needed process of improvement. While I was making a final attempt to be faithful to my conception of the critic's duty—which is, as I see it, to increase the recognition and understanding of good artists and to ignore the bad ones—a chance conversation furnished me with certain facts which brought the problem into such startling relief that the need of speaking out appeared more necessary than ever. A curious old directory of artists in the Paris of somewhat less than a hundred years ago had turned up in a small bookshop. Its total of entries, including artists of all kinds, was about two hundred. "How many are there in Paris to-day?" "Forty thousand" was the estimate of a man in a position to speak with some accuracy. Of the two hundred artists listed in the old direc-

tory, perhaps 10 possessed either genius or first-rate talent; 80 or 90 had enough talent to be of some interest to somebody; therefore, there were about 100 who made the world richer for their presence. I doubt if more than 100 men in Paris to-day can stand that test. What is to be said, then, of the remaining 39,900? And of the innumerable thousands of others in the rest of the world? What causes them to turn to art? Why do they fail at it? And are they all known to be failures? This last point is what interests us here, for there has been a misleading silence concerning it.

What we have failed to say is that a large number of the men who should be ranked with the failures are considered by the general public as successes. Yet they not only leave the world no richer than they found it, but do harm to their admirers by diverting appreciation from the things worth while. We need not trouble ourselves about the vast majority of men who spend their time in art-work without winning praise either from the profession or from laymen. They are, as a rule, incompetent rather than bad artists, and the interest they offer lies in their number—a phenomenon unknown even a century ago, as we have seen, and even less known in an earlier time.

But the bad artists are a positive force—the more so since their organization into societies, their titles, their public recognition, and acceptance in museums give them a spurious authority before which the critics and, too often, the genuine artists are silent. They them-



selves are far from silent. If one man in America succeeded in making his name a by-word for artistic deadness, that man was Kenyon Cox. And so one can feel nothing but gratification over the following among his comments on the Armory Show of 1913: "The thing is pathological! It's hideous. . . . Many of Matisse's paintings are simply the exaltation to a gallery of the drawings of a nasty boy. . . . That row of Rodin drawings in the Metropolitan Museum is a calamity." Such calamities—to the artists represented by Kenyon Cox and his like—are increasing in frequency. If they are growing more and more powerless to prevent the acceptance of the better men, they lose no means of minimizing the effect of their defeats. Thus when Manet had reached the Metropolitan Museum (and his early recognition there is one of the real triumphs of American connoisseurship), the opponents of the great painter managed for many years to reduce his biography in the catalogue to the following lines: "Pupil of Couture, with whom he studied six years. An eccentric realist of disputed merit; founder of the school of 'Impressionists.' His pictures were several times rejected at the Salon."

Manet's fame is secure, despite his various rejections. And it is not the masters who are harmed by the bad artists, it is the public that suffers. The travesties of Raphael committed by Mr. Cox and other pretended classicists bear the sole responsibility for the reaction against the divine painter of the Vatican. Theirs also is the fault if the firm discipline in drawing, which was general in the past, is being neglected to-day. By the shallowness of their work they have so disgusted the younger men as to lead them to avoid the schools in which they taught. And often it is only in later life that they come to a realization of the beautiful thing that drawing is.

It is true that the vogue of the bad artists is ephemeral: they reach the Luxembourg, the testing museum, but

not the Louvre, the place that means permanence. For some years we have them in the Metropolitan Museum; but the older visitors to our gallery can remember the acres of bad painting we have banished and can be sure that the quantities of worthless stuff still on our walls will follow "Diana's Hunting Party," "Columbus before Isabella," and the "Boatmen of Barcelona" to their well-earned oblivion. But is it necessary for the years of apparent success to intervene? Are we not paying too high a price for the incompetence of the men who permit unworthy things to usurp the place from which the next generation will evict them? If the question were merely one of space in exhibitions or even museums, we might regard it with indifference; but in those places standards are set which determine the public's whole attitude toward art. It is museums and exhibitions that decide which pictures shall be the daily companions of people in their homes, what type of illustration shall adorn or deface their magazines, what kind of posters shall exercise the great influence that advertising possesses in the modern world, above all what idea of the great and ancient force called art is to develop among the children growing up in a time when the tradition of the classics is so little regarded.

If you doubt this, go to any museum which has both good and bad works on a day when crowds are there. The Greek rooms will be practically deserted; the Old Masters of painting will hold the attention of a few persons who are evidently enjoying them, while a few others are attempting to like them; but the great mass of visitors will be in the galleries of modern work, and that would be a very healthy sign if the modern paintings and sculptures were not so low in their average of merit. A Corot, a Courbet, a Manet, and, within the last few years, perhaps even a Cézanne will tell the educated visitor that the great tradition continues vigorously; but for the ignorance of the majority the modern

rooms are almost a condemnation of the ancient ones. The people feel, rightly, that there is a fundamental difference between a Ranger landscape and a Ruysdael landscape; they decide, wrongly, that the picture of a place they know, painted in familiar colors, is the one with which to spend their time. Those among the visitors who have come to the museum several times begin to call the Ranger or the Murphy old-fashioned, without any of the endearing sense of the term, and turn for more up-to-date sensations to Zuloaga or to Friesseke. Or, if they are determined to be very "modern" indeed, they betake themselves to the current exhibitions and gorge themselves with Le Sidaner, Foujita, and Kandinsky, or Paul Maniship and Mestrovic. (I have resorted to the names of European painters whose vices or errors are peculiarly modern, because the American representatives of their schools are not sufficiently known to justify mention.) The joke of the matter is that from "Diana's Hunting Party" and the other bad pictures of an earlier day right along the line down to the bad art of to-day, there is no essential difference in the value of the work, for all the change in its aspect and in the motives behind it.

We hear people pronounce the name of Bouguereau with contempt and then refer to Bakst as a painter to be taken seriously, or even as one of importance. Did not the newspapers record the names of artists, men of affairs, and society leaders who gathered for luncheon in order to march in a body to the opening of a Bakst exhibition and so inaugurate it with befitting pomp? But Bouguereau, whose pictures they would blush to remember on their grandfather's walls, was a better artist than Bakst. For if the latter managed to bedeck himself with a little of the color and design of certain modern masters, he remains, beneath all his finery, a slight and ill-schooled draftsman, without vision or conviction. Low as Bouguereau's ideals were, whether of humanity or of art,

he held to them consistently, and in his very hostility to the better men was sincere enough to cause one to look on his narrow talent with a species of respect. The fact that his sugary painting sold to hundreds upon hundreds of people was not due to any deliberate cheapening of his ideas. Those sentimental platitudes remained unchanged from the beginning of his career to the end, and were simply the type of picture congenial to people who never looked seriously into the value of art. They found the famous Hoffman House Bouguereau agreeable to glance at between courses in the restaurant, while the more opulent saloons were hung with work by less famous artists of the school. Their present-day descendants furnish the magazine covers that bedizen our newsstands.

Still, the weak, lazy attention which is all such objects require is genuine, the product of our natural desire for youth, for attractive features and healthy bodies. All that is requisite to depict the possessors of those charms is a slight natural gift and a modicum of schooling, and so there is an ample supply of such representation. We see it on a small scale in the case of those "nameless folk," as Mr. Berenson once called them, who produce the magazine and advertising images, and on a large scale, but with the same ideals, in the mural decorations of John W. Alexander or E. H. Blashfield, for example. Having once entered the chapel of the College of the City of New York, where Mr. Blashfield's big mural of "The Student" is located, and being struck with the identity of type between this young man and those "ideal American youths," the wearers of a much-advertised collar, I wondered what effect would be produced if some of the subway advertisements were placed beside the painting. Would their resemblance cause the observer to condemn the work of the well-known decorator? Or would the "touch of vulgarity that makes the whole world kin" (to use Whistler's



paraphrase) work in the other direction and lead the subway rider to see in his daily art exhibit a higher value than he had imagined it to possess? I fear the latter effect would be the one produced. Finding still more of such pictures in the museums, the public accepts them as the art of our time—and is quite logical in regarding it as a condemnation of the classics.

If Daniel C. French and Lorado Taft are right in the affirmation made by their work, if the one thing to be asked of a sculptor is the ability to render in naturalistic fashion the appearance of beautiful women and handsome men, then, of course, the Greeks are wrong, and the public does well to pass by the mutilated fragments of Attic marble as having only an "archæological" interest. If, however, as artists contend, the quality of sculpture is in the sense of scale with which the Greeks first found harmonious proportions for steps and columns and pediment, then adjusted the figures within the pediment to its lines and spaces, and finally gave each detail of the figures its relationship to the whole, then the buttery surfaces, the mean forms, the absence of any structure save that of the anatomy room in the figures on most of our buildings and in most of our parks—are a travesty of the classic qualities.

The good word "conservative" could not be abused more thoroughly than by applying it to such sculpture. Instead of leading to a conserving of the art-values which the great schools of the past have stored up in man's instinct, the brainless naturalism of these works breaks down all standards save that of resemblance to a type held to be pleasing at the time. How often has each one of us heard the remark (as to a Rembrandt, let us say) "It's wonderful work, but why should he choose such an ugly subject?" And the folly of Chardin in spending so much time over still life! "A picture of some pots and pans, or of such a dead animal would not be pleasant in one's home; it ought to be put in

a museum." There you are—the distinction is clear: the classic things are all very well in their way, and may be stored in certain galleries that no one has to visit, but for real enjoyment a very different type of art is demanded by the man educated in the subway and its corresponding galleries at the museum.

## II

It is impossible to estimate how different America's idea of art might be if we had excluded from the walls of our chief museum such works as "Washington Crossing the Delaware," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Cot's "The Storm" (also called "Paul and Virginia," even to-day the best seller at the photograph desk, as Laura Jean Libbey is our most widely read author), Detaille's "Defence of Champigny," and Meissonier's "Friedland—1807." Quite certainly the problem of attracting crowds to the museum would have been greater. But what they would have learned would have been of greater value. Such pictures have, in the main, done nothing but harm. "We began with them and went on to better things," it is objected. A few people did, those whose native bent for art cautioned them to investigate the master-works that at first seemed forbidding; but the authority which the bad pictures gave to venal or ignorant artists throughout the community, and the pressure brought to bear on the minds of the vast majority of people by the mass of bad works, make up a thousand times for any good they may have done in attracting visitors to the galleries. Had the museum been an opponent instead of a partial ally of false ideas, the Augean stables now to be cleaned would not present the task they do. The newer museums followed the older ones; the magazines, the bill-boards, the calendar-makers, and the like spread the imagery broadcast, and the art schools trained their thousands of students to continue and increase the output—and often still



further to degrade popular vision. The tide has visibly turned, in the latter years, and we are heading for better conditions, but we are scheduled for disappointment if we look for rapid progress.

It was so easy for the man in the street or his friend the commercial artist, or the dealer "with a heavy rent hanging over him" to show the beauties of the bad pictures. What nobler appeal was there than the patriotism of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" or the "Spirit of '76"! How natural that red-blooded men and women should enjoy the contemplation of those young lovers in "The Storm," their sweet nudity allowed by the manners and customs of their far-off country (a little flying drapery making them only the more alluring, and at the same time keeping the picture within the bounds of decency)! And those military pictures—they are larger, more distinct, more convincing than the illustrations the boy found in his books of romance or of history, while for the adult there were the wonders of the artist's patience, the minutiae of that big canvas by Meissonier with every stalk of wheat painted, every glint on the cuirasses, every head in the distant line of soldiers. Photography could do certain things, but these pictures outdistanced any product of the camera. A painting by Vibert that hung for many years in the Metropolitan Museum went, however, a step farther by rendering simultaneously the inside and outside of a building. Workmen appear in one section repairing the roof of a women's bathing establishment, they peer through an opening they have made and delight in their view of the beauties below, who are unconscious of their admirers; a bar of the frame, to represent the roof, separates the two scenes. Until the cinematograph adds motion to the artist's figures, the imitation of nature cannot go much farther.

Painstaking fidelity to the object seen has been a feature of various great schools of art. But each tiny fact ob-

served by Brueghel, for example, is co-ordinated with the whole. The grandeur of his conception of the world is marked by the broad lines of his design, and his minutiae, a thousand times more finely rendered than those of Meissonier, take their due place in the scheme of the picture; and from it there emanates a kind of truth utterly different from the machinelike exactitude of the modern accumulator of isolated details. But at a time when Brueghel, van Eyck, and Fouquet could be disposed of as "Primitives" no considerations as to the art of the picture-maker would trouble the admirers of external finish and naturalistic resemblance. Ask any dealer about the pictures by those idols of forty years ago, those "defenders of tradition," as Gérôme and Cabanel styled themselves, and you will hear a tale of disappointment—not that of the dealers themselves, for they had got rid of their share of the stuff long before—but the disappointment of people who had thought their possessions of value and then found them worthless. Counterfeit art, like counterfeit money, when once detected cannot be made to pass current again.

During the latter years of the nineteenth century the failure of the bad realists had become apparent to people who gave even a mild attention to the problem of art. The great mass of the contemporary public continues to look at the pictures made for it, and even to admire them in a vague way, without the dawning of a realization that these works are the lowest form of pictorial and sculptural effort ever produced by man. To say so is indeed to understate the case. They are not only the worst things ever produced, they are in a class of badness never before known. The commercial art of the Phœnicians was so close to the great schools it jumbled together that something of their quality remains in the poorest Cypriote work. The dregs of Greco-Roman art look bad enough when compared to the things of the golden periods, but the sorriest



type of ancient melodrama, the most grovelling pettiness of their late realists looms up as something colossal beside the ineptitudes of our time. Titian might caricature the figures of the Laocoön group as squirming monkeys, and so avenge the later world for its subjection to the decadence of classical art; but what knowledge, what power was still left in the ancient body when the fresh mind of the Christian era gave the genius of the world into other hands. The most barbaric stuff of the centuries which follow still has vigor to recommend it, and when we come down to the Renaissance and its decline, the sentimental piety-pictures of a Carlo Dolci or a Sassoferrato still retain something of the immense style attained in the period before them; and, besides, they were an authentic expression of Italy's weariness at the time. The effort, unparalleled in the modern epoch, which that country had made left no energy for the late-comers of the school. And, conversely, the best reason for condemning the bad art of our time lies in the fact that it misrepresents us, for we are not in a period of decadence. The modern period is one of research, of invention, of courage, and creativeness. Its character can be expressed only by works of the same qualities; and there is a wealth of them around us.

But courage, inventiveness, and the rest are qualities which the artist develops unknown to himself, while his conscious effort is directed to the problems of vision and the laws of harmony. To-day, the more obvious forms of realism and sentimentality having been discredited, the aspect of bad art has changed. "The trouble with you is that you are still thinking of the old-time professors at the École des Beaux-Arts," said a student at that institution some years ago; "to-day it is well in the modern tradition." Which meant that Besnard and Henri Martin are held up to the students as the masters of our time. The answer to such a claim was given by Claude Monet: "When the

Impressionists appeared, the pictures at the Salon were in general of a brownish tone, now they are bright pink and blue and green; but whether they look like chocolate or like English bonbons, they are nothing but confectionery still." What the great painter said of the color is true of every other phase of the more recent works. A Zorn portrait has a certain dashing quality of brush-work that makes it seem a bit more "advanced" than the stodgy painting of Léon Bonnat, but the flippancy of its idea of life represents no progress over Bonnat and his Victorian respectability. Besnard's excursions into sunlight-painting tell only of the reduction to academic formulas of the knowledge that Monet, Pissarro, and their group wrested from nature in the joy of pioneer adventure. The poverty of Besnard's school-taught drawing remains as much a matter of copying the accidental as ever; and the votes that sent him to the Institute last year were the same that denied the incomparable perfection of Renoir and the majesty of Cézanne. Henri Martin, the "official revolutionist" of the French government, is even more flagrant in his counterfeiting, for he uses the broken brush-work of the Impressionists in addition to their color (or a simulacrum of it). The emasculate flabbiness of his saccharine art scarcely gains by the disguise—which, none the less, has won him honors withheld from the men too strong to be accepted by the crowd. Forain has more partisans than Henri Martin, but he belongs none the less among the men who, feeling the worthlessness of the school popular in the time before him, are impotent to create. More intelligent than the other men I have been mentioning, he knows which way the genius of the period lies, and helps himself to its products with an agile hand. Let those who maintain the contrary explain away the sentence that Degas passed on Forain: "*Il vole de mes propres ailes*" which, paraphrasing the English proverb equivalent to



the French one, might be rendered: "He stands on my own feet."

The common factor of Zorn, Henri Martin, and Forain is the attempt made in their youth to get away from bad schooling and to enter the current of the real art of their time. Sargent is the member of the group who came nearest to success. Indeed, when one looks at certain of his portraits, that of William M. Chase, for example, one is almost persuaded that he had saved himself. Yet go from a Sargent exhibition to the work of a man so unquestionably a trifle as Carolus-Duran, his teacher, and you see that our brilliant technician is far nearer to the bad painter than to Manet, for example, whose work was championed by Sargent in the enthusiasm of his youth. Was it the favor with which society flattered his mundane elegance that led him to turn away from the conscientious effort of Manet and his descendants? Was it a confused memory of his Florentine youth and the glorious frescoes he saw then which led him to those hollow theatricalities we have in Boston? Could less facility have saved him from the blatant commonplaces of the landscapes in which he took refuge when portrait painting became intolerable to him? Or is not the final *débâcle*, represented by the "Marching Soldiers" at Harvard, foretold by the first works of the man, their acceptance of the squalid literalism of his school, which no virtuosity in his later years ever veils completely?

To be exact, and at the same time to explain why people of culture could accept the bad art we have been discussing, one should state that there is a species of achievement in all those works. No Salon painter but Bouguereau could draw with quite his precision; Meissonier had no equal for his type of skill, and, in the later generation, no one surpassed the verve of Sargent. But what of their successors? To name any of the men who followed their style directly would be too doleful a business. The salons and academies are becoming

their own refutation with the public, even the general public. The National Academy in New York recently invited the participation of a large group of the artists who had for years abstained from showing their work at its exhibitions. All formalities of choice by jury were waived and a special room was reserved for the newcomers, many of whom had never submitted work at all, knowing it to be of a type which contradicted the whole tendency of the things previously shown at the galleries. The affair is mainly significant of the realization by the academies that they must make some change in their offering. Relatively few dealers try any longer to sell such wares. Even in England, where the Royal Academy seemed to be beyond attack, its puerility is becoming clear to a swiftly growing number of people, as exhibitions and reviews acquaint the public with the real art of the time. The visitor to the Tate Gallery, recalling its unrelieved dreariness of but twenty years ago, rubs his eyes in wonder at the magnificent modern work shown there now. In Paris each year sees more of an effort to redeem the unfortunate past of the Luxembourg. The idea of French decadence which obtained before the War might have been amply proved from that museum as it was for so many years, when the small Caillebotte Collection and the Rodins were almost the only things worth seeing. And yet the mass of commercial clap-trap that filled the rest of the galleries represented the modern art of France to millions of foreigners. Going to Paris for frivolity and sensation, they found them in certain theaters and cabarets at night and in the Luxembourg during the day. Lip-service had, of course, to be paid to the "old stuff" at the Louvre. But the easy virtue of the Luxembourg artists, their engaging smiles and their yielding of all that was in them without any of that study and thought demanded by the old masters made the modern gallery the favorite of the tourists. To-day the fine pictures,



moved to a room of honor, are increasing in number, and the worst of the old disgraces are disappearing from the walls. In Germany, with the intelligence which is so notable in the country's museum-directing, the proportion of bad work in the public galleries is probably the lowest of all. Even the "patriotic" impulse, that most insidious means of propaganda for bad art, is not allowed too free a rein. If a fault is to be noted, it is in respect to over-tolerance of new forms. The mistake is so rare as to suggest that in a short time it will correct itself.

### III

On our side of the Atlantic a measure of popular success still goes to the type of work represented by most of the pictures in the Hearn Collection at the Metropolitan Museum and those bought by the Friends of American Art for the Chicago Institute. But the recent additions to the latter museum are a clear indication that the period of acceptance for bad art in our museums will be shorter than it was in the past. The example set by Chicago will not go unheeded by the rest of the country. Dissatisfaction with the ignorance shown by our earlier museum-men (honest and public-spirited as they usually were) is to be noted in many of our communities. Five years ago the Detroit Museum made a start in the right direction by acquiring a Van Gogh and a Matisse, and by building up a better collection of ancient works. The Cleveland Museum's acquisition last year of a painting by Redon gave such pleasure to the city that the purchase of a second one soon resulted; and the intelligent guidance of public taste through which the institution has made an enviable name for itself was demonstrated this season by a loan exhibition of works which Clevelanders have bought in the last few years. The dictatorship over exhibitions previously exercised by the bad artists is gone. To-day there are in all countries

some exhibitions open to creative men. It is not possible for the case of Cézanne, hidden away for almost his whole lifetime by the stupidity of juries, to be repeated. And the knowledge that men of his caliber are in the world is what has aroused the world's impatience with the counterfeits.

The bad work of the modern school does not present a very grave problem. The false art of yesterday, asking no more than the ability to recognize the pleasing subjects it portrayed, addressed itself to a wide and ignorant public. But the painting and sculpture wherein a viewing of life gives rise to new harmonies of form and color (which may, perhaps, define the art of to-day and of yesterday, and of to-morrow) will at present appeal to few other people than those who have formed their judgment on the great works of the museums. And they will not be fooled as were the Innocents Abroad of the eighties and nineties when they brought home the typical collection of their time. Or, if the world again reaches the happy state it has known at times in the past, when judgment is instinctive, and people do not need a period of conscious study of the classics in order to form their taste (one saw such a condition in the Japan of yesterday, one sees it in the Mexico of to-day), then the acceptance of bad work will be rendered impossible.

Among the thousands of worthless efforts in the so-called modern style there is practically nothing to correspond to the work that brought prestige to the bad artists of the past. The drawing and color, and the conception of the world thereby expressed may be as execrable as one could imagine, but nothing about the work suggests that its purpose was the pleasing of the ignorant picture buyer. Usually it is the product of sincere men and women who lack the talent to carry out their ideals. That means failure, it is true, but not the ugly failure that comes from flattering bad taste. To be sure, one sees some work whose purpose is to profit by

our latter-day confusion of standards. But the presence of certain externals of modernity without the solid qualities of the recent masters is soon recognized for the sham it is. Even when aided by newspaper puffery its success has been of the meagerest. Without the school-taught ability to copy nature, without even the academic formula for design and color, the false art of the modernist camp-follower is about the poorest in the whole scale. It usually avoids cheap sentiment, but cheap æsthetics is just as futile. Its one chance for acceptance lies in the "snobbism" that swallows the rubbish of the "moderns" because it looks different from the bad art of the past.

The quite recent years are the ones which have brought forth by far the larger part of that increase in the number of artists which I mentioned at the beginning of this article. The thousands now crowding into painting and sculpture are, in general, akin to the amateurs of the past. But as the hard drive of our latter-day materialism has increased, their nostalgia for beauty causes them to devote their whole lives to arts in which they seek the satisfactions furnished to their ancestors by work in iron, pottery, and the other crafts now replaced by the machine.

New outlets for the impulse toward beauty are being provided by the machine itself; and as we come to understand it better we shall increase its means of satisfying the need which now finds expression in the limited field of painting and sculpture. It is an immensely healthy sign that the number of people interested in the fine arts is being multiplied. And that result is due, in no small part, to men and women whose own work will be forgotten. They are the symptom of a need in the modern world even when they have not the ability that produced the minor artists of the past.

And I have said enough to prevent confusion of the minor artist with Ananias—who is the spiritual forbear of the maker of counterfeit art. Ananias does not merely lie, he is the man who, when

the others are putting the whole of their substance into the common store, keeps back a part of his goods. The bad artist is one who knows the unique significance of the work on which he has entered and yet cannot give himself to it wholeheartedly. With Sapphira, his wife, he professes the faith that is to change the world, but he clings to the tokens of an opposed order of existence. In reading the marvelous story, one wonders how far Ananias knows what he is doing, to what extent he is confused by a heritage from ancestors who had worn away the ability to think straight. It is probable that not one of the bad artists has been fully aware of the quality of his work.

The comparison with Ananias seems to me a very exact one. For a work of art is always, at base, a religious expression. Whether its subject is specifically religious or not, it is man's chief way of telling of the meaning which the world has for him. Beauty of form and color are simply the attributes by which we judge the artist's success in conveying his idea. And that idea may not be tampered with for gain, even in face of the poverty which has beset so many artists. One feels that Ananias comes off rather easily by incurring only death as the penalty of his act. The false artist lives on in a blindness to standards, not knowing his own debasement nor the spreading of untruth for which he is responsible. It is likely that we have already seen the widest acceptance his work will ever have. The monstrous confusion of the nineteenth century is on the wane, and a new growth of understanding will reduce the demand for bad art until it reaches the vanishing point. The improvement is beginning at the top, as it should. For the museums and great collectors set the pace which is followed throughout the whole body of society. It is not the masses and their ideas which need give us concern. Their instinct is sound and will accept beautiful things, such as were produced by the popular arts of the past, if they once more have the opportunity to enjoy them.





# THE LIVING SAND

A STORY

BY LEOKADYA POPOWSKA

Awarded First Prize in the Harper Intercollegiate Contest for 1927, in which several hundred undergraduates from colleges and universities throughout the country competed. An announcement of the results of the Contest, with the names and colleges of the prize-winners, is made on page 131.—*The Editors.*

LAST night I heard our neighbor describing to father a hunting expedition from which he had just returned. "We had a great time," he said, "except for a deuce of an experience with some quicksand. Lost my dog there—Gyp, you know." We were all sorry when we heard of poor Gyp's fate.

Whenever anyone talks of quicksand a chill goes through me, for the word brings back the memory of a certain summer day long ago. That, and some thoughts arising at other times from I know not what source, brings to my mind the name Stefanie, and the picture of the magnificent woman whose name that was.

She always comes into the picture as she looked that summer, tall, charming, beautiful, and with a loving disposition. She was extremely pleasant to look at. Her skin was delicate in texture as a child's, her hair dark and heavy, her eyes dark and deeply set beneath long graceful eyebrows and a high, clear forehead.

Stefanie was my mother's best friend; they adored each other. I entered their close bond from birth, because she too loved me.

Young as she was, Stefanie had four small sons, the eldest some four years older than I. Both she and my mother had older sisters who were married, but not one of them had a daughter. For

this reason I was petted and spoiled, especially by Stefanie, who said that her three youngest boys owed their existence to me, as it was a hope for a daughter that brought them to her. What she meant I did not then know that summer when I was only seven; to-day the meaning of those days is clear enough.

The preceding winter my older brother had died, and the following spring another brother—the last one—went too, leaving my father and mother stunned and sick at heart, and me sadly lonesome.

Therefore, instead of the usual resort, mother chose the far wooded country away from all people and places she knew. Early in the summer father brought us to an estate of a distant cousin of his, to a hilly, wooded, glorious land with only a clearing where the buildings stood and the garden which surrounded them and the fields back of the house. He left us there and went back to the city. After that he came every two weeks or so and spent a few days with us.

Then, one day more than two months after our arrival, there came a letter from him which mother permitted me to see.

I read it with great difficulty as I had to spell out each word, but after considerable effort I made out that, "and now what do you think I have to tell you, my dear! Why, Stefanie says she must and will come to see you. Her heart is set on

it—no budging her. George is coming too—got him to do it though he stubbornly refused for a time. I insisted on his coming because I knew it would make Stefanie worried if he didn't. She looks bad anyway. It may cheer you up to have her there for a time. We'll make a jolly party—hunting and all—while you two gossip."

"Why doesn't George want to come, Mother?" I wanted to know.

"I'm not sure, dear. Perhaps he doesn't care for the country."

We went at once to tell our hosts that all those people were coming. They were hospitable folks: preparations for more guests was a pleasure to them. The little, old, red-faced, white-haired man started at once to prepare more provisions. He smiled and rubbed his hands. His buxom wife hustled about giving orders here and there. She was greatly excited. People visited there seldom as they lived miles from all civilization.

I whispered to my dog, Turk, the names of those who would come, when they were coming, what we should do when they finally arrived.

Mother and I went about happier now in our anticipations; the hours flew if we dreamed of the moments of their arrival, dragged if we counted them. However, we were not as lonely as we had been before.

At last they came. What a day that was! Noon was approaching when we noticed two specks on the horizon of the road which stretched at the back of the house; we saw them clearly when they were still more than a mile away. A great commotion began.

In the garden against the low, rambling, white house the very hollyhocks, bright red, and white, and deep vermilion, peeped out from under the dark broad leaves nodding their whole stalks in unison, "Yes, they're coming! Yes, they're coming!" Purple asters and chubby yellow calendulas whispered together as they rested comfortably in their large beds in front of the house.

Masses of red poppies drooped their heads, waving lightly in the soft breeze which caressed them. And here and there, from the thick grass where it was shady and cool, blue forget-me-nots looked out wanting to know what was going on. The tall ancient poplars, white birches, and sweeping weeping willows which protected the buildings tenderly now all tried to out-murmur one another, "I see them! I see them!" The farm folks rushed across the yard at the back of the house now for this, now for that, so that the chickens and ducks and turkeys ran around wildly chuckling, gurgling, quacking, "What's the matter! What's the matter!"

Mother and I and Turk went up on the hill which arose a few hundred feet at the side of the buildings and looked across the country to catch the first glimpse of the approaching carriages.

Straight and tall, mother stood there, shading her sparkling eyes with one hand and with the other waving a handkerchief. Her white soft dress floated in the breeze—now it flapped away, again it clung to her. I skipped about her jumping and waving excitedly, especially as now someone from the first carriage waved back. All this was too much for Turk; he shivered in ecstasy, barking, running madly after a bird or a chicken, or pulling at the bows on my slippers.

At last we ran down to meet them. So much embracing, laughter, shouting! The horses neighed, Turk barked sharply, the children screamed, "Oh, look, mama! Look at that!"

Stefanie with the three older boys and the young governess came in the first carriage; father, George, and the old nurse, Maryanna, with the baby came in the second one.

As soon as they all got down and the carriages were taken away the governess sat down on the nearest bench, looking miserable.

Father turned to mother. "Look, dear, Miss Henry is ill. See to her a little, will you?"

"Oh, yes, Eugenia," Stefanie's gay



manner left her. "My fault. Miss Henry has been ailing for more than two months now. Stomach trouble. I insisted on her coming with us, thinking this wonderful country air would do her good. She nearly died on the way. Feeling worse, Miss Henry?"

No, she wasn't feeling any worse. She'd be all right if she could lie down a little.

"Come with me, Miss Henry," said my mother. They went into the house. I could see mother was sorry for her. Stefanie stared after them with a troubled look on her face.

"You'll love this place," father said to Stefanie. "Dandy country!"

George kicked Turk who came up to make friends. "Keep away from me, you little rat. I don't care much for dogs," he said turning to father.

I put my arm around Turk's head. He was no little rat—he was not! Besides he reached to my waist line. Now he licked my chin, but father said, "Dear, don't let him do that."

Turk understood. He went at once to father, tail and ears down, and looked up into his face. Dear father petted him. Then we both skipped and jumped into the house to see why it was that the boys were shouting so and laughing.

Later when I was alone with Turk in my hiding place in a little clearing among some lilac bushes I played with the pretty yellow beads which Stefanie brought me and the new doll father gave me. But I kept thinking of George. Now I disliked him more than ever, and I told Turk this. "Don't you think, Turkey dear, that he looks like that picture of the devil we saw in father's book long ago? He's tall and thin just like that terrible man, isn't he? And he's got just exactly the same kind of a little goatee—hasn't he, Turk?" And Turk agreed with me entirely.

Later in the afternoon it again became quiet, more or less. Everyone began to get accustomed to the new surroundings. We had dinner, the baby went to sleep, the governess was feeling better, so that

she came out and walked in the garden.

Mother and Stefanie were sitting in one corner of the garden on a low wooden bench under a willow tree. About them were masses of poppies and deep-blue cornflowers. They were saying little, only a sentence now and then. The sun was slowly sailing off behind the trees of the forest for the night and, as it left, it sent a gold-and-yellow-and-red good-night. The breeze flew away somewhere, too. A hush settled on everything.

The men were back of the house, smoking, talking, looking at the horses, the guns, and fields. The three boys and I went on top of the hill. But the forester followed us. He was heavily built and had a great red mustache. Turk and I thought he was wonderful; he told me such interesting stories, and gave Turk nuts, which he always carried in his pockets, and which Turk liked as much as bones. We sat there on the hill, listening to the forester, who gave us strict orders never to dare even approach the woods which stretched before us a mile or so away and which faced the front of the house. There were places, he told us, in those woods which looked like clearings, but which in reality were death traps—living ground which pulled you in until you disappeared entirely.

He frightened us with gruesome stories until we assured him eagerly that we would never go near that forest. And we kept our promise. We gazed at the woods before us with fascination and dread.

That moonlit evening in the garden the forester told more stories of accidents. His dog had found death there; a cow had wandered there and was never seen any more. More terrible than all this, one of the farm hands who disregarded all warnings went there, and disappeared.

I could not fall asleep that night until father came to hold my hand—these stories frightened me so.

The house was of a rectangular shape. The front door opened into a large comfortable room which had two extremely large windows and a huge fireplace on

the side opposite the front entrance. On the left were doors leading to the kitchen and dining room, also to one bedroom which was now occupied by the nurse and the governess. On the right side were doors leading to three rooms, one of which was given to George and Stefanie, another to mother and father, and in the third slept the three boys. Our host with his wife made themselves comfortable in a small attic room, and the baby and I had to sleep in the living room. A cot was made up every night for me, and chairs were put against it so that I should not fall off. The baby, who was then about two years old, I think, slept in a small crib. No one could enter his room without passing through the living room. After the children went to bed the older folks tiptoed and whispered their good-nights so as not to awake them.

A week went by, days filled with sunshine. We played games, held races, marveled at the poultry, the animals.

Mother and Stefanie took long walks; sometimes I went along. She taught me pretty little songs. Mother would say, "Stefanie, sing the one I like so much." Stefanie then sang that one.

Or I would say, "Please, please sing the one about the raindrops." Then she sang that—softly, sweetly.

In the evening came the tender moments in the garden when everyone was there, and even the children were quiet. The men smoked as the host told stories of these forests or of the war he had been in years before. Then the children were put to bed while the older people went on smoking, talking, and enjoying the clear, fragrant air.

Only once we had a fight—the boys and I and Turk taking part until the mothers and fathers had to settle it. We were playing Indians out in the fields one afternoon and we tied one of the older boys to a tree. Our attention being attracted by some unusual excitement in the yard, we ran to see what was going on. The men returned from

hunting. We forgot all about our Indian game. Supper came, the boy was missed, a servant was sent after him while we children laughed, thinking it such a joke that we forgot him. He came back in a fury, shaking with anger. Then the fight!

We were put to bed early that night, directly after supper. The baby whimpered, so Maryanna had to sit near him. Soon soft thuds, muffled sounds came from the boys' room. These grew in intensity until there was no mistaking the fact that another private war was going on. George appeared in a few moments with a heavy strap in his hand. After he entered their room there was a moment of stillness, then the slapping of the strap resounded and painful cries of one boy, then the other. Stefanie rushed in frightened. I hid my head under a pillow, but still the sound of George's voice reached me, "Get out of here. If you can't bring up these brats right, then don't interfere when I'm trying to make something of them. Get away from me, do you hear!"

She ran out. Again there came the sound of the strap and their cries. I was crying, too; the baby was screaming at the top of his voice. But father came in now, and the noise in the boys' room stopped almost immediately.

"I'll teach those damn kids to be quiet," George said as he came out with father.

"But, George, that isn't the way to punish children, if you permit me to say so," father answered quietly as they left the house.

That night they did not sit in the garden as usual. There was no sound of music from the farm boy's violin, no soft voices of the women, and no men's laughter. Stefanie went to her room at once, mother and father soon after her. In another hour everyone had gone to bed.

The baby was asleep now, his regular deep breathing could be heard in the room. The moon, shining behind a tree, sent rays of light through the win-



dow and the glass in the door, making deep shadows of the leaves that played on the floor and walls. I tossed about, and could not sleep because I was excited and frightened. The moving leaves soon began to take on human shapes. My heart beat hard and fast.

Then the sound of George's voice came to me—angry, harsh. In a few minutes Stefanie came out and sat near the baby's crib, or walked up and down the room. I could see that she was putting a handkerchief to her eyes often. I held my breath. "Oh, she must be hurt—she mustn't cry—she mustn't cry!" something said within me. Tears came to my eyes. I sat up and cried, "Stefanie!"

She stepped quickly to my bed and, sitting on it, she took me on her knees and hugged and caressed me. I could feel warm tears drop on my bare arm. I embraced her tightly. "I love you, Stefanie, I love you so very, very much."

We sat this way for quite a while when suddenly the door burst open, a flood of light spread over the room, and George's hard quick voice commanded, "Come here!"

Stefanie tucked me into bed again, and went to him at once. As their door closed their voices could be heard again for a time.

The house became still again. The rustling of the leaves came in through the open window, crickets chirped merrily, a cock crowed twice. A board creaked somewhere above me. My eyes opened wide, breathing became painful, I watched the shadows of the room intently, then suddenly I called, "Mother, mother!" Both father and mother came to me. Others who came out of their rooms to see what the matter was were told that I was afraid of the dark.

Turk was called and given permission to sleep near my cot. Now I should not be afraid any more. Mother and father went to their room again. Some time later they came out to see if I was still afraid. Mother bent over me, and heard my regular breathing. "She is already asleep," she said.

"Dear little kid. Had too much excitement in one day," father whispered. Mother sat down near my bed, and father stood near her. He added, "I think George frightened her. I'm sorry he came after all."

"Poor Stefanie," mother sighed.

"The dirty blackguard. He should be drowned like a rat."

"Stefanie suspects, I think," said mother. "What will she do? Why is she keeping her? There certainly is no mistaking that that woman is with child. I could see that after I had a good look at her. You can always tell by a woman's eyes and the lines of her face."

"I think Stefanie is afraid of him."

"It isn't that so much, dear. But she worships the very air he breathes. His neglect of her is torture to her. She couldn't bear the thought of punishing him—the foolish woman—or of living without him. She told me as much."

Father said, "Sh . . . dear."

"Yes, we mustn't awake her." She bent down and touched my hair lightly with her lips.

"Thank God, you're not like George. God made me suffer by taking my babies from me, but he blesses me in other ways. Poor Stefanie, poor dear."

They stood for a moment in silence, then went away.

The next morning we could not go out after breakfast because there was a shower. So we sat in the living room. The baby tried to dance and made the children laugh. Stefanie was more pale than usual; she was looking out of the window. George was reading, mother was sewing, and father had the next to the youngest boy on his knees, teaching him how to tell time. Maryanna kept her eyes on the baby, the governess was looking at a picture album.

The baby, tired of playing, climbed into Maryanna's lap. She held him closely. My glance fell on her and I watched her face intently. It happened to be quiet in the room when I said, "Maryanna, are you the woman who is with child?"

Not a word was said. Everyone was looking at me, and I could not understand why, so I looked from one person to another uneasily because all the faces changed. Stefanie turned sharply to look at mother with widely opened eyes. She became very, very pale. Mother kept on sewing, or pretended she was; but I could see that her hands made unnecessary helpless movements and a deep flush covered her cheeks. Father was looking into the fireplace, so I could not see his face, while George continued to stare at the book after a flashing glance at me and the others in the room.

Miss Henry also kept on looking at the pictures before her, but her hands trembled so violently that she rested them heavily on the book which was lying on her lap. She breathed quickly and I could see her breast rise and fall as if she had just been running hard.

I didn't know what to do with myself, when Maryanna looked around at all, then kindly said to me, "Yes, my dear. I am always with this child, and he is such a darling little angel."

Mother sent her a grateful glance.

After a time everyone regained composure more or less, but the silence remained until father said, "Here, little girl, let's see how much you remember about clock faces. Are you going to let this young man get ahead of you?"

"No, I won't, father, he's just a baby."

"Who's a baby! You're a baby yourself. My brudder's a baby, an' you're a baby, an' a girl besides. I can tell time better'n you. It's ten o'clock an' a half."

"Now, young man, wait a minute," said father. "This is just a little girl. You mustn't get so angry at her."

And he went on to amuse us with his watch while Stefanie slowly walked into her room, from which she came out a few minutes later in a raincoat. She passed mother, touched her hand with the tips of her fingers, "I have a little headache, Eugenie. A good brisk walk will do me good. I'll be back before long."

"Oh, Stefanie, take me with you," I said. "Mother, may I go, too?"

"No, dear, not this time. Don't be long, Stefanie, will you? Perhaps you'd like to have me go with you?"

"No, Gene, I'll return shortly. Thanks a lot."

She returned two hours later when it had already stopped raining. The sun broke through the clouds clear and sparkling.

She looked ill, but smilingly assured us all that the headache had disappeared entirely.

While Stefanie was absent the rest of us wandered about the house depressed by the rain and humors of the older people.

Father went to help our host repair something in one of the buildings back of the house. Mother went in to help with dinner. Maryanna carried the dozing baby with her into her room, while the boys were allowed to take their shoes off and splash in the puddles of water in the garden. I was stringing the beads, Stefanie's gift, which I broke that morning in front of the fireplace. For a few minutes just George, Miss Henry, and I were in the room. He began to pace the floor, now nearing me, now Miss Henry, again looking out of the front door at his boys, or out of one of the back windows into the yard. He was restless. He stopped for a moment near Miss Henry, "We'd better think of something mighty soon," I heard him say.

"What am I to do? Tell me, what shall I do?" she moaned out.

"For God's sake, don't blubber," George brought out impatiently as she sniffled.

"She suspects me—they all do now—what shall I do?"

"Well, first of all you ought to—" he didn't finish, for looking at me sharply he added, "I'll see you this afternoon, alone, and give you a definite plan." He walked up and down the room again.

I calmly strung my beads—really calmly, for his talk was only so many words to me. They entered my mind to grow into full meaning only years later.

When Stefanie returned we had din-



ner, then amused ourselves in our many ways. Stefanie went up to her boys and tried to play with them and amuse them, but they were little interested, and soon paid no attention to her, and left her to run off by themselves to the other side of the room where they talked and laughed and quarreled.

Then Stefanie came up to me. "Come, we will find mother, and see what her plans are for this glorious afternoon." Mother was in her room, crying a little. Stefanie ran to her and embraced her tenderly. "What is it, Gene, what is it?" But she, too, began to cry. They said nothing for a time.

"Stefanie," mother spoke quietly, "is there anything—can you think of anything that you would like me to do or say?"

"No, dear Gene, please don't worry about me. You guess it all now, I know, and that's a great help. I've made up my mind about something—and it will be all right. I'm sure—there is a way out of everything. So don't worry, you dear heart. What a comfort it is to have a friend like you." She kissed mother's cheeks and eyes, and even her hand. She held her closely as a mother would hold a daughter. They became quiet and entirely composed.

"What will you do this afternoon, Gene?"

"I promised to help our hostess with a dress she is making."

"All right, and what would you like to do, dear?" Stefanie asked me.

"Why, I'd like to take a walk with you."

"But, darling, Stefanie had a long walk this morning—you mustn't—"

"Oh, yes, Gene, another walk is just what I want. But I'll dress for it—and you shall tell me what to wear," she said taking my hand.

I deliberated only a short time; there was positively nothing as exquisite as the white dress and the large blue hat. While Stefanie was brushing her hair and changing her dress I strutted across the room with the hat on my head, looking

like a little mushroom, Stefanie said. She was almost ready now, only a sapphire pin to hold her collar together and a white umbrella and a lacy handkerchief.

I looked at her lost in admiration. "Stefanie, you look so very, very beautiful—more beautiful than anyone in the whole, whole world!"

She crushed me to her, her eyes covered with tears. "My dear, my dear," was all she said. Then she took off the pin, pinned it on me and said, "Keep it always from me, little girl—and always be very happy—and like your mother."

She wiped her eyes.

We took my hat and doll and stepped out into the garden.

The earth was in song; even the grass stood up sprightly, offering the remaining raindrops to the sparkling sun. Birds sang everywhere. Turk barked at the boys who were all still playing barefooted in the garden. We stopped, and Stefanie kissed them all.

"Where you goin', mama? Can't we go with you? I wanna go too," they shouted. But Stefanie only smiled, shook her head. She was holding the hand of one of her boys when he snatched it away shouting, "Oh, gee, you're hurting me," and ran off to play again. Stefanie stood for some moments looking at them sadly then, taking my hand, she led me on top of our hill.

There Stefanie stopped, gazed long at the house, then at the path which led to the forbidden forest.

"Look here, dear. Sit here on this stone and wait for me. I'll just take a walk up to that forest and back."

"Oh, but Stefanie, you mustn't go there."

"I'm grown up, you know." She smiled at me. "Please be a good little girl and sit patiently here until I return. I'll be very careful, sweet, don't worry. Play with your doll and, if you should get tired waiting, run back to the house and play with the boys. I'll find you there."

"But, Stefanie, won't you take me with you?" I begged.

"Not this time, dear. I want to see

what the house and country look like from that point. Besides, you promised not to go on that path, you know. So you must not. Good-by, dear." She kissed me and walked slowly away, glancing back twice at the house and at me.

I watched her until she disappeared among the trees. There was an ant hill near me which took my attention for a long time. Then my doll was misbehaving, so she had to be punished and severely scolded. Turk found me, so we raced to a tree then back again to the stone. I sat down tired now, and remembered Stefanie. There was no sign of her on the path as I stood up and looked in the direction she went.

The boys noticed me then and came running up. "What are you doin' here? Where's mama?"

I told them she had gone for a walk down that path.

"What did she go there for?" asked the oldest boy. My answer satisfied him, and we played together for a time. The sun had disappeared by now and twilight had come.

We heard the supper bell ringing. The boys rushed down the hill toward the house. I refused to accompany them because I said I would wait until Stefanie returned.

I could hear the distant crowing of

cocks—nothing else, for everyone went indoors, and the earth was resting at the end of day.

In a few minutes though I noticed that everyone had come out and was running towards me.

Then came questions, frightened glances were exchanged. Excitement grew with each moment. I was taken into the house, and while the children were given their supper the older people ran about the place pale and shaking.

Then the men went out to look for Stefanie—they thought something terrible must have happened to her since she did not return. The women asked me over and over again the same questions: just what did she do, just what did she say to you, just how did she walk away? I began to cry because I saw that mother was crying and somehow because I felt frightened.

Mother put me to bed; she bent over my cot and asked me to try to fall asleep.

I awoke the next morning before sunrise. Everyone was up. The men had returned, but had found nothing. They now ran forward to meet the forester just entering the room.

His head was bent, he looked at the floor as he handed George Stefanie's blue hat.

My mother fainted.





## BLACK SCIENCE

BY GEOFFREY PARSONS

IT IS asking a good deal of an encyclopedia to include a statement of what is not known. A circle of the arts and sciences can scarcely be expected to advertise its gaps. But is there any reason why our schools and colleges should ignore this important branch of wisdom? Why does a textbook never begin with a statement of its fundamental limitations? So far as most of these volumes go human knowledge is boundless. Yet mathematics, for example, is compatible with a sense of humor, and the flyleaf of a high-school algebra or a college trigonometry might well display the engaging epigram coined by Bertrand Russell: "Thus mathematics may be defined as the subject in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true."

It might do some harm, for the surface meaning of the words is misleading, but it would do far more good than the sense of omniscience which most of us drink in with our mathematics.

Then there is gravitation. No doubt everyone knows what it is, if he stops to reflect; but how many people realize that next to nothing is known about this mysterious force which holds our particular corner of the universe together? It has been painstakingly observed, and hypotheses brilliantly formulated for its measurement. That is all. Yet the textbooks, like the encyclopedias, are content with stating these hypotheses, which they call, following a convenient but misleading usage of science, laws. They maintain a discreet silence as to the manner in which the force is trans-

mitted or any other essential fact as to its nature or operation.

The great scientist is not misled. He is usually the humblest of men, acutely conscious of the little he knows. It is the lesser mind that is misled and in turn misleads and, particularly, that most dangerous of modern preachers, the popularizer of science, who builds his eloquence about the scantiest frame of first-hand knowledge. Newton likened himself to a child picking up pebbles on a beach. Thanks to our education and the dogmas of the priests of science, the meanest of us can chuckle when an apple falls and feel that he knows all about it. Yet nobody knows anything whatever about it except how to measure it—that it varies directly as the product of the masses and inversely as the square of their distances apart—or did until Einstein jolted even this particular apple cart. How gravity operates no physicist has the slightest notion. If James Stephens contends that fairies drop the apple, or Walter de la Mare that it is possessed by an evil spirit, no scientist can gainsay either.

It is a poor mystery that will not work both ways, and when you have shocked your pseudo-scientist by your sacrilegious doubts of his omniscience touching gravitation you can invite him to have a cup of coffee and ask him what makes the coffee run uphill when you dip a lump of sugar in it. He will talk of capillary attraction and can refer you to your *Encyclopedia Britannica* where there are twenty pages from the great pen of James Clerk Maxwell, a "classical article" brought up to date, accord-

ing to a footnote. Here is a history of the subject, starting, as do so many scientific topics, with Leonardo da Vinci, and a wealth of incredibly intricate formulæ for measuring the operation of the process. Nowhere in the twenty pages, however, is an explanation of this interesting force attempted. Why does the coffee run uphill? Nobody knows. It is another scientific mystery, and it does seem that the *Encyclopedia Britannica* might say so. Incidentally, it is not at all typical of Maxwell to be thus silent, for he was a lifelong chastiser of the scientists who pretended to explain everything.

If anyone could find the time amid the rush of books telling what is known, he might draft a new kind of textbook, a single slender volume recording what is not known, a Grammar of Ignorance. This modest work might open with a new sort of declaration which would be not a Credo but an Ignoramus. It could begin thus:

"From science and by reason we as yet know neither whence the universe came nor where it is going; what I am that read this, nor what it is that I read, nor whether there is an I; nor what is energy or space or matter; nor the explanation of any force or thing, whether heat or light or electricity, or thought or imagination or love."

The chapters of the book might analyze the sciences in turn, ending in a crude estimate of charted as against uncharted areas, according to the progress achieved in each. Mathematics would head the list with a high mark. The natural sciences would follow at varying distances. What figure would the newer ones receive? Say seven per cent for psychology and five per cent for economics—or perhaps vice versa, now that the Behaviorists have decided to erase all the labors of earlier psychologists. What possible credit could be given to that delightful guessing match, anthropology, wherein great thinkers stand upon little mounds of fact and advance rival speculations only to have the little

mounds kicked aside by later anthropologists and new observations demanded from the ground up? A tenth of one per cent? As for such a field as history, an inextricable fusion of scientific investigation and literary art, these would have a considerable percentage for facts, scarcely a trace of credit for theories or any generalization as to cause and effect.

A harder task would be to estimate the total of all knowledge as against the unknown. The figures as to the several sciences would accept the present basis of the sciences, that they describe given fields of fact, observing, measuring, analyzing, formulating hypotheses of operation, without attempting as yet to deal with first causes or last ends. A figure representing all knowledge must necessarily pay heed to these vast frozen poles of thought. For centuries philosophers have sailed north and south in pursuit of them to no purpose. Perhaps an ancient map—the known world at the time of Homer—would furnish a parallel and suggest the truth of our present ignorance.

Nor, in a calm view of the newer sciences relating to man, is there the remotest hope that they can reach solid conclusions or yield much sound advice for years to come. As far as the eye can see ahead, man must pick his wife, run his business, vote for or against a party or a policy, and fix his morals and his attitude towards the universe by the old crude methods of judgment, trial, and error, and aided by ancient customs, instincts, and institutions. Yet such are the effects of education by omniscience and the dazzling brilliance of modern science that a whole hierarchy of priests of reason has arisen to decry instinct and custom and insist that science and reason are sufficient lamps for our feet. An outstanding expression of this point of view is to be found in *Mind in the Making* by James Harvey Robinson. He is speaking of the Book with Seven Seals described in Revelations which "no man in heaven, nor in earth,



neither under the earth was able to open." A formidable mystery. Yet the writer can exclaim gaily, "The seals are all off now." To be sure, having wrestled long and ably with the mysteries of history and knowing their vast extent, Professor Robinson can view the scene in a true perspective. He proceeds to say, with accuracy, "An encouraging beginning has been made in the case of the natural sciences and a similar success may await the studies which have to do with man." From such cautious argument the preaching in behalf of reason runs all the way down to the boisterous enthusiasms of Mr. H. G. Wells who "believes that man has come to such a phase of knowledge and power that he is already able and may very soon be willing to put a bit between the teeth of the monster of wild change that is now trampling this world." The remedy that Mr. Wells has in mind is his old cure-all, education, universal education, whereby man will be enabled to substitute a charted course for the present dead reckoning. The needle of Mr. Wells's educated mind swings so swiftly between remedies that faith in his navigating skill is not as widespread as enjoyment of his eloquence. But the total effect of his passionate arguments for this reform or that and for education anyhow, cannot fail to encourage a preposterous optimism in the reader and persuade him to jettison instincts, customs, and institutions in favor of the new wisdom, begun or maybe to begin. Suppose Mr. Wells had said, "The use of coal for warmth or power is a wasteful and stupid process. Science is making such a rapid progress that within a hundred years or so we may be able to extract power directly from the sun. Let us, therefore, at once cease this archaic use of coal and rely upon the new wisdom." He would be laughed off the platform the first chilly evening. Yet the proposal is not one whit more absurd than the suggestion that reason can now solve social and individual problems. Power from the

sun is probably no farther off than a scientific psychology or a scientific ethics.

To anyone who has wrestled at first hand with practical problems in any of these fields, this optimism will seem pathetic. Whether the question be the prevention of war, racial minglings, or a protective tariff, the contribution of the experts is exhausted long before a conclusion can be reached. The body of facts increases a little every year in economics, in anthropology, in psychology. These contributions are precious and to be welcomed. They are still hopelessly inadequate to determine any large decisions. When all the relevant facts have been digested and certain possible paths thereby eliminated, the main problem remains—a ditch to be jumped. It must be jumped exactly as such ditches have always been jumped, by a swift single act of judgment, a mental leap, calling for experience, resolution, and above all, confidence. This is equally true whether the decision is a hasty first thought or what we so hopefully call a sober second thought. No one understands the workings of such empirical judgments, based on experience. Different people make them in different ways. Sometimes they come during sleep or, at least, appear to do so. From their nature they cannot always be right. Scientific accuracy and certainty are impossible. A good batting average is all that anyone can hope for. But this average is the most important factor in a man's life. More than any other item it spells happiness or unhappiness, achievement or failure, development or a stunted growth. These decisions are taken many times a day by everyone. They have to be. The able, well-balanced folk take them in their stride and usually land safely. At the worst they pick themselves up quickly and go forward boldly. The irresolute, the hesitant, the over-studious come to grief.

This is not to be contemptuous of experts in general or of the aid that the



scientific method is bringing to practical problems. Quite the contrary; those who believe in experts should seek to free them from the false position in which they have been placed. The popular scorn of the professor and the journal of reform in practical affairs has been caused by just such exaggeration as that preached by Mr. H. G. Wells. The expert has too often been brought in as a superior sort of magician who could whisk a complete scientific solution out of his hat. His contribution in the sciences touching man must be, as has been suggested, far more modest. Take, for a small illustration, the interesting effort of the present to apply mathematics to business cycles. Buying raw materials at the right moment is one of the main bases of business success. Every able business man has long done it with uncanny accuracy, and the best of these executives are now welcoming this new aid. It does not, however, relieve them of the necessity of exercising judgment. It is simply one more set of facts on the basis of which an experienced mind leaps to a decision. As in every other practical concern of life, the utmost that science can do is to narrow the ditch slightly.

## II

It is in contact with religion that the exaggerations of science have created the greatest confusion. Present generations have passed so completely out of the first extreme reaction from religion that it is hard to realize how far the nineteenth century went in its enthusiasm over the great discoveries of science. Here was a complete substitute for religion, it was argued. An explanation of the whole universe would so soon be available that anyone was a fool to look elsewhere. This was natural. So, too, was the gradual return of a sounder point of view as the true scope of science became clearer. To-day the common view of scientists is that religion and science are in no proper sense rivals.

They explore the universe by different methods. Towards the essentials of religious faith science is completely agnostic. With the main subject of religious examination, first causes and last ends, science has not begun to concern itself. Such conflicts as exist are clear cases in which either religion has invaded a field explored by science or science has wandered into the field of religion. All our religious faiths originated long before the development of modern science and they naturally extended over certain territory now covered by scientific research. The notable example of this in the Christian religion is the cosmogony of Genesis. This detailed description of how God created the earth is not followed in any of the great creeds of the Christian church. It is adhered to literally only by certain Fundamentalists of the Protestant faith. The process of adjusting this part of the boundary line is well advanced.

The invasions of religion by the self-appointed priests of science are far more numerous and more pernicious because seldom recognized. The extravagances of the nineteenth century die hard in certain rigid minds, dazzled by a superficial acquaintance with the sciences. That a faith in God is entirely compatible with a scientific attitude is conceded, but with reluctance; and they would transform the Creator from a religious to a philosophical conception by insisting that He be called the Absolute. As for the historical details of religious faith they are superior and scornful. The miracles are a joke. When there is resistance to evolution, as applied to the origin of the solar system, they talk of the Dark Ages and call upon the Constitution.

This attitude towards the miracles seems a clear example of the workings of false science. A fair statement of a true scientist's position might be put thus, "I cannot disprove any of the miracles, for none of them was of such a character as to leave an enduring record behind it.



If the sun was stopped for Joshua it resumed its march, and no measurements to-day could prove or disprove the alleged miracle. Water may have been turned into wine, the dead may have been brought to life. It is impossible for science to assert a negative as to any such miracles. The most that science can declare is that no such miracle has ever been observed scientifically and that, on the contrary, years of measurement and observation have uniformly supported the basic theory of science that ours is a universe of law. I do not personally believe in any of the miracles. They seem to me incongruous exceptions in the universe as I conceive it. But this conviction on my part is not a scientific conclusion. It is a purely philosophic or religious belief, part of my general picture of the universe."

Probably the faith of most philosophically minded persons would agree with this scientist on this point. But what impartial critic would set it up as the one reasonable view, as being compelled by science? It is not clear even that it is, logically speaking, the more probable view. If we agree that there may well be a God who created this universe of law, it is surely not difficult to grant him power to set aside his laws at will. The issue seems a clear example of the type cited before from practical life in which reason can aid by eliminating certain possibilities and furnishing a certain basis of fact; but after the logical processes have done their utmost, a ditch remains to be crossed over which logic cannot erect a bridge. Religious beliefs clearly belong with the instinctive, empirical judgments there described. Reason plays its part. So does observation. But the final decision must be a single leap, summing up as much of the total experience of the race as the individual can focus upon the crisis with the aid of instinct and emotion.

The counsel of the priests of science before such a problem is agnosticism—to sit down before the ditch and wait until science catches up, if ever. The

advice of Mr. Wells comes to the same result; since education is available, let us at once start living by its texts, deciphering them as we go. The answer to both is the same—that life does not wait. We must go right on being born, loving, voting, dying. Which nymph shall we marry? What school is best for our boy? Should we vote to let blacks and whites fuse into one race? Must we keep our factories supreme against the next last war? And so on. The problems come headlong at us. Science, bending over her slow toil, looks up for a moment and shakes her head when we ask her to decide for us. "Come back in a thousand years or so!" she answers. Here is the absurdity of Mr. Wells' remark about a race between "education and catastrophe." What shall we teach? Science does not yet begin to know. If civilization is really dependent on such a race, it has already lost it by hundreds of years.

This is to lay great stress upon emotion. But is it not—despite the neglect of the psychologists—incomparably the most important stuff of consciousness? Machines can be made to reason—the adding machine is more accurate than any mind. Emotion is the unique possession of animals and humans. Rational thinking is not as difficult as is often assumed. Mistakes in logic are relatively rare. Give a group of men adequate premises and they will have little difficulty in reaching the right conclusions. The common difficulties of thought are in choosing the right facts from an inadequate supply as illustrated above. The most difficult part of thinking is not reasoning at all, but the imaginative discovery of new relationships, new generalizations, creative thinking, in short. In such thinking there will be general agreement that emotion plays an active and impelling part. Emotion is indeed well named. It is the motive power of life. Without it we should be as adding machines.

It is appalling to read the substitutes



for religious faith that the priests of science formulate in their supposedly scientific creeds. There is outlined simply an intellectual attitude, a group of abstract concepts without power to move or inspire. What is more amazing in these writers is their total failure to realize that the primary stuff of religion is emotion. Without awe, reverence, worship, humility, the spirit of sacrifice, joy in life, courage, love, there is no religion. To feel the right emotions is fully as important as to hold the right ideas, and the great service of religion is the development of the right emotions, the most helpful and the most productive.

This is not to belittle the importance of ideas. It is consistent with such a view to defend the schoolmen of the Middle Ages who spent their lives in debating and defining religious concepts. Before them the decision of the Council of Nicæa was of capital importance in determining the faith of the western world; for the clear acceptance of the divinity of Christ involved setting off God from Man beyond any possibility of confusion and held pantheism east of the Mediterranean. But the strength of Christianity—as of every successful religion—lies in the fact that it has usually expressed these concepts in symbols. Perhaps when emotion has been studied as long and as carefully as the other elements of consciousness, we shall comprehend better the human need of flags and crosses and personifications. The intimate connection between symbols and emotions is a fact, at any rate, as the technic of poets and priests recognizes.

### III

Here is an unexplored field of the mind, as yet most imperfectly understood. There is a Victorian anecdote which credits a great Englishman with stating that his religion was "the religion of all sensible men," and when asked what that was, replying, "Sensible men never say." Here may be more

truth than cynicism. The moment one analyzes one's faith in detail and attempts to formulate it in accurate definitions the very essence of it escapes. If a hypothesis or a law is the formulated achievement of science it is perhaps fair to say that a symbol is the last word of religion. Creeds are useful, rather, as coloring the emotional tone of a symbol than as intellectual definitions. They are in no sense comparable to the generalizations of science or interchangeable therewith.

We need to perceive and admit frankly the importance of the emotions of religion and the little that is understood as to their sources. Exactly as in the case of other instinctive reactions and empirical judgments, it is extremely difficult to isolate the part played by reason. The conceptions of science must be brought to bear upon religious faith, but the process of change ought clearly to be as gradual as practicable so as not needlessly to disturb the emotions of faith. The hue and cry of the professional liberals over the resistance of the fundamentalists to evolution seems, from this point of view, a short-sighted blunder, based on a grotesquely partial view of human values. If scientists were not completely free in this country to think and publish as they willed, a destructive warfare in behalf of free speech could be justified. But their freedom of research is unquestioned. The most that can be said against these mistaken Fundamentalists is that a few conservative communities prefer to go slowly in teaching children the new theories of creation. For anyone who sees human nature in the round, the famous "monkey law" of Tennessee seems a cause for patience rather than excitement. A sense of humor might even suggest that, considering the absurd exaggerations of the priests of science, no one should be astonished to find priests of religion leaning over backward to be sure before they accept scientific discoveries.

It is worth remarking that the word



evolution is used by the enthusiasts of science in an exceedingly careless fashion. As applied to living things evolution has a clear and definite meaning, involving a development from simplicity to complexity. As applied to the earlier history of the earth, it means no such development, but simply the orderly changes that have taken place by which our solar system has become what it is. Whether the result is evolution or dissolution is far from clear. The breakdown of the atoms suggests that the chemical history of the world represents decline and dissolution. The use of the word evolution for this earlier period is poetic rather than scientific and holds considerable danger of misleading the popular mind.

If only thinkers as able as St. Augustine or Thomas Aquinas were available for this difficult task of expounding the truths of science for general understanding! The humanizing of knowledge is resulting in gross misconceptions. It is possible to wonder whether the present era of popularization may not yield more darkness than light. A recent volume *Starlight* by Harlow Shapley offers a flagrant example. After an excellent labor of exposition, this astronomer cannot refrain from philosophizing thus:

"Evolution is not limited chiefly to the relation of man to his anthropoid forbears. That phase is one of the minor steps in the development that pervades the whole universe. In truth we cannot restrain the feeling that the whole of organic development . . . is trivial and transient from the standpoint of the development of the material cosmos. . . . Man's station in this scheme is not too flattering—an animal among many, precariously situated on the crust of a planetary fragment that obeys the gravitational impulses of one of the millions of dwarf stars that wander in remote parts of a galactic system."

Let us see how much scientific basis there is for this religious dogma. First of all, Mr. Shapley falls into the error already noted of assimilating organic

evolution to the earlier history of the universe. It is, on the contrary, a unique episode in the history of the universe—so far as science knows. There is no solid evidence that life exists anywhere else in the universe than on the earth. Accepting the prevailing theory of the biologists that life developed at only one period of the earth's history and that all life since is descended from these first living things, and considering the unique and complex combination of causes which apparently developed the first living cell, we once more face the possibility that man is exactly as the Middle Ages believed—the center of the universe. Transient and precarious his life may be, but scarcely a minor step or trivial, in this view, and surely not unflattering.

Let us add for good measure the possibility that, if life is to be found nowhere else in the universe, human thought may well be unique. Mr. Shapley forgets thought. We should be curious to know just how he would weigh the importance of the astronomical ideas included in his volume against, say, Antares. And suppose the sonnets of Shakespeare were in one side of a balance, would the Milky Way tip the other side, or not? This scientist when he turns priest forgets the very things that make it possible for him to be a scientist—consciousness, mind, thought—which science accepts as axiomatic and has not begun to explain, let alone, measure. What grotesquely unscientific nonsense thus to measure incommensurables and belittle something which science does not even try to understand! Between a scientist adrift in religion and a Methodist bishop floundering in geology there seems little to choose.

The fact that a trained scientist can thus lose his way when he steps out of his own study, is one of the chief sources of perplexity for moderns. A new and clearer orientation is urgently needed. The ideal mind would be open for speculation about everything. No doors would be locked against it. Yet in thus

reasoning and imagining it would never mistake surmise for fact, it would never exaggerate the known. It would see reason for what it is, an ingenious and useful device, a small part of man. As a matter of course, traditions, customs, instincts, emotions would be untouched by new and unproved hypotheses, those first experimental guesses by which the scientist, like the detective, finds his clues. Of published men, Montaigne best struck this balance. No mind could be more free than his. Yet he lived by a larger wisdom.

What will enter our modern minds when the worship of science has departed is beyond foreseeing. There may come a revival of old religions or the birth of new—or the discovery of a new approach to life that will replace religion. At least we shall be rid of the false gods that the magicians of science have summoned from their crucibles. We shall be free to grow and prosper in spirit, aided by all that we have of strength and

wisdom, deeply rooted in the rich past of man.

The conclusion is that the worship of reason in the last century has led down a blind alley. It has resulted, where it has prevailed, in transforming science from a noble labor to a dangerous magic. We need to recapture a respect for emotion and all the instinctive processes in which it plays an active part. The first presumption must stand in favor of prejudices not against them. New facts and new wisdom are to be brought to bear upon old customs and old convictions with caution. The danger of exaggerating the new, of misunderstanding it and misapplying it, is constant and great. The most important intellectual labor of our time is the correction of the exaggerations accumulated during the age of reason. In the words of George Meredith addressed to the human race:

And warn it not one instinct to efface  
Ere reason ripens for the vacant place.

## CRISIS

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*S*HE plucked me by the sleeve and stared  
Straight ahead beyond my eyes  
And said in a strained tight voice, "I cared  
Too hard—perhaps. . . . If you despise  
Me now, of course I understand."  
And she let go my hand.

*And then I could not let her go:  
Her hand went suddenly weak and small;  
And she, that had been so brave and so  
Unbroken and had stood so tall  
Became a child who is left alone  
In a room she has never known.*

*And I knew if I said the thing that cried  
To be said that terrible courage would crack;  
And I covered her eyes and let her pride  
Surge like a lonely banner back.  
And the thing that ached to be said I said  
With bowed and beseeching head.*





## A MISTAKE ABOUT THE FUTURE

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE prophet is always with us, of course, but of late he seems to have been unusually active. Posterity is having its life arranged for it in every detail. We are beginning to know more about the future than we do about the present. Mr. H. G. Wells has been busy again under the idle pretense of writing a three-volume novel. Various social philosophers have relieved their feelings by prophesying the decline of everything. The usual novels about the future have appeared and have succeeded, perhaps better than ever, in depressing us. In addition, one firm of publishers has produced a whole series of little books about the future, a few of them being written by justly eminent thinkers and the rest by persons we never heard of before and do not want to hear of again. This series has contrived to settle the fate of everything. It has given us the future of science, art, music, literature, drama, industry, social life, women, education, and whatever else there is that can have a future arranged for it. Many of these writers seem to be more certain about what will happen in a century's time than most of us are about what will happen the day after to-morrow. But I, for one, rarely find their pictures of the future either attractive or convincing. Prophecy of this kind is a very simple business because it is based upon a remarkably convenient assumption. Unfortunately, however, this assumption is more likely to be wrong than right.

Nearly everyone who writes about the future assumes that the most marked tendencies of our own time will go on asserting themselves without ever being

checked by any opposing tendencies. These writers would seem to imagine that the pendulum movement, the swing of revolution and reaction, easily discovered in the past, will somehow disappear from history when it is a matter of the future. This is a very odd notion, but it is obviously convenient, for it enables them to construct a future by merely prolonging the lines of the present. They take hold of every fashionable tendency and carry it to an extreme. If the literature of to-day is complex, introspective, and disjointed in style, then the literature of to-morrow will be even more complex, introspective, and disjointed in style. If people are depending more and more upon mechanical contrivances, then the people of a century hence will be entirely dependent upon mechanical contrivances. If our fashionable women are aping masculine dress, then their granddaughters will be absolutely indistinguishable from men. If our food to-day is largely artificial, our food to-morrow will be completely so, probably consisting of a few chemical tabloids. If our teeth are decaying more rapidly, then our great-grandchildren will not have any teeth. If people are paying less attention to the visual arts now, there will not be any visual arts at all in the future. There is no need to multiply instances. The trick is familiar to everybody. When it is worked very systematically and elaborately, every fashion of the moment being prolonged indefinitely and carried to an extreme, we get those pictures of future life from which we recoil so abruptly, those Utopias that are apt to seem like nightmares.

I have not the slightest idea what the future will bring, whether in social or political life, the arts or the sciences, but I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that it will not be such a brisk continuation and systematic enlargement of this present year. However history may work, it certainly does not work in this manner. So much, at least, we can learn from the past, which contains innumerable futures, not one of which ever adapted itself so conveniently. We should probably be nearer the truth if, counting on the swing of the pendulum, we presumed a complete contradiction of all this—every trend of to-day having vanished to give place to one in opposition to it. It would not surprise me if our great-granddaughters are wearing vast voluminous skirts and hair as long as they can possibly grow it. The literature of 2000 A.D. may be extremely simple and objective, relying upon a perfection of form. The people of two centuries hence may not use a single piece of machinery, the world having decided that it is better without such a dubious servant. Possibly they may live entirely on fruit and nuts and know nothing whatever about those chemical foods that we are always promising them.

This seems to me more sensible, but it is still far too simple for such a complex world as ours. Even if the revolution-reaction, pendulum theory of history were absolutely trustworthy, it would not really help us to prophesy, if only because we do not know how far the pendulum will swing before it returns and finally takes everything to the opposite extreme. Our industrial-mechanical age, with its insistence upon material things, comfort, cheap luxuries, its indifference to the values of the spirit, may well be succeeded by an age that runs to the other extreme and is filled with dirt and discomfort and visionaries. I can readily believe that this will happen. But I cannot say when it will happen. Our own age may be declining now and its successor stealthily coming into existence at this

very moment. On the other hand, our own age may not have reached its zenith yet, and may not reach it for another fifty or a hundred years. But none of us can tell, not because we have no evidence but because we have too much; for there are facts enough to prove that our peculiar form of civilization is just beginning, is reaching its climacteric, is rapidly declining. In this matter, as in so many others, we usually contrive to prove what we prefer to have proven.

If, then, the future will not be content merely to carry all our present tendencies to extremes, nor even to reverse all our judgments and live a life as different as possible from ours, what will it do? It will do something it has always done, something that inevitably makes prophecy a branch of magic: it will form new combinations, in politics, science, the arts, social life, that we have never caught a glimpse of even in dreams. It may be that two or three leading ideas of our own time will be combined, married together, and will produce the most curious offspring—ideas that will govern the whole lives of these distant people. We have no better notion of such ideas and the kind of life they will produce than we have of the characters of our best friends' great-grandchildren. We cannot even tell which of our contemporary ideas will come to be the ancestors of the ideas that will govern our descendants. Probably they will be some apparently absurd little notions that have been meat-and-drink to our comic papers for years. Probably too, most of our splendid discoveries, on which, we believe, the whole future will be based, will come to be regarded as antiquated jests in seventy years' time. Solemn prophecy, going forward a century or so, is obviously a futile proceeding, except in so far as its makes our descendants laugh, just as we laugh when we occasionally come in some old book upon some prophetic observations bearing on our own time and wildly missing the mark. But the creation of a future,



for the purposes of romance, is great fun, both for the author and the reader, and we cannot have too much of it. Yet the romancers, who cannot be allowed to plead lack of imagination, commonly make the same mistake about the future as the prophetic sociologists and scientists and critics of the arts.

In story after story of the future you will find the author engaged in playing the same old easy trick. He constructs the life of posterity merely by exaggerating our own times. Because we are tending towards monotony in dress, he puts whole populations into uniform. His buildings are simply our most recent structures monstrously enlarged. If attacks on marriage are fashionable at the time of writing, then he promptly abolishes it altogether for posterity. Because our own age is interested in convenient little mechanical devices, then the future is even more interested in them. So it goes on. Even writers like Wells and Kipling, who ought to know better, have fallen into this trap. Like so many of their inferiors, they would seem to imagine that, for some mysterious reason, history from now onwards is going to act quite differently, going forward in a straight line. Supposing we had stories of the future, constructed on these lines, by ancient Egyptian, Greek, Roman, or medieval romancers, how droll their pictures of life would appear now!

Many of these stories are written with the idea of presenting their readers with a Utopia, but most of us always find these pictures of life in the future either very unconvincing or else extremely depressing. They are like a nightmare. Even where the author himself sincerely believes that men will be happier, he only succeeds in persuading us that we were lucky not to have been born fifty years or a century later. We may not be ardent lovers of our own time, but it seems a paradise when compared with these horrors of futurity. There is an important reason for this, never, I think, noticed when such romances are being

criticized. These writers are so busy showing us their improvements, their vast airships, tele-vision, new methods of housing and feeding, and the like that they forget to "humanize" them. What I mean is that they drag in all these things, raw, bare, new, and do not link them up with the tragi-comedy of human life.

Every new thing seems strange and rather terrible until it has become part of the human scene, until it has gathered its cluster of associations, comic, pathetic, and so forth. Thus our attitude towards automobiles is very different from what it was twenty years ago, when they were still comparatively unfamiliar. Then they were little more than strange disconcerting pieces of mechanism, but now they are almost living creatures. We know now that there is drollery, snobbèry, pathos, even poetry in our relations with our automobiles. They have become humanized, just as wireless is now rapidly becoming humanized. We soon come to think not of the thing itself but of the personal element involved in the use of the thing. Now in these stories of the future, which are usually crammed with fantastic mechanism, there is a great deal of machinery and very little humanity. Nothing is really made part of the human scene. The characters themselves, those bleak children of the future, do not see these things with which they are supposed to have grown up as we see our automobiles and electric-lighting systems and bathroom plumbing. Perhaps they have not enough vitality to make a song or a joke about their life, which is less important really than its mere mechanism to the author, who has obviously not imagined very intensely the existence he is trying to describe. He depresses us—at least if we are young and easily convinced—because he passes off a parody of life, details of food and clothing and work and transport and amusement without any rich background of human thought and emotion, as life itself.

One of the few romancers who did not

make this common mistake about the future was W. H. Hudson. I do not say that his *A Crystal Age* is an entirely satisfactory tale, because it is not. I do not think story-telling was Hudson's business, and whenever he attempted it, notwithstanding his fine imaginative power, he always displayed some droll limitations as a narrator. But his story of the future does at least break loose from the common herd of such things. The life he describes, somewhere in the dim beyond, is something quite different from a mere exaggeration of the life we know. He at least does not carry our present fashionable ideas to their logical conclusions. It is years since I read the book, but I can still vividly recall the curious world he creates, so empty of people and overgrown with wild life, with its tiny family communities, organized on a patriarchal basis but with only one member of each sex destined for parenthood, its close kinship with nature, its strange poetry and music, its com-

plete lack of those affairs, business and politics and the rest, that seem so important to us. I do not say that it is a world any more attractive than ours, or that there is any great possibility of the future producing such a world. But I do believe that life in the future will be something as strange and remote from our way of living, and that Hudson, in this respect, proved himself a truer and bolder imaginative writer than Wells and Kipling and all the others who have faked up a future by merely multiplying and enlarging the latest things of our own time. I hope our romancers will continue writing these stories of the future because, however disappointing they may prove to be, such stories have a curious fascination of their own. I hope, too, they will now avoid the easy way, will remember that history will go on twisting and turning and that there is variety without end in the experiments and adventures that we call this life of ours.

## THE BLIND MUSICIANS

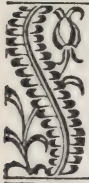
BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

*I* *T was a day of festival, the mandarins assembled,  
The feast was spread, the banners flew, unfastened stood the door,  
Then came the blind musicians fingering down the passage  
To settle in a cluster on the cold stone floor.*

*Well do I remember the laughter of the mandarins,  
Playing with their bowls of honey-colored wine,  
And the twitter of the girls as they danced with unchanged faces,  
Or sang like cicadas, standing in a line.*

*But more than any mandarin, or any girl dancing,  
I remember waiting in the darkness of the hall  
The shadowy forms of blind men sitting in the passage  
Making fateful music with their heads against the wall.*





## The Lion's Mouth



### MORALITY'S NEW THREAT

BY PHILIP CURTISS

SOME years ago London *Punch* published a series of sketches under the title, "The Coming Reaction," all based on the plausible theory that after the looseness and license of the present period there must come an era of strictness and virtue. I now rise to state that this reaction is not merely coming, but has actually come and is spreading like wildfire on these American shores. Without doubt, without question, there is growing up amongst us a generation that is inherently, incurably, and offensively good.

I do not refer, of course, to the so-called "younger generation," the young men and women whose ages would range at the present day from eighteen to twenty-five. For after all that is *our* generation, and its habits have been adopted, or at least accepted, by most of us who number our years on up to seventy. No, the generation that I have in mind is still for the most part in white socks and sandals. To go back to the English phrasing, it is not major or minor but minimus. Nevertheless, its awful eye is already upon us, its clean sensibility shrinks in distaste from our acts.

My wife and I had our own first hint of the coming danger when our daughter, then barely seven, informed her mother that it was wicked to paint her face. To this, at the time, we paid little attention, for this daughter had just begun attendance at the public school, and we

thought that we detected the gaunt, humorless hand of the "hygiene teacher." Even in my day angular educators made a great outcry against all cosmetics on some absurd pretense that white lead and talcum would poison the heart. A casual attempt, however, to relate this event as a humorous anecdote soon brought out the fact that other mothers had been called sharply to account on just the same lines. The teachers, it proved, had been wholly innocent, and the little tots, absolutely among themselves, had worked up this theory purely as a matter of juvenile good form. Mother after mother brought in her testimony, and the sum total revealed an amazing state of affairs. With the clear, unmerciful vision of youth these little girls, between seven and twelve, had perfectly sized up every flashy, silly, or tasteless woman in town and among themselves were discussing them all with contemptuous scorn.

For the men of our village this made, for a while, a harmless and not too sophomoric a sport. When three or four of us with our wives were gathered together it became quite the custom to reproach this or that one of our help-mates as being a "painted hussy," a "scarlet woman," or a "bedizened old Jezebel." But our time was coming, and I was present when our neighbor Jim Barnes, father of three sons, got his first blow squarely in the face.

Now I must confess that in our isolated, rural community we are so parochial that, even after eight years of prohibition, the practice of drinking is still somewhat tinged with hypocrisy. In the various houses around the country the cocktails, as a rule, are not brought out until the children are safely in bed, and

if an innocent visitor from the outer world comes up for a week-end and smilingly hands out a large brown bottle from his kit bag it is explained to the onlooking youngsters as a kind gift of "wine" which, even for children, has a sort of Biblical and medicinal sanction.

On this occasion, however, little Jim Barnes walked squarely into old Jim's library in time to see his respectable father wielding a shaker filled with cracked ice. Naturally he wanted to share in the general picnic that seemed forthcoming and, on being told that he "wouldn't like it," demanded to know what was in it. For a moment our neighbor hesitated. Eight years of community lying still had its hand upon him, but apparently old Jim decided that the time had come when young Jim should meet the world, when, as the magazine writers say, father and son should be "pals."

"Well," he answered, "there is a little lemon juice, a little grenadine, and—er—a little gin."

"Gin!" cried the child, and the look of repulsion, incredulity, and disgust on his face would have warmed the cockles of Wayne B. Wheeler.

This would seem in the telling almost too pietistic to be true, but when you examine the facts you can see how the child could have reacted in no other fashion. In a city if a very young child comes in contact with vice it is only through the filtered conversation of its elders, or through vague echoes, reported distantly in the newspapers. But in a small village like ours the children are the first on the scene. If a Polish laborer or an Irish section-hand gets drunk and falls asleep on the post-office steps half the children in town stand around and study him, and the other half are given immediate reports with all those hideous and minute details so dear to the childish imagination. When a bootlegger is caught driving through town with a load of alcohol our children do not read about it as a vague fact in another world. They actually see it—see the capture.

Unlike even their elders, they do not coax up an unconscious picture of a lawless but jaunty buccaneer humorously paying a fine in the name of a good cause. They visualize what they have actually witnessed with their own eyes—an obscene and dirty Italian being shoved to the lockup by two curt and none too gentle state policemen. Among the children of a small village Andrew J. Volstead has completely accomplished his purpose. From smallest infancy the word "liquor" brings instantly to their minds a connotation of dirt, of low human types, and of instant punishment.

Thus in the case of little Jim Barnes, as in the case of our own little daughter, it would have been possible to give an explanation that was principally local. So, too, would it be safe enough to prophesy a coming reaction on purely superficial grounds. We have all been brought up on Emerson's phrases of action and reaction, ebb and flow, systole and diastole. A craze in one direction is followed by a craze in the other. After the strictness of a Cromwellian era comes the libertinism of a Restoration. One would need to be neither a philosopher nor a seer to have observed that as soon as a fashion of mind has spread from the classes to the masses the classes have already begun to think in a contrary direction. When billiard boys begin to wear tweed caps and knickerbockers, aristocrats go back to starch and broadcloth. In a prim general society the fashionable set is always rather fast, and in a loose general society the elite become very prim.

But reason cannot pretend to maintain that children of eight and ten are seeing thus far ahead, for whatever these startling infants may be they are not snobbish. Although they may look with horror on the town drunkard and his practices they show not the slightest objection to playing basketball with his children.

No, it is something deeper and more mysterious than that, one of those fright-



ening and uncanny facts the profundity of which can only be realized by the father or mother of small, growing children. For only when he has had and studied children of his own does the practical, cynical observer grudgingly admit that everything in life cannot be explained by logic or environment. There are some things that have to be credited helplessly to the foresight and mystery of Nature, that same sardonic Nature that will grow a pine tree in the crevice of a rock but refuse to grow it on a watered and fertilized lawn.

Why, for instance, does my elder and eight-year-old daughter fiercely refuse to speak French? With the usual idea of improvement my wife and I recently resolved to use only the tongue of Molière at the luncheon table, pausing frequently and leading the children into the obvious phrases. But although our younger daughter (the anti-cosmetician) took to it eagerly enough, the older began to kick and scream and refused absolutely to repeat the words. Not only that but she kicked and screamed if anyone else began to use them. It was not mental laziness because she is really the intellectual of the family. She has to be pried from her books (Louisa M. Alcott, of course) and loves to play "question games" with historical and geographical answers. The problem was further complicated by the fact that a few days later she began, of her own accord, to pick up German from a homely and tidy little housewife next door. After fighting it over for weeks we were forced to admit the astonishing fact that there was actually something in the sound of French words and accents that was genuinely repulsive to the child's inner nature. Instinctively she had recognized French as a bawdy and frivolous language, exactly, I imagine, as certain ancestors of hers did about 1850.

And Sunday school? The children leap at it! It is their social center and their special treat, and the same report comes from all over town. One friend of mine, who lives five miles from the

village and who has never been to church since college chapel, has to cut short his morning sleep every Sunday in order to bring in his son to share in some sort of banner contest that is shaking the Sunday school to its depths. There are more fathers waiting outside the chapel on Sunday morning than there are outside the garage. With Sinclair Lewis grumbling impotently in the distance, Christian Endeavor Societies, Do-Good Leagues, and Bible Classes are flourishing, not only among the Baptists and Methodists but among the Episcopalians and the horsey set.

Practically and morally all this is excellent and it promises well for the future health of the nation, but personally it has left me at sea. It has totally upset all my plans. From the current talk of the "new generation" one had assumed that a man of my age with a son or a daughter would, in twenty years, spend his time largely in carrying baskets to the state prison or the shelter for women. At the very least I expected to be regarded as a somewhat prim, unsophisticated antiquarian whose youthful capers, related around the fireside, would sound like the misdeeds of Little Rollo. Instead, I find that I am in danger of being regarded as a dreadful old creature, a beastly, licentious old man. I shall be one of those pitiful figures who are kept rather in the background when particular visitors are coming, who make mysterious disappearances just before dinner and come back smelling of cloves.

And what makes it especially heart-breaking is that this new generation is going to pick up things before the old generation has really left off. We are caught, as I see it, between two millstones, the upper and the nether, with no respite in between. In a dozen houses during the past ten years I have sat down to a pleasant evening with a group of adult, matured men and women when suddenly the host and hostess would spring to their feet, sweep the glasses and cracked ice under the sofa, and



whisper in terror, "Quick! Here comes Aunt Ella!" And now in my dotage shall I just be lifting a quiet eggnog to my lips when my wife will give me a poke with her crutch and cry, "Get that drink out of sight, you old fool. Here comes Susie's young man!"?

For ultimate hope I can only go back to Emerson, to realize that reaction in turn must give place to action, that after diastole must come systole once more. My children will not approve of me—that seems to be certain—but what of my grandchildren? Ah, there again we may have a virile race! Already I like to think of some slim, laughing granddaughter beginning to tread the paths we trod sixty years before. Already I can imagine her going about and defending me, "Oh yes, I adore my grandfather. Of course he's rather terrible sometimes and he does shock poor mother beyond words, but under the surface there's something splendid about him. You surely must come and see him sometime. He's really the last of the wicked old Georgians!"



### PULLMAN PHILOSOPHY

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

NOT long ago, on the road from Minneapolis to Chicago, I fell in with a very pleasant, affable man in the smoking compartment. After a little preliminary discourse I ventured to say that it seemed as if the whole civilized world should take account of stock and reorganize its system of philosophy. There's a vast amount of work to do, said I, and yet nobody seems to know how to go about it. Men with the loudest mouths often get elected to posts calling for the profoundest thought. There's a great dearth of real leaders. Religion seems

to have weakened in its function of authority, and so we are without recognized guides to conduct. Everybody declares that he wants an education, but very few indeed can tell what for. Young persons are boning away to get themselves tags in the learned professions, but they are not learning how to live with themselves.

We have fought the greatest war in history to make the world safe for democracy, and now we discover that democracy may be the worst tyranny on earth.

Our ideals have degenerated since the war. Individually and collectively we are less generous in spirit than we were. We shout and make a great to-do about our rights, and call them inalienable, when a moment's reflection would cause us to see that all rights and all privileges are living things, and that if they are not fed with the generous fulfillment of obligations, they will perish of starvation, just as any other living thing may perish of starvation. Our forbears struggled for a thousand years to wrest liberty from the tyrant, and when this was won we thought that liberty was ours forever.

But now, because of our complacency and our neglect, our liberties are threatened, and we can't win them back by murder and destruction. The Russian example teaches us this. Because the spread of cause and effect is greater than a single lifetime we miss the patent fact that rights and liberties will only endure if human obligations are generously fulfilled. In some way or other we must get this into the public consciousness. We must reorganize our philosophy of life with this relativity of rights and liberties with the fulfillment of obligations in mind. If we don't do it the jig will soon be up and we shall go the way the ancient civilizations have gone. It will be back to the woods for us!

The gentleman was very attentive and seemed deeply interested. At this point he exclaimed, "You're dead right!



Look at the wholesale grocery business. There used to be five big firms in Minneapolis and now there are only two!"



## WHY I EAT WITH A FORK

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

**I** WRITE in the hope that a frank elaboration of my trying experiences, the torture, the doubts, the weighing of values may prove of some small help to our modern young people in solving one of the many serious and bewildering problems which at present confront them. What an age we live in! How utterly different, how totally divergent in aims, in customs, and beliefs from all other eras in the past! Science has changed everything. Values everywhere have been altered or destroyed entirely. Right and wrong, we perceive for the first time, are relative. Love is no longer love; it is a matter of inhibitions and glands. A criminal is no longer a criminal; he is a product of heredity and environment. Standards in art and literature have changed or vanished entirely. Decorum is no longer decorum; it is prudishness. Obscenity is out of date; it is now self-expression. In sculpture, for instance, many of us have discovered that a statue of, say, a bird in flight should no longer resemble, even remotely, that object. The ancients thought otherwise, and we are determined to follow their outworn dogmas no longer. We know now that a bird in flight is better presented as an elongated cylinder, bulging slightly at the middle. Everywhere change!

At the dawn of this new and wiser age I came into existence. As a child, I was obedient. I went along looking upon the dictates of my elders, my parents especially, as irrefutable manifestations of wisdom. I was, in short, an unwitting slave to parental authority. And I ate

with a fork. I was told to do so, and childlike, and uncritical, I obeyed.

Then as I grew a little older, nine or ten years of age, say, doubts began to assail me. It dawned on me, though only remotely at first, that parental wisdom was not infallible.

I had been deceived about Santa Claus and about brownies and elves, and about the Stork. Furthermore, I began to perceive that parents were not only untruthful but often incompetent. They broke things; they missed trains; they were often unable to help me in such tasks as finding the lowest common multiple or bounding the State of Montana. But the disillusion was, in my case, gradual and mild. I took it calmly, and I should never have gone so far as to doubt the wisdom of eating with a fork if two momentous events in my life had not transpired practically simultaneously.

I refer to the War and Adolescence. Although too young to fight, I was, nevertheless, subject to all its devastating and its revolutionary influences. I found myself in the flux. Not only were parents, and older people in general, infallible. So were governments and the very wisest of the world's so-called wise men. And so, it appeared, was God—if God existed. I searched and pondered. Alas, nowhere could I find a genuinely comforting and satisfactory evidence of a moral law. Ethics, I saw, were a matter of expediency, not innate Right or Wrong. I turned to the works of Bacon, and Darwin, and Spencer, and became an experimentalist. I took to eating with my knife. I was Youth, Modern Youth, revolting against Vested Traditional Authority. That is what the War and Adolescence did to me. My experiments were nothing if not scientific. Nothing but Science could save the world, I perceived. It would certainly solve table manners.

I made exact measurements of all varieties of silver knives—also of the shape of my mouth. I collected data on the percentage of probability of cutting myself. I estimated the cubic capaci-

ties of knives and forks. I conducted a thousand different experiments, and candor compels me to state that I found some foods, such as potatoes and stringy vegetables to be more easily managed with a knife. As to the danger of getting cut, I discovered that to be merely a matter of practice. I discerned that one who had always accustomed himself to eating with a knife would, upon changing, at first prick his mouth with the tines of a fork.

And so I became an ardent disciple of Bacon's inductive method. The Aristotelian syllogism, taking, as it did, unwarranted premises for granted, was for me at this period something to be scorned. Once having perceived the merits of this experimental method it is not easy to stop. Any true scientist will tell you as much. Before I knew it I had abandoned not only forks, but knives and spoons as well. Eating hand-to-mouth, literally speaking, I found to be, from a purely practical viewpoint, infinitely the best method. A chicken wing or a juicy lamb chop treated in this manner takes on a hitherto unappreciated flavor. Furthermore, there are economic merits. You can gnaw the bone much cleaner. As for the drawbacks, a little soap and water will eradicate them very nicely.

It might appear to the casual reader that I had gone far enough in throwing off convention. As a matter of fact, I had not even *begun* to revolt. As I continued in my experiments and speculations it dawned upon me like a bolt from the blue that I, as well as all my youthful confrères, was an unsuspecting victim of a cruel and unfair plot of convention and the Older Generation. My anger and my disgust when I perceived this knew no bounds. Just as our elders were attempting to impose upon us at every turn such dogmas as parlor manners, respect for older people, caution in the use of such things as strong drink and the automobile, so were they also, I perceived, attempting to make us accept food on their authority. I determined

to put the matter to a test immediately: I went without food for a week and a half. But here, it appeared, they had managed to blunder upon the right course for once. I returned to nourishment.

And then, with unbelievable abruptness, my entire philosophy underwent still another change. I began to see that eating with my fingers was threatening to make me unpopular. People tended to look upon me askance. I noticed that invitations to dine out were steadily diminishing. I was fast becoming a social outcast. Table manners were, I still contended, a matter of expediency, but perhaps expediency also consisted in keeping in the good graces of other people. I was beginning to mature, you see. I realized that perhaps it would be better to take into account human nature *per se* and regard it less as a variable and more as a constant. But later still I came to the conclusion that my philosophy had not gone far enough. Why did people really frown on me? Could it be that the rest of the world, now admittedly hopelessly disillusioned in the matter of nearly all standards, was not ready to assimilate this trifling change I had introduced? That was unthinkable. In an enlightened and unfettered world such as this it was incredible that the disfavor into which I had fallen was really the result of reactionary intolerance and snobbery. There was only one conclusion left to me: there must be, after all, a sounder test of conduct and manners than mere mechanistic or, for that matter, Machiavellian expediency.

It was beginning to dawn on me that Science was not all that it might be. Mere scientific laws, I had learned, do not explain everything. There is always Something Beyond. I perceived that previously I had been too immature, too easily swayed by false doctrines to realize the fact. And so, like so many ultra-modern thinkers who have reacted against an interpretation of life judged solely by material and mechanical





standards, I too reacted. Perhaps there was no moral law in external nature, but there was, I now believed, in human conduct. The wisdom of eating with a fork, I decided, must be intuitively perceived. There is a purpose in inanimate objects also. The very nature of the fork, its entelechy, demands that it be used. All this I saw intuitively—so I thought. I had evolved a religion of table manners. And then—disillusion again! I talked the matter over one day with an older and wiser man than myself, one who knew his practical and experimental psychology down to the ground.

"What you are doing," he informed me, is "*rationalizing*. You are fooling yourself into *thinking* you believe something you *want* to believe. You have let fear of social ostracism sway you. You have been guilty of mental cowardice, intellectual dishonesty. You are simply falling back on dogma—the etiquette books in this case—and you lack the courage to admit it. Ask yourself honestly if you really do perceive intuitively that it is right by all the Divine Laws to eat with a fork and wrong to do otherwise."

I was compelled to admit that I perceived no such thing. I had to uproot my philosophy all over again. And I can assure you that as one grows older the process is a painful one. It left me torn and bleeding. Being at that time in college, I contemplated suicide. That is what the War has done to us young people! It has left us helpless and yet rebellious puppets of destiny without one single guiding ideal. Perhaps some men perceive right and wrong intuitively, but I am not one of them. As Joubert put it, I lack skylights. There was only one recourse. Painful and humiliating as it was, I went back to the ways of my earliest childhood. I reverted to dogma and outer authority. Stupid and blundering as it has so often been, it was, nevertheless, the best thing for me. I took it for good or evil, and continue to do so. In the matter of table manners I may be called a Catholic. For me there is no alternative. And I shall continue to eat with a fork until a New Critic of this strange and altogether unprecedented modern age comes forth with a Newer Philosophy. When that happens it is probable that I shall again revolt against this table implement.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*

### EMBARRASMENTS OF ORGANIZATION

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is now proceeding in these States and in most other countries an unusual effort to discover what is true in the Christian religion and to separate it from detrimental adhesions which have been fastened upon that religion in the last nineteen hundred years. There is no subject in which more people are interested. All Protestant sects are filled with disputes: Fundamentalists and Modernists fight with the liveliest activity for what they believe to be the essentials of religion. The Catholics are more tranquil. They have held on to essentials better than some of the Protestants have. Their hold on the invisible world is more vivid. They have believed right along a good many things which a good many Protestants have let go, but which are important, and the truth of which promises to be re-established by contemporary proofs. Of Protestantism a thoughtful and highly competent observer said the other day, "Did it not make two mistakes: one, the denial of the continuance of revelation of truth, the other, the existence of Purgatory; the latter by insistence that in a future life all who are not damned are at once made perfect? Those beliefs were denied because they had been so greatly abused. Is not that one of the stumbling blocks of Protestantism now? The orthodox Protestant conception of a future life is not in harmony with our experience with life and character here. We must revise it instead of rejecting it."

So, this observer, and his suggestions are penetrating. The Roman Catholic belief in Purgatory with pains and duration to be mitigated by prayers and the offices of the Church is, of course, very subject to corrupting consequences, but at least it recognizes the fact that we go out of this life as we are, and that most of us need a course of treatment more or less extended, and in many cases more or less painful, before we can get to anything that can be recognized as Glory. The Catholics have held with it in spite of bad facts in its record. Their Church has also retained confession, another dangerous institution, but considered nowadays even by its critics to be very valuable in religion. It has retained prayers for the dead and, while attending to temporal matters and benevolences (in this country, at least, with great ability), it has never lost sight of the invisible world or of immortality as the explanation of terrestrial life.

In these concerns the Catholics beat the Protestants and earn the superior tranquillity in which their Church has gone along. The age-old claims that the Popes speak as to certain matters with divine authority are of a different order, but are still thought to make for strength and power to the great Roman Catholic organization, though whether nowadays they really strengthen it or weaken it is a very pretty subject for discussion.

It is easy for a Protestant to think that Catholicism and Protestantism are both indispensable parts of the Church



Universal. The Protestants admit that they are sects, the Roman Catholic Church admits nothing of the sort. But progress and conduct do not wait much on admissions. In this country, at least, the prevailing feeling is that the Catholic Church is a sect, and things move along on the basis of that conception. Whether the dissatisfaction of reverend gentlemen in Italy and elsewhere with that situation and their refusal to admit its existence would have political consequences here if a Catholic ran for President remains to be seen, and whatever happened about it might be so important to organized religion that a good many observers, out of pure interest in the questions involved, would like to see it tried. Not so the ordinary voter. He wouldn't go to the polls to record his opinion whether the Catholic Church is a sect or not. He does not care. If he is a worldling, he wants word about the loaves and fishes, including drinks. If he is wakefully pious he wants to know what God is and how to get at him. Very likely he would agree with Praed:

I think though bigots fast and frown,  
And fight for two or seven,  
That there are fifty roads to town  
And rather more to Heaven.

**W**HAT about this current civilization in which we live? Is it satisfactory? Is life as enjoyable and as progressive as we are entitled to have it? Does it seem to be moving along on any settled basis? Is it tranquil? Is it reassuring? Does our daily experience of it make us feel that our world is on the right track to what we have been used to call Salvation? One can get different answers to all these questions from different people, but, on the whole, most people will probably accept the opinion that these times, extremely interesting though they are, are anxious times, abounding in possibilities of smash, and full of situations that seem temporary and of problems as yet unsolved. Certain phases of them are

enjoyable enough; to the thoughtless many phases are enjoyable; but the more thoughtful people, while they may be confident that humanity is on the way toward salvation, are far from satisfied with what they can forecast of the processes that lie immediately ahead of it on that path. Our world is full of the possibility of ruction. The nations struggle to agree but with no more than imperfect success. The shadow of war hangs over us, and we know enough about war from recent experience to be sure that if it comes again on any great scale it will be attended by terrific consequences. We do not want any more wars, but we have not yet found the path to peace.

Movement on this earth has been vastly accelerated. The roads are filled with machines, and the atmosphere has become another great highway for other machines, as well as a vast avenue of communication. What we know, what we have done, what we can do are all marvelous; but all our wonders and accomplishments, so far from satisfying or reassuring us, only increase our conviction that we do not yet know enough to be safe. We are still pilgrims, still comparative strangers on this planet, uncertain what will happen to us next and abundantly warranted in apprehension, for whatever it is, we doubt if we shall like it.

People who do not think must be having a pretty good time. They have many cheap pleasures. Hereabouts wages are good. The movies are wonderful but for the most part brainless. There are shows on every corner, and the price of admission is low. There is enough to eat, and it is disputed whether the deficiency of drink is good or bad for us. There are enormous numbers of newspapers and printed publications and millions on millions of people who read them. There is a vast production of commodities, prodigious means of calling them to the attention of possible buyers, and a great deal of money to buy them with. That is to say, that

business is good. Scientists tell us nowadays that life is motion; that all creation is in a state of incessant activity. They have examined Creation with microscopes. We who merely look out of the window or read the newspaper find it easy to conclude that they are right. To us also Creation looks very active indeed.

And it all seems to run to organization. What of that? Organization is like knowledge. Knowledge means more knowledge. Organization means more organization. Everybody, it would seem, must be organized if only to protect themselves and their particular interests from other organizations. The farmers have had an experience of suffering times. What is the cure for them? Help from the government? That looks good to some of them, but the better opinion is that the proper medicine for them is organization and co-operative marketing.

To those of us who shiver at the idea of being so much organized, reassurance is offered in the suggestion that a great change has taken place, in that organization in the ancient and medieval world was official or traditional, whereas that of to-day is largely voluntary. It is voluntary, one is told, in business, in intellectual matters, and in religious matters and, therefore, it is more mobile for good and evil.

There is, no doubt, a distinction between being organized by the compulsion of our own necessities and aspirations and being organized to realize the aspirations of somebody else. Let us get what comfort we can from that. We need it. Our greatest organization to which all our lesser combines are subject is the government of the United States. We have to support it and a great majority of us do support it with all good will, but it does things which shock us, and gets us into queer positions and often into positions which our consciences condemn. Consider, for example, our situation in Central America, about which we seem to have no

declared policy but have assumed responsibilities for the management of various small states—Nicaragua most of all—which are not a little embarrassing. Our government, being a fallible machine like all the other organizations, gets us into troubles that we should like to avoid. We can remonstrate and we do, but we cannot flounce out and refuse to play. We have to remember the parable of the tares and the wheat and see the wheat as big as we can and put up with the tares till the harvest.

That is bad enough, but it is not so bad as to tie up to the opinion that our government is always right, nor so bad in religious matters as to be committed to the belief that we belong to an infallible Church. Much better for us to stick to the conclusion that every organization, including State and Church, is fallible and will get us more or less into scrapes which we, being ourselves fallible, will have to work out of the best we know how.

Our Constitution is not perfect, is not sacred, is not the ultimatum of justice. It is something worked out the best that available human wit could do it; the best that conflicting minds could agree upon. It is something to go by: a working hypothesis of government.

So it may be the doctrine that the Pope is God's special representative and, as such, in doctrinal matters infallible, is something agreed upon to get on by: a working hypothesis for a Church with a big job.

The world we really live in is not the one we suppose it is. That one has passed. Many things which we fear—papal claims among them, may be—are obsolete. Other things which we have real contemporary reason to fear we do not yet recognize. Our lives are states of mind inherited from the past, and adjustment of them to the actual present is no light job, but one only to be slowly accomplished and with accompanying halts and clashes.




HOW does it happen that the story of Lawrence in Arabia has run so long and such a lively course without bringing back to notice the career and adventures of a certain Connecticut Yankee of an "enterprise and daring so romantic and even Quixotic that for at least half a century every boy in America listened to the story with the same delight with which he read the *Arabian Nights*"?


Whose words, and about whom? Put that into one of the question books that are so popular just now. How many answers would there be? But for information turn to the second volume of the History of the United States by Henry Adams and read the last eight pages. The man of the story-book adventures was William Eaton, born at Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1764, sergeant at nineteen in the Revolutionary Army, a graduate of Dartmouth College, schoolmaster at Windsor, Vermont, a clerk to the legislature of Vermont, and in 1792 a captain in the United States Army. His career in the service, Adams says, was varied by insubordination, disobedience to orders, charges, counter-charges, a court-martial, and a sentence of suspension not confirmed by the Secretary of War. In 1797 he was sent as consul to Tunis, where he still remained when in 1801 war broke out with Tripoli over piracy. Tunis was Tripoli's nearest neighbor about four hundred miles away, and the consul there, Adams tells us, held a position of much delicacy and importance. There resided in Tunis in 1801 an elder brother of the reigning Pasha of Tripoli with whom the United States was at war. This elder brother, the rightful Pasha of Tripoli, had been driven into exile by his younger brother. Eaton thought it would be a good plan to restore the elder brother to his throne and thereby impress the Mohammedan Powers with the conviction that the United States really existed. He came home in 1803 and laid this case before the President and Congress. He did not lay it to

their satisfaction, but he came back the next year to the Mediterranean as naval agent, but without powers adequate to his aspirations. He found on reaching Cairo in December, 1804, that Hamet, the elder brother, had had to take refuge in Egypt. He brought him to Alexandria, not without danger and difficulty, where they collected five hundred men, of whom one hundred were Christians recruited on the spot; and this little army he led into the desert to conquer Tripoli. So motley a horde, says Adams, of Americans, Greeks, Tripolitans, and Arab camel-drivers had never before been seen on the soil of Egypt. Without discipline, cohesion, or source of supply, even without water for days, their march of five hundred miles was a sort of miracle. Eaton's indomitable obstinacy barely escaped ending in his massacre by the Arabs, or by their desertion in a mass with Hamet at their head; yet in about six weeks they succeeded, April 17, 1805, in reaching Bomba, where, to Eaton's consternation and despair, he found no American ships.

The rest of the story, how the ships came overnight and of the battles Eaton fought and of his deep disgust with the peace that was made by the Consul General at Algiers with the Tripolitan pirates, must be left to someone with more space, but in the end Eaton fared a good deal as Lawrence did. He did marvels and retired from active service deeply disgusted with his government. He was by no means so consecrated a vessel nor so accomplished a man as Lawrence, nor were his achievements really comparable to those of Lawrence in importance, but there is a likeness between the two men in their readiness to undertake the impossible, their faculty for dealing with Arabs, their astonishing self-confidence, and their success in trusting to luck. The life of General William Eaton (Brookfield, 1813) ought to furnish a good story to some historical investigator just now.



## Personal and Otherwise



THE perplexing question of woman's place in the modern world has been discussed from many points of view in recent issues of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mrs. Mavity has told how she combines the responsibilities of a job with a home, a husband and children; Mr. Macy has called woman's equality with man a myth; Mrs. Hansl has argued that a woman's children must have first consideration and that her job (if any) must come second; Miss Phillips has contended that those who would give women an education like that of men have forgotten the most important thing in a woman's life. None of these contributors has gone so frankly down to biological fundamentals as the anonymous author of "Feminism and Jane Smith," of whose identity we may give no more clue than to say that she is herself a Jane Smith, not a Mary Jones.

Hugh Walpole is a frequent and welcome visitor to the United States. He was lecturing in this country last winter, and it was probably then that he conceived the idea of writing "The Tiger," a story which will haunt the memories of those familiar with twentieth-century New York. Mr. Walpole's better known novels include *Fortitude* (1913), *The Duchess of Wrex* (1914), *The Dark Forest* (1916), *The Secret City* (1919), *Jeremy* (1919), *The Cathedral* (1922), and *Harmer John* (1926).

Another notable Englishman who has recently been lecturing over here is Philip Guedalla, barrister of the Middle Temple and author of *The Second Empire*, *Palmerston*, etc. We have published in HARPER'S many a historical portrait by Mr. Guedalla; this month we present convincing proof that he can bring to the depiction of a contemporary statesman the same magical touch which gave distinction to his sketches of George Washington and the other great figures of the American Revolutionary period.

With "The Confessions of a Ford Dealer" we return from England to that most American of institutions, the automobile agency and service station. Jesse Rainsford Sprague, formerly engaged in retail business in Newport News, Virginia, and San Antonio, was the author of "Big Business on Trial" (in our December issue) and "The Go-Getter Abroad" (March). In both articles he made objection to the current American practice of setting a sales quota and forcing sales accordingly. Now he gives us a detailed case-history which shows the sort of results which such methods have sometimes had. We commend it to all men and women interested in the implications of American business policies.

Leland Hall, instructor in music at Smith College, recently spent several months in Timbuctoo, that windswept city at the southern edge of the Sahara Desert whose very name is a byword for all that is remote and strange. Two chapters of his experiences, "Salt Comes to Timbuctoo" and "The Son of Lehsen," have appeared in the Magazine; now he tells us another story of his intimate contact with native life. Mr. Hall did not go to Timbuctoo as a professional writer in search of copy; he made friends with the Arabs and Berbers and blacks simply because he liked them and wanted to understand them, and he wrote about them later simply because he felt he must share his experiences with others. His book, *Timbuctoo*, will appear next fall, and by that time he will be off on another journey to unfrequented parts of Africa.

Will Durant, director of the Labor Temple School in New York, needs no introduction to those who have watched his *Story of Philosophy* outsell every other non-fiction book published in 1926. His most recent HARPER article was "The Failure of Philosophy," published last December.



**Ford Madox Ford**, author of *Some Do Not, No More Parades*, and *A Man Could Stand Up*, is not only a veteran traveler—as readers of “Traveler’s Tales” in our April issue discovered—but an epicure who can discuss lordly dishes, American and Continental, until your mouth waters.

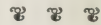
Psychologists do not always agree with one another. Those who have looked forward with some trepidation to the day—foretold by various American psychologists—when the future careers of boys and girls would be determined by early tests of their innate capacities, may be encouraged by the contrasting views of the distinguished Viennese psychotherapist, **Alfred Adler**. Doctor Adler, professor at the Pedagogic Institute in Vienna, is the founder of what is known as “individual psychology,” and editor-in-chief and founder of the *International Journal of Individual Psychology*. His books include *Organ Inferiority and Its Psychic Compensation*, *The Theory and Practice of Individual Psychology*, *The Neurotic Constitution*, and *Human Nature*, which is now being translated by Dr. Walter Béran Wolfe, to whom we are indebted for the translation of “Character and Talent.” Dr. Wolfe, a New York physician who has been closely associated with Doctor Adler, is on the staff of the Mt. Sinai Hospital and is psychiatrist for the Jewish Board of Guardians. He was recently elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine in London.

“Severson” is the work of **Fleta Campbell Springer**, of New York, whose stories are a frequent feature of HARPER’S MAGAZINE. She took first prize in one of the Harper Short-Story Contests in 1924.

**Walter Pach** is amply equipped for his attack upon the Ananias school of contemporary art, for he is not only a painter himself (who prefers the modernistic manner) but a thorough student of artistic history and tradition. He has written *The Masters of Modern Art* and other books, and was the translator of Elie Faure’s remarkable four-volume *History of Art*.

A full account of the Harper Intercollegiate Contest, won by **Leokadya Popowska** with “The Living Sand,” is given on the next page.

A new contributor appears in the person of **Geoffrey Parsons**, chief editorial writer of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who looks upon modern science and modern scientists and finds them wanting—at least in humility. As a companion piece to his article, equally suitable for the consideration of those who are quite sure about the nature of the world and in what direction it is moving, we recommend **J. B. Priestley’s** warning to our glib twentieth-century prophets. Mr. Priestley is a young English essayist, editor and critic who contributed to HARPER’S a year or so ago a paper on contemporary American fiction and who has recently joined the ranks of the novelists with *Adam in Moonshine*.



The poets are **A. A. Milne**, who eclipsed his own reputation as a humorous essayist when he became a playwright (*The Dover Road*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, etc.) and then eclipsed his reputation as playwright by bringing out *When We Were Very Young* and *Winnie the Pooh*; **Hortense Flexner** (Mrs. Wyncie King), formerly of Louisville and now of Bryn Mawr, author of *Clouds and Cobblestones* and several plays; **Margaret Widdemer** of New York, who has many volumes of verse and two novels to her credit, and in 1919 shared with Carl Sandburg the Pulitzer Prize for poetry; **Joseph Auslander** of New York, author of *Sunrise Trumpets* and *Cyclops’ Eye*; and **Elizabeth J. Coatsworth**, author of *Fox Footprints* and *Atlas and Beyond*, who now lives in Hingham, Massachusetts.



The Lion once more welcomes **Philip Curtiss** (of Norfolk, Connecticut), who turns aside from writing fiction to give us an authentic report on the youngest generation. With Mr. Curtiss are **Ellwood Hendrick**, best known for his excellent books on chemistry and the other sciences, and **Parke Cummings**, a new contributor, who turns his satire upon the writers who make so much fuss about modern youth and changing conventions.



“The First Mate” is a fine old man and as depicted by **Charles W. Hawthorne** he has

traveled as diligently by land as he ever did by sea. For no canvas by Mr. Hawthorne has been more in demand for exhibitions all over the United States during the past two or three years. In 1926 this painting added to the artist's long list of awards by winning the Thomas R. Proctor prize at the National Academy exhibition. Mr. Hawthorne lives in New York but spends his summers at Provincetown, and many of his paintings have the Provincetown flavor and background.



The winner of the First Prize of five hundred dollars in the Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest for 1927 is *Miss Leokadya Popowska*, of the senior class at the University of Michigan. Her story, "The Living Sand," which we publish in this issue, was placed first by two of the three Judges (Henry Seidel Canby, Elinor Wylie, and William McFee).

The Second Prize of three hundred dollars goes to *Charles Yost*, a junior at Princeton University, whose story "And He Had One Son" was chosen for first place by the third Judge.

The Third Prize of two hundred dollars is divided among four contestants: *Gladys Sale* of Western College, Oxford, Ohio, for "A River and a Dam"; *Agnes H. Nuttall* of the University of California, Southern Branch, for "Lao Kee's Gift"; *John R. Phillips* of the University of Virginia, for "Youth Rides On"; and *Bertram Enos* of Clark University, for "A Moment Hurries By." The three Judges each selected a different manuscript for second place, one voting for Miss Sale's, one for Miss Nuttall's, and one for Mr. Enos's; Mr. Phillips shares the prize with them under the point system adopted for scoring by receiving two votes for third place.

The following win honorable mention: *William J. Fadiman* of the University of Wisconsin, for "Sophistication as an Undergraduate Ideal" (given one vote for third place); *Edson Page*, a freshman at Harvard University, for "The Poisoner of Minds"; *Irving Fryer* of Adalbert College, Western Reserve University, for "Pre-Crustation";

*Tench F. Tilghman* of the University of Virginia (who won honorable mention last year also), for "Orange Pekoe"; and *Edward W. Mammen* of Columbia University, for "Atalanta."

As was the case last year, most of the prize-winning manuscripts are fiction. Miss Sale's might be classed either as fiction or as a sketch founded on fact, and Mr. Fadiman's and Mr. Fryer's are essays; the others are all stories. Needless to add, there was no prejudice in favor of stories among the Judges. The fact is simply that in their opinion most of the best work was in fiction form.

Last year after the close of the Contest we remarked upon the fact that many of the undergraduate contestants dealt with subjects remote from their own experience and their own interests. We expressed surprise that only a handful of manuscripts attacked "the problems of college life or any other problems which the authors personally face." We reported that we found more imitations of masterpieces than manuscripts in which the author had used his gift of language and of form to present something that was truly his own. Whether on account of these observations of ours or for some other reason, there was more first-hand writing and more attention paid to college problems and the problems of youth in general this year than last. Our impression is that the average standard of work among the five hundred or so contestants was perhaps higher this year than last, although the quality of the leading manuscripts, taken as a group, was perhaps not quite so high.

This year there were many essays on college education and its deficiencies, many on the foibles of various undergraduate types (the best of these being Mr. Fadiman's paper on the college sophisticate), and many on religious questions, most of them from the skeptical point of view.

Several of the best stories submitted dealt with the inevitable conflict of views between young people and their parents. Mr. Yost's Second Prize story, for example, told of a father's visit to Princeton and his attempt to reach terms of affectionate intimacy with his son—a pathetically hopeless attempt because, much as father and son might wish



to be easy and friendly with one another, there was a wall between them: they saw life from quite different points of view. Mr. Phillips's story, with equal sympathy, told of a farmer's son who could not bear life on a farm and had to tell his distressed parents that he must go away to the city.

The theme of "The Living Sand," which is awarded First Prize, might seem to the casual reader to be remote from the experience of an undergraduate. But Miss Popowska was born in Poland and did not come to this country until she was ten years old, and her story is based on her recollection of one of many childhood experiences in Poland which have always stood out in her memory with extreme vividness. So here again we may say after all that our principle still holds good: a young writer, like almost any other writer, is usually at his best when he deals with what is within his own range of experience and knowledge.

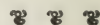


We have received several vigorous protests against Mr. Bradford's story, "Child of God," in the April issue, on the ground of irreverence. Mrs. Harry F. Webber of Detroit writes us that she came home from a meeting of the Detroit Women Writers' Club, at which she had advised everybody to read the story, to find a letter from James Knapp Reeve of Franklin, Ohio, who guides and criticizes the work of many young writers, in which he said: "Will you kindly read the story in the current number, 'A Child of God,' and tell me if you think there is any possible excuse for the publication of such material? To me it seems the most irreverent thing that I ever have seen in print, and one calculated to do infinite harm to the unformed mind by caricaturing God on His

throne. One can hardly be surprised at anything that may masquerade nowadays under the guise of literature, but certainly this is a most astounding departure for HARPER'S."

Mrs. Webber tells us that she does not expect the Magazine to be edited for "unformed minds," and continues, "How could a reader as intellectual as this man miss the point that Willie Malone's transportation to heaven is written as Willie in his simple and ignorant negro mind expected to find the hereafter? Why can't this reader see that Mr. Bradford has only given to Willie what Willie expected to find after he was dead? When I read the story I kept wondering with admiration how the author ever happened to think of doing it in just that way—that perfect way."

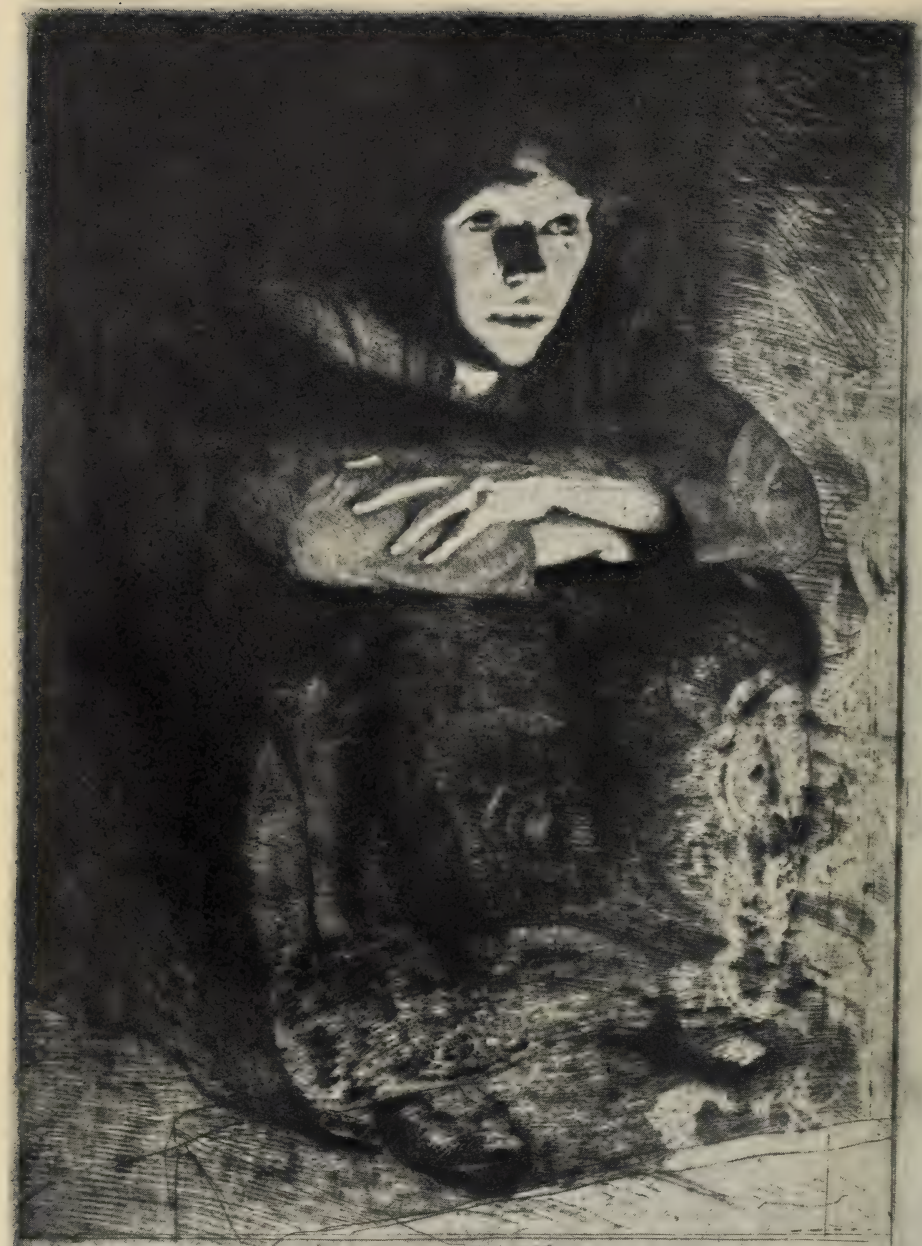
We publish these two extracts from letters because they seem to us to express the point of view both of those who protested at the story and of those who admired it greatly and saw in it no irreverence. Needless to say, we felt about the story as Mrs. Webber does when we accepted it, otherwise it would never have appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE; and we still believe that she is quite correct and that Mr. Reeve and other critics of "Child of God" have misunderstood the author's intention.



Mrs. Bromley sends us a correction of a statement in "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce," published last month. It appears that since the article went to press, the Nevada legislature has passed a bill containing a rider which sets three months instead of six as the time required for residence before divorce proceedings can be instituted. She gave six months as the required time.

卷之七





Besnard

DANS LES CENDRES

By Albert Besnard

*Courtesy of the Keppel Gallery*



# Harpers Magazine

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## WHAT HAPPENED AT NANKING

LETTERS OF AN EYE-WITNESS

BY ALICE TISDALE HOBART

Readers of the fragmentary newspaper reports of the Nanking episode will recall that when the Cantonese army took the city, the foreign residents gathered at Socony Hill and finally escaped by letting themselves down over the city wall by improvised ropes, under a protecting barrage from a gunboat in the river.

Mrs. Hobart, who under the name of Alice Tisdale has written much about the conditions in China during her long residence there, was in Nanking throughout the crisis. Her husband, Earle Hobart, was in charge of the Standard Oil plant, and with the American Consul took a leading part in bringing about the escape. In these informal letters, written to members of her family in America, she gives a first-hand account of her departure with her husband from Hunan to Nanking, of the gathering storm, and finally of the thrilling events of that historic day when the residents gathered at her house on Socony Hill and the soldiers attacked it.—*The Editors.*

August 15, 1926

Dearest Family:

Well, here we are in Hankow *en route* down river to Nanking. I feel my letters have been hectic and flurried of late, but indeed I have been living a hectic life. Already—and it is only a few hours since we left Hunan—I feel a different spirit taking possession of me. This morning at ten when we stepped off the armored steamer on which we came down from Changsha, a very difficult chapter of our lives closed. It is good to feel ourselves in a fairly normal atmosphere.

Let's see, I guess the last I wrote you

was the entrance of the Southern army and our somewhat mixed feelings. I became swamped in packing after that. Living continued to be difficult with the entire absence of fresh things due to the flood, but nothing dangerous popped up its head for at least two weeks. Then cholera broke out, and our diet narrowed down still more. Also my labors increased. But it looked as if we should get away before the new government began any disturbance.

Then the morning of the day we were to leave the "boy" woke us at 6:30, very excited, saying that the soldiers had in the night kidnapped the British Oil



Company Installation man and were demanding fifty thousand dollars ransom. Imagine, if you can, our sensations. The soldiers or bandits came over the compound wall, tied the gate-man, jerked Mr. Moore out of bed, allowed him only his pajamas and shoes, and marched him off after trying to set fire to all the oil stocks. They gave it out that bandits did it, but everything points to the new government having a hand. They demanded \$50,000 by noon. Later they sent word for a man carrying an umbrella in one hand and towel in the other to meet them outside the gate and consult. Whereupon they issued their ultimatum. By noon the next day \$40,000 or his head would be sent in a basket to the town. It's a little unnerving when we have seen this man regularly at the club, played cards with him, known his family, and so forth.

In the evening was our farewell party on the lawn of our neighbors, the Parkers. It was the strangest dinner party I've ever been to. There we all were as usual, everyone trying to be light-hearted, sitting out under the trees with the Chinese lanterns dangling from trees and standards over the lawn, and everyone knew everyone else was trying to forget "\$40,000 or his head in a basket to-morrow noon." Every once in a while someone would say, "Poor Jimmy Moore. Wonder where he is to-night." And that will be our last remembrance of Hunan.

At eleven we went over to the boat with a string of firecrackers as a farewell salute going off in a tail behind the launch. And at dawn we sailed, and our days in Changsha are really over. It's up to some other poor devil to carry on, but we do feel we have served our time at it. Four years in which we've been in almost continual danger.

We do not know yet how it all came out. It's madness to give them the forty thousand, for that only increases the danger to the rest of the community. It's an easy way to get money, and someone else would soon be jerked out of bed

and be marched off. It was up to the British Consul to decide what to do, and we didn't envy him the responsibility.

We get the talk of the market place through one of our servants, and he says that this had been planned for several days, also that this was only the first thing. There were to be others. "More better we go Nanking, Missie," he concluded. "More better we take every man's wife Nanking side. Plenty trouble this winter. Coolie, washman, gardener all talkee me, wanchee take wife." And so all my servants are with me. We look like a migrating tribe, and they are all so glad to get away.

The anti-foreign feeling is pretty much limited to the British at present. But they are our friends and neighbors and we feel it indirectly. Then, too, the feeling is apt to turn against us all at any moment. Well, chilluns, if I were a praying body I think I should be down on my knees to-day, I am so thankful to be out of Hunan. If anyone asks you about Red government tell them to go and see for themselves if they think it's so fine a thing.

People who have never seen it, talk very glibly about the necessity of revolution and bloodshed and even atrocities in order to bring about freedom. But for myself I am at a loss to know what these people call freedom. Let me have safety and peace even with the loss of that evanescent something. I am sure the Chinese common people feel the same. The poor natives are in a bad way.

With much love and a sigh of relief,  
Alice

August 21, 1926

Children, Children:

We are really here in Nanking, and you can't imagine my joy at having a little freedom from all the difficulties that have beset my way this summer. We are staying with the Davises, who most kindly asked us to visit them and are entertaining us most graciously. We move up to our own house to-morrow,

or rather to the senior marketing assistant's house, where we are to live until our predecessors leave—in another month.

If I were not so absolutely happy to be in Nanking I should deplore a little this second move, as it entails considerable labor, but as it is, I feel that I'd move twice more just to get out of Hunan. There comes a time when one's spirit cries "enough," and mine cried out just before we left Hunan.

Nanking and Kiangsu province are sending an expedition against the Reds in Hunan, but it is peaceful here. I am to live on a hill in a delightful house, and I have no end of friends near me—here and in Shanghai.

With the best of love to you. That picture of Tyler made me fairly sick to see him.

"Betsy"

September 28, 1926

Dearest Mariannski:

I'll get this letter started before Earle [Mr. Hobart] comes home for tiffin, and then maybe I'll get it finished later. My new cook doesn't come until the first of the month, two of my coolies have been sick, and so my house force is depleted to the boy, amah, and the gardener—pulled in to tide over the emergency. Our furniture is to arrive from Changsha to-day and we are to move into our own house on Socony Hill the day after to-morrow.

It just seems bliss to think of getting settled once more in our home. It's been a terrible summer, and I am certainly thankful to be in Nanking—both because it's such a nice city and because it's below the fighting lines. It would have been hard to be in Changsha this winter. At best, they will be shut off most of the time and get mail but rarely.

It seems to me we get mail all the time down here. And we get our meats from Shanghai, celery and lettuce direct from America. We treated ourselves the other day and had a honeydew melon

from California. It only cost me two dollars gold.

Heaps of love,

Alice

November 7, 1926

Dearest Ray Marie:

One never knows what a fool's paradise one lives in here. The boy, my absolute stand-by, has just come to me to say he wants to leave—says he doesn't like Nanking. Amah has already threatened to leave! Isn't it disgusting after paying \$100 to get them down here and after the terrifically bad summer we have had? I don't feel as if I could face breaking in a new set of servants. The real difficulty, I think, is that the Reds have just made the capture of Kiukiang, and they fear that Nanking may be taken next. It seems that some of the men in the Red army know my boy, and every time they get anywhere near us they threaten him and tell him he must leave foreign employment.

(Later in the day) Well, I found, when Earle came home at noon, that the situation looked bad. The war lord of this group of provinces had lost a big city farther up river and yesterday, while we were disporting ourselves in the country, he moved back into Nanking. The city is very panicky indeed—everybody frightened to pieces, fearing a siege and second Wuchang affair.

We were so delighted at coming to Nanking, but as a matter of fact it simply placed us once more in front of the fighting. It is not at all improbable that this city will be besieged, as was Wuchang. If so, we are in for all sorts of personal trouble, both domestic and business.

We are certainly seeing history in the making if one can get any comfort out of that. Of course to leave now is utterly impossible, so we hang on, all of us hoping for some miracle of good luck. People of our age can't come back to America and fit in with any success. Earle has been out of the stride of devel-



opments in his profession there for nearly twenty years. So you see we have got to grin and bear it. Some others are worse hit than we.

Well, this doesn't sound very cheerful, does it? I guess I'd better tell you about my domestic establishment. We have a most delightful American house with a furnace. I feel as if I were keeping house with one hand to have this compact affair after the huge mansion at Changsha. We have windows and windows, and the sun shines all around us. It is reflected from the moat outside the city wall right beside us, then from the rice marshes, and then from the river. The walls of the living room are yellow; big brass hoods over the fireplaces, and my old Chinese brasses make it a kind of shimmery place. I should like gold-gauze curtains in the room, but I am not getting them, as it's foolish to spend money when things are so uncertain. This house could be made very lovely, but we have decided to stop just where we are on things.

We went over to the Davises after tea and hurried home before martial law went into effect at 6:30. I don't suppose you could imagine the strange, tense atmosphere, the streets full of soldiers, military cars going whizzing by at about forty miles an hour, carriages and motors full of people, officials and the rich moving out bag and baggage, the common people hurrying to get home before darkness came and they would be challenged every few feet.

Heaps of love,

Alice

November 10, 1926

Dear Mariannski:

Our house is settled and everything most lovely. And now we don't know how long we shall be able to occupy it. Things are looking worse and worse. Kiukiang fell the other day. It was taken by strategy, 2,000 soldiers getting into the city, hiding their military connection, and then taking up arms against Sun Chuan-fang. It generally happens

that some of any troops are unfaithful, and this was no exception. The Reds now hold Hunan province and the cities of Hankow, Wuchang, Kiukiang, and undoubtedly will march next upon Nanking. So our situation is grave indeed.

My servants became panicky yesterday and I nearly lost them all. We managed to reassure them and now things are peaceful in the house, though rumors of the fall of Anking have upset them again to-day. Of course it is not impossible that Nanking may be captured. You see what power that means, as the victor would hold virtually all of Southern and Central China. Their desire is to link up with Feng Hu-hsiang in the north. This would mean labor troubles and probably the greatest anti-foreign outbreak. How thankful I am you went home when you did.

Much love,

Alice

November 26, 1926

Dearest Ray:

I am scratching off this missive between activities in the kitchen. I am having the Davises and another American woman for a home Thanksgiving at noon with the Davis children coming too. Spencer is a darling little boy who will have to take the place of Tyler for me. His mother just called up to say that at eight this morning he was all ready to come. Last night he said, "It's just till I wake up now. Then I'll say, 'Amah bring me my clean clothes!' Then I'll go to Aunt Alice's."

(Later) Well, the dinner is over and was a great success except that everyone had to rush away as Mary and J. K. (Davis) were giving their annual Thanksgiving reception to the American community. Now that is over too, and Earle and I have just picked the bones of the turkey in front of our fire and have made our plans for the signal light to be rigged up to-morrow so that we can signal to the gunboat in case of trouble.

Yes, we are again in the midst of it. Anything may happen. The front

pages of the newspapers, even the most conservative British one, read like a dime novel. We expect the Northern troops now in a few days, and they are the ex-bandits of Shantung. Our particular war lord—and quite a good one—is down and out, and it's a question now of Northerners or Reds. Either is bad enough. And again, as in Changsha, we by chance are in a strategic position. Hence the signal lights and a large rope which we must hunt out of the attic to-morrow to let the party down over the wall if the necessity of fleeing should come. Besides all the other things, bandits are capturing boat after boat on the Changsha run. Talk about chaos; this country is it.

Heaps of love to you all,

Alice

December 9, 1926

Dear Mariannski:

I meant to write you, that is the family, a joint letter that would reach you during the holidays. But, alas, it is too late. I have been very much occupied. In the first place I had a dinner for sixteen people, my first Nanking dinner party. Then I had to take typhoid inoculation, as there is much typhoid around. That laid me low after each shot, and then there were letters about manuscript and so forth.

Really there is nowhere to begin to tell you about conditions out here. The country is honeycombed with Soviet propaganda, and it spreads like a forest fire. The students and the riff-raff are the enthusiasts. It is very depressing; the solid merchant class deplore it as much as we do. I am not talking now of the anti-foreign propaganda, but of the Sovietizing of China. When the Reds take over a district they tax the well-to-do so heavily and make them pay such big wages to their employees (to be taken from said employees in taxes) that in many cases they have to go out of business. The other day our boy, who is a Hankow man, told me that his family had had to pay \$3,000 in cash.

This is a Chinese patriarchal family with father, sons, and all worth about \$10,000 Mex. (silver).

You can see where a levy of \$3,000 cash left them, as of course most of their wealth was in land. The worst of it is that they all believe that the Reds are their salvation until they take control. "Then they see it, but it is too late," as a very interesting Chinese business man said to me at tea to-day. He had had to get out of Hankow because of the Reds.

As to the foreigners, we are simply living on a volcano. Just when it's going to blow us into Kingdom Come we don't know.

Alice

January 5, 1927

Dearest "Peter":

We are steadily advancing from chaos to worse chaos. Where the Reds have conquered, not only are the foreigners up against it, but the middle-class Chinese—the backbone of the country. The Chinese business men are frantic with the impossible demands. The country is traveling fast towards bankruptcy. The students and leaders talk all sorts of rebellion to the laboring people to get them on their side and later, when they wish to, cannot control them. In Hunan they have no outside mail service. The clerks rebelled and took over the postoffices and are now running them for their own benefit in the province. Consequently no mail is going in or coming out. Foreigners, of course, with the rest, are entirely cut off.

Wireless to-night through the gunboat says the Chinese took over the foreign concession in Hankow yesterday. Earle came home to tea to-day, bringing with him a Chinese business man from Hankow. One was as grave as the other as Earle said to me, "The most momentous thing which has happened since we have lived in China took place yesterday." Then he told me of the capture of Hankow. It means the repudiating of treaties. We asked this Chinese business man whether it would



make much difference to China as a nation if the foreigners should have to leave. He replied, "It would mean the collapse of business." I pass this on for the sentimentalists who babble about the harm the foreigner is doing here.

Missions one after the other are being closed. Many missionaries have had to flee for their lives. We thank a kind Providence for sending us here to Nanking. It is as quiet as any place in China at present, but Earle is taking out an insurance on our things to-morrow to cover all kinds of destruction. The premium will be terrific. The revolution is spreading rapidly from city to city down the Yangtse. In fact, every place above us has been affected; it only remains to be seen when our turn will come. Meanwhile we give thanks for each day of comparative quiet.

Much love to you all,

"Little Sis"

January 14, 1927

Dearest Mariannski:

Got your letter yesterday from Washington and the new house. It sounded lovely and peaceful and *safe*. Things are moving rapidly in China. Now Eugene Chen is talking about "when we take Shanghai." I think that will not be allowed. All the countries are concentrating gunboats there. But if there should be fighting at Shanghai a general anti-foreign wave may sweep over the country. We are prepared for anything.

One thing the idealists at home don't seem to realize is that this is a communistic movement with outside leadership in the main and that the substantial Chinese are as badly hit as we are. Their money and their homes are being taken. The merchants got together in Hankow and said that if the oppressive measures did not cease they would close all their shops.

You remember that I wrote you about how a payment of \$3,000 had been levied on the family of my boy. He has been distracted for the last couple of weeks. First the soldiers took all the

available money that his family had. Then they insisted that they pay them several thousand more. When they could not do this the soldiers drove them from their home and my boy did not know where they had gone. Friends got word to him about it, and this upset him terribly. To-day he at last heard the details. After they were turned out, the family walked for some five days trying to get away from the soldiers. They had nothing but the clothes on their backs. This is a self-respecting middle-class family with a small farm. The father and one son were teachers.

The Chinese students and students returned from abroad are visionary, if not violently radical. Someone introduced a returned student to me. He was a Harvard graduate and had also stayed for some time in England—talked with a broad English accent, which he forgot when he became excited. He came to call on us and talked in a visionary way about the Canton movement. Of course he was all for it and the abolition of treaties and extraterritoriality. When pinned down it was apparent that he knew nothing of the economic conditions of his own country, its crops, its law courts, its prisons. Someone told me he did not know the literature of his own country, but raved over Tennyson and Browning. He was in the half-baked stage where he ate all things Western, admired the English inordinately, and yet is one of the pack who are crying them down in the present disturbances.

You could put it down to a phase merely, except that, according to him, men of importance in Chinese affairs consulted him. A certain American magazine had asked him for an article. He was conceited and a poseur, but it is men like him who are the movement and who are being manipulated by the outside leaders. People at home cannot see that the good solid middle class are as sick of the whole thing as we are.

Much love,

Alice

January 22, 1927

Dear Mariannski:

Business in Hankow is at a standstill. Eugene Chen is very indignant about it, telling the people to come back and open their places of business. China New Year is coming on, and he is finding that British business had a great deal to do with China's prosperity. But of course the British are not going to reopen with things as they are; they can't afford to. They would be taxed out of existence almost immediately.

People from Szechuen and Hunan are being withdrawn as rapidly as possible. All the British women and children left Changsha, but only after considerable difficulty, for all the boat crews struck and the refugees had to come down under naval escort with no Chinese pilot. That is risky business on the Yangtse.

All is quiet here and we are beyond the fighting line, but so much propaganda is going on that we never can tell when the common people will break out and start to kill the white man. The old tales of Boxer days are being told again to the effect that we kill the babies of the Chinese. Some European priests in Swatow had to flee for their lives because such stories were told to the people by students. To add effect to the story, dead babies dressed in a semi-foreign way were left near the foreign houses.

The saner Nationalist group has been swamped by the radical wave. We live in a constant state of suspense, buying nothing we don't need—except books. We buy heaps of them to keep us sane. To-day the question arose of buying extra coal. I advocated not buying it because of the likelihood of having to go off and leave it. Earle thought we should stock up in case we should get cut off. There you have it.

Lovingly,

Alice

January 28, 1927

Dear Brother:

Things pile up in seriousness from day to day. It's a queer feeling to be par-

taking of the growing pains of history. I wonder what future generations will think of what is going on over here to-day, whether this ghastly destruction in China and in Russia can possibly evolve into anything stable or whether it in turn will have to be destroyed. All the ne'er-do-wells, idlers, ruffians, and malcontents with power to take what they want by force, the Chinese middle class going down like ninepins before the assault, their houses and their money taken from them—that is the Nationalist government.

This afternoon J. K. [the consul] had news that 70 Americans fleeing from Changsha had arrived safely, coming by junk towed by launch. We went down to see these refugees. It was a sight—158 persons crowded on a boat which usually takes 30. And such tales! You feel as if you were living in a madhouse. No one who is weak physically or mentally can stand up under it. The manager of our company is being sent home this week very ill; one of the company wives has lost her mind. Worry and overwork are taking their toll.

The refugees from Changsha were all doctors and teachers. They were cheerful, but cheerful in the way people are in the face of a terrible catastrophe. There is something shattering about it all—their life work destroyed. They say their hospitals and schools are finished. In many cases Chinese have confiscated their property, treated them like mud under their feet. The riff-raff of the city rules.

We had two earthquakes yesterday. I think there is no more news.

Lots of love,

Sis

February 1, 1927

Dearest Mariannski:

China New Year is upon us. I hope nothing untoward happens. Shanghai is a succession of strikes, internal disturbance, and general turmoil, with troops arriving daily for its protection. Things surely are a mess out here. Mrs.



D—— came down river yesterday from Changsha and all the Yale-in-China people two days before. All tell the same tale: Hunan is anarchy, with the coolies and riff-raff ruling. Murder, looting, and all kinds of violence possess Changsha. Yale-in-China is closed and the property confiscated. All the staff are going home. Curiously enough, it is the missionaries who are catching it worst. The Chinese want to keep American business for the revenue it yields.

Our plans for escape are all made, and we have our suitcases partially packed in case we have to get away hastily. Don't worry about us more than you can help. It's an anxious time, of course, but I think our actual lives are not in danger.

I wish America would be a little more sympathetic to her children abroad. China got 141 millions out of exports to America alone during the last eleven months. Chinese business men say that the breaking up of foreign business would mean the collapse of Chinese trade. And yet America talks as if we were a lot of cut-throats out here merely exploiting China.

Much love,

Alice

February 29, 1927

Dearest Ray:

I can't tell you how terrible things are getting. People in America persist in thinking that this is just an anti-foreign outbreak. It is the collapse of society. Everything that good people love—whether foreign or Chinese—homes, property, marriage, morals, safety, all are going down in a welter of hate and destruction. The dregs of society are on top ruling and destroying everything by which men live decent lives.

We are as yet beyond the fighting line, but the boy was in a little while ago to say there would be no mail to-night—postoffice employees in Shanghai on strike. We jumped into the car and

went over to see J. K., only to find that this and worse is true, namely, a general strike in Shanghai to celebrate the taking of Hangchow. Each new city taken makes them bolder in their crimes.

You probably wonder why we don't get out, why the companies do not quit. It's a strange situation, hard to explain. But if we go, it means the collapse of everything. It seems to be our job to hold the thing, so we hold it. It's probably futile, but you feel that you are standing by civilization as long as you can.

The magazines we get from America talk as if the Nationalists were actuated only by a high patriotism. There are some who were, but in the main they are the dupes of the Red Russians. Borodin is in complete power in Hankow, and these Russians hate the British bitterly. We are convinced that they hate the Americans even more but feel that the time has not yet come to come out fully against America.

I have just returned from Shanghai. The atmosphere there was even more depressing than in Nanking. The British appear a broken people, watching England, their empire, falling upon evil days. You feel the weight of numbers of these depressed people. The head of the British oil company has died; our own general manager had a stroke. On all sides there are nervous breakdowns of those in responsible positions. And the end is not yet.

I used to wonder how anyone would behave if he had only a month to live. Now I know. He'd go about doing all the dear, nice, every-day things of life, clinging to them as ballast or as something to keep him sane and courageous. Thus do we. Every day I work over my garden. I have a lovely winding walk down the hill with poppies and tulips, hyacinths and jonquils, wallflowers and snapdragons, planted in borders. Among them is an occasional cherry tree. In another six weeks the garden will be a blaze of color.

Alice

March 10, 1927

Dear Mariannski:

Well, to-morrow will be your birthday and I hope that it will be a happy one. Also, that the package which I sent you will arrive in the course of time. Things here have been moving very fast. Wuhu has fallen, and you know what that means to us, as it is the last city above us on the Yangtse. Soochow is in danger of falling at any time, and if that happens the railway between us and Shanghai will be cut.

As for Nanking, Sun Chuan-fang has moved out and Chang Chung-Chang is moving in. I have never seen so many troops in my life as have passed through the city to the fighting line in the past few days. Half the time the streets are a mass of gray-clad men and reckless, speeding military motor cars. The Chinese people are scared to death, for these soldiers are ex-bandits and they treat the common people badly. They commandeer them as carrying coolies, go into their houses and take their things, and rape the young women. On the other hand, if the Kuomintang comes, the lowest classes will be better treated, but the middle classes and gentry will be robbed of everything they possess. Truly we are ground between the upper and nether millstone.

We have several distinct fears. First, as to the coming of the Reds, that would be bad indeed for us foreigners. All the Europeans and Americans had to be evacuated hastily on the gunboats from Wuhu. Second, the looting of Chang Chung-Chang's men if they lose and retreat. We judge that they would do it thoroughly and artistically, by the look of them. Third, is our fear of a siege of the city. It is a highly strategic point and probably will be fought over. It is a good walled city for a siege.

I have been too busy and too tired to write during the last few days, as I have been packing up our most cherished possessions. Earle got them off this morning. We still have a lot here to lose in case of looting, as we both felt it very

essential to keep the house attractive and homelike in the midst of such suspense and strain. I sent only the Chinese things that could not well be replaced. All our books are here, as the room would be so bare without them.

Your loving sister,

Alice

March 12, 1927

Dearest Ray:

The spring offensive has begun. Wuhu, the last city above us, is taken. Thus we have become the next objective. Our local general has been defeated and another has taken his place. Troops have been rushed across the river here at Nanking and out to the front.

All this week troops have been passing through, roughly 100,000. As many of them are ex-bandits and look and act the part, you can imagine the panic in the city. The main streets have been simply gray with soldiers. The shops are mostly closed and the people terrified, for these gray-clad laddies, who incidentally have not been paid for several months, pass out worthless notes and demand silver in exchange. They plunder the fields at night and take for their use any young woman who is so rash as to show herself.

We ourselves fear the very thorough looting which this body of troops will undoubtedly do on their way back if they are defeated. One morning Earle called me up from the office and said he thought the time had come to pack up our most precious possessions, as he had just heard that the foreigners at places up river have had to flee to the gunboats. I said, "Aye, aye, sir," and fell to. Of course that, plus the panic in the city, got the servants very much wrought up, and all their wives and my amah wanted to bolt. I finally decided that that would make my responsibilities so much less and told them to go ahead.

An outsider might think me demented, lugging books across the room to fill the shelves of an old book case brought down to take the place left bare by the



departure of my Chinese chest—all this effort to fix up, when it was quite likely that the whole thing would be sacked some day in the very near future. But I am far more sane than I might appear to be. The look of peace and comfort is very essential just now, and I feel quite homey and satisfied to-day.

It has rained hard all of yesterday and to-day, washing the streets clear of troops. The boxes are off to Shanghai, the living room is a cheap edition of what it was a week ago, and pots of hyacinths are in blossom on all the tables. Earle and I have had tea and are sitting by the fire. I feel almost as cosy as you do in Washington. It's surprising how you can kid yourself along. Even the servants are back. They found the boats were all being fired on, so that way of escape did not look too good. It was a case of "no way out," so they compromised by sending a few possessions to Shanghai.

(Later) I've been waiting to finish this until the mail from home got in, hoping for something to answer. But the Reds amid the ranks of the Northerners managed to sneak in and derail the train the other night and they haven't been able to get a train through since. So we have not even a paper to break the monotony. It has continued to rain and I have found it hard to keep up the illusion that all is well.

To-day I've been interrupted twice at my writing. Once it was the gunboat people coming up to arrange for a signal station on our roof. This afternoon it was the tapestry man. I am buying you some things while I can still send them out.

Sign off, much love to all of you,  
Betsy

Shanghai  
March 31, 1927

Dear Family:

This is the first time that I have felt able to write of the terrible things which happened a week ago to-day. I want you to know about Earle. Many were

brave that day and contributed to our final escape but the two men directly responsible for the saving of everyone in that city are J. K. Davis and Earle. Their coolness, good sense, courage, and intelligence saved our lives. Earle never once lost his nerve or his wits. There was a tempo about his bravery that beat anything I saw that day. I am very proud of him.

These are the facts. The army of the Nationalist party took over the city of Nanking at six o'clock last Thursday morning. The move was quite unexpected, although since Monday afternoon we had been hearing big guns and fearing that there would be a siege of the city. Preparations for evacuation had been made: Consul Davis had collected all the missionary women and children who lived at the far side of the city away from the river. They were to go out on the gunboats. We were expecting a company boat from Shanghai, and I had asked Mrs. Davis to go on it with me. Earle was to move his office on to it also.

Wednesday afternoon troops were being moved up to the front. Earle had gone into the business part of the city to get some money for J. K., and I had finished the packing of our suitcase preparatory to going on the boat at four. When Earle came home he reported that our boat was not yet in but that things were looking so serious that he was going to take me down and put me on the gunboat. "As soon as Sims gets back with the car," he said. "Ten minutes."

I put on my hat and came downstairs. Just then one of the signal-men came down from the roof and reported "retreating troops to the south, sir." Then the boy came in saying the gates of the city had been closed. We went out on the veranda and, as far as we could see outside the city wall, there was a mass of hurrying gray-clad men—in retreat. It was too late to get away, so we went back into the house and had tea.

All night guns were being fired in the suburbs of the city outside of the wall. We slept with our clothes on, and the

signal-man guarded the house. But there was really little looting. At six o'clock Thursday morning the Nationalists entered the city. Within an hour bands of soldiers began visiting the foreign houses. Our house was the signal station for the gunboats, for the two consuls were situated on low ground back a little distance in the city. We were a clearing house for messages, and the handful of sailors stationed with us were for signaling purposes only. We had been told over and over that the American Government would not act to protect property, but only in case of a life and death issue. The Nationalists had been making many fair promises, so we did not think that it would come to a matter of personal safety for Americans.

However, as I said, within an hour after entering the city the soldiers began entering foreign houses under the command of their officers who whistled them to the attack and whistled them off. Our sailors were at their signal station on the roof and Earle at the telephone. About 6:30 J. K. Davis telephoned that, now that organized troops had entered the city—not retreating uncontrolled troops as in the night—we had better put away our arms. Consequently all our people were disarmed, as we wanted to give no provocation to the charge the Nationalists make that foreigners always start the trouble. The poor sailors from the gunboat did not relish this at all. They said they were soldiers and there to defend us. However, they were very decent and told Earle that he was the doctor.

About seven hurried calls began coming in over the 'phone. Mr. Davis called. "News received from Nanking University that Doctor Williams has been killed." We thought that he was probably out on the street and struck by a chance bullet. Later we knew that he had been deliberately murdered after being robbed.

Another call. "Soldiers have entered the British consulate. Shot Mr. Giles.

He is dead." Each time we got a message over the 'phone a signal-man came down, got the message, and sent it to the gunboat two miles away on the river. Each party who called told Mr. Davis they would communicate again, but never did. They got cut off from their telephones.

Again Mr. Davis at the 'phone. "The soldiers have left the British consulate and are reported to be on their way here. My Chinese policeman says that if we do not flee we shall be murdered. We are going to try to make our way across country to your house." Again the signal-man took the message and wigwagged the gunboat.

Until the message telling of Doctor Williams's death I had been upstairs writing to you to keep my nerves steady. I am downstairs now listening to everything. My servants—boy, cook, and gardener—were standing by most bravely—and did all day.

Now British and American men began running into our house from all sides. They brought terrifying tales of how they had just escaped with their lives. One reported that the party at the British consulate had fled in all directions; later one of the servants brought word that they were hidden in the gate house. These men who had just run in said we must get away over the wall; it was our only chance. Earle was still at the 'phone; turning he said to them, "Get my wife over. I cannot leave until the consular party gets here."

We rushed down the bluff toward the wall. I heard Earle call from the veranda, "Put a man over and test the rope before you lower Mrs. Hobart." The wall was sixty feet high. We reached it and three men went over. Then a friend of ours who was with me cried, "Don't go, Alice. Look, there are thousands of retreating troops down there, they will kill you sure." That and the fact that Earle was in a tight corner and could not leave decided me. I went back to the house, running and crouching low to avoid the snipers. It is good I did not go over the wall; I should never have



made my escape. Even as I left, two Nationalist soldiers came up and took the rope away from our men.

I got back to the house and found pandemonium. Earle was trying to quiet the frightened people that came in. He told the men not to use their firearms, as one shot would not help us, but would inevitably infuriate the Chinese. The boy rushed up to me and put a little American flag in my hand. In another moment he was back to say that soldiers were coming up the hill through the garden, firing. Earle took command and said, "It is useless to shoot. If you will all go upstairs and not shoot I will go out and meet these soldiers and try to talk them out of killing us. They say they are Hunanese, and I can speak their dialect. Now all of you go upstairs."

We followed his instructions, I saying to myself, "In five minutes I shall be a widow." I asked Mr. Green to tell me what happened and then went and sat on the bathroom floor. Earle had told me to go to the back of the house as it was in least danger from bullets. I felt that if the soldiers did not shoot him at once, someone in our party might in a panic discharge a revolver and then the soldiers would certainly shoot Earle.

As someone said yesterday, there aren't any braver things than Earle did then. He took a bowl of tea in his hands as a Chinese symbol of friendliness and walked out of the front door of our house, straight into the firing. I could hear his voice, steady and strong, and eloquent, talking on and on. I never heard him talk Chinese like that before. After a time Mr. Green opened the bathroom door and said, "Guess it's all right, Mrs. Hobart, they're smiling. . . . They are drinking the tea. . . . They are going away." Earle had actually talked them out of killing us.

Someone brought little Shannon [daughter of Consul Davis] to me saying, "Get her a drink." She was gasping for breath and wet with perspiration, as they had had to run over the hills, under

fire all the time. A minute later someone brought little Spencer Davis into the room. Neither of the children was crying, and both of them thanked me when I gave them water. Then I heard Earle's voice calling me to come and find the brandy; one of the women was in complete collapse from the exertion and fright. We did not know but that she would die right there. The men carried her upstairs to a little sitting room I had made on the north side of the house when the marines had first been quartered with us. There we women stayed all day, keeping out of sight so that the soldiers would not know that there were women in the house. The sick woman was on the couch, the children and I on the floor. I kept going back and forth, called upon for various things such as bandages for the wounded soldier who was brought to the house by two coolies. At noon when I went down there was a lull. No soldiers were sniping, and so I directed my servants in the work of getting all of us something to eat. The women and children must have food and there must be coffee for the men. We opened tinned things and I fed forty-eight people. Six missionaries sat praying in the dining room while the rest of us hustled out plates and forks.

All this time Earle and Mr. Davis were trying over the 'phone to get in touch with some responsible Nationalist official, but could not succeed. Successive bands of soldiers visited the house, but the two men persuaded each band to leave. About one o'clock things got more serious. The soldiers were uglier. Just as I went upstairs for the last time I heard the signal-man say to J. K., "The gunboat says they'll send over a barrage." And J. K. answered, "Tell them, for God's sake, not to. We'll sacrifice every woman and child back in the city if we do. And the British Consulate too. We think we are getting in touch with the officials."

I did not go back downstairs, and they sent word up for everyone to keep quiet so that the soldiers would think there

was no one else in the house. These soldiers robbed Earle and Mr. Davis of their watches, rings, even their eyeglasses. When Earle's wrist watch would not come off easily they actually threatened to cut off his hand. He kept on jollyng them, saying, "Look here, I'm not holding out on you. You can have it, just give me time to get it off."

The minutes dragged on. We told the children that they must talk only in whispers, so they could not be heard, as the soldiers were just beneath us in the hall. At last a missionary, Mr. McGee, and the Vice-Consul telephoned from outside the city wall that they had got hold of some officials but only quite minor ones and that they were coming up. The gate was open now, and we watched them proceed slowly up the ridge, with the Nationalist banners. The men downstairs were still standing the soldiers off. Then the official party dropped out of sight where the ground dipped just below our gate—but at last they were here. Mr. Sims, who was looking after us, said, "Now it's all right."

But such a racket downstairs! It did not sound all right. And it was not. The soldiers robbed the petty officials, and they fled. The mob evidently had their orders from men higher up. Things moved with rapidity during the next hour. The soldiers demanded money. Upstairs we got together all we could. Earle and J. K. gave it out little by little to the soldiers, stalling for time. We upstairs knew that it was about the end; still we did not dare to ask for help from the gunboats for fear America would say the gunboats fired without provocation. All the time we women were haunted by the fear that they might mutilate the children or torture all of us. I was, and I know Mary Davis was, because she spoke about the string of Japanese pearls around my neck and told me to take them off. I threw them in the corner. Then she spoke about my rings.

Alice

April 3, 1927

Dearest Family:

Well to go on, Earle and J. K. dealt out the money little by little, playing for time. We had been given to understand that America would not stand for firing or asking for help except under the gravest provocation. Well, when they had got our money they said, "Now we are going to kill you." J. K. had told them we were Americans and he the American consul. Sometime during the performance they had told him they did not care whether we were British, American, Japanese; they were going to kill all the foreigners.

They had now surrounded the house and were sniping at us from every corner and they were forcing the front door open—broke it in, in fact. Their guns were levelled at J. K. and Earle and the Vice-Consul. For three-fourths of an hour these men flirted with death. Then as the soldiers hove in the door (J. K. had gone upstairs to get more money if possible) Earle called, "Break out your arms." The sailors, who had been almost crying because they were not allowed to shoot, grabbed their guns from the closet and rushed down the stairs. When the Red soldiers saw them they got the surprise of their lives, as they thought there were no firearms in the house, and they fled from the door without shooting Earle, but began shooting from a little distance.

When I heard Earle call, "Break out your arms" I knew we were up against it, for I had heard the men earlier in the day say we could not hold out long against them with only a handful of sailors if we had to fire.

At this point someone ran along the hall calling, "Women in the bathroom." That was our last stand, for Earle had told me if they began shooting, the Chinese always shot up and would be apt to shoot through the floors. The bathroom had a cement floor.

Crawling on our hands and knees with the children to avoid bullets from the windows, we got into the bathroom and



crouched on the floor. The sailors were now trying to signal the gunboats but they could not seem to get in touch. Of course every moment seemed an eternity. J. K. came along the hall saying, "This is the end. We can do no more, they are going to kill us." Just then Earle came running along the hall on the way to help the signal-man. He looked in and actually smiled at me after all that ordeal downstairs and said, "Hello there." I did not feel anything except that I hoped somebody would shoot me before the soldiers attempted to mutilate us and the children, and yet the thought crossed my mind, "I don't want to ask for it while there's a chance of getting out." I did not feel fear at dying, only regret at not getting the rest of my life to live. I was perfectly calm and so was Mrs. Davis. I heard her in a low voice say to Shannon, "Shannon, pray God to save you," and Shannon say in a muffled voice, for she had her head on the floor, "I have prayed, mother," and Mrs. Davis say, "Pray some more."

All around us men were saying "Why don't they see us?" (Meaning the American gunboat.) Then a sailor, a signal-man, stood up on the veranda with the soldiers firing at him and signaled with flags—a marvelous bit of bravery. Earle was out shooting rockets but he was protected a little by the cement rail as he was squatting down. They were firing from all directions now at our house, and we were afraid they'd get in the house next door and fire across.

The next I knew a shell burst at what seemed almost our feet, and such a cry as went up. Then someone called, "To the back of the house!" Still crawling to avoid the snipers, we hurried to the back of the house. By this time the shells were coming over as regularly as clockwork. I shall never forget that sound. It was as if a curtain of sound had been let down around us: like a great superhuman being protecting us. They placed the shells in a triangle around the house.

I got separated from Mary and the children in the rush to the back of the house and found myself in the back bedroom crawling toward a solid wall for safety. The floor was strewn with bandoliers and cartridges and guns; the men were searching out their firearms. I saw Earle intent on getting a rifle and loading it. Everyone according to his faith was thanking God, some praising him, some cursing. The sailors with their bayonets were smashing the back windows, frames and all, and shooting the snipers below us. They were almost crying with joy and swearing like troopers.

I was against the wall when someone shouted, "Get away from the chimney, Mrs. Hobart, the shells may shake it down." I crawled back into the hall, and there were Mary and two men holding the children in a little closet at the head of the stairs. I got in it with them. The shells were coming over, one after the other. Someone cried, "Watch the stairs for snipers." Then someone, "We'll have to make a dash for it." Someone else, "No, not yet. Too many snipers." Such pandemonium. The rifles going off and the shells falling in the valley at the back of the house.

Then came a real command, "We must start. Sailors first to clear the way, then the women and children." Down the stairs we went, straggling across the living room and out the side door. I shall never forget the picture of my house. Two or three things stand out of all the desolation of broken windows, beds torn to pieces to get the bedding for the ropes to get over the wall. One of my teacups given to me when I was married was standing on a table. Yellow jonquils still stood up fresh and bright in a black jar. Out of the house, down the steps, through the barb-wire fence, down the bluff we all ran to the great city wall. The men were already knotting the sheets and testing them. A man was lowered to test them. Then they took me. They knotted the blan-

et around me. That was about the worst moment of the day, I think. I asked, "Won't it cut me in two?" (The men slid down hand over hand.) I had a horror of what that rope would do to my back.\* The men answered, "We can't say, Mrs. Hobart." I suddenly thought then of the vow I'd made to myself—not to slow things down one bit because I was a woman; so I said, "All right" and sat down on the parapet and swung my feet over and slid off into space—sixty feet below was the level ground around the moat. Half way down I heard them call, "Hold on there," and I looked up to see a great brick out of the parapet about two feet long and one thick, loosened and about to topple down on me. It would have killed me, but they got hold of that and began lowering again. I helped untie the knot and up went the sheet rope. Poor little Spencer thought they were going to throw him over and wept bitterly. The children and I and then Mary hid behind a grave and got away from any snipers. The sailors and other men with guns were at different points on top of the wall watching for snipers.

Well, at last we were all down except a few sailors and Earle and J. K. They told us to go on, but Earle and J. K. had taken the brunt of everything all day and I rebelled and said I wouldn't till the two men came down. We called to the men. Earle was so busy watching for another sniper that we had to call twice. Then he came running along, threw his hat over. As it came hurtling through the air it was like a triumphant shout to me. J. K. and Earle were half way down when I turned and started on, as I knew they could run faster than I. Something made me look back just as they picked Earle up. He was so limp I thought he had been shot. I ran back and he called out, "It's only my ankle—it's broken." They tried to carry him on rifles, but they could not hurry. We did not realize that the barrage had scared off every soldier. Mr. Sims, now way

\* Mrs. Hobart's spine had once been injured.

in the front with Shannon, called back, "Hurry up, what do you think this is, an afternoon tea party?" Then he saw Earle had been hurt. He is a great big man and he ran back then and took Earle on his back and carried him along the causeway across the moat. That exhausted him so they had to put Earle on the rifles again. All the way we were hurrying for fear they would begin shooting. Earle actually hopped along on one foot a little way.

The landing party coming to our rescue went a different way and never met us. All the time we were worried for fear someone might get shot and we should have more to carry. Well, at last we got across the two-mile stretch of rice marshes, moat, and little villages to the river, and there was a boat to take us to the gunboat.

We found out afterwards that half an hour after the barrage began there was a responsible National delegation on the gunboat begging for mercy. An hour after the barrage began the whole city was placarded with posters telling everyone to be good to the foreigners. And yet a couple of hours before, when we had been begging for our lives, only very minor officials could be found.

The gunboat captains and J. K. told these officials that if every foreigner in the city was not accounted for by ten the next morning they would shell the whole city. Our boat left that night, so I did not see the others come out of the city, but the next morning all the foreigners, the dead and the living, arrived at the gunboats. They said it was only our barrage that saved them. Missionary women had been violated, others stripped of their clothes and subjected to humiliations and indignities. Women in the hospitals with newborn babies were stripped of bed- and night-clothes. Doctor Williams had been shot and a Miss Moffat shot. Some carpenters hid her underneath mats when she ran into their shop and took her to a hospital after the barrage began. They would all have been killed eventually had not



the soldiers got frightened by that barrage, or rather, their officers been frightened. Since then they have killed many who helped the foreigners that day, among them the carpenter who hid Miss Moffat. All of our houses have been looted. Several of the missionary houses were burned on that day. Our house they looted the next day, taking away or destroying everything. My servants got this word to the gunboat.

My servants were wonderful all day risking their lives for us. They are all together in a little house somewhere in Nanking, with our dog which they saved, and our silver and two suitcases, which they mean to get to us sometime if they can. Everyone is being watched and if they are seen with any foreign things the things are destroyed. I am trying to get money to my servants to help them.

Practically everything we owned we have lost. I sent a few boxes to Shanghai a few weeks ago with our Chinese things in them. And we may get these suitcases. But at best we are pretty nearly cleaned out.

Everyone here lives in a state of suspense. There is barb-wire all around

the settlement and hordes of soldiers, but, even so, nearly every night the mobs and the Nationalist soldiers at some point try to break into the settlement. What is so terrible is that Red Russia is behind this and their slogan is a world revolution. I am not so certain but they will bring it to pass, too. America's Soviet press, the newspaper men tell us, is working overtime to neutralize the Nanking affair, and England is afraid of her Labor party. Here nearly two weeks after the outrages at Nanking nothing has been done. Russia grows bolder daily. They were all properly scared after the barrage and the Chinese said, "We shall be punished for this," but as time goes on they are getting over their fear that we shall do anything.

Well, Bolshevism is a terrible thing. I hope America won't go down into the welter of blood which comes with it, but having watched its insidious workings in China, and having heard the same story from hundreds of White Russians in China, it does not look impossible. World revolution is the fanatical cry of Russia and China. Who can say?

Great love to you all,

Alice

## WHEN FIRST THE POETS SUNG

BY OSBERT SITWELL

**W**HEN men were children, and each race was young,  
 The praise of many a hero, bravely sung,  
 Resounded through each honeycombed rock  
 In beelike droning, smote with sudden shock  
 The mountain top, where in green-tufted tent  
 By sweetness drowsed, the shepherd breathes the scent  
 Of poignant herbs, outpressed by scrabbling goat  
 That quavers to him in a voice remote  
 As laughter of old men. He stirs not. Past  
 Him floats the song to brush the golden mast

*Of full-rigg'd fruit trees, where they breast the foam  
 From fallen petals at their foot, to roam  
 Through echoing pastures, to invade the woods  
 Which now reveal, beneath receding floods  
 Of brutish blackness, goddess-trodden dells  
 And alleys, whence Apollo shade dispels  
 With level eye. All animal and furred  
 That darkness was, which banished by the word  
 Yet lurks within our blood—ape-haunted land  
 Where ev'ry Stone Age God can still command  
 With grunting utterance. . . .*

*This chant of love,  
 This man-made music of the myrtle grove,  
 Was new then. In its cadence brooded Spring,  
 The sad months of miraculous blossoming.  
 Wherever shrilling water met green shade,  
 Within that laughing, leafy palisade—  
 As nightingales, that with a diamond tongue  
 Cut glassy darkness—first the poets sung.  
 No sooner in these havens had they trod  
 Before by song they made a Demigod:  
 All forms of music shared the sacred throne  
 And Priest and Poet could be seen for one.*

*Heroic figures are now obsolete,  
 So demigod and devil find retreat  
 In minds of children—as rare beasts and men,  
 Extinct, may linger on in hill or fen  
 Made safe by distance—where each form assumes  
 Gigantic stature and intention, looms  
 From wind-moved, twilight-woven histories:  
 For them each flower teems with mysteries.  
 Thus, poems, no less than mythology  
 Are imaged through an inner, innocent eye  
 Preserved from childhood, of a vision clearer,  
 More true than truth, that brings each object nearer  
 And draws a strange strength from the hidden God—  
 For poetry's the wisdom of the blood,  
 That scarlet tree within, which has the power  
 To make dull words bud forth and break in flower.*





## “NOTHING SHOCKS ME”

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

EVERY now and then, a man—or, more often, a woman—seems to sum up and, as it were, crystallize a period in so salient and challenging a way that one can, for the first time, recognize its general nature and significance. That, anyhow, was my impression when, this winter, I met Hester Johnson again in New York.

I had not seen Hester for fifteen years, and at first I did not recognize her. In her abbreviated and attenuated skirts, with a shingled head of glossy and perfectly waved fairness, she was exactly like hundreds of other modern young females, and, like them, a being whose age could not be guessed. Women seem, in shearing their hair and uncovering their legs, to have discovered a passport to universal youth. Perhaps that is why the older generation objects and emits vague mutterings about men looking at pink stockings. Certainly the space between knee and ankle bears little or no trace of “time’s effacing fingers”; it would defy the most skilful expert to guess the age of the limbs presented to his observation everywhere. Hester showed a great deal of stocking; she looked younger than I had remembered her; she looked, above all, just like everyone else. Certain tricks of speech and manner that belonged to the old Hester only made more striking the change that had passed over her in the years, and assimilated her completely to the 1927 type.

I met her at a dinner party, a company of both sexes and various ages, though it would not have been easy to assign the right decade to any of the women. Two

of the men were not so young. Conversation was free, lively, and intimate.

“I heard a story the other day that amused me,” said Hester. She glanced at the older of the two men as she spoke smilingly.

“Yes?” he said, observing her eye. “What is it? You’re not afraid I might be shocked?”

They all laughed.

“I assure you I know better,” he continued. “My wife and daughters have cured me of that.”

Hester, thus encouraged, proceeded with a narrative whose central incident was of what used to be called a very French type: it culminated in an expletive once confined to the stables.

Everyone laughed.

“Oh, that’s nothing,” said another woman. She proceeded to broaden the treatment. Hester capped her *conte drôlatique* with another, and the conversation moved, easily and freely, along what used to be called smoking-room lines. Needless to particularize the incidents or name the familiar key words that give to such conversation its characteristically modern note. There is a museum in Berlin which always comes in for mention. Everyone knows these conversations.

In this milieu Hester Johnson was evidently entirely at home. I looked at her and marveled at the achievement of the whirligig of time. When I knew her formerly she was, as she is now, exceedingly pretty. She has lost none of her fair-haired bloom: retains, unimpaired, the dewy look about the eyes, together with a trick of drooping them so that her

long lashes make a fringe on her cheek, and then lifting them suddenly with an effect of innocent startling unconscious blueness that is even more surprisingly effective now than it was then. Fifteen years ago it was really innocent and unconscious, that upward glance of Hester's. She was the shyest, most reticent, most completely inhibited young thing. Daughter of a Lutheran pastor somewhere in Wisconsin, she had the air of one just interrupted in reading her prayer book who finds the world presented to her both troubling and strange. She knew little or nothing. She was afraid of nearly everything. Her speech was a constant avoidance of words that might not be mentioned: her actions were conditioned by countless things that might not be done. One picked one's expressions in talking to her and one's friends in introducing them to her, for fear that she might be shocked. She was easily shocked. I took her to concerts, since nearly every play I thought of had, when inspected through her candid eyes, some incident that would not do. Concerts seemed safe: she knew little of music.

Hester had a story. It was, in fact, that story which had caused her dreamy ingénu of a father to rouse himself to bring her to Europe, in order that she might forget it. Of course she said she never would forget. At the time she believed that, fully. It was a simple enough story. A few weeks before the date fixed for her wedding, her fiancé had come to her and told her that he had received a call, couched in piteous language, to the deathbed of "another woman." Hester's delicacy would not allow her any more precision of description than that.

"Of course I told him he must go."

I looked at her as she said this and recognized the self-sacrificial Puritan conscience, sure that what is disagreeable must be right.

"Yes?" I said feebly.

She looked at me as though surprised that I had any question to ask. "Of

course, that was the end of it—for me."

After a few minutes I plucked up enough courage to ask her whether she thought he cared for the "other woman."

"Oh, *no!* It was not that kind of thing." It was evidently the kind of thing to which no nice girl could refer; and no nice young man either. Hester could not look at it: it turned her to stone. Her emotion was precisely that given by the dictionary as descriptive of shock—recoil as with painful astonishment. She recoiled. She hid her eyes. She suffered—as perhaps no girl of her age can suffer to-day.

How long this suffering lasted I do not know. Certainly it was round her like a veil all the time she was in London; and something in its obstinate intensity, its impenetrable texture made the girl interesting. She was still enfolded in it, dignified by it, when her father, deciding that Europe could do nothing for her, took her back to America.

How long it lasted after that I do not know. There are no marks of it on the unlined, unshadowed face Hester shows to-day. She has to-day a hard bright finish that seems more than skin deep. But who can penetrate behind the modern complexion, from which every trace of emotional ravage is smoothed by skilled fingers in a weekly "facial"?

Before the evening was over she came across to speak to me. She "joined on," as they say, at once.

"I am so glad to see you again," she said. "Amusing how one always is. . . . I've often wanted to see you and tell you I realize now what a darn fool I was about Richard. We're great pals now and have had many a good laugh over my prudishness. . . . Oh, no, I didn't marry him. My first husband was a soldier; Frank is in Wall Street. He suits me much better as a husband than Richard ever would have done, or Billy did. For the meantime, anyhow. . . . Do you know, I was shocked, at the time: really shocked. I can't under-



stand it now. Nothing shocks me now. I almost wish it could." She sighed, then smiled. "It would be a new sensation—and they are so hard to get."

## II

Hester's progress from being shocked by everything to being shocked by nothing is the typical progress of the modern maid or man. Immunity to the sensation of "recoil with painful astonishment" is the mark of our civilization, the sign of what we call our freedom. The criterion of an "advanced" community, as of an "advanced" individual, is its degree of incapacity for shock.

Hester is a New Yorker. She might just as well be a citizen of Chicago, Berlin, Paris, London, or Vienna. A sort of value is given to her freedom and her advancement by her knowledge that regions exist across whose rudimentary and unemancipated consciousness shocks still pass; where nerves can still recoil in painful astonishment; where people shudder with a delighted sense of daring when they see or read stories of "what goes on" in capital cities. There is a gap between the center and what in England and France are called "the provinces"—a word for which American States-sensitiveness allows no precise analogue. But that gap is continually contracting. The papers and, above all, the magazines that enjoy a "nation-wide" circulation, which are read on the Pacific Coast and in the West and South as well as in the East, imply shockability on every page. But their preoccupation with implying it, like their constant titillation of their public's nerves, is more suggestive than their modesty or reticence. And when one passes from the fiction which describes what is supposed to be, to the news columns which record what is, one sees how thin is the veil. Facts are the same, at center and circumference. If Judge Ben Lindsey is to be believed, the young people of Denver are little affected by the old commands and prohibitions; and no one

imagines that Denver is peculiar. The only real difference between center and provinces is in freedom of reference to what goes on.

It is an important difference. Talk is the key to life. The Revolution we now see going on in "unchanging" China has been preceded by a more fundamental revolution by which the speech of the people has conquered its literature. The use of the vernacular in printed books is the big transforming event there. The same thing has already happened with us. Modern speech has conquered modern literature.

"Let me make a nation's songs," said a sage, "and I care not who makes its laws." Our songs come from the revue and the music-hall, and they give us our dialect. That dialect, in its turn, is the most expressive index of our minds.

Listen with a detached ear to a modern conversation, and you will be struck, first by the restriction of its vocabulary, and second, by the high proportion, in that vocabulary, of words such as, in the older jargon, "no lady could use." Its staples are nouns and adjectives that in the days when Hester Johnson received her "shock" were considered unmentionable in polite society; that were discreetly skipped when they occurred in the classics, and, in the "best" editions, were bowdlerized out of Shakespeare and the Bible. Most of these words belong to a common family: they are words describing the physical facts of life and, above all, the physical facts of the relations of the sexes. A better instance of the completely conversational modern novel than Ernest Hemingway's successful *The Sun Also Rises* need not be asked for; it is the perfect transcription. In it the word "bitch"—for example—occurs with wearisome iteration; acts, indeed, as a sort of refrain. There are other words in it of the same type; and here, as elsewhere, the words used foretell and correctly previsualize the action. Another instance of the same tendency may be cited—John Barrymore's text for his performance of "Hamlet." The pas-

ages which he put back for that version are, almost invariably, the passages that used to be cut out on grounds of "modesty." "Hamlet" has to be cut for tolerable modern performance, to allow us time to eat our dinners; but Barrymore chose his cuts on a perfectly modern principle. All the "broad" dialogue came back, and all the franker passages in Hamlet's account to his mother of the precise nature of her relations with her husband. Anyone who looks up these passages will see what are the words I mean; anyone who listens to a "modern" conversation will hear them all, *ad nauseam*, and hear them on the lips of ladies no less freely and frequently than on those of gentlemen.

The same is true of another group of words that does excessively heavy duty to-day—the more or less unmeaning expletives and "swear words" that have no real significance in this unbelieving age. They are all over the place; they act as a sort of obbligo to a modern conversation.

In this so-called emancipation of speech women have been the pioneers. Among the trammels they have cast aside are those which belonged to the silence and reticence of their servitude, and to the ignorance which was its badge. Now, the wheel has come full circle. Once the measure of refinement, of cultivation, of belonging to the right set, socially and intellectually, was the possession of a delicacy that registered the largest variety and greatest number of shocks. The perfect lady was shocked by nearly every fact of life. Hardly any of them might be mentioned in her presence. A vocabulary wholly different from that prevalent among males had to be employed in her company; even among males the upward movement in the social scale was marked by the elimination of direct phraseology and the pruning of expletives from speech, which proliferated in elegant circumlocutions, innuendoes, and veiled allusions. Death was described as "passing," birth as an "interesting condition," and

so on. Talk became an ingenious game of hide-and-seek, and was rated as elegant in proportion to the array of barbed-wire entanglements, bushes, and floral screens with which the scene was provided. The trail of this tradition still lies over public speech, leading articles, and provincial conversation.

Emancipation, beginning as a refusal to admit that there are any words that may not be mentioned, has landed us, at present, in a curious imprisonment. The one-time unmentionables have become the staple of conversation. They are never off duty. Listen to any genuinely up-to-date group and you will hear the nouns and the expletives of the farmyard, the ring, the stable, and the trenches, almost to the exclusion of all others.

Fifteen or so years ago Bernard Shaw was at great pains to unearth an authentic unmentionable. In his "Pygmalion" the utterance of the expletive "bloody"—an adjective which, in London, punctuates the talk of the hundred-per-cent proletarian—was intended to be the high note; was designed to administer to the audience a genuine electric shock. Even at the time, with the able assistance of the censor, the effect was only partial, and this although the word has the high merit of performing no function whatsoever and, therefore, of being charged with the highest associative and taboo potency. To-day, of course, the effect is lost. Eliza's natural talk is nearer to the contemporary model than that which Professor Higgins endeavors to teach her, and the results on what was once the big scene are disastrous. There is no shock to be got out of the word. Yet it and others like it linger on as symbols of freedom long after they have ceased really to be anything but badges of a new servitude, a new restriction. We are so busy not being shocked that we do not see the fetters which our preoccupation imposes.

The zest for the utterance of the one-time forbidden word, and its employment as a sign to one's self and others



that one is immune to the sensation of shock, has actually produced a sort of *rigor mortis* which is visibly affecting our language. Its growth, through expressive slang and through a more subtle and delicate adjustment of words to meaning, is being arrested. The vocabulary actually employed by up-to-date persons is extraordinarily limited, and the limitation, as is natural, works back from words to ideas. The physical facts that used to be forbidden now dominate the scene, and the vocabulary refers almost exclusively to them. The medium of conversation being thus contracted, its subject contracts likewise.

Words of precision, whether nouns or adjectives, are pale in comparison with the highly colored phraseology of open reference. Yet color, as every artist knows, is a matter not only of intensity but of value and relation. To use nothing but scarlet is not the means to a brilliant effect any more than is the employment of heavily leaded type all over a newspaper page. The effort to make everything salient defeats itself. So the over-emphasized high note of modern language ends in monotony: the swear word or the stable word bores us. Yet we cannot get back to greater range and freedom of language because the words that would give it imply the existence of a scale of values. To admit any such scale is to admit the possibility of being shocked. That cannot be allowed. To be shocked is out-of-date. To confess a capacity for it is to confess to provincialism. So, if a modern happens on a word that produces in him any faint reflection of that sense he immediately utters it, in as loud a tone as possible, by way of exorcism. Conversation consequently resounds with these words, and for all its blaring noise grows lifeless and dull: has no more music in it than the jazz band it resembles.

### III

If we have found the courage to admit that modern conversation, either actual or as reported in the novel, is dull,

monotonous, and, in effect, colorless, we may carry that discovery over and apply it as at least a partial answer to the question, "What is wrong with the Stage?" The question, to be sure, is dreadfully jejune; there is a modicum of correction to be found in the old story about *Punch*. "*Punch*," says someone, "is not as good as it used to be." "No"—so runs the reply—"it never was." So, no doubt, it is with our theater. The stage of the past looks to us more brilliant than it was; the stage of to-day, poorer than it is. But its dullness to day is of a special kind; it is dull just in proportion as it struggles to be "lively."

The Censor is perturbed because it attempts, incessantly, to shock its audiences; what he might more reasonably be troubled about is the fact that it cannot possibly do so, for that is the root of the matter. The trouble is not that playwrights, producers, and managers are out for "dirt," but that they are out to shock audiences who, as a matter of fact, are immune to the kind of shock they seek to give them. They cannot be made to recoil with painful astonishment from any fact of life. Cruelty, perversion, obscenity—all these are tried. You can see them in a dozen theaters in any metropolis to-day—and see the audience utterly unmoved. Dramatists thoroughly involved in the effort to do "strong" things get "stronger" and "stronger"; their audience's reaction gets weaker and weaker.

Shock of some sort or another is the dramatic weapon *par excellence*. What situation that can be put before an audience to-day will give it a shock, cause it to sit up and ask itself "Can this be?" The method of "revelation" has been explored and exhausted. The dramatist, like the reformer, finds his armory bare or stocked with blunted weapons. It seems impossible to-day to rouse people by showing them what exists. They know.

So in the theater one finds the plays of even such a master as Ibsen less moving, less effective than they used to be be-

cause repeated violent assault has deadened certain nerves in his hearers. When "Ghosts" was first produced it roused a storm. Venereal disease was not then allowed to be mentioned, and many were innocently ignorant of its effects. To-day the theme has been so overworked that we are actually bored with it. A cynical society not only knows why Oswald Alving suffers; it suspects anyone in a play who is physically weak of personal or hereditary immorality. Syphilis has become a cliché. There is no thrill for us in the revelations in "The Wild Duck" or "The Pillars of Society" of the private life of the respectable citizen. Real life daily provides far more striking exposures. We expect respectable citizens to be whited sepulchres. And so on. Ibsen's imitators who have not bothered to understand his technic or perceive his poetry, fail in proportion as they try to "go one better" than the newspapers. Who is thrilled by Sudermann or Wedekind, Bernstein or Brioux? How inexpressibly tired we are of bedroom scenes, of the introduction of prostitutes at elegant dinner parties, of the discussion of babies months before their physical birth, and of all the variants of the *Œdipus* complex!

The two really successful playwrights of our period enforce this same point negatively. Chekov's success—notably in London and now in New York—is due, in part, to his refusal to make any effort to rouse or shock his audience, and his complete abandonment of situation; Shaw's to his early recognition of its futility. His surprises are intellectual, not emotional.

In fiction, in the same way and for the same reasons, the cult of violence has recoiled upon itself. Cruelty and perversion have been over-exploited. In the upshot the novelist is being beaten off the field by the criminologist and the psychiatrist. Freud and the *Newgate Calendar* are our best sellers. Nor is there anything surprising in this. It is merely the fuller exemplification of the

truth expressed to me the other day in a remark by a young creature who said, almost plaintively, "You know, there's much less in all this 'unnatural vice' business than I thought." There is, if we think in terms of modern shock treatment.

But it has escaped the notice, apparently, of our playwrights and novelists, who are, of course, of the same psychological make-up and have the same psychological background as their audience, that there is another kind of shock available to the artist—the æsthetic. You cannot show the up-to-date denizen of our exposed world a fact he does not know, least of all a physical fact; but you might reveal to him a feeling. In order to do this, however, our writers and showmen must release themselves from physical preoccupations and transcend their belief that reality, being exclusively sensual, can be expressed in terms limited to the one-time unmentionables. The desire to shock is its own enemy.

#### IV

Descriptive realism is to-day the formula of the stage and of the novel. They strive to represent the life of the time, and do so with a success of which their close resemblance to its conversation is the index. It is idle to be shocked by what is. That never was useful reaction. It has become an obviously futile one.

Not so long ago, one used to hear people saying, "Nothing shocks me" with a sort of timid bravado. It was, and they knew it, not quite true. They hoped that saying it would make it true. Their hope has worked. It has worked mainly because of the powerful assistance it has received from experience. The theater and the novel show us facts. Facts have overwhelmed us. Our standards, our theories, above all, our values have sunk and broken under their weight.

This sense of overwhelming fact is at the root of modern "license" and—



what is more significant—of the ennui which is its doom. Facts have, literally, proved too much for us.

This has not happened in a minute. The old policy of averting the eye and withdrawing the skirt had begun to break down a generation ago. Hester Johnson, little as she knew it, grew up in a shaking house, underpinned only by negatives. For the old regime no one need feel any regret. Its false confusion between "decency" and concealment has much to answer for in constructive indecency. Young men and women brought up under its shadow found every natural impulse in themselves mysteriously tainted and suspect; they had, or so it seemed to thousands of them, to choose between stultification and rebellion. The motions of breaking out of a strait-jacket inevitably lack elegance; prisoners are not apt to put a high value on discipline; forbidden fruit nearly always looks nicer than it tastes. The stupidity of the old prohibition system brought its doom upon it. The young Scot whose faith collapsed after his first visit to the theater was typical; he lost his belief in Heaven and Hell because he had been taught that the pit was the entrance to the latter, and smelled no brimstone when he entered it. So, in countless instances, the rigid unimaginativeness of the old morality, and its arid remoteness from natural impulse and blank conflict with actualities, caused it to break at the first contact with reality. Before, everything was wrong. After, nothing was.

Hence, the progress of the refusal to be shocked has been rapid. Indeed, beginning as a refusal, it has become an incapacity. The field is now swept bare. The grandchildren of the generation that was shocked by everything are shocked by nothing. The "individual case" has destroyed the codes. "Divorce is wrong," said the moralists. That view collapsed as soon as a concrete instance challenged it. Unknown divorcées—yes, terrible people; one's friend—oh, no. The trumpet broke

down the ramparts, and the army swarmed in.

Then came the War. After that awful onset of fact there was nothing left. Certainly nothing to shock us. How could there be? We "supped full with horrors"—gloated over, even glorified them. For four years all the resources of publicity were turned on the revelation of the things in ourselves and in our lives that, before, were not permitted mention. The veils were torn down, the imperfectly repressed and barely controlled instincts of the primitive beast within the civilized man were called forth, commended, even worshipped; a new philosophy arose to assure us that those instincts alone were "real," and a new psychology came to its support with the suggestion that any attempt to control them was dangerous to mental balance. "The physical swept the rational completely off the board. To-day "direness, familiar to our slaughterous thoughts, cannot once start us." How could it?

The War is, so we say, over. Yet its consequences are in our blood. Cruelty and instability have become part of the air we breathe. The statistics which show one divorce in every eight marriages range themselves with other statistics to form a colorless presentment of facts we all know by contact. Who now, after a brief absence, rings up a household with any confidence that no permutations or re-combinations have taken place, in the interval, among its inmates? Who feels any security in any relation? Who is surprised by anyone's doing anything? The things that used to be the incredible substance of drama, that happened to other people but did not happen to us, now happen to all of us. Hester Johnson is typical, although the outline of her story has an unusual simplicity. Once she was shocked, nay stunned, by the discovery that her Richard was "like other young men." Now she would deride the assumption that any young man existed who was not. Moreover, she claims and exercises

the right to behave in the same way herself. Why not?

V

The answer to that question is not easy, nor is it to be found along the line of any attempt to recapture the sensation of being shocked that we have lost. Rather must we look for it in the results of immunity to shock—above all in the one universal result. That is boredom. Tedium is the surprising achievement of our freedom, our knowledge, our advance. It broods over our stage, over our fiction, over our conversation, even our life.

Experience—conceived of as a personal right to touch, taste, and handle everything—that, to-day, is the banner under which the army of the unsatisfied march to defeat. In its name they claim the right to do everything, say everything, know everything. It is the will-o'-the-wisp which carries them on, over swamp and quagmire, through wreckage and disillusionment, perpetually seeking—something which they do not find. They do not find it partly because they are in too much of a hurry to determine what it is that they are hurrying after; partly because they have, in advance, cast aside any and every principle of selection. Any experiment is in their view an experience. They think of it as of something external; they imagine that life is made up of experiences and, hastening from one to the next, with little or no sense of differentiation, deny to any the possibility of teaching them what they say that they want to know. For experience is intensive, not extensive; exists in the mind that conceives rather than in the circumstances that surround it, is a function of the experimenter rather than of the thing experi-

enced. It is a flavor which gluttony misses as surely as does indiscriminating hunger. Abstinence rather than eating creates appetite—in spite of the proverb.

Our reaction to the old morality has, really, been far too simple. Like children, we have assumed that nothing is worth eating but the forbidden fruit; and we eat it, till we are sick of it, and talk about it, as if the world contained nothing else. We have, if we are to be honest about it, merely exchanged one convention for another. Our grandparents could not mention the "facts of life." We can mention nothing else. Our expression is their repression, stood upon its head, that is all.

Sex is not the only fact in life, although it was the one that they decided to say nothing about. Nor is sex limited to its physical expressions, although those were the ones they made taboo. There is more in the world, more in the spirit of man, than "facts" can cover or express. If we are to escape from boredom, we must retrieve some power of resistance to facts, some recognition of forces within ourselves, must recover, in a word, the capacity to select and to choose. We have submitted, helplessly, to things, have denied the existence of mind and its power over matter. Things now stifle us. We gape at them, and cannot so much as organize them in a series. Any and every system of values has been abandoned, because a particular one seemed to play us false. Because we lack the energy to say that anything is wrong, we cannot achieve the vision of anything that is right. Our color spectrum has been shortened, and by ourselves. We have stared at red till blue, green, violet, orange, yellow, elude us. We need to rub our eyes and look again.





## SLOW POISON

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

WITHIN a stone's throw of his home Michael Swan slackened his pace, then stopped. He had forgotten about Dagmar's tea party. Dagmar entertaining the faculty wives at tea! It made him smile in spite of his interrupted flight toward her presence. Dagmar, the magnificent, intent on sugaring draughts of pallidness for a company of twittering wrens, adding cream or lemon to taste. The vision was too ridiculous and enchanting! But its drollness was not altogether capable of routing his irritation. Why on this of all days had chance conspired to put a tea party in the way of his homecoming—just at the moment, too, when he was keyed to such supreme elation? He felt the sharp collapse of his up-winging mood. He was like a runner bearing tidings of victory arriving breathless at the palace gates to find them shut.

There are few moments in the academic calm of a college professor's life that warrant unleashed exuberance, and Michael Swan's career had been no exception to this rule. He was jealous of the present opportunity to feel the fountains of joy welling up and making him garrulous and articulate. He wanted to rush into Dagmar's thrilling presence with his story—his astounding story—at high pitch. He wanted to kindle her enthusiasm by a veritable whirlwind of flame. If it could be kindled—or rather, if Dagmar's mood permitted conflagration. One never knew about Dagmar. Perhaps that was why, after ten years of married life, she could

still shake his imagination so profoundly.

He retraced his steps with slow impatience. He had no destination, but his mood demanded movement. To go back to his laboratory was unthinkable. What man living could return to the calm calculations of science with delirious good fortune throbbing at his temples? He looked at his watch. Four o'clock. Dagmar's tea party had scarcely commenced. It would be six before the house was cleared of its social clutter. Two hours! By that time his emotions would have spent themselves. In two hours he would return to Dagmar with his joy tempered, his enthusiasm cooled—more than this, with a tale that under the chill of calmness might have its awkward angles. This last thought escaped him almost imperceptibly through the realization that the story of his good fortune would be more effective if told under pressure. Easier to tell, at all events; surer of a sympathetic response from Dagmar. Quite suddenly he felt a distaste for explanations of any sort. How ridiculous to have to explain anything—to anybody. Least of all, good news. Good news should be its own explanation. Already he felt the edge of elation dulled. He ended by being profoundly irritated. He ceased even to be on good terms with himself and it was with a sense of escape from a rising tide of ill temper that he found his footsteps turning up toward the lane which led to Gerald White-man's bungalow.

The path led up, up through an unkempt, sunburnt garden blazing with red geraniums. A breeze straight from the Pacific was blowing in the Golden Gate and making the hedge of bamboo enclosing Whiteman's garden crackle with dry laughter. Michael Swan turned about to face the wind. The town of Berkeley lay at his feet drowsing in the tempered sunshine of the San Francisco Bay region. Farther westward stretched the bay itself, ruffled to gray-green excitement by a trade wind that moved swiftly across its face in an eagerness to bury itself in the breasts of the sunburnt hills. There was at once something wanton and wistful and melancholy about these afternoon breezes from the Pacific. They started up so abruptly out of a noonday calm, like children suddenly turned lovers, with all a first-love's yearning and confusion and supreme sadness. Even in the South Seas it was the same except that there the breezes were warmer, more voluptuous. But they rose out of the sea with the same intensity, seeking the hills with the same profound unrest, half ecstasy, half sadness. The South Seas! It was no wonder that under the circumstances his mind should leap across the waters to a memory of their wistful charm and his thoughts should stray, even if somewhat reluctantly, to the figure of Hildreth Sterling . . . Hildreth Sterling, whose pattern so incongruously had been woven into the woof and warp of the mid-Pacific background! But why reluctantly, especially at this moment when his destiny bade fair to be so stamped by her generosity?

He began toiling up the hill again and presently from the bungalow's wide veranda he heard the voice of Gerald Whiteman calling out with its usual note of ironic banter:

"I say, what's on your mind? Anyone would think you were to be drawn and quartered."

As he passed the threshold of Whiteman's home he realized why he had turned his footsteps toward this final

destination. It was not to escape ill-humor as he had first supposed. He had come to find an audience. More than that—a difficult audience. Something hard to try the teeth of his dilemma on. *Dilemma?* He felt betrayed as men so often are by a wanton thought.

Whiteman's living room was in the usual confusion. Manuscripts, reference books, dusty typewriter, unanswered letters, ravished envelopes in a triumphant litter upon the huge center table. Opened newspapers sprawling on the floor. Heaps of cigarette butts in an inconceivable army of ash-trays on the mantel, on the window ledges, on chairs, even upon the hard murky surface of the grand piano. It was strange to find a nature so mentally trim and keen edged capable or even tolerant of such insolent disorder. Whiteman, himself, was busy stooping over a spirit lamp that enthroned a teakettle. This was another one of Whiteman's caprices—to continue using a spirit lamp, with electricity at his elbow. Swan was glad to see this preliminary preparation for tea. It told him that Whiteman's working day was over. An interrupted author was never a love-some thing, and Whiteman in this regard always ran true to form, as he did also in the matter of tea at the appointed hour. Whiteman was British.

Swan writhed through a clutter of furniture. Whiteman straightened himself, meeting his visitor half-way. "Good heavens, man, don't look so desolate! I'll have tea in a moment."

Swan laughed. "Desolate! I'm a thousand miles from that." He hesitated like a man hovering before a chilly pool; then, with triumphant determination he shot out, "You wouldn't expect a man who had just come into a fortune to be desolate, I hope."

Whiteman ran his hand through his thin mouse-colored hair.

"Meaning yourself?"

"Meaning myself."

"A matter of millions? . . . I mean does the extent of the fortune crush you?"



Swan tossed his hat upon a couch. "A mere two hundred thousand," he said with assumed nonchalance, and he felt his heart thumping.

"Two hundred thousand! Two hundred thousand!" Whiteman rolled the phrase caressingly under his tongue. "Gad, that's nothing to be cast down about. It's just a trim sum. Quite the proper sum for comfort. You know what I mean. Did I understand it was left you or did you turn some sort of trick, yourself?"

Swan removed a magazine from an easy-chair and sat down.

"It was left me."

"Left you? Fancy such a thing! Congratulations, old man. I didn't know you had any rich relations."

"I haven't. That's the astounding part of it. The money was left to me by an acquaintance. A stranger almost."

"Someone you'd been kind to, I suppose."

"Why do you say that?"

"Isn't that a logical conclusion? An acquaintance, I think you said—almost a stranger. Strangers don't fling two hundred thousand about for no reason at all. Unless they're mad. A lover might do it—or an enemy. But not an acquaintance. There are some things that aren't done. Don't tell me!"

Swan leaped past all but the last significant phrase. "An enemy—I don't quite follow you there."

"For revenge, my dear fellow. Haven't you ever heard of a person leaving another money for revenge? It's done every day. It may not appear on the surface, but revenge is back of the gesture. However, that is usually a woman's trick. Their motives are always subtle and a bit mixed."

Swan found himself taking a deep breath. "My fortune was left me by a woman," he said with an absurd sense of confession.

Whiteman stared, then laughed. "Ah, a woman!" He reached up on the shelf for the tea-caddy. "*A woman!* The plot thickens."

Whiteman's tone was full of tacit insinuation. Swan felt at once foolish and pleased.

Swan could have withdrawn at this point. Whiteman was much too well-bred to have pressed him. But more than ever he realized that he wanted to try the story out on somebody. Yet he sat for a long time in silence trying to decide where to commence. Whiteman measured the tea leaves with nonchalant accuracy, poured boiling water into the gaudy Chinese teapot, then set it aside to steep. He passed Swan cigarettes. They both struck matches. The silence remained unbroken. No, Whiteman was much too well-bred to have pressed Swan further, but some subtle understanding must have given him a sense of Swan's need, of his desire to become articulate, for presently as he poured a cup of tea he said reminiscently:

"A woman . . . fancy that!" It was an audible gesture comparable to the physical effort of gently dislodging a canoe from a sandbank and sending it into a live current again.

Swan's response was immediate. "Yes, a woman—Hildreth Sterling. I met her two years ago in the South Seas. I was studying the formation of a little group of coral islands. They were too insignificant to have even a name. You can imagine my surprise when I landed and found a white woman there—a New Englander in fact. . . . She used to sit under an absurd white-cotton umbrella and watch me delving in the salt pools for all sorts of exotic specimens of sea life. She gave one a sense of infinite patience—sad patience. She seemed to be waiting for someone—something that she had missed."

"Waiting for something she had missed—on an obscure coral reef in the South Seas. How ridiculous! How perfectly absurd!"

"My good fellow, don't be literal! It was just the impression she gave. She was on that island quite by accident—an accident that had a note of pathetic

comedy in it. Naturally, a nameless group of coral reefs was scarcely a port of call. But one of the big liners had stood by long enough to put down a missionary content with the saving of only a handful of lost souls. The lady had come ashore with a boatload of curious tourists. They had wheedled the captain into letting them have a taste of surf landing. They were ashore a scant hour. When it came time to return to the ship Hildreth Sterling was not among the group. The ship sailed without her."

Whiteman rattled the spoon against his cup with an air of assumed indignation. "Come, come, now! I call that a bit thick. It isn't possible for any ship's crew to treat a missing passenger that lightly. I know something of maritime ethics."

"The point is that they didn't really discover she was missing until after. In some unaccountable way they didn't have her name down among the list of passengers who left the ship. And nobody seemed to remember that she was of the party. At least nobody missed her when the boat put back. You see, she was that sort of person. Of course, the ship returned for her once it was discovered that she was missing. But the damage had been done. She refused to leave the island."

Whiteman piled his teacup with an outrageous amount of sugar. "My dear Swan," he chided, "if you'd only quit being cryptic one might have some notion of what this is all about. *The damage was done!* What damage?"

Swan thought a moment. "I think she had been overlooked all her life. But this time it came to her as a supreme revelation. I fancy she decided to step out of the current and let herself be completely swallowed up in oblivion. Besides, she was in great pain, and I daresay the ordeal of plowing through the surf in an open boat terrified her."

"Pain?" Whiteman lifted his faded eyebrows.

"Ah, I forgot! . . . She had broken

her leg. That's why she wasn't on hand when the boat shoved off. She had wandered over to an uncovered reef filled with little salt pools and slipped upon some wet seaweed. She called for help, but the roar of the surf drowned her voice. The newly arrived missionary found her later in the day. He had a smattering of first-aid medical knowledge and so he did very well setting the bone. There was nothing to do but be patient and let nature take its course. And if there is one thing the South Seas are full of it is nature!" Swan gave a forced laugh at his own feeble attempt at levity and drained his cup.

Whiteman looked at him quizzically. "And this is the woman who has left you two hundred thousand dollars? . . . Hasn't she any relations?"

"A far-removed cousin or two. Quite as eccentric as she was, it appears, and as well-to-do. I have definite assurances that they will respect her wishes. In fact, I made sure of that before I told anyone."

"What does Dagmar think of it? Thrilled, I imagine." Whiteman's tone was slightly satiric.

"She doesn't know yet. I just made sure to-day—I mean about the cousins' attitude. I never believe in raising false hopes. As a matter of fact, you're the first soul I've told the story to."

Whiteman laughed quite shamelessly. "The first soul to try it on, you mean. Confess, that is what you came here for. Well, it's immensely diverting and you're a tremendously lucky man. But, I'd hate to have to tell my wife such a story—granting I had one."

"Story!" Swan said, trying to be cool.

Whiteman sneered a little. "Oh, not the story that you've just related. That isn't a story at all. It's just a situation. What I mean is, the story of why she left you two hundred thousand dollars."

Swan reddened but he kept his tone to a thin level of assurance. "Happily a recital of that story, as you call it,



will be spared me. I haven't the slightest idea what prompted the lady's generosity."

Whiteman stirred his tea with an air of insolent leisure. "Precisely. That's what is going to make it so difficult."

Swan knew at that moment Whiteman was right and he hated him savagely. It wouldn't have been so bad if he had ever mentioned Hildreth Sterling's name to Dagmar. Why hadn't he? The question emerged for the first time. It was just because it had seemed unimportant. And yet he had to concede, sitting there in silence and cross-questioning himself, that it would have been quite natural for a man away from home pressed for small-talk to have written his wife something of Hildreth Sterling—to have spoken of her at least. Her very eccentricities would have suggested that much. A New England spinster idling before the rim of a pool for hours, watching him at his work, watching his broad shoulders, bare and tanned by the tropical sunshine, dip into the murky stillness of imprisoned water and reappear again dripping crystals of moisture. Interested in his work—in scientific research! How absurd such a conclusion seemed now in the light of Whiteman's skepticism.

Was it interest in his work that had kept her in the same attitude of passive adoration for hours at a time while he strummed the jangling piano at the missionary's guest house during long intervals of rain? Or when she sat primly on the coral beach opposite his lithe nakedness stretched lazily between dips in the placid surf? Or when she listened to the impassioned voices of Keats and Swinburne while he read out loud from the tattered anthology of Victorian verse that some forgotten sojourner on that particular coral reef had left behind?

How sharply defined suddenly became the previously blurred intensities of Hildreth Sterling!

"Waiting for someone—something she had missed!" It was Whiteman's voice

quoting from Swan's introduction. "And then you came along! . . . Why, it's as clear as day!"

Swan writhed uncomfortably. "Don't be absurd!"

"Absurd! Nothing of the sort. I know all about her. Even if you have only described her patience and her white umbrella to me. Until she was stranded on a coral reef in the mid-Pacific I'll venture she never got closer to a man than the North Pole. Ice-bound, that describes her. Then suddenly there came sunshine, languor, nakedness. She melted, that's all. Silently, perhaps, but completely. If she had been beautiful—"

"How do you know she wasn't beautiful?"

"If she had been beautiful she would have left her fortune to her cousins. . . . If she had been beautiful she would have missed nothing. She would have had no bitterness—no reason for revenging herself upon you so completely."

"Revenging herself—on me!"

"Ah, you don't see it now, of course. And, perhaps, even she didn't see it. Revenge is often a subconscious impulse. Never mind. If it seems fantastic let it rest—for the present. Of course she knew that you were a married man."

Swan drew himself up with pride. "Naturally. I had no reason to deceive the lady."

"How homely she must have been!"

"Further than that, we talked about Dagmar incessantly. I even showed her Dagmar's photograph."

"Ah, that was cruel, my friend. You might have spared her that."

"My dear Whiteman, don't be ridiculous!"

"How can I help it when the subject you introduce is so ridiculous! Oh, well, tragic if you wish. The terms are often interchangeable. She stayed behind when you came away, of course. And then one day she died and left you two hundred thousand dollars. It takes a woman to administer slow poison. Next time don't discuss your wife with

thwarted spinsters. Above all things don't show them Dagmar's picture. Unless you want them to step between you."

"Step between us! I don't know what you mean."

Whiteman laughed with sardonic good temper. Swan decided to take a light tone. "Ah, you authors! You can make a wire cable out of a thread of silk."

"Not quite. But we can take a thread of silk and follow it back to its source. . . . What do you say to a game of dominos?"

Swan rose. "Thanks, I really think I must be getting home."

"To Dagmar? What a lucky fellow you are! Will you tell her about your good fortune at once?"

"Yes, I want to get it over with!" Swan stopped short, irritated beyond words that such an exclamation had escaped him. But almost as quickly he rallied to a triumphant conclusion as he said, "Life's too short to waste a moment of happiness, you know."

Whiteman's answer was a brittle smile.

Outside the wind had died but its place was taken by a thin veil of high fog that obscured the sun. Michael Swan felt cold. He drew up his coat collar. This too was like the South Seas where ever mountains loomed—mists at sundown melting into a thousand rainbows. It was five-thirty, quite a good half hour before Dagmar's tea party would come to an end. He decided to go home anyway: to go home and—the annoying phrase still pursued him—get it over with. What had possessed him to tell Whiteman of all people? Any fool could have guessed how Whiteman's creative instinct would distort such a situation—an author and satirist in the bargain. Not that Whiteman's interpretation could change the issue, but it could color it to the point of embarrassment by making a man feel self-conscious. An hour earlier Swan could have rushed

into his wife's presence with a tale marvelous and full of wonder. The tale was full of both these qualities still but, thanks to Whiteman, it now was faintly tinged with the ridiculous; already corrosion had set in.

He did not clatter up the shallow steps and close the door sharply upon his entrance as was his usual custom. Instead, he found himself tiptoeing. A significant fact had he but pondered it, for Michael was full of a joy and gusto of life which moved noisily on the surface. Yet at this moment he tiptoed. Above the thin murmur of voices he heard a man's laugh. He recognized it at once: young Arling, the new instructor in chemistry, given to inaccuracies, if not downright fabrications. An insufferable ass for whom both Dagmar and he had an abiding contempt. It was quite like Arling to push his way in where he hadn't been invited on the pretext of fetching home his inane but equally irritating wife.

Michael Swan continued his stealthy flight toward the living room. At the door he paused and looked in. A half-dozen women were gossiping in a corner; young Arling was sitting opposite Dagmar. He was talking with his usual animation. "Spinning one of his bragging yarns," thought Swan. Instead of entering the room he stood in the doorway and listened. What Arling was saying wasn't important; it was Dagmar, listening, that gave point to the proceedings. Swan thought he never had seen such contempt veiled under amused tolerance. One could see that she was discounting everything her guest was telling her and yet she smiled with encouraging blandness. But mockery was in her eyes, a cruel mockery. And Arling, like a feeble and foolish bird charmed by a serpent, was preening and fluttering unaware of the relentless disdain animating his hostess. For a moment Swan felt a trifle shocked by the revelation: he never had seen quite this expression in Dagmar's eyes. Was it Dagmar's custom to say one thing with



her smile and quite another thing with her glance?

But his fleeting uncertainties melted quickly in the fire of her presence. Was there anybody in the whole world as vital as she? No wonder he thought of her in secret as Dagmar, the magnificent. To have the admiration of such a woman—that was something! It was easy enough to strut before a pallid wife, as young Arling did. No wonder Whiteman had called him a lucky fellow. Lucky to have Dagmar, of course. Particularly upon terms of respect; even better than respect, for, in spite of her strength, Dagmar was a woman who demanded something more than *equal* terms from her mate. And Michael Swan felt that he would hate to have her meet his glance with the contemptuous tolerance that she was throwing at Arling. She was in red as he always liked her, and her blue-black hair came down over her ears and gave an ebony frame to the rich color of her cheeks. There was something at once subtle and primitive about her—like Lear's eldest daughter. No, he would not like to stand belittled in her presence, as Lear, himself, once stood before the flashing Goneril. The analogy irritated him.

At that moment Dagmar turned and saw him. "Oh, my dear," she called, "you're just in time. Do come over and listen to what Arling is telling me. You never heard such an adventure!"

"Adventure—to *him!*" Swan could not check this involuntary sarcasm but it flew past Arling like an arrow piercing a wraith.

Dagmar gave a thin smile. "To his great grandfather," she said, and her voice was cool with stifled laughter.

Michael Swan sat down. "Adventure!" he sneered. "Why, I'll wager I have a tale of just plain good fortune that is much more thrilling." He stopped, confused at the realization of how far he had been carried by a subconscious desire to unburden his mind, then plunged in again with a sense of high bravado. "Yes, sir, good fortune. Congratulate

me, Dagmar. I've just fallen heir to two hundred thousand dollars!"

Dagmar sat motionless save for a nervous quivering of her nostrils. Arling stared stupidly. The only flutter of excitement came from the group of faculty wives in the corner. They got to their feet with a curious accord, and Mrs. Arling said in almost the same words that Whiteman had used an hour ago:

"Why, Professor Swan! I didn't know you had any rich relations."

His mouth dried. It seemed as if he were hours struggling to shape words that would not come and out of the awkward silence he finally found himself saying with cool assurance:

"There are always cousins lurking about somewhere. And cousins are such unknown quantities. One never quite knows what to expect from them."

For days after he used to repeat to himself with savage irritation: "But I didn't *say* a cousin had left me two hundred thousand dollars. It's no fault of mine if they drew their own inferences." He had grown childish, as all people do in the grip of self-defense. Even Dagmar had "inferred." How could he promptly explain the truth to her in the face of her complete and calm acceptance of his spontaneous equivocation? It wasn't that he had meant to lie. He hadn't even meant to tell of his good fortune to a crowd of inquisitive, gaping visitors. It had just escaped somehow.

He had known at once that he had been stupid. He had felt that instinctively. That was why he had determined to shut out further discussion by suggesting a commonplace explanation of his inheritance. A fortune from a relation, however remote, was not nearly so glamorous as a fortune from a stranger. When you said a relation had left you money there were no idle questions to answer. Besides, what business was it of anybody's? After all, it was only necessary to tell the truth to those whom it immediately concerned. In the

end he would tell Dagmar. That was inevitable. But for the moment the truth seemed just a little awkward. All because she had accepted his public explanation so casually. If she had said with Whiteman and Mrs. Arling, "Why, I didn't know you had any rich relations," the whole thing would have been perfectly easy. But, instead, when the door had closed upon the last guest and they were alone together she had exclaimed:

"And to think I've been neglecting my cousins for years!" Before he could put in a word she had swept on with, "Not that it seems to matter. Heaven knows you haven't kept any strenuous tab on yours. . . . Male or female?"

"A woman."

"An old maid, naturally. . . . Wait till I mix up a cocktail. We'll drink to her memory. Was she ill long?"

"I really don't know."

"As if that matters!" she had cried gaily. "After all, the important thing is the fact that you had her."

And so the matter had rested. For a time, at least. A week went by without a word concerning the good fortune being spoken on either side. In a mood of easy conscience Swan would have been puzzled at Dagmar's silence. As it was, he merely accepted it with gratitude. But presently, out of a clear sky, the subject was very much in evidence. Dagmar began to ask questions. The lady's name? Whether she was on the maternal or paternal side of the house? What her habits of life had been? Had he ever seen her? Not a flood of questions but in little thin dribbles that tore at his patience. The more evasive he attempted to be the more Dagmar pinned him down. In desperation he found himself giving the most minute details with appalling glibness. He was like a child dazzled by its reckless prevarications into a state of utter daring. When Dagmar's questions stopped, Swan's explanations went on with an intense creative passion. Suddenly, all his thoughts, the thoughts of Dagmar, his

entire household revolved about the figure he had conjured up—half fact, half fiction. Half fiction? Decidedly more than that. For, as he progressed, there remained no trace of the reality, so bitingly outlined by Whiteman, no trace of the withered old maid sitting beside a sea-green pool upon a coral reef, waiting for something she had missed—an ice-bound creature, overcome by the languor and nakedness of the South Seas. If this indeed were the reality and not the creation of a satirical scribbler poking fun at a methodical, scientific mind! But whatever the source of this picture, certainly the sketch Swan gave Dagmar was his own: a prim lady filled with all the pallid virtues, against a blameless background of mahogany and pewter, taking her God and her pleasures with equal gentility. His father's cousin, who sent him knitted wristlets and moral books at Christmas, and who had never had a fleshy thought in her entire life. . . . Swan took such pains to etch the portrait with fine ethereal lines. But there were moments when the expression in Dagmar's eyes, as she listened to him, made him wonder whether the outline were not too thin, whether she did not see the blacker surface showing underneath. And he remembered with uneasiness the glance that she had given young Arling that afternoon when he had chanced upon them. Could it be that she was casting the same glance of contempt, veiled under amused tolerance, at him? Or was he imagining things?

And there was Whiteman. Had the "cousin" story reached his ears? He should have warned Whiteman not to betray him. But it wasn't a thing a man cared to do. Fancy having to go to a cynic like Whiteman and say:

"My dear fellow, I've lied to my guests and incidentally my wife. You were right, it isn't an easy situation to explain."

No, he would have to hazard Whiteman's ignorance of the current fiction, or, failing that, his discretion. After all,



Whiteman was not one who ran about much and gossip didn't float readily up to the hillside refuge of a man well versed in keeping the world, for the most part, at bay.

And then, what did the general public matter? So long as Dagmar knew the truth the rest were unimportant. Without doubt he must tell Dagmar—at the very first opportunity.

There arrived the morning when he came upon Dagmar at the breakfast table, wearing a hat. Usually at this hour Dagmar was like a prodded cat, awake but languorous. To find her thus proverbially booted and spurred was a surprise.

She said, "Do you know what has become of Whiteman? I've been trying for days to telephone him."

Just the mention of Whiteman's name gave him a little start. "Perhaps he hasn't paid his telephone bill," he threw out with a feeble attempt at lightness.

"I'm having some people in to dinner Friday. I want him to come. I've got to have at least one lion. I thought I'd run in on him early, before his muse gets cranked up."

Swan lifted a piece of scorching toast out of the rack. "Don't bother," he said easily, "I'll deliver your message."

"But I want to know about it at once."

He tried to conceal his irritation. "I'll deliver the *message* at once."

"Nonsense. It will throw your whole day completely out of balance. I've heard you rave too many times about how perfectly a delayed start wrecks your working day." She said this with a laugh that had a purring note in it. "Besides, I'm all set for a walk. I'd be terribly peeved if I were cheated out of it, now."

Slowly, reflectively, he spread his toast with butter. He knew better than to attempt to dissuade her. Yet, it was obvious that she mustn't see Whiteman alone before he had a chance to tell her the truth. Naturally, the subject of the

legacy would come up. And even with the best of intentions Whiteman might blunder. How stupidly he had managed! He might have known that it was always this sort of complication that materialized.

During the rest of the meal he was silent. Dagmar, too, seemed steeped in preoccupation. He began obviously to dawdle over his food. Finally Dagmar said:

"Well, I guess I'll be on my way."

He rose with her. "I think I'll go along to Whiteman's, too," he shot out baldly.

"Oh!" Dagmar's voice was full of mocking surprise. She must have fancied him jealous. He was glad of that. Suddenly she began to laugh. He went to look up his hat. She was on the porch waiting for him when he finally emerged. Her gravity was entirely recaptured. She said something about how early the asters were blooming this year, and they went down the graveled pathway together.

He was relieved to find that she was not inclined to make any comment upon his extraordinary resolve to go with her. And yet he knew instinctively that it would have been the normal thing for her to do. He had a sense that she was smiling at him secretly. He felt at a decided disadvantage.

Whiteman was still in his dressing gown, and the remnants of a sketchy meal littered his center table.

He said, "I ought to make you wash the breakfast dishes as a penalty for such an early appearance."

Dagmar flashed him a reproving smile. "That's a nice way to talk to a kind lady who got up hours ahead of time to come and ask you to a dinner party. By the way, what's happened to your 'phone?"

"I just don't answer it."

"Does that mean that you don't want invitations to dinner?"

He lighted a cigarette. "How dull you are! If my telephone were answered how could I ever expect charming ladies to come call on me?"

"Charming ladies with their husbands," she corrected.

He gave Swan a glance of amused appraisal. "With their husbands for a fact. . . . How does it come that you're playing truant this morning, Swan? Aren't there recitations or research or faculty meetings at these ungodly hours? You'll never be president of the university at this rate!"

"President of the university! *President of the university!*" broke in Dagmar. "Why, my dear man, we're leaps ahead of that. Haven't you heard? We're plutocrats. Absolutely. Tell him about it, Michael."

Swan knew what he should have said. He should have said, "Whiteman knows. I've already told him." But instead he stood staring like a trapped schoolboy and Whiteman leaped in with:

"Yes, by all means. I'm completely consumed with curiosity!"

Swan felt a cold rage possess him. Whiteman was making sport of him. But he knew that he must appear at his ease and so he laughed casually and said:

"Let Dagmar have the fun!"

"There stands the perfect husband." She blew him a kiss and turned to Whiteman. "It seems Michael has been concealing a cousin all his life. Though why, no one can possibly imagine. Especially a cousin worth a couple of hundred thousand. To be brief, she up and died on him and left him all her fortune. Can you picture anything more amusing!"

Swan could feel a flush mounting to his face. Whiteman let out a sardonic chuckle. "A cousin? Come, come, now!"

Dagmar nodded back gaily. "A cousin. Absolutely. A prim old New England spinster, given to knitting wristlets and buying moral books for the young. You should hear him describe her, you really should. It's positively quaint!"

"Not a Californian, then." Whiteman gave the impression of a man feeling his way.

"Hardly," replied Dagmar. "Died in the very house she was born in. The perfect New England type."

Swan moistened his lips. "I don't remember making that point," he said defensively.

"That wasn't necessary. It's easy enough to supply the proper frame for a definite picture. Your cousin couldn't have been a gadabout. She'd have thought gypsying immoral."

Swan felt suddenly inadequate and helpless. Why had he bothered to come if he could not so much as check Dagmar—at least, shift the topic of conversation? He saw Whiteman's thin lips shaping into a pallid smile, half amusement, half contempt, and he knew at once that his friend was framing a derisive reply.

"My dear Mrs. Swan, what astoundingly credulous people married women are! Husbands are such adepts at drawing pictures of scrawny female cousins. They serve so many turns. You should investigate that husband of yours—you really should—he's much too attractive for a college professor!"

Whiteman's voice ended upon a high note of banter. Swan, baffled, merely stared. Was Whiteman trying to be funny or diabolical? Damn these Britishers and their humor!

Dagmar was all of a twinkle. "Ah, I see you've heard stories like this before!"

"Have I?" Whiteman gave a shrug. "Why, just the other day I heard of a case. An inhibited old lady falling under the spell of mid-Pacific sunshine and languor and nakedness. Going daily to sit beside a sky-blue pool while a lusty male swam and sunned himself. She had a fortune, too. And the man had a wife. She died and left him all her money. You can see how awkward the situation was. Or would have been if he hadn't used his wits. He merely invented a cousin—a terribly commonplace solution to the dilemma."

"But surely that isn't the end!" Dagmar's voice rose suavely, filling the impending silence.



"My dear lady, if you want to be a successful story-teller always stop your tale on a high note. The end, as Mr. Kipling would say, is quite another story."

Dagmar's eyes glittered. "Begin a new story, then. Do!"

"Very well: Once upon a time, there was a plain homely woman who revenged herself upon a beautiful wife."

"Why not upon the husband?"

Whiteman shrugged. "That depends on the point of view. She and her fortune came between them."

"Naturally!" Dagmar's voice broke into showers of steel-pointed laughter. Whiteman laughed, also.

Swan felt himself to be standing out of the picture.

He came down the hill from Whiteman's house that morning indignant and confused. What had Whiteman meant by his insolence? Because it was insolence, this betrayal of a man's confidence, even if Whiteman's manner made a pretense of its being chaff. Dagmar had been disturbing, too. And yet it was inconceivable that Dagmar could have taken these flippancies at anything but their face value.

He ended by being defiant. He had lied to his wife, and Whiteman knew it. To back down now was inconceivable; he was damned if he would recede. He had only to brazen the thing out a little longer and force Whiteman's admiration. Having lost it in the first scratch, he felt competent to retrieve it with a show of contemptuous indifference. Temporarily, his problem, so far as it concerned Dagmar, was pushed into the background and he was much more eager to set up further barricades than to cut an avenue toward the truth.

He got to his laboratory to find a communication from Hildreth Sterling's lawyers, enclosing the final papers that turned her fortune over to him. And, in a postscript, they advised him of another slight legacy which had been more or less swallowed up in the larger issue:

Hildreth Sterling's portrait. It was being forwarded to him by express.

Hildreth Sterling's portrait! He found himself wishing that it had been bestowed elsewhere; the prospect of Dagmar's feminine appraisal of the lady was a little chilling. But this trifling circumstance, as well as the disagreeable encounter of the morning, melted in the fire of tangible good fortune. Until now he had felt only vaguely the reality of his inheritance. He decided to say nothing about this final consummation to Dagmar. He would wait until he was ready to tell her the truth about the whole matter and thus kill two birds with one stone. The realization of their hopes would be a great reconciler to an essentially innocent deception. Dagmar would understand—at the proper moment. But the moment had not yet come and meanwhile the desire grew to swagger for Whiteman's benefit. He even became a little eager for another encounter. Well, he would have a chance on Friday—the night scheduled for the dinner party. The prospect held a singular exhilaration and a feeling of security mounted with the passing of the days.

As Swan left the house on Friday, Dagmar called after him, "Better come home early. Whiteman's running in at five o'clock to mix some cocktails. He's just learned a very special kind."

Swan's pulses quickened: it was the first time that Dagmar had mentioned Whiteman's name since they had paid him that early morning call. But his agitation was only momentary; the casual note in Dagmar's voice was too reassuring. It proved to him so conclusively that he had been battling with shadows. He felt singularly happy, like a man who finds a threatened treasure secure. So long as he held Dagmar's admiration nothing else mattered. And the events of the past ten days had brought home to him at least one fact—without her admiration their relationship would be less than an empty husk.

But his serenity was ruffled when he got to his laboratory. Hildreth Sterling's portrait had arrived. He felt a strange and inexplicable sinking of heart. And again, the picture of Dagmar coldly critical rose before him. Could it be possible that Whiteman's morbid creation had at last got under his skin? An inhibited lady of uncertain years falling under the spell of mid-Pacific languor and nakedness. It was too ridiculous!

Quite suddenly there leaped into his mind the sly suggestion that it was not necessary for Dagmar to see the portrait. He had plenty of storage room in the attic over his laboratory. He could leave it boxed up awaiting a convenient season, as he left so many specimens that came to him for classification. . . . Hildreth Sterling's portrait in the attic with acrid specimens of sea life—dried, dead things evoking a certain pathos of life!

But, as suddenly, the idea was revolting. What was coming over him! It was absurd to think of there being anything disturbing in letting Dagmar see the portrait. At all events he ought to be sportsman enough to face the issue. Very well, he would take Hildreth Sterling's portrait with him when he went home that night—to be opened before Whiteman and Dagmar. They would hang it up, toasting the memory of Hildreth Sterling in Whiteman's very special cocktails, and at that moment he would tell Dagmar and this ridiculous Whiteman the truth. A great content came over him. He felt justified and worthy and at peace with life.

He sent the boxed portrait on ahead in his janitor's Ford. He followed at a discreet interval, walking. He could not have said what prompted this sequence: it would have been quite as easy to ride home with his incidental legacy.

Dagmar met him in the hall. "I'm so glad you came! Whiteman and I are simply consumed with curiosity." She had on the red dress he liked so much and her voice was vibrant yet cool.

He had the wit to eschew pretense and leap instantly toward her meaning.

"Ah, then the picture has come." He took a deep breath. "It's Hildreth Sterling's portrait."

Her eyes gleamed. She turned swiftly and made a trumpet with her hand: "Whiteman!" she called. "Do come! We're going to have an unveiling."

Whiteman's voice issued from the pantry. "In a moment. Just as soon as I've squeezed another lemon." Swan said, "Where is it? Up here? Then I'll go down and get an axe."

When Swan came back Whiteman was in the living room shaking up the cocktails. The boxed picture stood before the fireplace; Dagmar was studying the valuation marked in bold strokes in the upper left-hand corner. She turned swiftly and took the axe out of his hand; he released it quite simply and naturally.

Suddenly he seemed to be nothing more nor less than a puppet moved about by an unseen force and the figures of Dagmar and Whiteman, equally puppets pulled by invisible strings. The very portraits on the wall of Dagmar and himself, lit to sudden glory by dying sun-play upon their gilded frames, seemed much more actual than anything else in the room—Dagmar in the stiff unreality of a bridal robe and he smiling across at her with gay artificiality.

The tinkle of ice flung rhythmically against the sides of the shaker beat a mocking tattoo into his consciousness. He heard the rasping sound of Dagmar's axe; he felt his heart contract with a sort of pity for Hildreth Sterling. Dagmar's red dress flashed back and forth as she pried the concealing boards loose. She was like a flame eager to eat its way into whatever had been withheld.

Presently Hildreth Sterling was revealed. Whiteman stood motionless, and even Dagmar was suddenly inanimate. The portrait was not what Swan had expected. It was not the mature Hildreth Sterling of the cotton umbrella, sitting before a pool in the South Seas. Instead, a young girl half smiled down at them. She was far from



beautiful, yet there were wistful potentialities in her eyes. Dagmar began to laugh.

Swan found his voice. "Are you surprised?"

"Surprised! Why, my dear, wherever did you invent that prim New England spinster rubbish? Knitting wristlets and buying moral books for the young!" She stopped like a sharpshooter preparing for a deadly aim. Swan struggled to find his voice. "Your father's cousin, I think you said."

This was the moment for him to speak, and yet something told him that the only issue which remained for him was the issue which involved his self-respect. The truth, now, might recapture his self-esteem but scarcely his happiness.

He was conscious that Whiteman had stopped shaking cocktails and was waiting expectantly for his reply to Dagmar's challenge. He saw a glance of understanding flash between them. It was useless to explain; more than that, it was impossible—it always had been impossible. Whiteman was right: it took a woman to administer slow poison. A stubborn muteness fell upon him. Whiteman began to shake the cocktails.

Dagmar spoke again. "She's more like your inhibited lady of the South Seas, Whiteman. You remember, the one who went every day and watched a man sun himself. . . . No wonder your friend invented a cousin."

As she finished she turned and smiled upon her husband with the same glance of amused contempt that she had reserved for young Arling. Her blue-black hair came down over her ears and gave an ebony frame to the rich color of her cheeks. There was at once something subtle and primitive about her like Lear's eldest daughter.

Whiteman took the lid off the cocktail shaker and began to pour the drinks. Dagmar fell back studying the portrait with a deceitful suaveness. "I'm so glad it's an oil," she purred, stopping to stifle the potential laughter in her voice. "I know just where I shall hang it."

Her eyes turned instinctively to the two pictures on the opposite wall, the one of herself in the stiff unreality of a bridal robe and the other her husband smiling across at her with gay artificiality.

"Naturally," broke in Whiteman, dryly, as he pointed, "over there between Michael and yourself."

## MASON'S ISLAND

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

**I** WENT down through the winter wood  
With sudden stains of sky and sea  
Between the naked trees that stood  
Wine-dark around me.

There was no sound at all, at all,  
No grieving of the lonely tide,  
I only heard my own footfall  
On the bare hillside.

But I had eaten fairy bread,  
And I had drunk a heady wine,  
And I could see the shapes that fled  
In the pale sunshine.



## PORTRAIT OF AN ELECTED PERSON

BY ELMER DAVIS

ONE morning last April the whither-are-we-drifting boys had the time of their lives. A dreadful thing had happened: the Honorable William E. Dever, regarded by Serious Persons as the best mayor Chicago ever had, had tried for re-election and gone down in disastrous defeat. What was worse, he had been beaten by the ex-Honorable William Hale Thompson, who in times past had proven himself (to Serious Persons) the worst mayor Chicago had ever had.

Thompson is best known to the outer world for his famous description of Chicago, just after America declared war on Germany, as "the sixth German city in the world," and for a wartime administration so anti-war that Chicago narrowly escaped being put under martial law. But at home they know more about him than that, for they had him as mayor for eight years; and if you ask Serious Persons in Chicago about him they begin to groan. Some of them have become sufficiently toughened to laugh instead, but most of them groan even yet. If they can stop groaning long enough they will tell you that he is a political accident, an *ignoramus*, a buffoon. His campaign this spring set a record, even in American municipal politics, for irrelevance and bad taste. His cardinal issue had been settled a hundred years before he was born—freedom from the British yoke. He called his Irish-Catholic opponent a tool of the King of England, and from the platform he bellowed promises to "hand King George one on the snoot" if the royal nose were ever unveiled in Chicago.

And, as observed above, he beat the best mayor Chicago had ever had by some eighty-three thousand votes; which has occasioned much despairing of the Republic. There have been pained inquiries as to what is the matter with Chicago, doleful analyses of the collapse of democracy. About the only positive note in the melancholy chorus was offered by an earnest young man in New York, who wrote a newspaper editorial declaring that Thompson should be exposed.

### II

This article is not a response to that appeal; I am not going to try to expose William Hale Thompson. For one reason, the Chicago papers have been exposing him as hard as they could for a dozen years; but more powerfully still, he has been exposing himself. He is no shrinking violet who seeks the shade; exposure is what he lives on, and he feeds himself a good dose of it every day. Considering what he has done in that direction, I might as well try to expose the Washington Monument.

Nor shall I endeavor to expose Chicago. It seems to me that Chicago has come in for a good deal of unjust derision in connection with Big Bill Thompson. I believe he would go just as big in any other large city of the United States. Certainly New York can point no finger of scorn; New York would probably have gone on re-electing Hylan as long as Tammany had gone on nominating him; and Thompson seems to me ten times as clever as Hylan.



Hylan and Thompson have often been bracketed together—the Great Twin Brethren our ablest political satirist once called them. They are both professional patriots of the anti-British type, both enjoy the favor of Hearst; and they used to foregather now and then for reciprocal back-scratching, admitting in loud tones that they were the best mayors New York and Chicago had ever had. But it was an unequal partnership; Hylan had none of Thompson's originality, none of his instinctive perception of immediate advantage; moreover, Hylan believed everything he said, even if other men wrote it for him and he didn't quite know what it was all about.

Thompson impresses me as far too shrewd to swallow his own bunk; and this opinion is corroborated by men of insight, who have known him thirty years. Serious Persons in Chicago call him an ignoramus. If he is, he is an ignoramus of the type of Henry Ford. Ford is densely ignorant about ninety-eight per cent of the field of human knowledge, but about the other two per cent he knows more than any other man who ever lived. Thompson may be ignorant of the art of government, but he is an expert of the first rank in the art of getting elected; and in a democracy no man is going to have much chance to practise the art of government unless he has mastered the art of getting elected first.

Why do I waste good white paper on the statement of this obvious truth? Because, obvious as it may be, it commonly escapes the notice of city clubs, reform associations, and good-government leagues.

The simple and all-sufficient explanation of Thompson is the explanation of Ford as well: they are artists. The artist is not required to possess the general education that is looked for in other men; he may have it or he may not; nobody cares—if he can do one thing surpassingly well, that is enough. Thompson knows what he has to know, and knows it better than anybody else in Chicago. Will Rogers commented on

the late election with his usual insight: "They was trying to beat Bill with the better-element vote. The trouble with Chicago is that there ain't much better element." That is no news to William Hale Thompson; he knows what other elements want, and he knows how to convince them that he will give it to them.

So, if this article turns out to be an exposure of anybody, it will be an exposure of the Better Element, of the Serious Persons. The trouble with the Better Element is that it habitually regards politics in the optative instead of the indicative mood; it thinks in such phrases as "the voters should," "the people ought." Not till the Serious Persons realize that their major premise is "the voters do," "the people won't," are we going to get a grade of municipal government that is anything to brag about. Last April the Better Element of Chicago made enough mistakes to ruin a worse candidate than Dever; with all the experience of recent decades behind them, they still tried to jam virtue, or what was called virtue, down the public throat. Not, of course, that all of Dever's supporters were Serious Persons; they included some very practical politicians, notably one George Brennan. But Mr. Brennan, during the campaign, seems to have been under some evil spell; he behaved almost like a Better Element himself.

### III

But to return from these general considerations to Exhibit A which is offered in proof—the Honorable William Hale Thompson.

An astute observer who has known him for many years remarked to me that Thompson has a tabloid mind. You might go farther and say that he is a tabloid, in his own person. Chicago has no tabloid newspaper, but the tabloid state of mind is endemic among the population, and Big Bill has filled a long-felt want.

The essence of a tabloid is that anybody can understand it; even people who

cannot read ninety-six-point type can look at pictures. So with Thompson; whatever else he may not do, he never fails to make himself clear. Of late years the Irish and Germans have stirred up much agitation in the larger cities about alleged pro-British school histories. How much there is in their argument is a matter of contention, but one thing is sure—to find out whether they are right or not you must read the histories, and you must have some knowledge of the events they deal with. Not many people, in Chicago or elsewhere, care enough about the truth to do that. So Thompson simplified the issue with a stroke of genius: he denounced William McAndrew, superintendent of the Chicago schools, as “King George’s stool pigeon.” That is as plain as the picture on the front cover of a tabloid; like the picture, it may be faked, but few of the customers are going to be curious enough to inquire into that.

This matter of schools, which played a considerable part in the late campaign, might have been supposed to be a delicate topic for Thompson. Toward the close of his second administration two dozen of his henchmen were indicted for stealing school money. One of them was Fred Lundin, the Columbus who had discovered Thompson years before (like Columbus, Lundin never dreamed what an expansive continent he was discovering, or what it was destined to do to him). None of these gentlemen was convicted; but their indictment put the capstone on a pretty general condemnation of the Thompson administration of the schools.

Under Dever, who followed Thompson, there were new men in the Board of Education; McAndrew was brought from New York as superintendent, and the schools improved perceptibly. None of Dever’s school men was indicted; but Thompson had an easy explanation for that. “The King of England wouldn’t let them be indicted.” Who, you may ask, would believe that? Well, a lot of Chicago voters.

Then there is the water situation. Despite considerable effort, I do not wholly understand the Chicago water situation; but I am solaced by the assurance of experts that a lot of other people do not understand it, including William Hale Thompson. None the less, the first thing Thompson did when he took office last April was to try to unsettle it.

Chicago draws water from Lake Michigan—eighty-five hundred cubic feet a second—to dilute its sewage and wash it away down the drainage canal. Other lake cities have roared a protest that their water front will be lowered by this diversion; and the War Department, which controls the lake water, threatened a couple of years ago to cut Chicago’s allowance in two unless water meters were installed in the city, to reduce the amount diverted (outside of this allowance) through the city water works to what was actually needed.

Chicago at present uses more water per capita than any city in the United States; more than twice as much as New York, which passes as tolerably cleanly. To be sure Chicago needs a good deal of water; what with the unabated smoke nuisance, and the winds that bring in prairie dust gathered over a sweep of fifteen hundred miles, a Chicagoan has to wash about twice as much as a New Yorker to maintain the same outward decency. None the less, the experts seem to think that Chicago wastes water shamefully. But Thompson made a great campaign issue of repeal of the water-meter ordinance.

He argued, one is told, that water, drawn from the lake before Chicago’s doors, was one of Nature’s gifts; it ought to be free as air. It takes a costly plant to pump and purify and distribute that water; a plant that must be maintained somehow. But Big Bill knew that the average voter would not figure that taxes to maintain the city water works are included in his rent, any more than the average New York voter who stood by Honest John Hylan and the five-cent fare figured that the cost of subways paid



for by taxes and city borrowings and increased real-estate assessments was included in his rent. It was argued that the meter ordinance was part of a bargain with the War Department, that if it were repealed the withdrawal permit might be rescinded; but Thompson replied that no President who wanted to get the vote of Chicago would permit the curtailment of Chicago's water supply. Thanks to this nefarious measure, he declared, you could go into the flats of the poor and see five children taking their bath in the same tub of water because their parents could afford no more. Now, at the water rate that prevailed before the meters were installed, five tubfuls of water, one per child, would cost about seven and a half cents. At the new rate they would still cost less than eight cents, a difference not ruinous, even for the average slum family.

But it was a powerful argument, all the same. The water situation is complex and obscure; but there is nothing complex or obscure about Big Bill's picture of the five children bathing in the same tub; it is as plain as the front cover of a tabloid.

Like a tabloid, too, the Mayor lives from day to day, fresh every morning. What if his pet issue falls by the wayside, rejected by an obtuse Federal government, by a hostile legislature, or even—this has happened—by a referendum of the Chicago voters? That was yesterday's issue, as dead as yesterday's newspaper. To-morrow morning Big Bill will have another and, whatever you may think about its merits, you can be sure that his side of it will be as clear as plate glass. In the twelve years since his public career began he has been on both sides of practically every question—consecutively, as a rule, but in one notable instance he was on both sides simultaneously. Even his cardinal issue, the great guiding principle of his life, "America First," suffered a brief eclipse; while America was at war with Germany he was for America second. But this has done him no harm.

For he understands his people as well as Sophocles understood the Athenians. Like Sophocles, he gives them a periodic catharsis of pity and terror, and like Sophocles he finishes off with slapstick stuff that sends them home laughing. The Athenians thought so well of Sophocles' plays that they elected him admiral, and from all accounts he was about as good an admiral as Big Bill is a mayor. The art of politics has a lot to learn from the show business, and William Hale Thompson has learned it.

#### IV

It was a showman who first really put him into politics. Before that he had made some efforts to put himself into politics, but he had never got very far; though he had picked up some connections which turned out to be useful when he did get into politics.

Thompson is a millionaire and the son of a millionaire, the grandson of Chicago's first fire chief; in short, as aristocracy goes in Chicago, he is a patrician; and if, when he went into politics, he divested himself of his patriciate and applied for membership in the common people, he was only following the example of such excellent practical politicians as Julius Cæsar and Theodore Roosevelt. He grew up on the South Side of Chicago, in the Second Ward, and his father meant to send him to Yale; but long before that menace became imminent—in 1883, when he was fifteen years old—he went to Wyoming and became a cowboy. A few years later he bought a ranch in Nebraska, and he was evidently a good cattleman. He had made money—not big money for the Thompsons of Chicago, but big money for a boy just old enough to vote—before his father's death brought him back to Chicago to manage the copious estate.

There was plenty of time for other diversions, and he devoted most of it to sport. In 1896 he was captain and manager of the Chicago Athletic Association football team, which won a champion-

ship; he was one of the founders of the Illinois Athletic Association; he was and is an enthusiastic yachtsman. I surmise that he feels himself a sportsman much more than a politician; and he certainly looks it. You will not find many men of his type in the city halls of the country; but you will find plenty of them in the clubhouse at Saratoga or Churchill Downs, at the ringside at heavyweight championship fights, in the field boxes at world's series games.

He was elected alderman in 1900, and started, at Wabash Avenue and 24th Street, the first public playground in the country. Hence you will see him set down in campaign literature as the father of the public-playground movement. One hears that an obscure reporter, long since dead, first whispered the public-playground idea in his ear. Big Bill has a habit of listening to what people tell him, and this time he certainly listened to something good; but at the moment it worked no great service to his fortunes. He held one or two minor offices, and then dropped out, devoting himself to business and sports, until local politicians who thought they saw possibilities in him brought him to the attention of Fred Lundin.

This was years later—at the beginning of 1915. Chicago had a habit in those days of going Democratic in municipal elections; Carter Harrison, the incumbent Democratic Mayor, was finishing off his fifth term. But Harrison had given no help to Roger Sullivan when that elder statesman ran for the Senate in the previous fall, and Sullivan was out for his scalp, backing Sweitzer against Harrison in the Democratic primaries.

Meanwhile the Republicans were preparing to go through the motions; and the serious persons, the municipal reformers, the better element, were preparing to back the Republican candidate in a forlorn hope. Judge Harry Olson had been agreed on by most of the leaders to carry the Republican better-element banner to a moral victory; but Fred Lundin had other plans.

This Lundin had first come to Chicago, years back, as a medicine man, selling the old Indian remedy from the tail of the wagon under the gasoline flare; and in that calling he had learned the great truth which no politician and no artist should ever forget—that it does not make any difference how good an article you are selling unless you can get them to stop and listen. He had managed to put together the disjected fragments of William Lorimer's old Republican machine; and, poking around the bulrushes in search of a candidate, he had stumbled on William Hale Thompson.

For Lundin, Thompson must have seemed made to order. A millionaire sportsman, able to finance his own campaign if other sources of income failed; with a wide acquaintance, an attractive appearance, a popular personality; and (so it may have been reasoned) not so heavy in the cerebrum as to endanger Lundin's intentions of being the power behind the throne. So Thompson put on the traditional Stetson hat of the cattleman, took the name of Cowboy Bill, and started campaigning for the nomination.

Nobody but Lundin took him seriously. Harry Olson was so sure of his nomination that he spent Washington's Birthday, just before the primary, on his farm down state; Thompson spent it going around town and making speeches. He was only a so-so campaigner then; the brilliant technic which he exemplified last spring was still to be worked out; but any campaigner is better than no campaigner and Olson, at the moment, was not campaigning at all. Worse still, Olson's financial backers were asleep at the switch; on the eve of the primaries the money to pay the local workers was lacking; one by one precinct captains turned up at the Olson headquarters, found the cupboard bare, and went home to do their bit for Thompson. On primary day the bulk of the Republicans marked the Democratic ballot and helped Sweitzer beat Carter Harrison; while the regulars turned out and gave Thompson the Republican nomination,



and the support of the better-element reformers which went with it.

Carter Harrison was down but he was not out; he whetted his knife, after the Chicago fashion, and set to work to help Thompson beat Sweitzer. (Even yet, after twelve years, Thompson's conglomerate retinue includes a group which calls itself the "Carter Harrison Democracy.") Other people were also out to beat Sweitzer; he was a Catholic, and the sentiment which was later to flower in the Ku Klux Klan appeared toward the end of the campaign and drove all the fanatical Protestants to vote for Thompson. Sweitzer was of German ancestry; a few days before the election leading Germans, Austrians, and Magyars of Chicago got out a handbill adorned with portraits of Kaiser Wilhelm and the Emperor-King Franz Josef, urging all citizens of Central European origin to vote for Sweitzer and the Fatherland. So all the pro-Ally vote—which included the Czech vote, powerful in Chicago—went for Thompson.

And in the meantime Big Bill was getting other votes by his own endeavors. The great negro influx was not yet at its height, but already the negroes dominated Thompson's own ward, and he was shrewd enough to recognize their rising power and play up to them. In that day the Sunday closing of saloons was a hardy annual issue in every American city; Thompson promised the reformers he would close the saloons, and secretly promised the saloon-keepers he would not. So on the 6th of April, 1915, the Honorable William Hale Thompson, the wet-dry-Nordic-negro-Protestant-pro-Ally - better - element - Carter - Harrison candidate, beat the unhappy Sweitzer by a margin of 148,000 votes—the most sweeping victory recorded up to that time, in any municipal election ever held in the United States.

## V

Chickens come home to roost, but they never roost long on Big Bill Thompson;

he moves right out from under them. Before he had been in office three months the reformers came down on him, and demanded the closing of saloons on Sunday. Thereupon the saloonkeepers produced his secret pre-election promise (he had even put it in writing) not to close the saloons on Sunday. Thompson closed them all the same and became immediately the hero of the Anti-Saloon League. True, it appeared before long that a good many saloons were open on Sunday, these being saloons that had the right political connections; but that happened in every American city in those days, and Big Bill had no difficulty in being a wet-dry till something else attracted public attention.

The something else, in this case, was a street-car strike, a serious event in any city. Big Bill settled it; he brought the leaders of the strikers and the heads of the trolley companies together in his office and told them they would stay there till the strike was settled. It was settled before supper; the employees got an increase in wages and Thompson got another block of devoted supporters. The increase in wages was presently passed on to the public in the form of higher fares, but by that time the war was on and people were too busy to think about trifles.

Big Bill's war record is too well known to need lengthy exposition; its first manifestations brought such a roar of denunciation from all over the country that eventually he throttled himself down and kept within the danger line, extending only spiritual aid and comfort to the enemy. Some men who know him well say that the hatred of England which showed itself in the War as friendship for Germany is genuine. But one thing could not escape his eye; the Germans are the largest single racial group in Chicago, and by his friendliness at a time when the rest of Chicago was taking its patriotism as hysterically as Chicago takes everything he made himself solid with them for life. Last spring, eight years after the War was over, thoughtful

Chicago Germans were telling their friends, "Damn him, we know he's no good, but he made life livable for us in 1918 and he gets our votes."

He needed those votes, too, for his city administration was getting nowhere in particular. Then as now, he was an inspirational person, living from moment to moment, on bright thoughts which were here to-day and gone to-morrow. He gave so many jobs to negroes when he first took office that irreverent persons called the City Hall "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The tone of the administration, for that matter, was a good deal like a Tom show, which greatly distressed the Better Element; but Thompson had been shrewd enough to perceive something which more ponderous intellects were not to discern for years, that the average voter regards politics as a show, and will generally give his vote to the candidate who best understands how to mix up the laughs and the thrills. In the municipal primaries of February, 1919, Harry Olson ran against him once more for the Republican nomination, and once more Thompson beat him. The Germans and negroes did it; by this time the negroes controlled three South Side wards and they knew who was their friend. Once more Sweitzer had the Democratic nomination, Sweitzer who four years earlier had run under the Kaiser's portrait; but this time the Germans voted for Thompson. Maclay Hoyne, an independent Democrat, drew off a good many votes from Sweitzer; the Socialists made a surprisingly strong showing; altogether the five candidates opposed to Thompson polled 150,000 more votes than he did. But he slid in over Sweitzer, the leader of the five, by a plurality of 18,000, two thirds of it in the negro wards.

It was a day of mourning for earnest patriots, but a day of joy for practical Republican politicians, who saw in this election, among other things, another symptom of the reaction against Woodrow Wilson. In an ebullient moment in 1916 Thompson had admitted that he would accept a presidential nomination.

No chance for that in 1920, but he threw in with the anti-League group, working for Hiram Johnson and against his bitterest enemy, Governor Frank Lowden, who had once ordered down-state National Guardsmen into Chicago in the heated days of 1918. Lowden and Johnson both fell by the wayside, but in the election of 1920 Thompson (and Lundin) got the state administration in their hands. At the moment he looked like a coming man.

But in 1921 he began to slip.

## VI

It would be a pleasure to report that he slipped because of the inadequacy of the government which he and Lundin had given the city, which he and Lundin and Len Small were giving the state, but he did not; he slipped because of factional quarrels.

As to the merits of his municipal administration, there are divergent opinions. He has never been personally accused of graft; but a good many of his followers, who did not have his felicity of inherited wealth, were gravely suspected, though never jailed. Read his campaign booklet entitled *Big Bill the Builder: a Chicago Epoch*, and you must feel that his reign was a little better than the millennium; read the files of the Chicago papers (except the Hearst papers, which have pretty consistently backed him) and you will get a different idea. Thompson used to hit back at his critics with libel suits; without having added up the figures, I believe he has filed more than any other public man of our time. Only one, so far as newspaper records go, came to trial; that dragged on till one of the jurors went insane from listening to the evidence, and then everybody gave it up.

His prize performance, however, was the filing of libel suits in the name of the city of Chicago against the *Tribune* and the *Daily News*, for ten million dollars apiece. That, I believe, is a record. These were tried; the lower court decided



for the newspapers, and the Supreme Court backed it up, holding that when the *Tribune* and *Daily News* said that Thompson's administration had bankrupted the city they were only exercising "the right of every citizen to criticize the government and its administrators."

It would serve no purpose to go into these old, unhappy, far-off things; but certainly "bankruptcy" was a bit strong. On at least one occasion the voters had to authorize a bond issue to meet current municipal running expenses, yet somehow Chicago continued to get by. Great things were done in Thompson's two administrations, and he claimed the credit; great things went on being done after he went out of office, and he claimed the credit for them too.

Most especially, the Michigan Avenue bridge was built. The wicked say it cost enough to build two bridges, still it was built, and there resulted the tremendous development of the nearer North Side. Other mighty deeds were done; Thompson says he did them, his enemies say they were done over his prostrate form. Generally speaking, these achievements are part of the slow but implacable working out of Burnham's Chicago Plan, which goes on, now rapidly, now slowly, from administration to administration. Chicago, so long imprisoned in the Loop, has broken out at last, overflowing on the lake front, the river front, the North Side. Much of that took place while Thompson was Mayor. His enemies say that for him to take the credit is as if whoever might have been Mayor of Chicago at the end of the Glacial Age had taken the credit for the melting of the ice.

But almost any Mayor of almost any city would have claimed the credit for all this, whether he deserved it or not. Thompson's original contribution was the tabloid touch, the assumption of a new title—"Big Bill the Builder." In this last election his campaign handbook was adorned with photographs of about all the public improvements of his administrations and of Dever's too; and

your well-read voter, when he looks at any large new building in Chicago, will find that phrase flashing into his mind—"Big Bill the Builder." He may not believe it, but he can't forget it.

So, toward the end of 1922, our hero set out, full of confidence, to get himself a third term. He had lost minor elections, he had experienced numerous defeats, but he still had his cardinal issue—"America First." His great forerunner Lorimer had adopted Abraham Lincoln as his spiritual ancestor; Thompson went him one better and took George Washington. "The principles laid down by Washington and reaffirmed by the twenty-six presidents who followed him" up to Wilson (you have to count Cleveland twice to make it come out right) were Big Bill's principles too, and he nearly had them copyrighted, in Chicago.

But a month before the primaries he withdrew from the campaign, "overcome," he said, "by the forces of grasping wealth and aggrandizement." A little later he offered another explanation, "My friends have crucified me."

The friend who is said to have been busiest in crucifying Big Bill was State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe.

## VII

Chicago politics are chaotic and incomprehensible to the outsider, but in general it may be said that politics in Chicago are like war in China, an exercise in changing sides. (Especially Republican politics; George Brennan has built up a tolerably stable Democratic organization, though God knows how long anything will stay stable in Chicago.) But Republican Chicago, like China, is divided into factions, personal and regional, controlled by local war lords—literal war lords, in many cases, with their retinues of machine gunners who kill more men than fall in Chinese battles. They combine, and split, and recombine, with no more stability in their arrangement than you find in a deck of cards reshuffled for each hand.

I know Chicago only from casual visits two or three times a year; but if an outsider's opinion is worth anything, I should say that what Chicago most needs—more than subways or smoke consumption or combined railroad terminals or anything else—is a Tammany Hall. It would be a godsend to the city if these double-crossing and throat-cutting factions were replaced by an integrated organization in which power and responsibility could be centralized, which would give as good government as the majority of voters are willing to tolerate. But to return to Mr. Crowe.

He was, and is, one of the most powerful of Chicago's war lords. The business of the State's Attorney's office is the war against crime, and luckily there is no lack of crime to war against. So subtle are the relationships of these matters, in Chicago, that they may best be expressed by a theological formula—where crime abounded, there the State's Attorney's office did much more abound. In the pre-primary campaign of 1922–23 Crowe's faction turned against Thompson and was strong enough to thrust him out. Arthur C. Lueder got the Republican nomination for mayor, while the Democrats put up Judge William E. Dever.

Where was William Hale Thompson while the battle of that year's election was being fought out? Don't worry, friends; he was there. In the three negro wards Thompson's lieutenants kept the negro voters at home on election day, and the scattering white residents who went to the polls carried those wards for Dever. It was a warning that in Chicago it is easier to nail a man to the cross than to keep him there.

Dever was elected, and straightway engaged in the hazardous occupation of being the best mayor Chicago ever had. I take that designation on the word of the Better Element; to the foreign eye there appear some flaws in this perfection. But Dever undoubtedly had some tough problems to handle, one of them being the transit situation.

The Chicago surface lines, owned by several companies, were running under franchises which would expire in February 1927. On a seven-cent fare they were making some money, and part of their earnings was being turned into the city treasury as a nest egg, from which optimists hoped that the first of the badly needed subways might be hatched. The elevateds, on a basic ten-cent fare, were making money under long franchises; but since something would have to be done about the surface lines this was an obvious chance to unify the whole transportation system.

Big Bill the Builder had faced this problem from a distance and found a fine issue—the five-cent fare. But to restore this legislation was needed, which the state legislature refused to give him; so Big Bill, after being photographed—People's Friend Crucified By Interests—went on to something else. But Dever had to tackle it because the trolley franchises would expire before he went out of office; and eventually, in 1925, he submitted to popular referendum a plan for unification of surface and elevated lines, under a modified form of municipal ownership and control. It was undoubtedly better thought out than any of Thompson's ideas on the transit question; but it was not well enough thought out to get by. It offered too much municipal control for some people, not enough for others; so it was voted down. A miss is as good as a mile in politics; from the practical standpoint, this is Count One against the best administration Chicago ever had.

But worse was to come. If you want to see the man who more than anyone else is responsible for Thompson's return to power, gaze on the austere countenance of the Honorable Andrew J. Volstead. Dever essayed to enforce the prohibition laws, and while that optimistic enterprise was still in its infancy Judge Gary introduced him, at a dinner of prohibitionists in New York, as "the man who showed Chicago that the law was going to be enforced."



This was about as accurate as most of Judge Gary's pronouncements outside of his own special field. Dever, in fact, was the man who showed Chicago that if you entrust the police with the enforcement or non-enforcement of the prohibition laws, the police will waste little time on anything else, least of all on the onerous, perilous, and unprofitable business of suppressing crime. Chicago was never a notably peaceable or law-abiding city, but the great outburst of robbery, homicide, and machine-gunning came after Thompson went out of office. It came under the best mayor Chicago ever had.

Homicide, of course, is not much of a crime in the eyes of the average prohibitionist; but many Chicago homicides are only incidental to what the prohibitionist regards as graver offenses. For while the ladies who kill their husbands, or their lovers, may get most of the newspaper space, most of the killing done in Chicago results from private feuds in the underworld. And most underworld feuds of late years have sprung from disputes over bootlegging privileges, in the city whose standard of law enforcement aroused the admiration of Judge Gary.

I have never heard of a time, since the Volstead Act went into effect, when it was very hard to get a drink in Chicago. One hears that in the early days the privilege of violating the liquor laws was in the hands of ward and precinct politicians, who passed it around where they thought it would do the most good. When Dever transferred it to the police (for as the power to tax is the power to destroy, so the power to suppress is the power to tolerate) he simultaneously demoralized the police and alienated the politicians. Which is one reason why reform mayors are not re-elected.

Mr. Dever, being an intelligent as well as an honest man, was not long blind to this; in 1926 he told the American Bar Association that "the liquor question is not yet settled," and intimated a belief that it never could be settled, in the cities, on the present line of attack.

Immediately the dries damned him as a traitor; the wets, of course, were against him already. Yet he went stubbornly and dutifully on, trying to enforce a law which he had virtually admitted was unenforceable. Which is another reason why reform mayors are not re-elected.

Meanwhile, where was Big Bill the Builder? He was coming back from Elba, preceded by several brass bands.

### VIII

It will be recalled that when a well-known politician retired from office some twenty years ago, leaving his successor well supplied with rope to hang himself, he whiled away the requisite interval by going to Africa to hunt big game. Thompson got a somewhat similar idea in the spring of 1924.

Somebody had told him—and, as before stated, Big Bill usually listens to people who tell him something—that in Borneo there was a fish that climbed trees; and straightway the ex-Mayor reverted to the status of a sportsman-scientist and set out to find it. He bet a friend twenty-five thousand dollars that he would bring back that fish, or at least motion pictures of its tree-climbing; he organized the South Seas Research Association for scientific inquiry; and he constructed a vessel which was duly christened the *Big Bill* and ornamented with a wooden statue of the Builder by way of figurehead. In that ship he was going to sail to Borneo and bring back the tree-climbing fish; and on the way he would go down the river to New Orleans, spreading propaganda for the Illinois Lakes-to-Gulf Waterway, which is one of the enterprises that he takes up and boosts whenever there is no other immediate material for boosting.

Of course the scoffers, the knockers—Big Bill despises knockers—got to work at once. They alleged that his tree-climbing fish was no novelty; that it had been described and depicted in magazines sixty years ago, that an American scientific expedition had lately brought

back the motion pictures which Thompson was about to seek, that, in fact, several mounted specimens could be seen in Chicago, at the Field Museum.

None of which worried Big Bill; he went right on with his well-advertised expedition, and seventy-five thousand people saw his ship start out on her voyage to Borneo via the Chicago Drainage Canal. Something happened every day—something that got into the papers; one day, even, a newspaperman from Zion City (the village that voted the earth was flat) fell overboard and was properly rescued, by none other than William Hale Thompson.

So the *Big Bill* proceeded on its watery way—not all water, at that—as far as New Orleans. There Thompson was compelled to leave it; business recalled him to Chicago. His friends left, too, or so many of them as had not fallen away on the trip down the river; and the unhappy captain, who apparently had supposed all the time that they were really going to Borneo, was left with his schooner on his hands and was last heard of hiring her out to fishing parties in the Bay of Panama. As for the twenty-five thousand dollar bet, what happened to that is not recorded.

They laugh at Big Bill even yet for that enterprise, but I fail to see why. At a time when he was out of politics it got him about a kilometer of newspaper space; it kept him in the public eye, no matter how; it reminded the public that here was a man who Did Things, or at any rate started to do them. And how many people notice what happens to anything after it leaves the front page?

Big Bill was out of favor, for a time, with the dominant group in the national Republican organization; but on one issue he guessed right when they guessed wrong. When the Republican National platform of 1924 spoke favorably of the World Court, Thompson exploded that “our foreign policy has been dictated by the King of England.” Where is that World Court now? Smothered in its sleep, like Desdemona, and Big Bill made

some slight contribution toward smothering it, incidentally and simultaneously making a larger contribution toward the return of Big Bill.

In 1926 that missionary bishop of the mavericks, William E. Borah, was going the rounds making speeches against senators who had voted for the World Court. When he came to Chicago Big Bill took charge of the meeting and ran away with it; Borah and George Washington were only secondary figures. Last fall Thompson put an anti-World Court candidate, Colonel Frank Smith, into the Senate. Smith had been chairman of the Utilities Commission, and his campaign fund had received heavy contributions from Samuel Insull, who owns most of the utilities around Chicago. A Senatorial committee, you will remember, asked about this; among other people, they asked Big Bill Thompson. What was his explanation of this curious behavior of his candidate? Why, that “I have tried to carry out the policies of George Washington and the twenty-six presidents who followed him.” America First.

By this time, you will observe, he had already retraced most of the journey from Elba. Unsuccessful indictments of Thompson’s friends Lundin and Len Small had reacted in his favor; and Dever’s policemen were breaking into houses and arresting home brewers who had failed to provide themselves with the proper moral support, while machine guns sputtered merrily around the corner. But before Thompson could get back in the City Hall he must get the Republican nomination; and he got it with the help of the man who had crucified him four years earlier, the Honorable Robert E. Crowe.

Mr. Crowe, they say, had had delusions of grandeur, but by this time he had got over them; he had discovered that he and Big Bill might be reciprocally useful. There was room for a great ally in Thompson’s camp, for by this time he had broken with his friend and discoverer, Lundin. He had said harsh



words about Crowe four years earlier, had said that if he ever shook Crowe's hand again you could set him down as a crook. But remarks like that are rarely taken too seriously by working politicians. Righteousness and peace kissed each other, Crowe and Thompson came together, with three cheers for George Washington and America First; Thompson helped Crowe elect his county ticket last fall, having first pledged them to America First and no World Court; then Crowe helped Thompson to the mayoralty nomination, and they set out to beat the best mayor Chicago had ever had.

### IX

Say what you like about the taste of that campaign, it was a theatrical masterpiece. Lundin, for instance, had set up an independent candidate, Dr. John Dill Robertson. Thompson proclaimed that Lundin was a rat and Robertson was a rat, and he brought two caged rats up on the platform as visual reminder. Tabloid stuff—picture on the front cover, story inside, if you care to look for it. And I surmise that King George, whose involuntary appearance in the campaign aroused so much ridicule and disgust, played just about the same part as these caged rats. He was a tabloid picture too.

For every time Thompson said "King George" every German in Chicago had his whole 1917 complex recalled to his attention; the Germans might have remembered anyway who had been their friend when they needed a friend, but Thompson took no chances. But King George was worth more than that. The great offense of King George's stool pigeon McAndrew (that is, the great ostensible offense; I suspect a competent administration of the schools was one of the real counts against him) dealt with certain textbooks. These were not school books; they were used only in teachers' training courses which McAndrew had recommended; but they were a good talking point. For these books, it

appears, shamefully distort Revolutionary history, as follows:

(1) They speak of the Scotch-Irish in Washington's army, when as every Irishman knows these were South Irish. (There are a good many thousand Irish voters in Chicago.)

(2) They pay insufficient attention to the deeds of the Polish Revolutionary heroes, Pulaski and Kosciuszko. (There are a hundred thousand Polish voters in Chicago.)

(3) They fail to mention the exploits of Steuben and the immense number of German soldiers in Washington's army. (There are two hundred thousand German voters in Chicago.)

Why no protest was made against the undoubted belittling of the achievements of the negro soldiers in Washington's army I do not know. Possibly Thompson was sure of the negroes without that.

So much for King George. But, as observed above, it was not King George but Volstead that really ruined Dever. Thompson could count on the Germans and the negroes, but most of the hundred thousand Polish voters in Chicago are normally Democratic. They are also normally wet, or abnormally wet, if you like. Anyhow, when Thompson strode up and down the platform promising to send the police back to their old job of fighting the crooks, and declaring that "I'll fire any cop who walks into a man's house without a warrant and fans the mattress for a pint flask," he got most of the Polish vote, and he got a good many other votes too. Chicago, brethren of the dry cause, is joined to its idols; it still contains a good many people who regard murder as a more serious matter than taking a drink.

If you doubt the accuracy of this diagnosis, consider this: In November George Brennan, running for Senator as a wet against the dry Frank Smith, carried Chicago by 83,000. Five months later Brennan's candidate Dever, running as a dry against the wet Thompson, lost Chicago by 83,000.

Apologists for Chicago point out that

more than 50,000 of Thompson's 83,000 plurality was rolled up in the three negro wards; but he got a lot of white votes too, and the above observations may explain where he got them. And the tactics of the opposition helped him powerfully.

In the first place, the title of "the best mayor Chicago ever had" was a millstone around Dever's neck; is there an instance in American municipal politics of the re-election of any mayor who was stigmatized by the better element as the best the city had ever had? Another millstone was the infelicitous slogan, "Dever and Decency." As a veteran of many municipal campaigns dolefully observed after the election, "Who the hell is attracted by decency?"

How much Thompson's grotesque denunciations of King George affected the campaign is a matter of doubt; possibly not much, aside from recalling to the Germans the situation of 1917. But Thompson played it so hard that the opposition decided to reduce it to absurdity; they dressed up a negro as Paul Revere and sent him galloping down Michigan Avenue, crying, "The British are coming!" This, apparently, had no effect at all; Thompson's King-George campaign was already so absurd that it could be reduced no farther; of those who saw the Afro-American Revere a few doubtless thought that the British *were* coming, and that only Big Bill could keep them out; and the rest, discarding Paul Revere and King George, held fast to their determination to vote for Thompson and save that pint flask under the mattress.

But the culminating blunder was committed by no less a person than George Brennan himself, when in a peevish moment he remarked that "all the hoodlums are for Thompson." Big Bill seized on that with a whoop of joy; he stigmatized the Democrats as aristocrats; he paraded the platform bellowing a merry appeal—"Hoodlums, come out and vote, and bring another hoodlum with you." Al Jolson, just after the election, gave Big Bill a bulldog which

the donor had named "Big Boy," but Thompson had a better inspiration than that; he gave the dog a new name and put it on his collar for all the world to see—"Hoodlum — Mayor's Office — Chicago." Showman stuff? Yes, and good showman stuff; it made votes. And behind that he had the solid support of the Germans and negroes, he had the scattering—but considerable—support of the people who thought that the police might better be trying to prevent homicide than fanning mattresses for pint flasks.

Is there any mystery, now, about that election? Well, one mystery, perhaps—in spite of everything, 430,000 people voted for Dever.

## X

Well, now that Big Bill has got it, what is he going to do with it?

Prophecy is perilous, in politics; but one or two things may be predicted with some certainty. In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he will be for America First (unless there is another war with Germany, or with Poland, or Czechoslovakia, or Africa). And he will have plenty of issues; they may not last long, but he will let go of them before they die on his hands. For like most artists he lives by inspiration, not by reason; and he seldom rides an inspiration till it gives out. He can always get a new one, just as good.

For example. On the day after he took office he started on another trip to New Orleans to boost the Illinois Lakes-to-Gulf Waterway. The great Mississippi floods had then just begun, and that morning the *Tribune*, which has always fought Thompson, carried a cartoon of his steamboat traversing the flooded regions while farmers marooned on the housetops cried out for help. Big Bill looked at that and wired to his vassal Governor Len Small at Springfield to entrain a speedboat which Thompson happened to know the state possessed, and send it down to meet the Mayoral expedition at Cairo. "We *will* rescue



somebody," he declared, "and I'll be at the wheel of the speedboat myself." As this is written he had got only as far as Memphis; but I conjecture that before he reaches New Orleans he will have rescued somebody, even if he had to plant them on a flood-encircled housetop first.

On the first lap of this voyage, moreover, Big Bill delivered himself of another happy thought. Power was going to waste, he discovered, at city pumping stations; why could it not be used to operate ice machines, so that free ice could be given to the poor at no added cost to the municipality? (Where he would find the money to build the ice plants, he did not say.) And if delivery proved impracticable, could not the ice be laid out on platforms, for the poor to gather up and take home at their convenience? I should be astonished beyond measure if anything more were heard of this enterprise; yet some few voters may keep it in mind, and reflect that Big Bill must have been balked in his beneficent purpose by the Interests.

"Make Chicago Hum" is the slogan of the new administration; on which a skeptical evening paper commented, "Hum like a humbug." Yet I have heard shrewd observers suggest that there is a possibility—just a possibility—that he may spend his third term being the Best Mayor Chicago Ever Had.

On the morning after he took office he told me, "Last night thirteen people called me up to tell me they'd seen a cop patrolling a beat." That is a tabloid picture of an issue, perhaps, but this picture is not faked; even his enemies expect a perceptible reduction in crimes of violence under his administration; and there is an old-fashioned theory that the prevention of crimes of violence is one of the cardinal purposes of government.

"They're stealing half a million dollars a day in this town," he exploded. "I'll stop that; I'll run the crooks and thieves and lawbreakers out of Chicago in ninety

days—and then they'll try to get my Chief of Police indicted." Well, they can't indict him without the assent of State's Attorney Crowe, and when Thompson said that, on April 18th, he and Crowe were like David and Jonathan. By the time this magazine is on the news stands they may be gunning for each other; life is like that, especially in Chicago. However, the ninety days which were to suffice for the complete expulsion of the criminal element will be up on July 17th; anybody who is curious can go out to Chicago on that day and see if they are all gone. I suspect a good many of them will have departed, but you may find some few still on the premises. But if you do, don't run to Big Bill with your story; he will have another issue by that time.

By the time you read this the water-meter question, too, will probably be ancient history. But there is one issue that will stay there till it is settled—the transit question. "I will give the solution of this problem my best thought and energy" the Mayor promised in his inaugural. So, I surmise, will some other people. But it is noteworthy that in this last campaign Big Bill was not talking about the five-cent fare. Suppose, now, that gentlemen interested in traction economics and not at all interested in the five-cent fare should put some of the most costly brains in the country together and work out a solution of the Chicago transit problem. They would be too clever to try to get too much; and, to give Big Bill his due, they would probably be more afraid of him than they would be of some other mayors. But he knows the question must be settled—must, this time, because the franchises of the surface lines have expired. And if somebody else works out a settlement that will be reasonably satisfactory all round—that will take care of the interests of the security owners without doing visible injury to the interests of the public—will Big Bill toss it away? Maybe; but maybe not. It is at least an even money bet that he

will accept it, and appear in his next campaign booklet as the Mayor who settled the transit question for all time.

So with other things that are going on in Chicago. The town needs a new and stupendous civic auditorium to take care of great conventions. That would probably be built in the next four years, no matter who was mayor; but Big Bill is behind it and it will go into the next campaign booklet too. Chicago is moving ahead, working out the Chicago Plan; in fact about all that any mayor need do to be a good mayor, from the civic point of view, is to stand still and let the Chicago Plan flow on around him. Whatever your estimate of Big Bill's past contribution toward the working out of that plan, he is not likely to squat in the way and dam its flow.

There are new faces in the City Hall, and some old faces. Many of Thompson's old gang are gone; of those who survive, some are trusted and some are not. Of the new men, some look trustworthy and some do not. But if Big Bill runs out some of the crooks, leaves the Volstead Act to the Federal prohibition agents, and lets subtler minds take hold of some of the more intricate problems of

Chicago, he may go down in histories more impartial than campaign textbooks as Big Bill the Builder.

There is, to be sure, the overshadowing figure of Mr. Crowe, who is believed to have intentions of being the power behind the throne. Well, Fred Lundin was the power behind the throne once; but he has retired into the shadows and Big Bill is still in the spotlight. One thing is certain—the people who hate Thompson, or most of them, hate Crowe worse; the people who distrust Thompson distrust Crowe more profoundly. If it came to a fight between them Thompson would probably have most of the Better Element with him. But that need not worry him; he had the Better Element with him once before, and lived it down.

And whatever else happens in the next four years, you can be sure there will always be a good show at the City Hall, always a fresh picture on the front cover of the tabloid every morning. Big Bill learned from Lundin, if he did not already know it by instinct, that you have to make them pause and listen, in the light of the gasoline flare, before you can sell them the old Indian remedy.







## OTHER WOMEN'S CHILDREN

ANONYMOUS

MUCH has been written about the "mother's job," and her place in the home. Women in general—from those who advocate the use of So-and-So's flour on the glaring billboards of our cities to those who run women's pages in our dailies—are willing to give advice to mothers at all stages of the game. But what of the stepmother? Her problems are those of the ordinary mother "plus"; but nobody seems to take particular interest in them.

With divorce figuring increasingly each year, there are more and more children who are either losing or gaining parents, and the problems of these altered homes are almost more important than those of the happy homes into which the verdict of a decree *nisi* has not fallen. In one case you are dealing with nature; in the other, with nature at variance.

I have very little patience with those who shake the family skeleton in front of the public, hoping thereby to attain a personal notoriety. Before dragging certain rattling bones out of a musty cupboard of past memories I want to say that it is the complications of the marriage situation to-day which tempt me to write down real experiences, and not the desire to wash private laundry in the market place! I am hoping that my experience may help some girl facing stepmother-hood, either through marriage with a widower or with a man who has been through the divorce courts—the latter more likely. The modern girl is not merely faced with the choice of controlling or enlarging her own family at

some future date, but with the possibility of having to bring up another woman's children; and when the passion and enchantment of the honeymoon are over she may find herself at once in the harness of maternity without having grown accustomed to the idea through the gradual process of pregnancy, lactation, and so forth.

I speak as "one having authority," since I have had two stepmothers and am now a stepmother to two stepchildren—truly a bewildering situation. Having been a stepchild, I have tried hard to put my own experiences to the good in rearing my stepchildren. It is as though one had seen both sides of the looking-glass and had to look backward in order to see forward.

As I lost my own mother when a baby, the delightful woman who took her place in my father's home has, as regards my affection for her, always held the position of a real mother in my life. Attractive, clever, and young, she comes out of the mists of past years with a frou-frou of silk skirts that delighted my heart. From the very first she appeared to take her job to heart. My nursery was full of wonderful toys; the dresses she and nurse made were always, to my mind, prettier than those of my little friends, and it never entered my small head that I was other than her own child. After some years a little sister appeared on the scene, and life was indeed a delight! There was no more loneliness in the nursery and existence became doubly interesting! It meant also that "mummy" came to our end of the house rather more often than

before, and this in itself was an added joy since she always brought with her a spirit of happiness.

Then a dreadful thing happened. On one of nurse's afternoons "off" the housemaid, who looked after me in her place at teatime, corrected me when I alluded to mummy as my mother and said, "She's not your own mother, dear. Your own mother's dead."

To this day I can remember the dull, numbing ache that came over me, and how I hated the girl and the world at large! Realizing that she had done something foolish, the bull that had crashed into my china shop tried to repair the damage! It was too late, nothing helped! Even my little half-sister seemed a thief in my eyes since mummy was hers and not mine—*she* belonged, I didn't!

I nursed the injury in silence and distrust, and some months later brought down on my head the scorn of my tiny world by saying that I wished sister had never been born. It was the eve of her first birthday. She was being bathed by nurse in front of the nursery fire, and mummy and father were an admiring audience. "Aren't you glad she was born?" asked father. All the bottled-up injury caused by the maid's injudicious remark flashed up in my heart as I said, "No!" Everybody laughed. "Jealous," said father as he and mummy went out, leaving me to a tirade from nurse to whom sister was the very light of existence. No amount of tears could wash away my error in her eyes, and I can remember getting out of bed after the lights were out, going into the day-nursery, taking my gift (a wooden horse and cart) from its hiding place under the sofa, going back, and putting it on sister's cot, in a state of choking sobs, saying, "I do love you! I do love you and I *am* glad you are born."

And all the time my stepmother never knew. In the kindness of her heart she had always been the real mother in word as well as deed.

School days arrived, my companions quoted legends from Grimm, wanting to

know if my stepmother lived up to the name of the usual ogrelike person in those tiresome tales. They seemed abashed when I disappointed them, and little by little I realized that the word "stepmother" had, up to that time, meant to them something hideous and I, conscious of all the kindness my own stepmother showed to me, could not quite understand their prejudices. It appears that, in later years, my own stepchildren came to the same conclusion since they remarked to their father, "Daddy, we're lucky that mummy is not a horrid stepmother like in the fairy-tales, aren't we?"

My father had given me a photograph of my own mother but, except for exciting a certain pity because she had died young, I must frankly confess I never felt the slightest pang that I had never known her and, since all her relatives were dead, there was nobody to awaken in me any sentiment about her. My only quarrel with life was that I had not been allowed to be the real child of my stepmother, and so all the stupid school talk worried and puzzled me.

As time went on I saw more of my father's people, less of mummy, and nothing at all of my father, and it was with a shock that in my teens I learned of his divorce and remarriage. The fact that there had been serious trouble in our home had been withheld from me, and I bitterly resented having a *new* stepmother.

At that time youth was not initiated into all the problems and phases of human life, and I blamed both her and my father for our deserted home. I did not realize that sometimes people are better apart. I merely blamed.

And once more there was the pull of not being "real," for sister went with mummy and I was sent to relatives and visited my old home only on odd holidays. I know now that financial reasons made this needful, but at the time it was a sore, unsolved problem and I felt very bitter often, for no one was ever dearer to me than my half-sister and her mother.



Gossips were busy with young ears, and I was filled with stories, pro and con, about my father's new wife—but blame was, I fear, always uppermost in my heart and mind. However, one day a wise old friend, knowing my muddled state of mind and my real love for my father, suggested it might be fairer to him and to my second stepmother (and doubtless to my own character and growing knowledge of life) if I visited them and made my own conclusions. This advice was not followed out at once although certain letters passed between us.

Some years later, when I was beginning to think my own love affairs the most serious of all problems, the proposed visit was paid. My father was delightful as of old, and his wife, a woman with an unwavering love for my father, welcomed me with charming hospitality. So far so good—but I could not overcome the strangeness of seeing father with another woman and felt that, although remarried, he belonged to my own home. I could not forget certain injustices, both real and imagined, and after the first excitement of meeting father had worn off, I talked constantly of mummy and sister—who, by the way, did not see him again till years later. Although modern, this was rather tactless, and my father's new wife must often have wished this relic of her husband's past had kept out of the way. On the other hand, if frankness is to be the basis of things, this should have been expected, and is one of the things that the stepmother must recognize if she is to get nearer to her stepchildren.

The love for my father grew and at the same time diminished—he had, up to now, remained the father of the nursery days, but now he became less my father and more a very interesting friend. But although outwardly pleasant to each other, I could not help feeling that his wife and I were not *en rapport*. Later, as I grew in experience, this unfortunate situation softened. There may have been, and probably

were, faults on both sides. To my mind she had taken away something of what belonged to "us"; to her mind I was probably a serpent in her Eden—an item she had hardly reckoned with in her marriage.

Meeting mummy after this visit was not exactly easy. I felt that I had been guilty of disloyalty, and yet she, among the first, had always been most broad-minded about father's remarriage and was glad of his happiness. Indeed, could they have ever met again I always feel that they would have been the same friends as always—minus the strain matrimony had put upon them.

Naturally it is impossible to say how the entire situation would have been handled had another girl been in my position. I can speak only from my own experience. Complexes, Freud, and Krafft-Ebing, etc., were not drawing-room topics in those days, and even divorce was still somewhat taboo. "Home life" was the rule of the day, and it meant a great deal to me. I was rather too much of a sentimentalist, and the crude analytical light of science and facts failed to make any appeal until many years later. Grieving over the various domestic upsets, I never became quite reconciled, even when reason made things clear. But the chief annoyance was outside gossip. That mummy should be fonder of sister than of me was human and natural, but I can truthfully say that, whatever her feelings, she never made any difference between us. It was the busybodies who made the trouble. People who had known my own mother; people who loved mummy; people who loved my father's third wife—they all had their innings as far as I was concerned, trying to find out how I felt, putting ideas into my head that were never there, and often causing my emotions to overrule my caution. In some instances I listened, in others not—but it was a very tangled skein to unravel, and the best piece of advice I can give to the stepmother of the future is to shield her charges as much as pos-

sible from "Meddlesome Matties," to question them from time to time to see whether any seeds of rancor have, unknowingly, been sown there and, if so, to weed the gardens of their young minds as often as possible and so prevent unhappiness for their youthful hearts.

It takes a very strong nature to be absolutely fair in such relationships, but I can truthfully say that if every "real" child got as much love and affection from a "real" mother as I did from a stepmother there would be fewer complaints from the rising generation.

## II

However kind "steps" may be, I have noticed that children of divorced parents often feel a bit queer and have, perhaps, an older outlook on things. This may not be due to the influence of the home but to the chitter-chatter overheard at school, the advice of well-meaning but interfering friends, and to their own thoughts.

Never shall I forget a conversation I once overheard at a fashionable seaside resort. A little girl of about seven was making sand-pies with her father. Suddenly she stopped and looking up into his face said, "Daddy, why don't grannie and grandpa live together?" For a moment her father looked abashed and then replied, with wise simplicity, "They didn't get on, honey, so separated and lived apart." "Humph" from the child. Then, "Why don't you and my real mother live together?" "We didn't get on either, honey, so we decided to live apart, too, and now you and I live with mummy." Silence. Then with a sigh, this child, evidently bred in the cradle of divorce, said, "Are you and mummy getting along *pretty well*?" The use of the adjective "pretty" stabbed me. It was as though her seven-year-old mind had already seen through the hypocritical veneer of human society and knew for a certainty that marriage was a gamble at the best, and was ready for any emergency.

Shortly after this I was faced with my own marriage. Much to the astonishment of most of my friends I was to marry a man whose divorced wife I knew and whose children I expected to raise. I put in some "heavy thinking" during those days and came to the conclusion that the mother's job was simple compared with that of the stepmother's, and my heart sang a song of gratitude for the unselfishness of my own stepmother whose example would help me so much.

One may be blasé these days; free love is the vogue; birth-control is a religion; camouflage of one's heart and soul is as popular as paint, powder, and lip-stick; but under it all lies the woman and the mother—the woman who wants her man for her own and the mother whose desire is that her child shall be the first to be given to the father. If her child is to be third or fourth, will she be strong enough to show as much love and kindness to his children as to her own? If not it seems to me she should make the sacrifice—look after the other woman's children with the best love she can give them and go barren herself.

I am speaking here of the woman who enters matrimony a spinster, not of the woman who has, herself, been through the divorce courts and has children of her own; also, of the woman who undertakes children who are out of infancy and who can remember a previous home, although the same problem may quite well apply to the woman who raises a child from infancy. I do not attempt to solve the feelings of the stepmother who keeps her stepchildren for six months and then has to relinquish them to the other camp—her lot would be too complicated, and I should not have attempted a marriage that contained such a clause. Children's loyalty is so divided that the poor little things do not know if they are on their heads or their heels. Let there be a clean sweep, one way or the other—it may be painful to the losing side, but it is one of the



penalties adults must pay for bringing children into the world and then splitting up the home. Let one keep the children and the other content himself or herself with occasional visits to them.

The main thing is to know the children, get under their skin! It is no use saying, "Hire a good nurse and leave it to her!" That never works. Your time is short in which to win their love, for they grow quickly, and the best thing is to take the job yourself.

Before marrying I held down a job and after marriage still wove daydreams around a career; however, I could not have been as strong-minded as some other women who write on the mother problem for I found it did not work. My husband needed me (although he would not own to such dependence, I feel sure!), and I saw that the children did, also. They talked of their other home continually, they gossiped to little friends about it. This would not do. I gave up the career ("only for the moment," I promised myself) and took up that of a stepmother!

It entailed washing grubby little bodies, mending endless socks, visits to the barber and the dentist, talks with school teachers, conferences with the family doctor about diet and health, sitting up at nights attending to coughs and colds, helping with home-lessons, watching manners, deciding in quarrels, and what not! There were times when I wanted to fling the clinical thermometer out of the window, let "when" be spelt "wen," moments when safety pins looked to me more attractive than tidy buttons, and when a child's party with its howling and jumping heathens made me wish I were an old maid with a cat! My husband looked pale and complained that he saw too little of me, that the children claimed too much of my time; my friends said I was "too clever" to waste my days in this way, and sometimes I am ashamed to say I agreed. But in the quieter moments when the coughs were cured, the lessons learned, and so forth, I realized that had I had

children of my own there would have been the same problems to face. The only difference was, as said previously, that I had been hurled into motherhood and that I had two children at once instead of one.

And I found—sloppy as it may sound to the members of sophisticated sororities of to-day—that with labor came love. I was proud that "daughter" was the smartest in her class and that "brother" won four prizes at the sports; and had anyone suggested that another relative rear them I should have—to use my stepson's useful phrase—"given them a kick in the pants!"

As they grow older and can manage for themselves I see a lot more of their father and of my friends, and the hours I now spend in outside company are all the pleasanter for the hours in which I had been too busy to be spared. And the hours we all spend together are the happier because I have persevered during a couple of trying years.

Do they know about the divorce? Certainly. As opportunities arose, the whole situation was explained, and I hope there are no injured feelings anywhere. They realize that certain natures, like certain chemicals, do not mix and that things are better as they are.

"Daughter" asked me the other day, "why don't you have a child of your own now that I am big?" (She is under ten!) And I replied, "Because daddy and I are too fond of you and brother." This is the truth. Had I, as I have often wished, borne a child of my own, I doubt very much whether I could have given as much whole-hearted attention to these two youngsters, and they would have felt defrauded of something, although they might not have known what. Some woman may be able to do this—I couldn't.

As I see it, the stepmother has one great advantage over the real mother. Provided she knows the traits in their mother's character and is wise enough to recognize in her husband the man as

well as her friend, she has the opportunity of molding the young natures without the sentimental emotion that overwhelms a mother's heart when correction and chastisement are needed. She should be able to see more clearly where the good and evil separate and weave a strong strand of common sense into the cord of affection and love that is binding her to them.

Not long ago a woman remarked to me, "I never knew till to-day that 'brother' and 'sister' were not your own children. That is the reason you are able to correct them wisely as well as kindly." I do not write this in order to thump myself on the back with admiration but to show that the advantage must evidently have been an obvious fact and that, in spite of their having come into my life when out of babyhood, they seemed happy enough in their relationship to me to fool outsiders into thinking they were my own—until some wagging tongue told it otherwise!

### III

Relatives in marriage are always a difficult problem—they have been known to be difficult under any circumstances, but that is beside the point! However, marriage with a divorce in the background and stepchildren in the foreground makes the problem even more complicated. One's new "in-laws" may intend to be most kind, but there must be conjectures in their minds as to whether one will be better or worse than one's predecessor—and a certain pity in their hearts for the children who are to be in the care of a stepmother. My own grandmother is reported to have caused great pain by calling me a "poor little motherless thing" in front of my first stepmother. I can feel for mummy, for I know perfectly well that, in spite of all my endeavors, a certain relative of my stepchildren has always some such thought about me and wishes that the children were with their own mother. Naturally, it would be better for all

children to be with their natural parents, but if fate has decided otherwise, is it not kinder to give the stepmother a whole-hearted backing and the benefit of the doubt until she has been proved unworthy?

One feels for a long time on probation, and this should be fought down in one's own consciousness. It makes one self-conscious and hypercritical and perhaps a little resentful! Leave the relatives to wonder how the children will be treated; let them criticize the manner of their upbringing! As long as one's husband is pleased, the children happy, and one's own mind at rest, all is well. There will always be the "in-law" who wants them to go to bed at eight instead of seven, who feeds them between meals, and thinks it kind to stuff them with candies! One should avoid such relatives as much as possible.

Apart from the microscopic examination by one's husband's family, one is subject to a regular machine-gun fire from one's own! Whole lists of interjections are raised on one's head: "Marrying a man with children! Ahem! Pshaw! Pish! Tush!" followed by a bombardment of regrets that it will ruin one's life, make a family of one's own impossible or, at the best, difficult.

In rare instances there may be someone who understands that there is a basis of love on which one is working, and that the problem should be regarded as an interesting and human piece of work. But these people are rare, and in my own case it was only after several years of concentrated effort that I pulled the family round to seeing that my husband, the children, and I could be a very happy little household in spite of all! A great deal depends, of course, as to whether one's family has a Cromwellian, Victorian, or Georgian attitude towards life!

There may also be the children's maternal family to reckon with. I do not know how this turns out in other cases, but can quote my own as being most satisfactory, as I have had very broad-minded people to deal with. Not only



did they call on me when coming to see the children, but they invited me to bring them to their various homes. It was embarrassing to begin with and made me feel as though I was the "other woman" instead of myself, but they were so charming that in the children's interest one could not refuse—and it creates a much pleasanter feeling all round for them and for us.

Mine is, I suppose, a rather exceptional case, and I can well imagine that the children's maternal relatives could be very unpleasant in some instances. To this I say as before—one must do the best, and if all at home are happy, then shame the Devil.

Most of the worry caused me came, as in the problems of my youth, from the outside—the wagging tongue! Relatives and well-meaning friends giving advice! I sincerely believe that if one could painlessly "can" all such during the first year of a stepmother's married life, the whole situation would be easier. The main characters in the little drama being sincere, it is best to leave them to work out their own plot.

Then, too, there is the stranger to be dealt with. Should one explain the situation or should one not? In the beginning I made no bones about it all but was often met with, "Mother dead?" and when this was contradicted I often found a cold shoulder turned on me. This is more likely to be the case in Europe than in America, but I still believe that it is best to stick to the truth and shame our old friend Beelzebub! To do otherwise lands one at times in holes—I have always endeavored to be quite frank with people about it all, feeling that nothing would be lost in so doing, as I have learned through experience! But in traveling I decided to adopt the other course. The people one meets casually in hotels mean nothing to one, and there was no need to go into all one's private life. It seemed wiser to say nothing and let the children pass unquestionably as my own. I explained this at length to "brother" and "daugh-

ter" when they were old enough to enjoy travel, saying that, to our mind, there was nothing wrong in divorce but that in certain society it was frowned on, and that to avoid criticism of our small family *en voyage* we should keep the matter to ourselves, especially among child visitors of the hotels—born snobs if there are any! This was agreed to, and it was at a watering resort last year that I learned my lesson!

When sitting with various mothers on the terrace of the hotel the conversation turned on childbirth and even here, with my tongue in my cheek, was I able to hold my own. All went well; the situation amused me and was then forgotten. Some days later, however, one of the mothers buttonholed me and accused me of being a stepmother! I felt rather a fool when admitting to the crime and laughingly explained my reasons for the subterfuge, excusing it by saying that it seemed kinder to the children, knowing the ideas of all present! I was curious to learn how the news had leaked out and found that "daughter" had confided it to one of her new chums who had confided it to the juvenile assembly who had, in turn, passed it on to their mothers!

After that little experience we decided that the truth was best. It was of little use to blame my small stepdaughter for being a gossip. Our slogan had been "frankness" from the beginning, and it was my own fault for being false to it. But I often wondered whether the truth had been revealed to the worthy ladies before or after my wonderful description of "brother's" arrival into the world.

#### IV

I have left the matter of the children's mother to the last, being almost the most difficult subject in the stepmother's career. Here, as in every case, so much depends on the temperament of the individual. I have heard of unwarranted exhibitions of jealousy on the part of some mothers, of kidnapping and, doubt-

less, such things occur, but having had no first-hand experience in such happenings, I can only go by my own. As already stated, the children's maternal relatives were very broad-minded people, and the same is true of their mother. She fully realized that the children were happy, that I was not an ogre, and that when she wished to see them periodically she could notify us, call at our house, and do so. There was no hole-and-corner business that necessitated my leaving the house for the day as though I were guilty. It was my house, and I stood my ground—they were her children and she had a right to see them. In this way "brother" and "daughter" saw us together, and there was no underhand feeling in their minds that they were doing something disloyal. When they have questioned me about her I have never done otherwise than explain that no blame was to be attached to anyone—that personalities differed, that was all. And it has been told me that she, in her turn, always stood by me when the children questioned her about me. So in this way their souls have no garbled problems to unravel in silent moments, alone.

Meeting thus occasionally, I have been able to ask her certain questions about their early childhood, find out from whom certain traits of character sprang, and what physical weaknesses to expect, and to have an added help in trying to steer their funny little barks straight. We both try to look on them as little human beings and do the best for them; that it is I who have them in

charge does not particularly matter—they are the first consideration.

I am not pretending that these meetings have always been easy, but outwardly there was no sign of any embarrassment. For her to see her ex-husband living happily with another woman must surely have recalled earlier years in her own life. For me to see her there with the others made me feel at first a rank outsider—until I gained the right perspective.

Our first reunion left me a bit wobbly, seeing the four of them sitting on the porch while the maid and I got tea! A certain jealous wave surged up—and then, cursing myself for a fool, I went and joined them. It was no good giving way to the primeval instinct welling up in me—I had known what to expect when I married, and one had to play the game. Mummy had made no scene when I had visited her rival in my father's house, so why should I make a scene if my predecessor called to see her children in mine? The same position turned about!

It has been suggested that at some future date they may turn to her and visit her as soon as they are independent. What will be, will be. One cannot foretell along what road their actions will lead them—but would it be criminal if they did? Provided she and I play squarely with each other, *provided we can eliminate vicious gossip*, there should be nothing to fear. The children, as things stand, may quite well have found an affectionate mother in me and a good friend in her. Who knows!





## THE CASE FOR THE CO-EDUCATED WOMAN

BY EDNA YOST

THE other night I attended the annual dinner of the New York Alumni Association of my college. In the course of the evening, following an old custom, each of us was summoned to our feet to give his or her name, college class, and present status. To me this is always one of the most embarrassing moments of the year. One by one they arise around the tables, drawing nearer and nearer to where I am miserably sitting. I do not mind the men, who, in straightforward manner, are just "Ralph Clark. Class of '14. Selling bonds," or building bridges. But the women! How they wither me with remorse for my unnatural state of single bliss! For they, with smiles and dimples, are no longer plain Grace Jones. Instead, "Grace Jones Clark. Class of '15. And just being the mother (more dimples!) of two adorable sons."

Year after year I have to confess my shame. Name: the same they knew me by in college. Class: 1913. And status rather static. For I write. That one night of the year, that night of contact with old college friends, I am very much out of my element. It is of nieces and nephews I must boast while they beam of sons and daughters.

With this kind of a college background it was somewhat difficult for me to grasp the fact that one of the pertinent criticisms against higher education for women was the backwardness of the educated woman in marrying—it was so contrary to my personal experience. I had two college roommates. One of

them married a man in my class. A few years later he was killed. After five years of widowhood she has recently remarried. My other roommate went out to the Philippines to teach. She gave it up to marry a scientist who has been doing some remarkable work among the lepers there. I have two brothers who went to the same college I did. Each is happily married to a girl he met and I knew there. And as for me, I came out wearing the fraternity pin—seriously—of a Phi Beta Kappa member of the football team.

A college education as I knew it at that time was about the last thing in the world that kept girls from marrying. In fact, we were continually facing the unfounded charge that college for a girl was nothing much but a matrimonial agency anyway. Then I came to New York where I began to meet in great numbers graduates and ex-students from the women's colleges here in the East. For the first time I began to know intimately something about the problem of the educated woman's failure to marry. Of course I had known plenty of co-eds who did not marry. For the most part, though, they were the girls who preferred to remain single or who were bound to be left over anyway. But the unmarried alumnae of the women's colleges, I discovered, often did not belong in either of these categories. To know them was to realize that their failure to marry was the result of some experience which had put them at a disadvantage, matrimonially speaking—

an experience which had made of them, willy nilly, misfits in life!

Obviously, then, it is not higher education itself, but rather a type of higher education that is at the root of this alarming frequency of the college woman's failure to marry. An environment of feminine segregation during college years seems to have one kind of effect on woman; the environment of certain kinds of co-educational institutions has quite a different effect. And here, too, it is not co-education itself, but rather a type of co-education that is disproving the charge that higher education, *per se*, makes women backward in marrying. Many a co-ed achieves her four-years' training in an environment in which she is not wanted, in which she is disgracefully treated and inadequately cared for. But there is a fine type of small co-educational college in the country to-day in which a girl has an opportunity for a well-rounded development that sends her out quite normal as far as men and marriage are concerned, and at the expense of no intellectual handicap either!

## II

Education should keep the minds of both young men and young women open to the idea of marriage. If it fails to do this there is something fundamentally wrong. There is no conscious effort being made at our women's colleges to close the minds of their students to marriage, yet this is exactly what is happening. For they take a girl at eighteen and, during those years when she is emotionally ready to fall in love, when it is easier for her to accept young men for what they are than it will ever be again, she is being consciously molded and led into good habits, one of which is to be happy and satisfied for four years without the real companionship of men. That the habit continues after she leaves school is not to be wondered at. My surprise is that they do marry, not that they don't.

I can think of no more idiotic myth that continues, apparently, to be accepted by many intelligent people than the one which says it is better for the average young woman to be given a college education while removed from nearly all contact with the sex that makes up the other important half of the human race. And at women's colleges, far more than at men's, this lack of contact with the other sex prevails; for women students are pretty strictly held within college walls and halls. This does not mean that the idea of women's colleges, originally, was a bad one. On the contrary, it was most excellent. For prejudices existed which barred women from the older colleges for men, and the only way out of the dilemma was through the establishment of colleges for women. It is easy to understand that it was necessary to submit to this segregation of the sexes on account of the regrettable result of prejudice in educational circles; but to believe that this abnormal isolation is the best way is quite another matter, comparable to believing in the supreme virtue of a woman's political party after suffrage has been achieved.

And then to prejudice was added fear. As it became more and more difficult, in the face of facts, for intelligent people to display their prejudices against education for women, that other great enemy of courageous, clean-cut thinking, fear, showed its head. There had to be some explanation for anything as unnatural as the sudden cutting off of the normal mingling of the sexes which girls had experienced before college and were supposed to return to afterward. So grave fears were expressed about the advisability of trying to educate young men and young women in the same institutions. Fear not only of what this normal mingling of the sexes would do to college girls, but to the men as well; fear of what it would do to their minds, fear of what it would do to their morals; fear for the present, fear for the future. But for the most part, fears of an older



generation whose intimate knowledge of themselves helped them to mistrust youth, and the lazy fears of educators who found it easier to instruct the minds of young people in an artificial atmosphere than to aim at that more difficult and far superior type of teaching which is the development of all of youth's natural powers.

The big function of any educational system is bifold: It must hold young people to fundamental conceptions of life while leading them out into delightful, even dangerous excursions of thought. It must keep their feet on solid earth while they are adventuring the mental realms on the untried wings of their intellects. Teaching is too big a job to be attempted by small minds who do not dare boldly toward the day when the fear and prejudice which underlie the segregation of the sexes in college years must be uprooted to give way to a more wholesome growth.

Because it is bigger to live life than merely to think about it, the women's college must continue to fail in best fulfilling this bifold function of education. For any fundamental conception of life includes the rather constant contact of men and women, and the college which fosters and provides for this contact naturally without lowering its intellectual and moral standards is fundamentally as far ahead of the women's college as living successfully is greater than thinking about living successfully.

Moreover, for women, at least, it is dangerous to go through a lengthy period of intellectual development when removed from this contact with men which is absolutely necessary for her normal emotional growth. To the young woman placed in this biologically unnatural position one of two things is likely to happen: The development of her emotional nature may halt while her intellectual development leaps ahead; or she may find in other girls the substitute which forms an outlet for her emotions. And as we are beginning

to face the beautiful warm facts instead of the placid myths about woman's emotional nature, we are finding that substitution not so good.

Time was when Victorian minds took for granted that woman's sexual emotions did not need to be considered until the divinely appointed male came along to arouse them. To-day we are facing the disconcerting truth that intense homosexual friendships of an undesirable nature form a problem that is admittedly disturbing some of our best women's colleges and unadmittedly disturbing the others; and that though some girls come out of this relationship and adjust themselves successfully to life, others do not. Instead, they find happiness or devastation, as the case may be, in the continuance of their homosexual interests only.

Here is a fact. Because it is a fact, not a theory, it needs to be faced with intelligence rather than in fear or revulsion. If we can approach the problem with an open mind which, instead of merely condemning, sees at least the possibility that an absence of emotional normality in college girls is the result of a too feminine environment, we are going to give ourselves an opportunity to grow in an understanding of woman's real nature. Too many fine women—women who are successful, happy wives and mothers—admit to an experience that has been either actively or potentially homosexual for us to call these college girls abnormal and to wash our hands of them. When youth, fine youth, goes off our track, it is time for an older generation to search its own heart, and some of that heart-searching has fortunately already begun. Dr. Katherine B. Davis, whose intelligent, open-minded studies of the sex life of women stamps her as an authority whose opinion on this subject must carry weight, says that "there is no question but that the problem of homosexuality in women's colleges is an important one—one that should be studied further," and that "the segregation of young women during

the years when she is emotionally ready to fall in love is quite possibly a factor tending toward actual homosexual experiences."

The problem of these unwholesome friendships has come as a surprise to educators. They have been shocked and unwilling to admit that the education of women should be confronted by such an unexpected sort of thing. Emotions in the form of hysterics or silly harmless crushes on other girls, ill-health from over-study—these were feminine problems to be expected and dealt with understandingly. But, because girls were made out of sugar and spice and everything nice, the so-called unpleasant facts of sex were not to be dealt with for four years except poetically. A result of this poetic handling of a life force has been that girls, many times in all innocence, became involved in consuming relationships with each other which they did not understand and which they would not have accepted had they had either knowledge of their real significance or sufficient opportunity for normal heterosexual interests. That college girls' emotions have turned out to be not quite what was expected of them is largely the result of an unwillingness among educators of both sexes to give up their old sugar and spice ideas about women.

It would be presumptuous for this article to attempt to give the last word on such a problem. There are theories and then more theories. Eventually there will be understanding. In the meantime, it may be of value to recognize that since college girls, being human, are likely to warp in a biologically unnatural environment, there is an older generation's paramount duty to provide a natural one.

And try as it may, an older generation cannot provide a natural environment in a woman's college by hiring a few men instructors and increasing the opportunity for social contacts with men. The trend in this direction is admirable and doubtless of good effect. But it is

no more than a quite inadequate effort to counteract a recognizedly unhealthy condition which might better not be created in the first place. While in comparison with the unself-conscious normality of the give and take between men and women students in the right kind of a co-educational college, its pitiful insufficiency is a shame. The development of normal heterosexual interests in a college girl is a thousand times more than a social-life or summer-vacation problem, a million times more than a man-teacher-to-student relationship. She needs an opportunity for constant contact with men of her own age and experience in the many phases of life where their interests overlap. It may be a pity, but it seems to be a fact that woman has difficulty in loving a man unless she respects him, too; and intelligent women will be constantly thwarted in the natural development of their love life unless intelligent men give them generously those more-than-social contacts out of which, undoubtedly, respect is bound to spring. I can think of no more joy-giving heritage that college years can bestow upon a young woman in her early twenties than the satisfying knowledge of the comradely qualities and intellectual capacities of the sex with which the chances are she will at least try to find completion and happiness.

### III

I have tried to get at the thinking of fathers and mothers who send their daughters to women's colleges; for, after all, it is parents who are largely responsible for the choice of a college. When I suggest to them that the women's college is rated high in educational advantages and low in those opportunities which lead a girl naturally into the complete realm of woman's life, I find that fathers, much more often than mothers, want their daughters to marry. This is natural enough, but they have peculiar ideas as to how this is to be achieved. Fathers, consciously or unconsciously,



blind themselves to the simplest truths about their daughters' emotional natures. They know that nature has decreed for the human race that the years for mental development and for emotional development shall coincide. But, consumed by their own fears or selfishness, they are willing to cheat their daughters of one of the finest, most satisfying, most helpful experiences that could ever come to them. They shut them away for four important years from the possibilities of a natural, all-around pursuit of learning that is more than books.

Recently I talked long and earnestly with a man whose daughter is a junior at one of our women's colleges. In a way his attitude is typical. He sincerely wants his daughter to marry. He believes deeply in marriage. He believes, too, in what he calls the old-fashioned girl, by which he means the girl whose happiness will be achieved in wifehood and motherhood. And he is sure—oh, so pleading sure!—that Peggy is that kind of a girl. And so she is, or at least she would be if she had a fair chance. But each year she is getting farther and farther away from it. Peggy is interested in history. She has her father's brains. I am sure she has a deep emotional nature, too. She is pouring both brains and emotions into two channels: her work and friendships with girls. What else in the name of Heaven can she do with them?

I said this frankly to her father. Then he told me his plans for Peggy. His business associates have sons in college. Oh, he knows fine men with fine sons! For occasional parties and summer weekends he has been able to bring these young people together. He admits that he has been a trifle disappointed because they are not more interested in one another, but he attributes this to the fact that they have not had a chance really to know one another. So as soon as Peggy has finished her education he is going to see that she is thrown much more with these fine sons of his fine

friends. And then, presto!—love and marriage.

Well, as soon as Peggy has finished her college course she is going to leave home to teach school. She says she is going to be keen about teaching history, that she gets a terrible kick out of thinking about it, and wants a year in Italy soon. "Of course, if I'm bored, I'll marry," she concludes frankly.

Peggy is typical of thousands of college girls to-day. She has all the possibilities of an intelligent, warm-blooded young woman, that is, she is inherently capable of the all-around development nature intended for her. But the educational system of which she unwittingly finds herself a part has decreed that nature's way cannot be trusted, so it evolved an unnatural system of its own which is developing her intellect at the expense of her emotions. Peggy is getting along beautifully in college without men and she is forming the habits which will cling to her long after she has left it. Of course, if she is bored she will marry! It is as unimportantly simple as that in her young eyes.

Now if Peggy disappoints her father by being the logical result of the educational environment he selected for her, that is, if she fails in what he considers to be her womanly duty of marrying and perpetuating the race, let the rest of us be fair-minded enough to blame neither Peggy nor the higher education of women. We must remember that women, like men, have the terrific urge of two strong instincts: ego and sex; and when, owing to the irrepressible drive of ego, they demand the privileges of education they do not desire to cripple their other precious urge. If they achieve education at the expense of crippled emotions it is because they have been caught, as were so many soldiers in the army, and bent by impact with a great sterilizing system they would never have chosen to create.

Does this sound as if marriage is the biggest, most desirable aim of education? I do not believe it is necessarily. But I



## IV

do believe that by far the majority of women find their greatest happiness in a life that includes marriage; and for this reason I venture to doubt the advisability of subjecting an eighteen-year-old girl to an influence that lessens her possibilities of finding her greatest happiness. The aim of education should be toward a freedom to work out our individual and collective destinies. It should not, therefore, dare to close even partially our minds to any experience vital to the race. That is not freedom!

Nor can the women's college deny or rectify its failure in this one great function of education through courses aimed to make its students efficient homekeepers. Courses in homekeeping are all right—for what they are. But they bring a girl a home to keep just about as much as playing with dolls brings her babies. Girls love homes and babies, but the processes by which they are procured are still the same as they were some years ago. They come through the acceptance of the love of some man, and this is what the educated woman lacks rather than an ability to keep a home or take care of children.

"I'm glad I went to X," a thirty-five-year-old unmarried graduate of that excellent women's college told me only last night. And to my interested "Why," she continued, "The women who taught me there did not know very much about life, and for that reason they created, unconsciously I think, a poetic atmosphere. We lived the poetry of life there! Of course," she went on, "I don't think that is good for most girls, but that is the kind of a soul I am, so it was good for me."

I wonder if the poetry of life is created by women who know little about life. Surely girls who live in the ultra-refined poetic atmosphere created by a group of women who lack knowledge of life are not learning to appreciate that poetry of reality which leads naturally into the acceptance of a man's love for its complete understanding.

Even now I have a feeling of stating a commonplace when I say I believe in co-education. It is as if one stood upon the housetop to announce a belief in eating, or walking on two feet, or any of the other normal things of life. I believe, too, in the small college; and if I were forced to choose between the women's college and one of our large co-educational institutions for an eighteen-year-old girl, I should choose the former, for the first two years at least. That is because the women's colleges not only have high educational standards but they take more seriously than our large universities a responsibility for each individual student.

But I should choose first of all for a girl to-day one of a number of small co-educational colleges scattered throughout the country whose educational standards are high and whose atmosphere is one of cordial fellowship between students of the two sexes. I should deliberately cast to the winds the chance for social prestige possible through affiliation with one of the established women's colleges (and the social aspect is undoubtedly a potent factor in keeping these institutions filled) in order to give her the far more healthful advantages of one of these colleges where we find teaching and study walking hand in hand with life. Nor has this been accomplished through the lowering of educational standards. The colleges I think of are sending every year to higher institutions of learning, here and abroad, students who are admitted on equal terms with the man from Princeton or the woman from Vassar or Smith. And when graduate-school honors are eventually won they stand on a par with any of them.

That this is true is high tribute, indeed, to the teachers who are responsible for it. It is a mistake—another educational myth—to take for granted that the best teachers are always to be found in the larger or better-known



colleges or universities. It is trite to repeat that the best books do not always run into large editions. Teaching is still a profession one enters and clings to for the sheer love of it rather than for financial gain or public recognition. The teacher is still an artist who, working with that most sensitive of all materials, the mind and soul of youth, finds in his work his greatest joy and satisfaction. A dreamer of dreams, the educator considers it no sacrifice to leave the well-known for the small, practically unknown college if he sees in it the field where his educational ideals may best be carried out. The profession has its outstanding members who, by choice, are working with comparatively small groups of students of both sexes. Frank Aydelotte left the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a few years ago to go to Swarthmore, when his future at the Institute was most promising and offered him an almost unlimited opportunity in the field of the liberalization of engineering education. And less recently James A. Beebe resigned his Deanship of the Theological School of Boston University to become the president of Allegheny.

It is a delicate matter, indeed, to appraise a teacher. His standard of excellence can be measured only by the ability of his students to use and pass on some of the Beauty, which is Truth, which he has been instrumental in revealing to them. And one of the greatest tests he can ever be called upon to pass is that of living among the young people who are his students and mingling intimately with them. It takes a teacher with fine qualities of manhood, as well as of mind, to succeed in his work in the intimacy of the small college. For day by day he must be able to look fearlessly into the critical questioning eyes of youth and say, "Take not only what I tell you. Know me and judge!" This is the kind of teaching which is quite often found in the small co-educational institution, and under its influence normal living for young people

becomes a safe and beautiful experience.

And these colleges are matrimonial agencies? Well, what finer tribute could be paid any institution of learning that wants to be helpful to young people than the admission that, without lowering its intellectual or moral standards, it is providing them with a normal emotional development at the very time nature demands it for them? This article holds no brief for those co-educational institutions whose standards of living and learning are trailing in the dust. It points merely to the fact that there are co-educational colleges in this country to-day recognized in scholastic circles as the equals of our finest men's and women's colleges, and they are blessed proof that youth is capable of blending his emotional with his intellectual development. I think the teaching and administrative staff of such an institution is a challenge unanswered by any other group of educators in the world to-day.

## V

I have admittedly been looking at this whole matter of co-education from the viewpoint of what is best for young women. Whether the segregation of the sexes in college is harmful to young men is beyond the province of this article. But whether co-education is harmful to them must certainly be considered. We may not sacrifice our young men to our young women. I think the institutions mentioned above, through the quality of their men graduates, are proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that co-education is possible without handicapping a man intellectually. If graduate-school records are worth anything, the fact is proved. As to whether young men can do their best work, can concentrate, in classes and on a campus with girls, this, too, has been accomplished too many times to need retelling here. If anyone wishes to claim that this could not be accomplished with the young men at our men's colleges, the fault (if it be a fault) must

lie in the teaching or environment; for it would be unfair to suppose that the men who go to men's colleges are of a lower type mentally or morally than men who go to the small, high-class co-educational institutions.

As to the charge that men in co-educational institutions sheer away from the courses that we term the "fine arts" because they find it difficult or impossible to express their deep personal, their sublime feelings in classes with young women, I am sure that this is largely true and deeply to be regretted. Were it not so necessary that men take the pains to learn this delicate art, one could almost turn from co-education on the strength of it. But here is a masculine fault which greatly needs to be overcome. Underneath much of the unhappiness in marriage to-day lies this very failure of man to link his spiritual expression with his sex expression; and the loyal but neurotic wife of many an intellectual man is the unnecessary, unhappy result of his search for the physical in his relationships with women, and his search for the intellectual and spiritual in his relationships with other men.

But I do not believe this condition will exist forever. Last spring I stood on a college campus with two men, one an assistant professor at one of our large universities here in the East, the other a lawyer. Each was a graduate of the college we were visiting, and each had a degree from a graduate school. As we stood there talking and watching the students as they hurried by or sauntered along in pairs or groups, a half dozen girls gay in summer dresses came out of one of the dormitories and light-heartedly laughed and chattered their way across the campus. They nodded to groups here and there and eventually joined some young men at the far end of a rustic bridge spanning a ravine. The assistant professor, whose eyes had followed them all the way, turned suddenly to the lawyer.

"Why, Cox," he said emotionally,

"they wouldn't be safe at X," naming the institution where he had been a graduate student and is now teaching.

"I know," said Cox, "and that's one of the reasons why I'm going to send both my boy and girl to college here."

I take no responsibility for the assistant professor's remark other than that of recording it accurately. The incident is told to illustrate an attitude of mind among men which is one of the healthful signs of the times. "Both my boy and girl," Cox said, and he went on to tell us how essential to happiness in marriage he believed a deepening understanding of the sexes for each other to be; and that the co-educated man, far oftener than his men's college brother, possessed a genuine respect for and understanding of women which increased his possibilities for lifelong happiness. I do not know how exceptional a man Cox is, but where there are fathers like him there will be sons who will achieve with naturalness and ease the freedom of deep personal expression in the presence of women who will always have been something more than flesh or sugar and spice to them.

Cox expressed from a masculine point of view an advantage of co-education to young men. From the feminine angle there is another advantage to men in this deepening mutual understanding. This lies in the fact that the co-ed has a genuine admiration for the masculine mind which other college women so often lack. Men too often take for granted that intelligent women respect their mental powers, when as a matter of fact they do not. Tradition—or fact—gives men a mental superiority which they accept but which modern educated women seriously question; and when a young college woman's contact with men of her own age is limited to social affairs while her contact with other young women is both social and intellectual, her respect for the masculine mentality is bound to dwindle on account of her ignorance of it. The tragedy for many a college woman is



that so often she goes immediately into the business world where the average man she meets is bound to be below the intellectual standard of the picked group of women she has just left. The result is that she thinks men are rather stupid mentally, aren't they? No girl who has sat through four years of college classes with men is likely to jump to a conclusion like that. She jolly well knows better!

Possibly it is because I am a co-ed that I am so optimistic about the eventual recognition of co-education rather than segregation as the better way. Men will want it. Intelligent men, I mean. They have so much to gain by it. And parents will demand of educators that they face and work out this problem of making college years a period of natural, all-around development for young people. As men and women are becoming articulate in greater numbers, the authority of specialists in various lines is being questioned, and parents to-day are thinking of such matters as religion and education from the standpoint of whether they are serving youth in the best way rather than demanding that young people, who

may be legitimate square pegs, fit themselves into predestined round holes. As fear and prejudices must be uprooted from religion if it is to stand the test of thinking people, so also must they be removed from the foundations of an educational system that is to meet the needs of life. Educators, no more than bishops, may ignore the archaic, outgrown theories underlying their structures.

Whether they like it or not, much has changed in modern life since the segregation of the sexes in colleges was accepted as the best way; and though it may always continue to be the expedient method for certain groups of young people, it is to-day fundamentally an unnatural experience. The fine comradeship of men and women in some of our smaller co-educational institutions is the logical result of a staff of teachers who have dared to throw fear and prejudice into the teeth of expediency, and who are big enough to instruct and inspire young people intellectually while designedly giving them an opportunity for emotional growth. It is a precious kind of freedom which can never be achieved in segregation.





## GERMANY COMES BACK

BY EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

**E**IGHT years ago this spring the representatives of the Allied and Associate Powers sat solemnly at Versailles to bring the "greatest crime in history" to its fitting end. These representatives often differed among themselves but showed surprising unanimity of purpose in their insistence that the chief culprit be made to "pay for the War" as an essential condition of "a just and lasting peace."

This "chief culprit" was Germany. After many hesitations, it was decided that the best means to the desired peace was the creation of a new European map on which a well-plucked and pinioned Germany should be permanently prostrate. It was admitted that she might one day be allowed to enter the League of Nations and again take her place among honest folk—but on all fours. Hardly as a Power, and certainly not as a Great Power.

Instead of this, in the mild and conciliatory peace atmosphere of Geneva this last March, the members of the League Council found themselves presided over (and admirably) by one Gustav Stresemann, a gentleman in spirit, speech, and appearance, a one hundred per cent representative of the culprit nation.

Watching Stresemann's easy assurance, some people may have remembered the iron grating at Versailles behind which in 1919 the German delegates were housed like so many ferocious bushmen. But if there was any embarrassment at Geneva this March, it was not on the side of Germany, even though, at the moment of entering the League,

the German Foreign Office did furnish its delegates with precise instructions as to the need for conciliatory behavior and good manners.

So little of the Peace Conference spirit remains.

The truth is that Germany herself has almost forgotten Versailles. When her Defense Minister, Otto Gessler, can dryly inform the Reichstag that Germany cannot remain disarmed unless the Allied Powers follow the obligation imposed (?) upon them by Article 8 and the Preamble to Part V of the famous Versailles Treaty, and disarm accordingly, there is little left of the spirit of 1919. Germany to-day possesses the government she chooses, whether the world likes it or not. Foreign Minister Stresemann asks ever more insistently for the complete and immediate evacuation of the Rhineland in accordance with the spirit of the Locarno Treaties. Numerous responsible politicians are ominously calling attention to the need for a revision (naturally peaceful!) of their frontiers with Poland. And Finance Minister Koehler in his maiden speech before the Reichstag most solemnly hinted that the scale of German payments under the Dawes Plan must be revised downwards.

Things are very different to-day. Treaty or no Treaty, Germany has come back. At this rate we may soon see the balance of power tilted quite the other way.

To the Germans this change seems merely appropriate.

Whatever the faults of this great people, excessive self-disparagement is not



one of them. Besides, a large number of persons still cling heroically to the Stab-in-the-Back Legend, according to which the German military collapse was not due to Allied pressure against a wall worn frail by attrition, but to internal hemorrhage produced by a civilian revolution in the rear. The German revolution occurred about a week too soon—just in time to save the war lords from a full confession of the extent to which they had browbeaten and deceived their heroic people in their lust for an impossible imperial victory. The Stab-in-the-Back Legend was a salve for smarting national pride and permitted the bitterness of years of suffering to be transferred from the ruthless generals and greedy industrial barons, with their vast appetites for foreign territories, to the persons of the supposed stabbers, the Socialists, the pacifists, and the Jews.

But foreigners, especially those who, like the writer, spent the War among the Allies, feeling the depth of their misery, tasting the full and effective poison of their propaganda, and knowing to a division or two just how little was left of the great German armies in October, 1918, cannot explain the change in the same way.

The fact is that Germany in many respects is hardly less strong—if we accept the changed world situation occasioned by the rise to conscious power of the United States—than she was in 1914. And strange to say, this return has been accomplished less by deliberate German effort than by the growing belief on the part of the others that Germany is a world necessity. Arithmetic, as the Italians say, is not a matter of opinion. No amount of Pan-Allied vindictiveness, British jealousy, or French and Polish fear has been able to change the fact that there exist in almost the center of Europe sixty-three million very intelligent and industrious and industrially capable persons, united in what is called national feeling, speaking a common language, and desiring to

exist together as a political unit. Either, following the trend of Clemenceau, they had to be obliterated wholly or in part, or the attempt to suppress them permanently was, we now tell ourselves, bound to shatter on the rule of three.

## II

Germany is again a Great Power. And this fact itself is perhaps the most illuminating that can be imagined as showing the particular factors which make for power in the modern world.

In 1919 Germany was deprived of her army, her navy, her commercial marine, her war planes, her colonies, her investments abroad (except in South Africa and perhaps in the United States), of practically all of her iron ore, of an important portion of her coal mines (formally allotted, after plebiscite, to Poland), of considerable sections of her territory and inhabitants. The German army was reduced to a very dry skeleton and has not put on flesh since 1919 (in the opinion of competent foreigners it is excellent but entirely insufficient to the needs of a modern war). Despite the constant efforts of her generals, her statesmen, and her industrialists, despite the continued secret training of volunteers, the surreptitious substitution of new men under old names in the ranks, the encouragement given to "Patriotic Associations" of youths who have worked hand in hand with the military, Germany is to-day a disarmed state. She has no war planes, and the reconstruction of her lost navy is still a pious hope.

There is no immediate possibility of the recovery of her colonies. The French have not the slightest intention of returning the Lorraine iron fields, or the Poles the Silesian coal beds; there is even talk that the Saar coal mines will not be restored in 1935 to the Prussian State as the Treaty anticipates, but be worked for artificial petroleum by an international consortium.

Since, none the less, Germany is again a Great Power, the inference is that these lost possessions were not essential to power.

In general it is pretty clear that her recovery has not been due particularly to politics. Though it is difficult and presumptuous to try to judge the influence consciously exerted by successive statesmen, I believe that often where the German leaders have actively tried to hurry the course of events they have delayed it.

In the opinion of certain very capable students the precipitate work of (now) Ambassador von Maltzan and the late Walther Rathenau in signing the Treaty of Rapallo with Bolshevik Russia at Genoa in 1922 postponed European reconstruction and German recovery by about two years.

The frivolously futile obstructionist policy of Chancellor Cuno in the matter of reparations opened the door for the French army to enter the Ruhr; the insanely prolonged passive resistance of Germany brought that country to bankruptcy.

In their persistent thwarting and circumvention of the Versailles Treaty so far as it limits German military efficiency the Germans have shown a pathological fascination for playing with fire. On at least two occasions they have seriously studied the idea of resuming the war. The first was in the summer of 1920 when the Russians were at the gate of Warsaw. At this moment a German colonel actually penetrated Poland as far as the capital and personally spied out the Polish forts. But the Russians were repulsed.

The second occasion was in the worst period of 1923 when the last remnants of German pride were being tattered on French bayonets in the Ruhr and money had ceased to buy anything. Only an eleventh-hour steadiness prevented Herr Jarres, then Minister of the Interior and later presidential candidate, from cutting the entire Rhineland loose from the Reich. Patriots still moan in their

sleep when memory of that danger enters their dreams.

In 1918, following the lost war, Germany was in danger of becoming a communist invalid; the danger was not over for some years: the antiseptic measures adopted have left terrible scars. In 1923 the Germans had, under the stress of inflation, become pathological pluto-maniacs. The dangers of both communism and lunacy were provoked by defective statesmanship. But if we consider the difficulties inherent in a permanently weak government and the transition from the pre-war to a modern regime in the face of a strong tradition, while we need not applaud, we cannot greatly condemn the German statesmen for being unequal to their tasks. And there has been one exception.

Gustav Stresemann was a politician of the old National Liberal or moderate party. He was always closely connected with economic interests. During the War he was an outspoken imperialist and favored the annexation of portions of Belgium and France. After the War he became the focal point of the business Volkspartei. Unlike his former associates, he learned by experience. Apparently he saw that the time for national rivalry of the old kind, on the narrow checkerboard of Europe, was over and that the future of the continent was in the hands of the big economic combinations. Less liberal and idealistic than Rathenau and Wirth, he had the support of the capitalists and was tolerated by a large section of the nationalist opposition which inspired the murderers of Erzberger and Rathenau. Therefore, he was able to succeed where they failed. His have been the real triumphs of the past two years, and he deserves the credit of having adopted, if not of having first formulated, that "policy of understanding" without which (whether sincere or not) Germany might now be a political ruin. Stresemann fought for the acceptance of the Dawes Plan in the face of hostility and personal menace, proposed (at British suggestion) and



carried out the Locarno Arrangement, guided Germany into the League of Nations, and more recently sought from Briand a full and complete removal of the difficulties which divide France from Germany.

Stresemann succeeded in appealing to the steady perseverance, fundamentally sound nerves, and incredible patience of the German people and in making them realize that time was on their side. But he could have done little if he had not had German business behind him.

The German business man, or captain of industry, is a strange and formidable fellow. To Americans he often seems reactionary and socially obtuse. His factory or bank seems modeled on feudal rather than on industrial lines. He still lacks the awareness that he possesses privileges which the mass of the citizens could, if they liked, withdraw, and which he must somehow protect by patent usefulness to the community. But he has a genius for that mixture of applied science, organization, and patience which has made him the leading business man of Europe.

The German capitalists also made their mistakes. They were far too contemptuous of the French, far too conceited. Until 1923 and inflation, most of them, led by the picturesque Hugo Stinnes, sabotaged reparations in so far as they could not make money out of them, and generally exaggerated their own power. But they could learn: in the last year they have shown a willingness to reorganize and scrap which is unique in Europe.

The Ruhr invasion taught them their political helplessness before overwhelming military force. Therefore, no group came out more strongly for the Dawes Plan that marks the turning point in recent German history. For in the Dawes Plan they found for the first time the promise that by quiet acceptance and payment they could finally buy back their freedom.

From the beginning they seemed to have grasped the fact that they and they

alone could permanently repair Germany's fortunes. Over-optimistic before the currency smash, they soon realized that American confidence would give them the key to the strongest present-day force—world credit. When later they realized that war and inflation and a certain narrow-visioned conceit had caused them technically to lag behind in the industrial race, they heroically threw aside their prejudices, sent mission after mission to the United States to discover the secret of such productivity and wealth and, so far as was feasible, began to imitate American mass production. When they have understood and accepted the social implications of successful capitalism they will probably be in a position to determine the development of the European continent.

Even to-day their remarkable achievements in economic redemption and in convincing the world investment public of their solidity and future are marvellous. Thanks to them more than to anything else, Germany has come back.

### III

But these achievements would not have been possible without the political evolution in Europe. To consider this point we must turn from a consideration of the Germans to that of the Allies, namely of the French and British—separately, for in 1919 the "inseparable Allies" began that diverging process which is still, Locarno Pact and all, continuing, and destined, unless I am much mistaken, to go farther.

At the Peace Conference the realistic Britons took their swag "in cash"—ships, colonies, investments. After this they were quite willing to make peace and get down to business. The French received Alsace Lorraine and some colonial enlargements, and had Germany diminished for the benefit of Poles, Czechoslovaks, Lithuanians, and Danes. But they did not get the "absolute security" their nervousness demanded, and were handed a long-term note as tribute. In

order to get as much as possible, they left the total unfixed. In order to keep Germany impotent they invented an impossibly elaborate system of inspection and military controls, formed and galvanized a system of alliances, and themselves continued to bear the burden of watching the Rhine.

Whatever we may think morally of the Versailles Treaty, it has in practice completely failed to realize the aims of its makers. To pay reparations Germany must be strong; to be "safe" she must be prostrate. To be friendly she must evolve toward a pacific republic: this the presence of the Allies in the Rhineland fatally hindered. But Germany, with the reparation total unfixed, had no motive to pay at all, and did not.

To keep Germany perpetually prostrate, resurrected Poland and the Austro-Hungarian succession states were made as strong as possible. Poland was given not only an outlet to the sea (the use of neutralized Danzig) but a second one (the seacoast of the Corridor) as well, with the result that Poland, a new and poor country at present, must perpetually stagger under the weight of defense armament. Three or four million Germans were placed under the rule of eight million Czechs and Slovaks; but the eight million Germans of Austria were forever forbidden to join the Reich and left to starve—with the result that masses of them, for the first time in their lives, have come to look upon Prussian Germany with benevolence.

The Versailles Treaty did violence to human nature and, in consequence, however solid its husk still seems, it has been continually revised from within to conform to human nature. This process of revision has necessarily been entirely in Germany's favor.

It is a little difficult to-day to understand the psychology of the victorious French nation in the years immediately following the War. France had been saved from ruin only by the intervention on her side of half the world: after the victory she proceeded to act as if her

safety, her future, and her peace of mind were the only objects for which this mobilized hemisphere had fought. As late as 1922 a very intelligent Frenchman solemnly told me that, as the French constituted the second largest ethnic unit in Europe west of Russia, it was quite natural they should take over the dominant place which Germany, the largest unit, had proved unworthy to fill. And this regardless of comparative wealth, industry, and vitality.

To perpetuate the fortuitous and ephemeral—this has been the French aim. And gradually it has failed, as it had to fail. Greater Poland, the Little Entente, the amputations from Germany, the fifteen years' watch on the Rhine, the standing military control, the tribute—these were meant to keep Germany powerless. To-day thanks to Russia, with whom Germany is allied, the military influence of Poland is small. The states of the Little Entente are, except in the matter of the annexation of Austria, disposed to be friendly to Germany, whom they need as buyer and seller. And without the hostility to Hungary, the Little Entente would hardly be holding together. The territorial amputations, except perhaps the Polish double access to the sea, may well last. They do not cripple Germany. The tribute has been reduced to a possible figure. Were the United States to cancel the Allied debts it could perhaps be dropped to an insignificant sum. It is possible that the French, disquieted by Mussolini's truculence, will within a year or so be persuaded to relinquish the "watch on the Rhine" in return for full co-operation and a military alliance with Germany. For the "perpetuating mechanism" of France has collapsed of its own weight. The French neglected industrial necessities, forgot Russia, and underestimated Italy.

#### IV

Yet the chief obstacle to Germany's complete recovery will, in my opinion,



turn out to be, not France but Britain. France from political fear wanted to perpetuate the 1918 situation, Britain to return to something like that of 1914 (having limited Germany's commercial expansion and deprived her of her navy). Therefore, there has been a conflict between the two Allies. The British policy has seemed equivocal. To English liberals it has seemed that their government has abetted France in her worst excesses and follies, such as the Ruhr invasion. To most intelligent Frenchmen it seems that Britain has played them false. Britain has certainly seemed ready to tolerate the revision of the sacred Treaty of Versailles. I know personally a British official whose business it was to urge the Germans to print and sell marks abroad each time the pressure for reparation payments became too heavy to be resisted. I do not believe, as many French do, that any Englishman "aided Germany to realize criminal bankruptcy" because I do not believe that German bankruptcy was voluntary. But at the same time it is entirely clear that so long as the French army seemed the dominant continental force and the French air fleet was able to threaten England, the British aided Germany so far as their alliance with France allowed. It was a vital necessity: the British Empire stands or falls with commerce, and Germany was a first-rate customer. I do not know the real source of the Dawes Plan (perhaps it had no single source), but I suspect it was British; and I have been told that the most valuable feature of the Plan—the transfer clause protecting German currency—was of English inspiration. It is practically certain that the idea of Locarno, which resulted in a series of Treaties under which Britain accepts responsibility for guarding the peace on the Rhine in exchange for the right to name the aggressor in case of trouble, was suggested to Stresemann by Lord D'Abernon, until recently British Ambassador in Berlin.

A statement in the generally well-informed London *Daily Telegraph* implied

that it was the British who first suggested the idea of the Thoiry lunch party between Briand and Stresemann.

These are notable achievements, but a change is apparent. For whereas the hostility between France and Germany is largely a matter of pure politics in which historical memory plays a large part, that between Germany and Britain is a matter of business rivalry between two states that live or die by their export trade. The economic jealousy between Germany and France is comparatively superficial: the French business structure is complementary rather than competitive to the German. Once political barriers are removed, the French industrialists, particularly the powerful steel makers of the Comité des Forges, are favorable to close co-operation with the Germans of the Ruhr.

The Lorraine iron field, the Ruhr coal bed, each the greatest supply of its kind in Western Europe, can be kept apart only by the most stubborn obstinacy on both sides. In the Continental Steel Cartel Frenchmen and Germans are working peacefully and prosperously together. The two countries have reached satisfactory agreements as to potash and chemicals. Influential groups in both countries have united in a committee for Franco-German understanding. M. Alfred Fabre-Luce, the most brilliant among the young French political minds, has in his last book, *Locarno Sans Rêves*, advocated political understanding as France's best hope. The idea of a Franco-German military alliance, so startling when first publicly broached last year, is a matter of calm discussion in both countries.

The question is, will Britain allow it? British policy seems in the last three years to have snatched the reins of European political direction completely away from France. And the British are hardly ready to go very far in co-operation of an exclusive sort with the Continent. Their overseas interests will not permit it. Their policy would seem to be a balance of power by play-

ing off Italy and Germany against France, and economic independence. Therefore, too close Franco-German co-operation in any form seems to them undesirable.

The British made so many difficulties by the size of their claims during the negotiation for the International Rail Cartel that they were not invited to subscribe to the Continental Crude Steel Agreement until it actually came into operation. And despite the apparent impossibility of their competing with the Continental countries as to prices, they still remain outside, hoping perhaps to use their financial power to compel the purchase of their goods in unprotected markets, even at higher prices. If they come in it will be unwillingly. And while Franco-German understanding in the chemical-dye industry will probably be reached, the British have formed what looks like a fighting organization of their own.

The price of a Franco-German military alliance would be the premature evacuation of the Rhineland, which the Germans are demanding in no uncertain tones. But the Germans may also ask as their share a "free hand" in dealing with Poland—that France should bring pressure on the Poles to allow a revision of the German-Polish frontier in the Corridor and possibly in Upper Silesia as well. If Britain and France joined Germany in this desire for revision, the Poles, however reluctant, would have to submit. Therefore, both in the matter of Rhineland evacuation and in the question of Poland, the British possess an effective power of veto. It would seem that their influence is already being exerted against a too intimate Franco-German friendship.

For instance, it was proposed at Thoiry that Germany should purchase the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland by allowing the Reparations Com-

mission to market a slice of the German Railway bonds now in its hands and hand half the proceeds to France in order to help the French currency, the Germans consenting to exempt the service on these bonds from the reservations under the transfer clause of the Dawes Agreement. The Germans were half willing—if America, the only possible market, would consent. President Coolidge made it clear that the French ratification of the Mellon-Béranger debt agreement was a prerequisite, but that in principle the United States had no objection whatever. The British, however, refused categorically to allow the bonds to be marketed to-day, and tried to throw the responsibility for the refusal on the United States. It is well for the French finances to be stabilized, but not, apparently, by the help of Germany. Too much continental friendship is a dangerous thing.

The situation at present is as follows: Germany has entered the League with a permanent place on the Council. The French, for the first time since the War, are speaking of durable friendship with Germany on the basis of economic co-operation and a military alliance. The Poles declare they wish nothing so much as Germany's friendship. Mussolini is offering to withdraw his objections to the annexation of Austria if Germany will help him obtain colonial mandates. The nations of the Little Entente have all declared themselves animated by the friendliest intentions toward the Reich. The Russo-German Treaty has been triumphantly renewed. German credit in the United States is growing, and Germany appreciates all that this means. And last, British friendship for Germany seems to be cooling.

Little more can be needed to show to what an extent Germany, the helpless pariah of 1918, has come back.





# YARBWOMAN

A STORY

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

THE yarbwoman's granddaughter paused in their cabin doorway, seeing the blacksnake uneasy on its beam. She held the heavy field-hoe poised on her shoulder and looked across the marshy land where mists were rising through the slanting sunlight of dawn. Pools were glitters among the reeds, dewdrops blazed, and the Branch ran sparkling into the smooth rosiness of the river's shallows. Martha Rose could see no one on the river path, nor on the loop of red-clay road on the hill beyond the gorge. But the blacksnake rippled down the log wall, paying no heed to her. Martha Rose turned her head. "Granny," she said, "Thar's someone a-comin'!"

The yarbwoman by the chimney place answered, "'Tis Haden Garner."

The cool weight of the snake went in an instant over the girl's bare instep, and the snake was a swift darkness pouring into its hole under the wall. Old Haden Garner's boots thumped heavy on the porch's end steps. Martha Rose said, "Howdy, Mr. Garner."

He nodded, his eyes slow and keen upon her. Her own gaze grew cool and steady; the young head lifted till the dark braids were level with his bristling gray eyebrows. He strode forward, and the breadth and height of the cabin doorway let his great body through. A motion of his head commanded her to follow.

The yarbwoman sat still. Withered and small and neat, she sat on the clean hearth, watching a little pot steam

among the coals. An aromatic odor rose from it, filling the room with strangeness. Old Haden Garner set his squirrel gun against the wall and dropped by its butt his morning's kill of squirrels. The yarbwoman's glance flickered an instant upon the heap of little furry bodies spotted with blood. She said, "What air you a-wantin', Haden Garner, from the yarb-doctor of Garner's Hollow?"

Haden Garner sat himself upon the bench by the chimney place. He said, "I am a-wishin' speech with you-all an' Martha Rose."

The yarbwoman's gaze returned to the simmering pot.

Deliberately old Haden Garner looked at the room. He looked at the two beds, plump and smooth in bright patchwork quilts, at the unspotted whitewashed walls, and the bone-white floor on which a rag rug lay. His muddy tracks were dark smears on that floor. He looked at the clear panes of the window. All these meant work, work done by Martha Rose. He spat into the coals.

"I was up along to Millersville county seat, yesterday was two weeks ago," he said. "'Pears by law that this yere land on which yore cabin stands 'tis mine."

Small sputters of bubbling came from the pot, the aromatic odor grew stronger. The yarbwoman said softly, "We been a-reckonin' I heired it from my man's paw."

"You-all hold nary title to it," old Haden Garner told her. "By law an' title, all the land on this yere side of the Branch, it belongs to me."

Martha Rose spoke breathlessly. "When granny was a young thing the Branch it run on 'tother side of the cabin from what it does now."

"The law, it takes nary account of Branch's meanderin's," the man said. "I hold title to the Branch's edge. An' also, the Bennett kin, they hold title to all land now on 'tother side the Branch. Their line, it runs from Lone Pine peak due north to the river. Thar's nary foot of land, nor yet this cabin, that's lawfully yore'n." He added after a moment, "I took lawyer's advice on it."

Martha Rose's voice struggled against the fact. "Nary foot of land—nor yet our cabin—" Her breathing could be heard in the stillness.

The stout bench protested under old Haden Garner's weight, settling comfortably upon it. The yarbwoman bent more intently above the pot. Steam rose in folds about her face, so wrinkled that it seemed hardly human. Perhaps a breeze moved among the roof beams, for a faint rustling came from the bunches of dried herbs, each swathed in white cloth, that hung there.

"I ain't a-aimin' to take nary advantage of the fact," said Haden Garner. "What I aim to do is to wed Martha Rose. I am a widow-man twicet over. I have need of a woman, an' my house also. I reckon Martha Rose will suit me mighty well. As for yore granny," he said to the girl, "I will give her leave to bide yere in this cabin till her dyin' day."

Martha Rose said nothing. Shadowed by her sunbonnet, against the dazzle of sunlight on the marsh land, her face was dim to him. He got to his feet. "The circuit rider, he'll be along this away, come Saturday two weeks," he said. "I'll wed you then."

It was finished. A Garner would wed the yarbwoman's gal; he would even be generous to the yarbwoman. It came to him as he picked up the squirrel gun that the old woman was staring at his back. He turned, slinging the dead squirrels to his shoulder. The yarb-

woman had not moved, she watched the little pot. Haden Garner spoke with a jocular air. "If you-all air a-honin' for fancy fixin's to yore weddin', you best come along up to my house an' red it up. Six months it's been widow-man's house, an' shorely it looks it."

Something softly touched his cheek. One of the swathed bunches of herbs quivered on its string beside his head that towered among them. Beyond it, in the darkness above the beam, two tiny green eyes were fixed upon him.

From the doorway which Martha Rose had left vacant behind his backward stride he said, "Thar's mocsasin, or blacksnake, up amongst yore roof beams." His hand was on the field hoe.

The yarbwoman said quietly, "Lay nary hand upon him. 'Tis but harmless gentle creature that 'bides with us an' hunts for mice. Lay nary hand upon him," she repeated, her voice as coldly steady as the gaze of those tiny eyes.

Haden Garner stepped backward through the doorway. A marsh breeze was cold on the nape of his neck. He glanced at the porch beams overhead as he escaped from beneath them. Martha Rose was not in sight; he thought briefly of finding her in her hiding, then let the thought go. In two weeks he would have her, in his house. Then when he wanted her, he would speak; she would come. He took the marsh path toward the hills.

At the top of the gorge, above the spring that fed the Branch, he killed another squirrel. He picked up the quivering body, glanced at it, and threw it away. This was the season in which half the squirrels were not fit for eating. Then he looked down the slopes at the yarbwoman's cabin. Marsh land and cabin were worthless; the old woman could have them. But on the flat land at the mouth of the gorge was the cornfield with its lines of lusty green. Only two acres, but it was a better cornfield than any of his hundreds of acres of hill land. Martha Rose should pen his ranging shoats and fatten them on that



corn she raised. She should cure the fat hog-meat, smoke hams, and make sausages.

In the six feet two of mighty muscle and bone that was Haden Garner, he had never been aware of a nerve, and rarely of a thought. But he smiled now. He felt that Martha Rose would belong to him unwillingly, as his second wife had belonged to him. The use of power gave him pleasure, and he anticipated that pleasure again. He went on through the forest, looking for more squirrels.

Martha Rose had fled around the cabin, and now she came into it. Her granny still sat on the hearth, but the pot of herbs had been set aside to cool. Before the old woman's sharp knees was a saucer of milk, and the blacksnake drank from it. The long body lay in a harmony of curves upon the warm hearthstone, the angular head was bent graciously above the saucer's edge. The yarbwoman softly crooned.

"Granny," said Martha Rose.

The snake lifted its head. Its body flowed like a narrow black stream, charmed to a silence not known to water. The head rose, swaying slightly, a tongue appeared like a tiny flame. The head rose, till the tiny eyes were level with the gleam beneath the yarbwoman's shriveled lids. So they remained, woman and snake, before the black pit of the chimney place and the red mass of the coals, in the sunlit room.

The yarbwoman's crooning went away into silence, a small sound departing on a long journey. The black head swayed further, curved downward, and then, as though to follow that sound, it laid itself upon the floor and led the rippling body after it through the cabin doorway.

The yarbwoman said in tolerant scorn, "Thar's them as keeps cats."

"Granny," said Martha Rose, "Whatever are we-all to do?"

"I reckon, Martha Rose, you've nary wish to wed Haden Garner?"

"I hate an' despise him, from bottom of my soul," said Martha Rose.

"Don't wed him," said her granny.

"But granny, wherever will we go in the wide world, us without bit nor sup, nor roof to shelter under? Whatever will we do? Granny, thar's a-many that comes yere a-seekin' aid from yore knowledge of yarbs an' simples, but yet I call to mind nary a true friend among 'em. We was peaceful yere in the cabin, me a-carin' for the fields, an' you a-rangin' marsh an' woods on yore affairs with the wild things. Nary soul molested us. But granny, thar's none in Garner's Hollow would take us in. They're a-feared of us, granny, an' you a yarbwoman. An' granny, I—I am a-feared to go out from Garner's Hollow, amongst strangers an' strange ways, an' you at yore age, an' feeble."

"Don't wed him," the yarbwoman said.

Martha Rose sighed, "I'm not a-wishin' to do so."

The old woman held her knees in her thin arms, and stared at ashes thickening upon the coals. Her thoughts and her ways were strange to Martha Rose. But she was the girl's granny, and dear. She might die by some roadside in the unknown hills beyond Garner's Hollow, before the girl could find food and shelter for her.

"I am old," the yarbwoman said as though in a dream. "Thar's but little life a-remainin' within this yere failin' body. But I am not a-feared. I know the woods, an' the woods' creatures. Don't you be a-feared, honey gal. The wild things they will watch over us, an' the woods raise up shelters. Thar's a-many things beyond yore understandin', that's well known to me."

A week later the rattlesnake struck Haden Garner.

Seven days had gone by since he had announced, at the supper table in the dirty kitchen-house, that he aimed to take him another woman. "The yarbwoman's gal," he said, and emptied his coffee cup in one loud draught. He set the cup on the greasy table top and

wiped his mouth with the back of a hairy hand. His two sons stopped their gnawing of squirrels' bones to look at him. Then Big Bill laughed. The mighty bellows of Bill's chest were behind his mirth, so that it seemed to shake the room.

"Yo're a-takin' the gal with the corn land!" Bill shouted.

Hogan, the second son, went on eating. He was not pleased with a marriage which would produce children to divide the property when his father died. But Haden Garner ruled his house; his sons, man-grown, no more dared to oppose him now than they had dared when they were children, mercilessly beaten with any club at hand whenever his temper was bad.

Harrison Latimer, the old man's stepson, had not looked up from his plate. He was a slender weakling among these huge men, and rarely spoke. His mother had married Haden Garner in order to give her baby a home, and before he could walk he had learned to be as quiet as possible. Later he had merely fainted under thrashing, and in time Haden Garner and his sons had become so contemptuously indifferent that they almost forgot his presence.

Hogan finished his bone, threw it to the famishing hounds, and said, "The yarbwoman, did she make ary outcry against a-losin' her land?"

His father grunted, shaking his head. "I give her leave to remain in the cabin. She's nary fool, she'll see her advantage an' hold to it."

Hogan said, "Thar's them that's seen that thar old witch-woman a-doin' fearsome things." In his mind was the whispered tale of a child who had seen the old yarbwoman take the form of a snake, glide from her cabin, and swim rippling through the waters of the marsh, in full daylight. But he could not repeat this tale against the bellow of his father's laughter.

"Yo're more of a fool than you was borned, Hogan," his father said. "You reckon thar's ary yarbwoman, nor yet

man nor devil, will keep me from a-doin' what I set my mind to?"

The plates were emptied of corn pone and squirrel meat. The three men leaned back, cutting quids of tobacco. Harrison gathered up the dishes and set clumsily to washing them on the hearthstone.

Haden Garner spat brown tobacco juice and said, "The yarbwoman's gal she's a-comin' yere to red up the place. Shorely 'tis a-needin' it, us with nary woman-creature yere but Harry." The young man went on washing the dishes as though he had not heard.

"I reckon I'll set her to the task this week," Haden Garner went on. "The circuit rider he'll be yere come Saturday two weeks, an' I aim to wed her then."

"Leave her clean out this yere hogpen, paw, an' us give weddin' frolic," Big Bill said. "I'll fetch the fiddlers, an' thar's corn-liquor in plenty. Leave us have one hell-rip-roarin' frolic, like we done the night you wedded Harry's maw."

Old Haden was in good humor. "Shorely," he agreed. "We will do so. I lay wager now, I can swallow down more corn-liquor than ary other man will be yere." The thought of the frolic pleased him, and pleased Big Bill and Hogan. Only Hogan felt a hidden uneasiness about the yarbwoman. Harrison scrubbed the frying pan with ashes; he did not look up, and no one but himself knew or cared what he thought.

Seven days went by before old Haden realized that they had gone, and that he had not seen Martha Rose again. She had not come to the house, and only twelve days remained before the wedding. That morning when he rose from his dingy bed he pulled on the knee-boots that lay by the big-house chimneyplace.

"I was a-aimin', my own self, to hunt down along the marsh, paw," Hogan ventured to say. The boots belonged to Hogan. Big Bill borrowed them when he went to the marsh; old Haden took them. He made no reply now, but stamped his bare feet into the boots,



shouldered his squirrel gun and strode from the house.

The sun had not risen above the hills, but long rays of its light fell between their peaks, and mists rose from the hollows. The morning promised fair. There was a cleanness in the air that filled old Haden's lungs; pleasure in the strength of his muscles colored his sluggish thoughts.

He took the woods path that led downward from the edge of the clearing. The path was a stairway, arched now by leafy branches that had not yet lost the freshness of spring; its steps were limestone ledges and gnarled roots covered with mats of fallen white-oak leaves. Old Haden Garner went down it with the heedlessness of old habit, while his thoughts, slower than his feet, coiled themselves around a vague image of Martha Rose. There was a strength in her which his own strength would slowly break. He had always had what he wanted. She was only the yarb-woman's gal; he was Haden Garner. There was a smile on his face, when suddenly his body recoiled at the shock of a sound.

An instant, and his bewilderment cleared. A rattler! Young walnut leaves hung before his eyes; through their green plumes he saw the brownish circle on the step below his foot, caught a hint of reddish-brown angles. He started backward, raising his gun, and the deadly thing was on him.

In one pang he saw that the pool on the step was brown oak leaves, he felt the flash from the ledge beside him, he knew that the fangs were in his leg. The loathsome writhing thing clung. His kicks flung the wriggling gristle in loops. Horrible sounds burst from his throat. He beat the head to a pulp with his gun. The body twisted among the leaves.

Haden Garner, sweaty and trembling, sat down and drew off his boot. The prints of the fangs were faintly there. He got out his knife and slashed deeply across them, again and again. Blood poured in a bright red stream.

The body of the snake seemed to have a wit of its own, eluding his hands. He seized it at last, and felt it crawling between clenched fingers and palm. With his knife he slashed off the bloody paste of its head. He must have whiskey, quickly!

He got back to the house, carrying gun and boot in one hand, in the other holding out the quivering body of the snake. Big Bill and Hogan brought the whiskey for which he shouted. His bare foot splashed blood on the hard earth of the house yard and dripped a little pool by the doorstone on which he sat down. He tilted the bottle of corn liquor and drank till he coughed for breath, drank again. His sons skinned the squirming snake, cut its body in bits, and applied them to his wound. As each piece grew dark with his blood, they threw it away. Old Haden drank.

"Nineteen rattles," Big Bill said. "'Twas shorely gigantic rattler. Never have I heard tell of such in these yere hills."

"'Tis but rarely we encounter ary rattler whatsoever," Hogan said.

Old Haden drank, and coughed, and cursed.

"Thar's snakes," said Hogan, "an' thar's—" He could not cease looking at his father, nor look at him directly. His glances ran stealthily to the old man's face, and ran away again. "Whar was you a-settin' out to go, paw, when this yere it come upon you?"

The old man flung away the empty bottle, and cursed them both. He knew they were letting him die for want of whiskey, they wanted his death and his property. But he would live, he would live, and he would have that woman. He spoke of Martha Rose, and taunted them; they were young, but the old man would have her, and he broke off to yell for more whiskey. Big Bill brought it to him.

There were no more fresh pieces of the snake. Big Bill and Hogan stood and watched the old man drink. At last they carried him into the house and

dumped him on his bed. They listened to his snoring breaths. "I don't guess he's a-dyin'," Big Bill said. "He's tough," and he spat thoughtfully.

They wandered to the yard, and there Hogan repeated the story of the child who had seen the old yarbwoman take the form of a snake. "I reckon shorely, 'tis naught but idle talk," he said.

Big Bill laughed shortly, looking at the scattered pieces of the rattlesnake. "If she taken the image of that thar rattler, I reckon thar's but little a-remainin' of her."

The next morning old Haden was conscious, but too weak to get up. His other boot was taken off, and he was given corn liquor and coffee. He lay all day, dozing and waking. His temper was such that he was left alone. But in the evening he shouted for Big Bill and Hogan.

They came from the kitchen-house, and he said, "I am a-feelin' porely yet. I want you-all to take word from me to that thar yarbwoman's gal." His gaze fixed upon Hogan. "You, Hogan! You go tell her—" For five breaths the two men stared at each other, then Hogan's bare feet moved uneasily, his eyes wavered. "You go say I aim to wed come Saturday week. Thar's nary woman livin' can best Haden Garner. If she's a-aimin' to wed me, leave her come red up this house. If she's a-schemin' otherwise, her an' her old witch-granny get out'n my cabin an' off'n my land afore tomorrow eve. Moreover, does she take any thing whatsoever, save but the garments on their backs, I'll have law on her. 'Tis all mine, an' more also, for rent she is a-owin' me. That thar's my word to her, an' you tell her I stand by it."

"Paw," said Hogan. He swallowed. "Paw, I— That thar old yarbwoman—"

"Git!" said old Haden.

Big Bill lounged against the chimney, grinning, and the old man watched from his blankets while Hogan got awkwardly into the boots and took his squirrel gun from its peg. Hogan said once, loudly,

"I'm not a-feared!" Then on the door-stone he turned. "But yet, paw, I shorely—" He met his father's eyes and said hurriedly, "I'm a-gittin'!"

Big Bill spat on the hearth. "Hogan, he's white-livered belly-crawler at ary mention of that thar yarbwoman," he said. He sat down and cut a fresh quid of tobacco. He sat there a long time, then rose, spat, yawned, and rolled into his blankets. He slept.

In the kitchen-house Harrison was studying arithmetic by the light of a pine-knot on the hearth. The old man had never allowed him any schooling, but he studied alone, by stealth. Harrison held doggedly to the hope of getting a third-grade certificate to teach school. School-teaching was his one way of escape, for there were too many hardier men for every job of wood-cutting. The blazing pine-knot faintly lighted the kitchen-house doorway, and to that light Hogan returned. Hogan stumbled on the doorstone, caught at the jamb to steady himself, and lurched to a bench.

Harrison had hidden the arithmetic in time. He now got quietly to his feet. He thought that Hogan was drunk, and meant to slip away to sleep in the woods, as he had often done. But Hogan spoke whimperingly, "I—I can't git it off—I'm a-feelin' mighty porely." He was struggling with his boot. Harrison stopped, and cautiously restrained an impulse to help him. Then Hogan threw up his arms and screamed, high and thin, "She's witched me! I'm doomed, I'm a-dyin'!"

Harrison took hold of him. "Whatever is a-ailin' you, Hogan Garner?"

Hogan shivered, then said more calmly, "I—I reckon I'm snake-bit."

Harrison was on his knees, tugging off the boot. He looked at Hogan's bare foot and ankle, pushed up the overall and examined to the knee. The leg was slightly swollen, and there were a few briar scratches on it, but no twin-mark of snake's fangs. "Whar did it strike you?" he asked.



"I never seen no snake," Hogan answered thickly. "'Twas the snake-woman." He was reeling a little, as though dizzy. "It pains me," he said. "Yere—thar—I cain't rightly say whar. I am a-feelin' mighty porely." He spoke drowsily, then with sudden loudness he said, "Whiskey!"

Harrison brought him a bottle; he lifted it, let it slip from his hands. The bottle smashed. Hogan had begun to shiver, then ceased; his hands and forehead were clammy. "You best get to yore bed," Harrison said. He put an arm around Hogan's body and managed to support and lead him to the big house.

Big Bill and old Haden got up. Hogan was made to swallow a pint of whiskey, and to talk. He repeated that he was snake-bitten, and that he had seen no snake. No mark of fangs could be found upon him. He said that he had gone to the yarbwoman's cabin and found her in bed, sick. "You-all said thar'd be but little a-remainin' of her," he told Big Bill. "Thar she lays, in under the covers, a-wrigglin', an' but barely a-raisin' 'em with her wriggles." He said he had given her and Martha Rose the word sent by his father. "She never answered ary word, her a-layin' thar a-fixin' me with her eyes. Her head it is bound up in a cloth."

Hogan's leg continued to swell, and he continually complained of pain. He desired to sleep, and with difficulty another quantity of whiskey was given him. "Martha Rose, she'll never wed you," he said once, loudly, to his father. Toward morning he began to have convulsions, and a little after dawn he died.

His leg was now greatly swollen, and marks like bruises had appeared upon it, such as follow the bite of a deadly snake.

Before night everyone in Garner's Hollow had heard these facts. There were those who came to Hogan Garner's funeral by long circuitous routes through the hills, rather than follow the river

path that led past the yarbwoman's cabin. Others, fearless in broad day, came purposely to look at the place, and stood a long time staring. The cabin appeared deserted save for the curl of smoke from its chimney; neither the yarbwoman nor Martha Rose was to be seen. Some watchers declared, however, that the head of a snake had stealthily lifted from a hole beneath the walls and looked at them with human eyes.

Haden Garner was not liked in the Hollow, but he was respected, with a respect partly fear, partly admiration of his strength. Now the yarbwoman began to be hated as snakes are hated, because they are feared but can be killed. Hogan Garner in his winding sheet terrified the people of the Hollow. His body was laid in the burying ground on the hill above his father's house, and at the new grave there were men who muttered that witches could be burned. But before dusk had thickened to darkness all those men were in their own cabins, and none who had come by the river path took that way home.

In the house which neighbor-women had set to rights for the funeral there was a sense of emptiness. Old Haden sat by the cold hearth, intent upon thoughts which moved formless and dark in his mind. Big Bill padded up and down the room. He had taken off the shoes he had worn for the funeral; his steps sounded stealthily dangerous, like those of an animal. Moonlight was white on the hard earth outside the open door. "I'm not a-feared of man nor devil!" Big Bill said once.

"Air you a-aimin' to set yere like bump on log?" he asked his father. Old Haden did not answer.

"Nary bite of snake was on him," Big Bill said again. "But yet nary spell nor witchcraft done him to death. Such talk, 'tis lies. Lies! She pizened him, that's what she done, with her unholy yarbs. Her an' her gal, they give him gourd of water, it pizened, when he come in thirsty from his walk thar. An'

he never remarked the fact, to recall it. That thar's reasonable explanation."

Later he said, "If thar's ary devil's work in it, leave her try it oncet on Big Bill Garner. I ain't a-feared!" He almost shouted these words at the stillness of moonlight and forest around the house.

Old Haden sat silent. His mind seemed filled with black smoke; his anger smoldered, not yet bursting into flame. He remembered the snake's eyes above the yarbwoman's roof beam, and Martha Rose lifting her defiant head, and the rattlesnake; he realized that he needed a drink, but the bottle on the hearth was empty. Big Bill had emptied it, and he would have bellowed curses at Bill, but again he remembered the rattlesnake's head pounded to a jelly but still struggling as though to reach him again. He heard boots on the puncheon floor, and the rifle coming down from its peg.

"Whar air you a-settin' out to?" old Haden asked.

Big Bill said, "Thar's one man yet a-remainin' in this yere fam'ly, you yaller livered meachin' coward. Nary pizenin' old woman can scare Big Bill Garner." He went out. He crossed the patch of white moonlight as though he were pursued, and was gone.

Haden Garner sat a long time without moving. Then he got another bottle of whiskey, and slowly, till he slept on the floor by the bench, he drank. Later he remembered that he had heard flints clatter on the hill path that went past the burying ground, so it was plain that Big Bill had gone that way, instead of taking the trail on which old Haden had been struck by the rattler.

It was not until noon next day that Big Bill's movements were roughly traced. Probably some of the men he roused never told of it. But it was clear that he had traveled many miles, for he had waked Gird Breedon shortly before midnight, and some time after moonset Lafe Smith, on the other side of the Hollow, had answered him from an

opened window. Both men had refused to attack the yarbwoman's cabin at that time of night. They said Big Bill had seemed to be crazy drunk. But as he had had only part of a bottle of whiskey, and had taken none with him, it could not have been liquor that thickened his tongue and made him shout and swear so wildly.

When he did not come home in the morning, old Haden and Harrison set out to look for him. By noon many men had joined the search. It was inconceivable that Big Bill Garner could be lost in the Hollow. But there was no known reason why he should have left it. He seemed to have disappeared, to have been spirited away.

That afternoon five men, well armed, went to the yarbwoman's cabin. Martha Rose met them in the doorway. She did not ask them in, she said, because her granny was sick. Behind her they could see the cabin, clean and sunny, and the old woman asleep in her bed. Martha Rose said that Big Bill had not been there. The men looked at each other. In the sunshine, before the calm eyes of that girl, and in the sleeping presence of a feeble little old woman, none liked to be first to bring out the strange things in his mind. They went away.

During the night, in groups that kept together in the glare of lanterns, some men continued the search, hallooing from hill to hill, breaking through underbrush and briars in the hollows, and occasionally firing signal shots. In the darkness no one went near the marsh. But from the hills a light could be seen in the yarbwoman's cabin. It gleamed there, small and unwinking, like a tiny eye watching them.

At dawn the tired men went home, saying that further search was useless. Old Haden swore at them in a voice so hoarse from shouting that it was a croak. He went on, and was soon joined by men who had slept. On Lone Pine road three of these men, with old Haden, met Harrison Latimer. He also had been left alone by men giving up the search,



and he would have joined the party, but old Haden turned on him like a man gone mad.

"I know what yo're a-reckonin'," old Haden tried to shout. "Yo're a-reckonin' to heir my property. Yo're a-aimin' to stand in dead men's shoes. Nary smitch of it will be yore'n," he croaked, and raised his rifle. The others took hold of him, arguing loudly all together, while Harrison stood white and trembling, clenching his hands. "I'll will it from you shorely as I see tomorrow's dawn," old Haden said. "Leave me ketch glimpse of you oncet more, an' I'll kill you. Git!"

Harrison went quickly around the bend of the road. Everything seemed unreal to him, with a delirious unreality. His eyeballs felt sandy, his whole body was a little drunken with weariness and sore from branches whipping him in the dark. It was true that he was now the old man's heir, if Big Bill was dead. Old Haden had no nearer kin. It did not matter, Harrison felt. He would never go back to the old man's house. But he had nowhere else to go, and he wished that he had his books, the school books hidden under the kitchen-house. He was reeling with sleep as he walked. He thought that he would sleep somewhere in the woods; then he would walk out of the Hollow and never come back.

He turned from the road, above the gorge. Flints slipped under his feet, he caught at tree-trunks to slow the headlong descent. Dead leaves were thick in the gorge, he would make a bed of them. But first he would drink at the spring.

In the angle of gray boulders Martha Rose was standing, holding a gourd dipper. At her feet was a bucket partly full of water. Still leaning over the bubbling pool, she turned like a startled animal and was motionless, staring at the young man. From the rock at her shoulder a little green snake glided swiftly, disappeared.

"I was a-cravin' to drink," said Harrison.

The girl straightened, and a softness came over her face. She dipped the gourd and held it out to him. He took it and drank. Then they stood looking at each other. "Yo're appearin' mighty weary," she said.

"I am so," he answered.

Her own face was gray, and her eyelids were dark. A twig snapped, and she turned her head quickly, caught her breath. Then she picked up the half-filled bucket. "I'll be a-gettin' back to granny," she said.

She did not go at once. He did not want her to go. Together in that stillness of murmuring leaves and water, it seemed that they were friends because both were friendless. They stood silent. Then she said, "I reckon you been a-seekin', Big Bill Garner?"

He nodded. Then, "Yes, I been a-seekin' him."

"Thar's—nary news of him?"

"'Pears he was a-aimin' to come to yore place," he said.

The water in the bucket lipped softly against the tin. She said loudly, "He never."

She repeated as if speaking, frightened, to herself, "No, he never." Then she walked quickly away, down the path that followed the Branch to the marsh.

He stood looking after her. She had gone but a little way when, without thinking of it at all, he started to follow. Her head turned at the sound. He saw her eyes widening and darkening while she said to him over her shoulder, "Don't you come nigh us. Don't you come nigh my granny an' me. Thar's—things I— *Don't you come nigh our cabin.*"

At noon that day Big Bill Garner's boots were found two miles down the river from the yarbwoman's cabin. They were splashed with dried marsh-mud. A little farther on, lying against a log which had concealed him from the only party of searchers that had passed that way, Big Bill was found. He was still alive, though unconscious, and cold.

One bare leg was horribly swollen, and dark marks like bruises were here and there upon it, as well as a gash where Big Bill had stabbed with his knife.

Whiskey was poured into his mouth, and his throat was rubbed to get it down. He was carried to his father's house, and all that afternoon men and women worked over him. Nobody spoke of calling the yarbwoman, but every treatment that other old women advised was tried. They gave it as their opinion that he was dying of snake-bite. There was no mark of snake's fangs anywhere upon his body. Just after sunset he died.

Old Haden had not slept. He had been persuaded to lie down, partly undressed, but almost at once he got up again. He seemed to feel, not grief, but fury, and a fury unclean with fear for himself. He raged about the room like a man crazed with venomous terror.

When the woman who was bending over his son stood up and sighed, "He's gone," old Haden turned on them all. His eyes were sunken, his gray hair and beard were bristling tangles. A rasping shout came from his chest, "If thar's ary man yere won't follow me this night to rid us of that witch-woman—" He cursed that man.

Gird Breedon said coldly, "Thar's nary need for such-like vile talk, Haden Garner. I reckon all yere see plain what's to be done." Gird Breedon looked slowly at the men standing about him, and one by one they nodded grimly.

At moonrise Harrison Latimer came to the edge of the marsh. The yarbwoman's cabin was small and dark on the plain of gray reeds streaked here and there with faintly silvery water. There was no light in it. There was no sound but the husky whispering of reeds and the croak of frogs. Harrison stood perfectly still for a long minute.

Then he walked steadily out on the marsh path. Sometimes he missed solid footing, walked in slime. Once he saw moonlit water carved in dividing

ripples by the black head of a snake that sped soundlessly toward the cabin. Thin mud splashed over his shoetops. He stopped barely an instant, then went on. Suddenly he began to whistle. He whistled softly, on a half breath, as though secretly, but the tune was gay. So he came to the back of the dark cabin, went quickly around it, up the porch steps, and stopped short.

In the open doorway Martha Rose sat, perfectly still, a rifle across her lap.

After a moment she whispered, "You, Harrison?"

He whispered also. "They are a-comin' this night. I fetched this yere." He let the shotgun slide from the shoulder to the crook of his arm.

Martha Rose glanced behind her into the darkness. She leaned closer. "You ain't a-feared?"

"Yes," he said. "I shorely am a-feared."

They listened. And Harrison stared. From a roof beam near his head, with the tiniest of rustling sounds, a long sinuous tail slipped. It hung against the moonlight, rippling, slowly drawing itself upward into the darkness again. It was gone. Pent breath came from the young man's lungs. He whispered, "Martha Rose, is yore granny a—"

The girl answered in the ghost of a voice, "I don't guess so. I don't—"

They both stared into the darkness of the cabin. "I am a-feared," she whispered. "But she's my granny."

Harrison said in her ear, "You pore honey. Do you know the multiplication table?"

"So far as the fives, I do."

"Jest you keep a-sayin' 'em to yoreself. I done so, a-comin' acrost the marsh. 'Tis powerful heartenin'. No, Martha Rose, I don't believe it of yore granny. Thar's natural explanation of all things, could we but lay holt on it. Four times four, 'tis sixteen, nary power in heaven or earth can make it otherwise. Thar's comfort in that thought."

She breathed, "Yo're powerful learned man, Harrison Latimer."



The yarbwoman's weak voice came out of the darkness. "Thar's nary call you-all should whisper. I am a-layin' yere sleepless. I bid you welcome, Harrison Latimer. I reckoned 'twas them, till I hear'n you a-whistlin'." They were motionless, waiting, in the pauses between her words. "I know well what is a-comin', honey gal. You a-settin' thar so. An' I am old. Have nary fear. When the time it comes—" She was silent so long that Martha Rose got up, moved toward her. "I am a-layin' yere happy in my mind, a-studyin' over many things. The woods, an' the woods' creatures, an' my knowledge, an' you, Martha Rose. Yo're mighty dear to me. Have nary fear—"

She seemed to have fallen into a light sleep. The girl's bare feet came soundlessly back to the porch. Her face, vague and white as mist in that shadow, came close to Harrison's, her fingers tightened like claws on his arms. Their cold cheeks lightly touched as they stood tense, fighting with words breathed from lips to ear. "Go, now! 'Tis nary use to stay. One lone man. They'll kill you. Have sense."

"No."

"They'll kill you. 'Twill do nary good to us. Leave us be. 'Tis no affair of yore'n. Yore life 'twill be on our heads, for naught. I thank you go whilst yet thar's time."

"Nary step."

"I hate you, Harrison Latimer! Will you go!"

"I am not a-aimin' to leave you in yore loneliness. I'm lonesome, my own self."

Her hands slipped from his arms. He saw the little weary movement of her head. She seemed to droop to the porch floor and sat there, arms folded on her knees, looking at the vague light over the marsh. He brought the two guns and sat beside her.

The frogs croaked, now and again a marsh bird cried. Shadows moved imperceptibly eastward beneath the pass-

ing of the moon. Martha Rose murmured, "Shorely they're never a-waitin' for the moon to set?"

He did not know. They should have come long ago, he thought. While he was stealing his hidden books from the Garner house, he had heard only enough to know that they were coming. He thought of the men scattering to their homes to get their rifles, to bring, no doubt, coal-oil and torches. There would be delays. But surely they should be coming now.

The two waited in the shadow, holding the guns across their laps.

Harrison began to whisper to her. "'Pears like I never knowed how to harmonize with folks yere in the Hollow. All my days I been a lonely creature, with nary soul to open out my thoughts to. A lonesome life such as mine, Martha Rose, it has but little value. Thar's nary fear in me of aught can come to me this night. Don't worrit yore heart about it, for shorely I'm right proud to be yere, a-stayin' by yore side. When I was but a pore an' puny young one—" He whispered till his throat was dry. She answered him sometimes, and all the time her hand in his was comforting.

No one came.

In the gray hour between moonlight and the dawn they looked at each other, saw gray faces and sunken eyes. Harrison stood up, stiff with chill. Then he saw them coming. Thirty men or more, in straggling groups, came down the Branch and advanced along the marsh path. Leading them was Brother Higgins, the circuit-rider. Harrison began to tremble with hope.

Brother Higgins' halloo came on the dawn wind. He and the men were hidden now by the bulk of the cabin. Again he shouted, nearer, and now the splashing and trampling could be heard. "Into the cabin!" Harrison said. The girl obeyed. He heard the click of her rifle trigger.

"Ha-loo-oo-ee!" Brother Higgins called.

Harrison answered him. Men at the end of the cabin halted at that sound of a man's voice. Harrison stood on the porch steps, the shotgun in his arm. "Howdy, Brother Higgins," he said.

Brother Higgins' long black coat, greenish and shiny, was rumpled and covered with horse hairs. He had no hat, and his thin gray hair was wispy in the breeze. He looked old, exhausted, and his voice came shrill. "Howdy, Harry, howdy. It appears thar's—"

"That thar yarbwoman, whar is she a-hidin' at?" Gird Breedon demanded. Other men seconded him. "Air you in league with her, Harrison Latimer? Leave us have her! We want speech with that thar witchwoman! Stand back, we want in yonder!"

Suddenly there was a sound, like a scream and like a bellow. Haden Garner clutched at his throat as though to stop that sound, while all the men looked at him. He uttered some words, meaningless; he seemed to make an effort to kick, and fell in liquid mud.

They got him to his feet, and he was understood to say that she had witched him, he was doomed. He pointed to his leg, choked, and then horribly screamed. It was seen that his leg had swollen, smoothing out the wrinkles in the boot. While they carried him to the porch he begged for an ax; he wanted them to cut the leg off, and then he seemed to see a snake there that no one else saw.

They cut the boot away. There was no mark of snake's fangs on the bared leg. Harrison stood in the cabin doorway, holding his shotgun, but he knew that shooting was useless now. Gird Breedon looked up from old Haden, there on the floor, and said, "All this night you been a-wearyin' us for proof. Thar, Brother Higgins, is yore proof." The crowded men were like a wall echoing his words in a low rumble.

The yarbwoman was tugging at Harrison's elbow, clamoring at him, "Leave 'em take me, thataway to

spare the gal." He did not move. Gird Breedon said, "Out'n our way, Brother Higgins! Justice it will be done yere. Fetch on the coal-oil!"

"Gaze thar!" Brother Higgins shouted. Several among the jostling men saw his finger ominously point to the slashed boot on the floor. "Thar!" Brother Higgins cried. "Thar in under yore feet, hell's fires they are awaitin' you! 'Tis murder yo're a-doin'! God he calls on me to testify—" Coal-oil ran in rivulets on the porch floor. "Gird Breedon, as thar's a God in Heaven above us—"

Lafe Smith cried out, "I see it! I see it plain!" He snatched up the boot, spread it open, pointed. "That thar rattler's fang—look—" They jostled him, and he exclaimed, "Have care! 'Tis pizen!"

A fang of the rattler that old Haden had killed was still imbedded in the wrinkled leather. Lighted pitch-pine went with a hiss into marsh water. There was the sound of coal-oil dripping.

Brother Higgins clasped his head between his hands. "Lord, I thank an' praise Thee! Never would I have suspicioned— 'Tis by Yore mercy—"

"And them a-wearin' it, one after 'tother—" said a voice of awe.

"Thar's means to save him yet," another said. "Has ary one yere fetched whiskey?" Several hands held out flasks. Gird Breedon opened his knife and knelt to stab Haden Garner's leg in its half-healed wound, but the man who had tried to give him whiskey stood up and said, "Nary use, Gird. He's dead."

Gird snapped the knife shut and put it in his pocket. "I reckon 'twas terror done for him, not ary pizen a-remainin' in that thar fang," he said. "But that's neither yere nor yonder." He looked at Harrison Latimer. "You want we should carry him up to yore house, I reckon, Harry?"

Harrison said, "I'll thank you-all kindly to do so."





# AMERICA UNDER FIRE

A EUROPEAN DEFENSE OF OUR CIVILIZATION

BY GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

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IN THE course of the past ten years the United States has sprung from the position of a debtor nation to that of the leading creditor nation. Although more international financial business may be done on the London exchange, the financial capital for the funding of long-period loans has become Wall Street, not Lombard Street. Mr. Hoover's reports sing a pæan of unparalleled prosperity not entirely due to boom conditions. This wealth has stirred up certain feelings abroad which require no very recondite explanation.

Were it true that the cancellation of European debts would either make for the peace of Europe or not still further humiliate her pride, the pecuniary loss to America would be clear national gain. But the abuse to which the United States has been exposed from the less responsible critics has not been so naïve as to be directed, vulgarly and enviously, against her wealth. Mortified pride has adopted the subtler ruse of fastening upon her character and civilization for criticism. Jealousy of America as wealthy has been politely converted into a professed contempt for wealth as American.

It is true that some of the critics are chiefly qualified for their task by their quite exhaustive lack of acquaintance with the subject of their animadversions, but ignorance of the facts has never yet deterred a man who wished to express not reason but spleen. The phenomenon, however, of American civilization is sufficiently new and distinctive to

render even its critics interesting. And what it is which is distinctive may be more apparent to a visitor such as the present writer, who leaves America after four years' residence, than to the citizen born and bred in America.

The map of the world is changing in its significance while we watch it. The center of civilization has hitherto been regarded by Europeans as Europe. This has been the mental assumption upon which the great literature of the Western world has been written since the scepter fell from the hands of the Pharaohs. All that mattered of the thought of the world had its origin in ancient Greece, and all that mattered of Greece was west of the Ægean. In brief, Asia was a land loaded with a meaningless history which had never spelled progress, a sounding story of many words. On the other hand, America was a land without a history, a place of mushroom peoples, a mere geological phenomenon. In this adolescence of civilization, only the European peninsula mattered, and especially its western extremities. Many Europeans, and not least the loudest critics of America, have not yet outgrown this provincial outlook.

As, however, the world grows so small that the least adventurous can expect to listen to a broadcast speech echoing right round it, perspectives change. The hemispheres have reasserted themselves against the peninsula. Europe is in danger of becoming only the mu-

seum for the West and a convenient technical night-school for the East. America has long declined to be taken as a colonist state lying on the outskirts of the European political system. But it is not enough merely to say that the state of Texas is larger than Germany or that the population of the United States is larger than that of France, Italy, Spain, and all the Balkan States put together. There are certain consequences which must be taken into account. The diplomacy of Europe is no longer the only significant diplomacy in a world of which the United States is an outlying unit or state. The United States of America are a half-continent; and the various states of Europe constitute together another half-continent which has its leagues and perhaps will have its federation of united states. The counterpart of an American is not a Frenchman or an Italian, but a European; and the population of America is not to be accounted heterogeneous as compared with France but homogeneous as compared with the national animosities of Europe.

What strikes the eye, as we look at the map to-day, is not Poland or Switzerland or France, or even ancient Japan, but China, India, and the British Commonwealth, the United States, Brazil, and Russia. As the world's population increases and invention develops the resources of the soil, it is with these countries that the future of the world lies. The time has not come yet; but already we are at the Continental Divide of History, and Western European civilization, Roman civilization, the Minoan civilization of Crete begin to recede into the distance. We are witnessing the passing not only of Bourbon and Braganza, of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg, but also the military and economic passing of Europe. The political movements in China, the policy of Washington, the dictatorship in Russia, the Kaiser-i-Hind, the Imperial Conference of British peoples occupy the foreground in the attention of any

student of contemporary civilization. These changes are not unnaturally resented by many, and resentment may take many ignoble forms. The result is a literature of spite. We are not indeed given to understand, according to this literature, that the inhabitants of the lands once occupied by the ancient Romans and Hellenes and other dwellers in Europe claim to be heirs of a civilization as venerable as that of Confucius or of Sakyamuni, or that they are desirous of putting themselves into comparison with the "stagnant East." But they are supposed to be entitled, as their birth-right, to an unlimited patronage of American civilization and condescension towards something so disfigured by "triviality," "materialism," and blindness to the value of tradition.

The shapes which this resentment assume have for an historian or a psychologist high interest. To an Englishman, such as the present writer, they not only provide amusement but are peculiarly remarkable, since the American branch of the English-speaking world seems likely to fall heir to that reputation of being the "best hated nation in Europe" which the English have long enjoyed—and for precisely the same reason. When the English milord, journeying on the grand tour, distributed his largess he was received with a mixture of obsequiousness and contempt. The members of "the mad nation" were wealthy, but of literature these northern barbarians knew less than a Frenchman, of art less than an Italian, of poetry less than a German, and of music less than a Pole. The court of St. James was the least refined in Europe, and culture was not to be expected of a nation of shopkeepers. John Bull was not polite society, and neither is Uncle Jonathan. The feebly attempted ostracism is the natural pique of the genteel conventionality which clings to an old tradition against those who are energetically creating a new one.

It is unfortunate that certain Englishmen have joined in what has become a



street gamin campaign of international bad manners. Dean Inge, in the intervals of performing with somber diaconal dignity his part of domestic Jonah in England, has spared a few remarks for America, but, since his castigations are impartial, they are not invidious. Mr. J. D. Woodruff, after some weeks' investigation of this continent, genially enough took to task America, and, for that matter, all of Great Britain save the southern counties, for having deserted the highroad of civilization as understood at Oxford. In his witty and sage little book, *Plato's American Republic*, Socrates explains to the officials of the Oxford Union Debating Society that the Americans do not know how to live since they do not all "pursue the life of reason," as Mr. Woodruff remarks, "as only the few can do." But Mr. Woodruff seems to have set a fashion which others will follow with less good taste. Recently a book has been produced which, I understand, is marked neither by Mr. Woodruff's wit, his lightness, nor his manners. I learn that it has no particular literary excellence. The author appears to feel himself called upon to represent European civilization in its protest against American banality. His abuse of America would be of no significance (since the writer has the effrontery to explain, when he starts to stir up international ill-feeling, that he has never been in America) were it not that it has received an attention from reviewers in this country quite out of proportion to the trifling notice which it received in England.

The Dickensian age of boosting, which still lasts on in the West, has given way to an age of literary self-criticism and depreciation. Sensitiveness has assumed a new form and almost morbid proportions. The periodical publishers hold out their hands and their hats for "articles critical of phases of American life." The reviewers themselves seem to be nervous lest it be true that material prosperity and genuine culture are things inconsistent, which, when crossed, pro-

duce a monstrous birth. What is, then, this hybrid American civilization about which there are such searchings of heart?

## II

For a decade America has been a predominantly urban country. But what distinguishes even rural America from rural Europe is that it is a land of the locomotive and the gasoline station, not of the horse and the village pump. Mr. Bertrand Russell's remark about "a nation of pious peasants," although clever in the days of the Dayton trial, was too glaring a misdescription of the world's most industrial civilization to be even good caricature. Mr. Mencken would not be able to abuse the peasant so heartily—and yet have his words devoured on the uplands of Kansas—were the peasant not a type fallen already into disrepute. In the sparsely populated farm lands of the West it is not the slow mind of the mud-trudging plow boy which rules but that of the artisan who lives his life in contact with machines. American civilization is a civilization of machines. In this it is new, and by this it must be judged. The habit of using mechanical instruments marks as great an epoch in the history of man as when he first acquired that habit of using his fingers, thanks to which he became man. To observe the kind of mind which is being developed in a civilization where men are daily relying more upon scientific mechanism and less upon direct action with the body or with the simple handmade implements—are having to adjust themselves more and more to the requirements of mechanical precision and are less free to be whimsical and irresponsible—is a study of absorbing interest.

The American, let it be admitted, does not know how to live with the calm Horatian enjoyment of life. He does not know how to spend the leisured hours, which are the privilege of the non-laboring class, with the grace of a Russian count or the dignity

of a dusky rajah. The average city-dwelling American is caught in the mechanism of his own civilization and is too engrossed in its working to have time for the self-conscious delights of a cultivated egotism. Hence the "extrovertedness," the conversational embarrassment, the relief found in an easy rotarian good-fellowship, the worship of efficiency, and the respect for the captain of industry and other human dynamos which characterizes much of American life. This is not, of course, to assert that Mussolini-worship in the field of business or of politics is an exclusively American phenomenon. The New America is something which even the American himself does not understand. As a consequence, the older type of American is but too willing to condemn its materialism and superficiality, although he leaves the childish talk about dollar-worship to residents in lands where the public conscience has but so recently protested against honor and nobility being treated as matters for mercenary traffic. For America the dollar at best is but a unit of energy. It is, however, fair to say that American life bears the characteristics of an expansive youth of seventeen discoursing to all on his plans and taking the world for his advisor. On the other hand, it has not the characteristics of an unpleasant and "knowing" child of eleven fond of playing alone with a secretive reserve, which is the objectionable kind of "puerility." It does not suffer from the repressed jealousies and diffused malice, like a sub-cutaneous venom, which it seems not fantastic to remark in ancient, settled and stratified civilizations, which have the affectations and afflictions of that *antiquitas saeculi* which is the *pueritia mundi*.

This expansiveness, energy, and absorption in the stream of external affairs is easily misunderstood. Every great age of renaissance has been an age not so much of scholastic exactitude as of bubbling suggestions, of experiments often chimerical, of the sacrifice of a

cautious discipline to sheer preoccupation with living. Introspection and sedulous cultivation of the art of life already indicate the waning of the great age. In such ages of robust curiosity too fine a line cannot be drawn between far-seeing vision and mere adventure. Paracelsus was a charlatan, Columbus was not far from a mountebank. The age which produced da Vinci produced no less typically Cellini. And the spirit of the new civilization of America is not to be apologized for as "materialism" because of the crudities of some of its exponents. The point which even Americans themselves fail to recognize is that there happens to have come into the modern world a new type of civilization, rightly known by distinction as American, which requires of the men who adapt themselves to it a new outlook, new ideals, a new mind.

The philosopher who is more than a learned agoraphobiac has no reason to lament that, even in England, the old canals along which on a summer day one might paddle a boat between green fields and under cool trees are being closed down, or that the pedestrian has his meditations disturbed by the offensive stench of gasoline. He has compensations in the new world of machines, and matter enough for meditation in the sight of such a city as New York, owing little in its strip of land to the beauties of nature, but a majestic vindication of the titanic power of man. It is not the broad expanse of the Hudson which gives beauty to Manhattan; it is the triumphant splendor of the mass of Manhattan, a work of the human genius, which finds a fit frame in the waters of the Hudson. There is a certain ignoble perversity in the man who can never say with Socrates that he loves the life of the city, but must needs see in stocks and stones and the works and forces of Nature something less "material" than in the skilful creations of the mind of man. The mathematical lines, clean, challenging, simple, unornate, and rational, of these cities and buildings must



please the mind imbued with the rational principle of order. It is as a rationalistic civilization that America challenges criticism, both from those within and from those without her border.

It is the civilization where the half-wit can live undisturbed, the civilization of the hand-cart and of the hut, which spells materialism. Even in London a balloon dancer giving an exhibition on Hendon aerodrome is caught and killed in the high-voltage wires of some power company left strung out amid the trees; the parts of the new civilization are there, but men have never troubled to plan them out together or to think in terms of them. Slowly they are becoming accustomed to the general use of electricity. The ungainly cyclist pedals his laborious way; the telephone operator querulously demands time while he performs the new scientific miracle of giving the subscriber his call. The new mind of the age of instruments—an age as important as when man discovered the use of his hands—has not yet arrived. In New York it is more native; here Americanism is a gospel. The speed at which life is lived, the delicate inter-connectedness of the vast social whole—a pure artifact of civilization—demands a high intelligence of its citizens in order to succeed, in order to steer their way in the complexities of this science-built world, in order not actually to imperil their neighbors, in order to survive. Stupidity is not merely a misfortune or a fault; it is easily a crime. To the thoughtful man a wasteful inefficiency is obviously a sin. Even the criminal must possess a certain Mephistophelean intelligence and daring in order to effect his ends. This is not a civilization in which the individual can be permitted to jay-walk in the streets. Inefficiency cannot be condoned in the name of an erratic individuality, since it is an active offense against others. The man is but the human part of the machine; and that machine is a social order, of which tools and men are alike instruments. This subordination of the

individual to the entire reasonable law and requirements of a technical organization, comprehensible in terms of natural science, is not socialism; it is just civilization.

### III

The vast dimensions of America have provided a stimulus for the inventive imagination. An age of physical expansion and of new boundaries is an age of prowess of spirit. The wealth of the twentieth century has given the opportunity to adventure and experiment in the realm not only of space but of science. But, although the works of this new spirit are especially to be seen in America, its best-known prophets, such as Mr. Wells and Mr. Haldane, are not American. And, although psychology not so long ago was known in certain English universities as "that American science," psychology and the social sciences will not be limited within the confines of America any more than will American architecture or American engineering—although their development is the academic counterpart of the practical conditions of American life. To denounce this civilization is to denounce not a country but a way of life. How far such theories as the pragmatism of James and the instrumentalism of Dewey in philosophy, the behaviorism of Watson in psychology, the pluralism and realism of Laski in politics are not self-sufficient reasoned systems but the expressions of this new fact in various fields of the mind, it is impossible here to discuss.

We have here a civilization no longer concerned with its soul or its sins, or the life temporally hereafter or spatially yonder, or dwelling upon the pathetic mysteries of life. It is a this-worldly civilization, a civilization, moreover, very frank in matters of the flesh, a secular, matter-of-fact civilization—and, therefore, not unnaturally, to some minds, a civilization of the devil. The plain business man finds a sufficient creed in making a good job of the busi-

ness actually in hand, and by this creed he has actually come to live. Unconsciously he goes back to the ancient belief that the chief test of virtue is excellent workmanship, although he scarcely admits so much to himself, still less states it to his pastors and masters. He would be a surprised man were one to congratulate him on relieving the Occidental world of the incubus, which has hitherto weighed it down, of Aristotelian teleological conceptions. In practice he lives his philosophy, but no philosopher, not even perhaps Mr. Dewey, has yet come to cast it into a formula of words. The American is concerned with the means which lie under his hands and for which he is responsible, not with the final principles, of which the realization lies beyond his ken. He is concerned with the efficient performance of the job of which the details come within his immediate experience, and not with acting in conformity with the ideal of the best possible society which he does not know. American "idealism," in the sense of romanticism, appears to the European mind to be vague and impracticable. And rightly, for it is the American mind at play and in reaction against its dominant self. The methods of the American are experimental; his test is that he discovers how to suit himself to the claims made upon him by the society in which he lives. He is a social animal intelligently doing what is expected of him in a society which is entirely of this world. Were he not so engrossed in business, were he not content to be an intelligent co-operator, this vast social machinery of a swift-moving civilization would halt, jam and break to pieces. It is the civilization of man as a worker.

That critic is dull who supposes that such a civilization lacks, in the genuine sense, idealism or requires an apology. It supremely is a rational civilization, born not of the bondage of man to matter, but a fruit of his own intellect. As the distinguished Chinese scholar Dr.

Hu Shih recently said, a spiritual civilization is not one of famine and of the man-drawn rickshaw and of obvious bondage to material needs, but a civilization marked by man's conquest of Nature. It is one in which he is free to use or abuse those means of which he is master. For some time China has been looking to America for that instruction which she thought was all that the West had to give—technical knowledge. The mistake has been discovered and the inner significance of a new kind of civilization has been caught. The ancient East looks to the modern West for a new interchange of views. Both America and China believe not in the philosophy of "ends," which the European mind learned from Aristotle, but of "the process." Perhaps the East may look over the head of Europe, were Europe to show that it has neither the richness of what is ancient nor the savor of what is modern.

America need not trouble herself unduly with European criticism, save in so far as Europe may still happen to be a better exponent than are some of her self-constituted defenders of the great Hellenic tradition of moderation of manners, balance of life, and deliberation of judgment. Along with the other English-speaking peoples America is building up a civilization of which the center is not Europe.

The future of civilization depends upon what happens when the East learns from America the technic which brings the confident spirit of material conquest, and America learns from the East a pessimism perhaps only too congenial to the rational and scientific mind. Were he to ascend into a high place and view the civilizations of mankind stretching eastward and westward to the horizon and end of time, an American, we suspect, might return more inclined to expend his energies upon Americanizing America than upon troubling his soul about the witticisms of European critics.





# THE BEHAVIORIST LOOKS AT INSTINCTS

BY JOHN B. WATSON, PH.D., LL.D.

**W**HAT is the truth about instincts? Do humans have them or don't they?

The view most widely held to-day goes back to Darwin. Since man and the lower animals have had a common *descent* they must be a lot alike. We see the beaver, even at a youthful age, gnawing down trees and constructing a dam. We see young birds mated for the first time and without previous experience building a nest of the same material and according to the same general plan as their parents. We see young dogs six months of age swim when dropped into water for the first time as though they had had special training. We find young ducks and geese at home in the water after the first few minutes; but young chicks, although they stay on top for a short time, soon become waterlogged and sink. There seems to be almost no limit to the number of examples of so-called *instincts* in animals lower than man.

Now, since man has had an evolutionary history, we should expect to find in him any number of instincts similar in many respects to those we find in animals. The *a priori* ground is strong.

William James crystallized the whole thing for us. Looking over the behavior of adults and young children, he finally arrives at a list of human instincts. This is his list—climbing, imitation, emulation, rivalry, pugnacity, anger, resentment, sympathy, hunting, fear, appropriation, acquisitiveness, kleptomania, constructiveness, play, curiosity, sociability, shyness, cleanliness, modesty, shame, love, jealousy, parental love.

The notion that man has instincts similar to those of animals fits in with the Darwinian theory quite closely. It did not occur to Darwin and James that the actual facts could be different and at the same time offer no difficulties to the Darwinian theory of descent. To-day every biologist and every behaviorist believes in descent—believes that man has had a long evolutionary history which started with the slime—no one liberally educated to-day believes that man was a special creation. Just how the family history tree will finally be worked out is possibly not yet clear; but the admission of complete belief in descent does not commit us in any way on the subject of the inheritance which will belong to each new variant from the parent stock. Suppose our nearest phylogenetic ancestor were the monkey. Until the mutant man appeared no one could have predicted what his hereditary equipment would be like. Suppose the evolutionary process is still not complete—suppose that through some chain of biological factors man should become once more a mutating stock and should suddenly throw a variant with *wings*. No one could predict what the birth equipment of this bird-man (*homo-avis*) would be like. No matter what his birth equipment should turn out to be, it would not alter the fact that he descended from man just as man has descended from some more primitive stock.

Now, all this has bearing upon the instincts of the 1927 man. Just because he has had an evolutionary history is no proof that he must have instincts like the

stock from which he sprang—assuming for the moment that animals have instincts. Only daily observation upon the newborn infant and the continuation of these observations during the early years of childhood will enable us to decide whether man has more instincts than brutes, fewer instincts than brutes, or no instincts at all. Darwin and James had no real data upon which to base their conclusions.

But this is not the whole story of the prevailing theory of instincts. Man not only has a body—he has a “mind,” so the biologists assert. If his body has had an evolutionary history so also has his mind. We should expect to see, then, from this view “mental” traits in humans like those in animals. Our literature is shot through with such allusions. His mind has the “cunning of the brute” and the “slyness of a fox.” His mind is brutal, cruel, ferocious—all such allusions show our mental kinship with the brute stock from which we sprang.

And, furthermore, if we inherit many of our mental traits from our primitive brute ancestors, how much more close is the inheritance from our human fathers and grandfathers? Reasoning thus by analogy, both biologists and laymen have built up a seemingly incontrovertible argument for the inheritance of so-called mental factors and potentialities, “His talent was inherited from his gifted father”—“He is a statesman coming from a long line of statesmen”—“His musical ability was inherited from his mother.” How often we hear it! The inheritance of “disposition,” “talent,” “special abilities,” “mental alertness,” “temperament.”

The belief in instincts and of inheritance of mental traits in man has been strengthened in the popular view by the propaganda of the eugenicists. They have made many observations upon gifted families and they conclude from their findings that “talent” does run in families—that such things as mathematical ability, musical ability, and artistic and literary ability are handed

down from parents to children. They go farther and hold out the hopes that by intermarriage of the gifted we can finally build a race of Nietzsches—only these supermen and superwomen will be bred for art, industry, and science, and not for war. This belief of the eugenicist will ultimately tamper with the mating of men and women and is more dangerous than bolshevism.

Based upon the belief in the inheritance of family traits we have built up for ourselves—we fortunate ones (!)—a pretty world of F F V's, my family, my ancestry, my Nordic blood, of superior and inferior races. We like to view the world through these rose-colored glasses if we happen to be allowed to wear them—nor shall we be especially grateful to the one who changes the color of our lenses.

This belief in heredity of traits and capabilities has become a part of our mores—ground into every generation by family and religious training. It is a device which enables us to shut our eyes to the present and to our responsibility for the present. It is a clever but un-verbalized device (the Freudians would call it unconscious) for living forever. It is hard for most of us to believe when we are dead that we are dead all over, like Rover. Some of us may boast of the fact that we are irreligious and even claim that we do not believe in a life after death—but we soothe the personal hurt of this by believing and teaching that we as individuals will carry on in our children just as our parents have carried on in us. Our traits, our emotional equipment, our vocational equipment, we believe, find expression in the lives of our children. We hate to give up. We hate to die. We can't believe there will ever come a time when our impress is lost to the world. Such an attitude finds full expression in a headline to an advertisement I once saw, “Why does every father hope that his firstborn will be a son?” or in the law of primogeniture in European countries. This law is at heart partly a psychological law and does not depend wholly upon property



and succession to title. Psychologically, it means that my firstborn will be born when I am young and lusty—when I am in full possession of all my perfections. Therefore, he, above all the children which I may beget in my later years when my powers may have waned, will be endowed with all my characteristic and perfected talents.

Another thing this belief does for us—if we have had children and failed with them, as most of us have, it provides us with an escape mechanism. If the “bad” child has inherited all these things from his mother’s family (if the husband is seeking to clear his side of the family) why should the husband be blamed? It is just nature, and nature is so much stronger than nurture!

This, stripped of its unessentials, is the reason for our unbounded belief in the inheritance of “mental traits,” “dispositions,” “capabilities,” “tendencies,” and “special abilities.”

## II

Now what are some of the unpleasant facts the behaviorist believes he has uncovered?

The behaviorist finds that the human being at birth is a very lowly piece of unformed protoplasm, ready to be shaped by any family in whose care it is first placed. This piece of protoplasm breathes, makes babbling, gurgling, cooing sounds with its vocal mechanisms, slaps its arms and legs about, moves its fingers and toes, cries, excretes through the skin and other organs the waste matter from its food. In short it *squirms* (*responds*) when the environment (inside or out) attacks it (*stimulates* it). This is the solid observational rock upon which the behaviorist’s view is founded. He says, “I find none of the instincts listed by James.”

The eugenicist, the biologist, and the old-time psychologist say, “Yes, yes, but you have observed the child only for the first two or three years of infancy. Most of these instincts, all the traits and

inherited talents and capabilities show up at a later age.” The behaviorist retorts, “Well, if I have observed them only for the first years of infancy, that is just so much longer than you have observed them—you have never observed them at all. Consequently the burden of proof rests upon you. You must at least go back to infancy to find out what the material is made up of that you are going later to observe.”

And this is the whole point—*conditioning*—*nurture* not nature starts so early that the biologist and the eugenicist have had no opportunity to make valid observations. The behaviorist cannot doubt that the first two years of infancy are enormously important in shaping the child. If no record of the first two years of infancy has been kept, scientific observation is impossible. Every biologist knows how impossible it was to make accurate observations upon Burbank’s plant material—it was all too mixed up—too many things had been done to it which were not accurately recorded. Trying to observe a human child two years of age whose daily record was not kept is like trying to figure out the family history of a new variety of primrose by looking merely at the flower. By the end of his second year the child’s temper is well organized; his vocational slants, his character, his fears, his positive bent toward things—toward pencil, paper, chalk, carpentry, water, social relations—has been so slanted that only a divine being could unmake him and give him over to the biologist as new material fit to watch for the unfolding of family traits.

So when the experimental evolutionist and the mental testers—the latter are even predicting the future genius on the basis of the six-year-old test—tell us that their studies of gifted families show that “gifts” are handed on to children in a greater percentage than the laws of chance would call for the behaviorist laughs. He sees in their claims only a perfect proof of his own theories. For where but in a musical family would the

young infant get the pattern responses for becoming musical? Where but in the family of the architect would the infant get those early slants that would make for architecture; and where but in the family of the neurotic and psychopathological would the youngster of four learn to say, "I have been coughing all day. I feel sick and I don't think I ought to go to school to-day"? Where but in the family of the artist would he get training in the handling of color, size, shape of objects, and the neurotic training that goes into the make-up of the artist (the latter by no means a necessary part of his equipment)?

But why are only some of the children of the gifted gifted? The reasons are not far to seek. I often talk to artists about this. "My daughter who looks like me has a marvellous sense of rhythm and proportion—she started early to show this. She really did good things when she was four. She even moves objects around the room in the same jerky way I do. I've never tried to teach her anything. You can't make me believe she hasn't inherited something (!) of my gift and talent. My son who looks like his mother won't touch a brush or pencil; he hasn't a single movement like mine and yet they have grown up in the same environment." It is unkind to tell this artist that he has a strong fixation on his daughter—that almost from infancy he has found (or better, built up) in her what he has not found in his wife; that his wife hates his profession and by hook and by crook will die before she will see the son follow in the footprints of her husband.

Is there nothing then in heredity? How absurd. Certainly there is. We are born men not kangaroos. We are born with two eyes situated close together, not like fowls and horses where the two eyes, except for a narrow range, never view the same object at the same time. We have two arms, two legs, ten fingers, and ten toes. Because of this structure there are some things we can more easily learn to do than other

animals. Our fingers are more mobile than our toes. We learn to do things with fingers rather than with toes for no other reason. If we are unlucky enough to be born without fingers we learn to write, pound a typewriter, and to draw with our toes. If we are unlucky enough to be born with only one arm we can never learn to be ambidextrous. If we are born without certain chemical constituents in our retinas we can never learn to react to monochromatic lights (make responses to different colors). If we are born with certain deficiencies in our ears we may never react to different wave lengths in the air (tone deaf, tone islands, etc.). If we are born without eyes we can't react visually. If we are born without certain brain equipment we may not be able to learn even the simple acts of caring for ourselves (so-called defectives).

The behaviorist admits all this but he says, contrasted with what the human infant has to learn (be conditioned to), it is all *unimportant*. Take any newborn American youngster into the interior of China and give him over to the exclusive care of a Chinese family, and he will develop flawless Chinese, wear a queue, worship his ancestors, eat with chop sticks, sit on a mat. He will learn the Chinese scale of music (very different from our own since they have a smaller number of notes than we have), develop very different rhythms and accents in music than we have in the West. What has become of his Western trait inheritances from his jazz-proficient piano-playing mother and from his cubist modernist-in-art father? Gone like the snows of yesteryear. His behavior, his capabilities, what he will do will be determined by his family life—by the patterns he finds there, by the accidents of that environment, and by the special emotional fixation of the one or the other of his (adopted) parents.

The behaviorist is a matter of fact, common sense kind of fellow. He asks us to come back to earth and the child as he is.



On the basis of his experiments, he argues somewhat as follows: I find that I can take these squirmings of the newborn—his unorganized finger movements, the movements of his arms, legs, feet, and toes, the squirmings in his trunk and weave them into highly complicated acts of sport, of skill, such as driving a nail with a hammer, carving with a knife, shooting with bow and arrow or tennis playing, climbing, crawling, running, and walking. I can take the squirmings of the throat muscles and weave them into those highly organized acts we call talking and singing (and, yes, even thinking). I can take the infantile squirmings of the gut—the unstriped muscular tissue of the alimentary tract, diaphragm, heart, respiration, etc.—and actually organize them into complicated emotional responses we call fears, loves, and rages.

The behaviorist asks for nothing to start with in building a human being but the squirmings everyone can see in the newborn infant.

He goes even farther and says, Give me just one hundred "squirmings" of fingers, hands, legs, toes, and trunk and let me tie them together by my methods and I shall have more than enough. And here he calls our attention to a very simple rule in arithmetic. How much is *factorial* 4? Why it is  $4 \times 3 \times 2 \times 1 = 24$ . Now, since he can combine the 100 squirmings in as many ways as he pleases, the total number of such combinations of possible responses will be factorial 100. Have you ever tried to work out factorial 100? Well, it is a colossal, stupendous number. If any human being possessed factorial 100 responses he would have so many that he could not run through his repertoire of responses if he lived to be as old as Methuselah. Take language for example—you think you use almost a limitless number of words. As a matter of fact, few of us adults use more than 18,000 words. Most of us get along on less than 2,000, many get along on 500 to 800 words. Society in America as we have it to-day

calls upon us to possess such a simple set of adjustments. Our accomplishments, even our words and sentences, are so limited and stereotyped that you can pretty well predict what the majority of men and women are going to say and do in most situations. We are so stupidly uninteresting. We stop the organizing of these squirmings just as soon as we can get along in the group we live with—just as soon as we can earn some kind of living in this land of milk and honey where a living is so pitifully easy to obtain.

If the world were to be covered with water to a depth of six feet and all tools and lumber were cleared away, we should soon organize our latent squirmings into climbing, and from climbing to hopping and swinging from branch to branch in trees (assuming that there were trees). Think how quickly our vocational and emotional equipment would change. There is no mystery in building the human being into as complicated an organism as he is—the mystery is that we let him go on living with the simple set of responses he has when he has within him (no miracle stuff!) such possibilities for greater organization. That is one of my quarrels with society. We let the individual stop at the  $12 \times 12$  multiplication table. We let him get away with rotten tennis, unscientific and unsound business methods, with conversation at the level of a moron. There used to be a guild system where perfection of hand and finger responses was called for, almost up to the physiological limit of the individual's ability. Think of the tapestry that used to be woven, of the fine laces that used to be made, of the carvings that even the boys could make. And in the vocal field remember that once every troubadour was a virtuoso. This is not a cry for the good old days. It is not a wail that we have degenerated in eye, hand, and muscle. Not at all—the stuff is there crying to be whipped into shape. It is a cry for getting some kind of shock or punishment in the environment which

will force all of us to develop to the limit of our capabilities. I have an undying respect for what we can do with that squirming mass of protoplasm we call the human infant.

Only in one field do we keep the guild spirit—and that is in science. There Herculean tasks are done, and every generation sees finer and finer technic, greater and greater skill in the control of eye and hand.

In short, the cry of the behaviorist is, "Give me the baby and my world to bring it up in and I'll make it crawl and walk—I'll make it climb and use its hands in constructing buildings of stone or wood—I'll make it a thief, a gunman, or a dope fiend. The possibility of shaping in any direction is almost endless. Even gross differences in anatomical structure limit us far less than you may think. Take away man's hands and I will make him write, use a typewriter, drive an automobile, paint and draw with his toes. Cut off his legs and paralyze his trunk muscles so that he will be bedridden but give me only his hands and arms, and I'll have him playing the violin, writing, and doing a thousand other things. Make him blind and he can still play ice hockey, shoot with some degree of skill, read and write, sculpture and earn his living in a thousand different ways. Rob him of his ears at birth and I can teach him to carry on a conversation with you by watching you speak. Make him a deaf-mute and I will still build you a Helen Keller."

With these facts before us we have the answer to the oft reiterated assertions of the eugenists—that since measurements show that there are slight differences in body and brain structure between individuals these anatomical differences must make a difference in the way the newborn starts out. No, the burden of proof is on the other shoulder. In the light of what we know we can do with the human infant (and undo and spoil) at an early age, we are no longer willing to make accurate observations upon it.

Heredity in the sense both of instincts and of inborn traits, dispositions, capabilities, tendencies, constitution must go until other facts are produced to substantiate it.

### III

Numerous weighty objections are raised against the behaviorist's view that men are built, not born. The first is "here are two children born and brought up in the same environment—by the same parents—surrounded by the same neighbors. They eat the same food and dress in the same kind of clothes. Their capabilities, talents, dispositions, bents, and slants are totally different. How do you account for this? There must be something in heredity after all." Let us take an actual case: here are two brothers living in the same home, only a year or two different in age, born to parents sophisticated in child-nurture. Treated as nearly alike as possible, one gets tonsilitis, has numerous colds, has to stay in bed frequently, finally has to have his tonsils out and a birthmark removed. He goes to the hospital, sees the nurses in white, hears a man called "doctor." He has to undergo an operation under ether. For months and months the sight of a woman in white terrorizes him; anyone called a doctor coming into the room raises a cry. Here are two little girls brought up in the same home with the same environment, one at the age of six receives a sex shock that conditions her towards boys and men for months and possibly for life.

Fathers and mothers cannot react to two children alike; they cannot treat the second child as they treat the firstborn. Identical twins, almost indistinguishable by sight or voice, come the nearest to having the same environment. Unless an accident such as an illness occurs to one and not the other, they will show closely similar behavior. But if the children are separated at an early age and brought up in widely different homes their organization is widely different.



The same-environment-but-different-traits objection breaks down because there is no such thing as same environment.

Another argument often advanced as an annihilating one is that there is such a thing as an inferior race. "You have to admit" say its proponents (which includes many biologists), "that the southern negro coming out of darkest Africa and falling under the influence of the cultured Southerner showed no rapid steps in the putting on of culture—surely here the influence of heredity shows up. The negro is an inferior race and will always remain one." Many of us now realize that this is a completely unproved statement. The negro has never been given a chance to develop. If you sent each and every negro to Harvard and then through law and medicine and gave him a year for travel and a million dollars a year income, he would still not have an equal chance. Even in Boston or in Washington the negro would still be a negro—he would still be made to feel his inferiority. There is a sporadic attempt in New York on the part of a sophisticated group to lionize the negro; they go to the Harlem night-clubs, eat and drink with him on a plane of social equality, ask him to their homes, and in general wine and dine him. But let one negro try to marry a son or daughter of any member of this clique and the devil's to pay. In Jamaica and on the Continent there is less of the social barrier, and the negro consequently has more nearly an equal chance with the white. Why, then, didn't he develop in Africa where he was king? Because where food, sex, and shelter offer no problems there is nothing in the environment to force the trial and error movements that lead to discovery. Even white races dwelling in the tropics slow down.

This argument is varied somewhat by certain biologists when they begin to argue for the difference in brain weight between the cultured European and the savage. The truth is that, regardless of

status of culture, brain weight is proportional to body weight. The savage has a small brain weight because he has a small body. The cultured European woman has about the same brain weight as the Australian bushman because on the average she has the same body weight. She has a smaller brain weight than her lord not because she has any less "intelligence" than he has but because her body is smaller.

#### IV

Since the behaviorist doesn't believe in instincts what does he put in their place? How does he bring about organization in the simple squirmings of the infant. He does it by *conditioning*. Let us use some homely illustrations. One of the squirmings of the newborn brings its fingers to its mouth (many youngsters suck their fingers almost from the moment of birth). Rap his fingers with a pencil each time he puts his finger in his mouth, soon the mere sight of the moving pencil makes him draw back his hand; a little later the mere sight of the individual who always raps him will cause him to pull his finger from his mouth. This modification of behavior we call a *conditioned visual response*. The sight of the pencil or the sight of the experimenter's face at first called out *no response*—were not stimuli. By this simple procedure we have made the mere sight of the pencil and the mere sight of the experimenter's face call out the same response as hitting him with the pencil. Take the child's breathing—surely this is an unchanging, steady, physiological reflex? Not at all. Show the infant a red apple, it does not affect his breathing. How can I make the apple profoundly modify his breathing? A slap on the wrist from birth does cause a marked variation in breathing. Now if I show the red apple at the instant I slap him on the wrist, the red apple soon causes the same change in the rhythm of breathing as does the slap on the wrist. Again we have built up a *conditioned*

visual response. A visual object that had no kick has been provided with one. Every object in the universe thus becomes loaded or charged, as it were, by conditioning.

Without going into detail we can say, by stretching our imagination a bit, that we can take any object in the universe (including words) and make the infant flex his arm at the elbow every time that object is shown. We can take any object in the universe and make him clench his fist every time he sees it. By showing the objects serially (spacing and timing) we cause the child to display his responses in series. We call this an "act." Think of a soldier under command—"Hurrumph—*present arms*, hurrumph—*shoulder arms*, *forward march*"—each step in this act is a conditioned response built in just like the ones we build in the infant to enable it to manipulate its milk bottle, toys, etc. *This conditioning goes on rapidly* from the moment of birth. Conditioned he becomes almost at once to the bottle, to the mother's voice and footstep, the harsher touch of the father and to his louder voice, to the way he is dressed and laid in his cradle, to the light in his room. Condition a nine-months-old baby by letting him have a toy to take to bed—neglect to hand this to him some night, and you'll hear from him. Condition him to sleeping with the light on, and some night turn it off. Let someone besides his mother hold and feed and dress him and you'll see how the cement is beginning to set. By the end of a year he is almost adamant along the lines in which you have conditioned him. With me my four-year-old is a boat builder and an athlete—proudly displaying his muscle, his chest, and his ability to box; with the gardener a gardener; with his mother an automobile driver, a reader of books; with his nurse a chatterer of French;

with his six-year-old bicycle-riding brother he is a kiddy-car expert.

If you haven't had experience with conditioning infants it is difficult to realize how quickly the protoplasmic material gets fixed.

Now isn't all this far better and more thrilling than instincts? Is the behaviorist going to tear down the world by finding that, instead of instincts in the child which are irrevocable and beyond our control, he has limitless plasticity at the start? Doesn't it give every parent—every potential parent—a kind of open as well as secret exhilaration to learn that his child does not have to carry along many of the weaknesses and inferiorities he possesses? Doesn't it give every man and woman who has failed and who has attributed that failure to faulty inheritance or "fundamental constitution" a thought that possibly his or her own efforts have in the past not been quite vigorous enough?

And doesn't it make all of us responsible in a way for failures in society—for our criminals, our drug fiends, and for the ignorance and stupidity of the masses?

The behaviorist is a mechanist? Yes, utterly, but is not one piece of iron shaped to become an automobile axle, another to become the essential parts of a scientific instrument; isn't one piece of rubber shaped into a tire, another into a tube; and isn't it man's hands that do the shaping? Is there anything especially revolting in believing that man's hands can take the living protoplasmic mass we call the child and shape it according to the specifications demanded by our present social standards? I can't see the difficulty. No, the only hopeless and downright dangerous mechanists are the predestinarians and propagandists for the inheritance through endless ages of "mental traits."





## GREEN SHUTTERS

A STORY

BY MARY LISPENARD COOPER

**D**IM uneven hills, and perhaps once to a mile a few blurred lights, were all for the last half-hour she had seen through the streaming window of the train. It was tiring to stare out for long; since, moreover, the car was empty except for herself, and she had finished the green magazine in her lap, she preferred to regard her own image reflected by the window.

She looked very white and slender in her thin dress of purple wool and her small purple hat embroidered with Central-European flowers. Even the kerosene lamp caught the light of her deep-red hair. She felt that there, and with no one to compare her to, she looked quite like a young girl, not nearly her twenty-nine years. But why on earth should it matter if she looked fifty, going as she was to a strange village for ten days to attend to the business of inheriting a house from a great-aunt she had never seen? Rather, she was sure her aunt's lawyer would prefer her to look as old as possible: she had a sound if faintly histrionic sense of the appropriate for each occasion. This sense warned her against her dress in its color and foreign—though not French—style: it marked her so completely as of a group not owning land or anything else, never without the smell of cigarette-smoke, tired and eager at the same time, careless and worried at once.

The group had been amused at the news of her small legacy. Her ten days' absence in mid-April from the center of existence was condoled with,

"You'll come closer to the soil than at Provincetown in July, my dear. You'll have us a drama when you come back—another 'Desire Under the Elms'?"

Even Gerald, the leader at that moment (hair flaming, eyes hazel, poetry published in the least-punctuated magazine), had said to her, with the highly imitable voice produced by twenty months at Oxford ten years past:

"I would give many smokes to see your thin flame in that chill village. I wonder if your distant connection with it hasn't, by the way, remotely made part of you—your not borrowing, or letting me kiss you—much."

After that, because she had liked the way he said it and because she was going away, she had let him kiss her a good deal.

From her reverie about that hour she was recalled briskly by the conductor, a man with a high scraping voice.

"If you're going to get off at Sutton, ma'am, this is your place."

She hurried to pull on her green raincoat and stumbled down the gritty aisle. It was good enough to be leaving the train, in spite of uncertainty about where to find lodging in the village. She knew her own house was some miles outside it, and this was not a night for cars on country roads.

She stepped off the platform into a night of warm rain wild with a wind from over plowed fields and the floors of forests. It drove back breath and blinded her, but she turned her face to it and stood still. She was tired and en-

chanted enough to wait there, streaming, for many minutes, but a voice from the dark and a hand on her arm came at once.

"You're Miss Eve Lyman? I'm Alec Sutton—your aunt's lawyer, you know."

"Yes," she said, happy at this low young voice. "You came to meet me?"

"Of course. You'd never find the Inn. I'll take you there. Where's your bag?"

They pushed through the rain at what seemed mad speed, with the wind roaring against them. She could not turn to look at this man and she could hardly hear him. Beyond the shelter of the station it was nearly useless for her to talk at all.

They passed a dozen houses behind dripping bitter-scented hemlock hedges. What light came through closed green shutters was dim. At a place of more retired consequence and higher windows than the others they turned.

"This is your inn," said Alec Sutton.

"It's a very old house, isn't it?" asked Eve.

"Well, of course it's not old like houses on the Sound."

"No," thought Eve. "It's not like houses on the Sound."

The door swung quickly to behind them against the storm. The hall was a place of faint warmth, with the smell of baking and of clean old furniture, a place of shadows from wavering candlelight on high walls and white staircase.

She was offering thanks and goodnight to her friend. She felt the real warmth of his hand through the rain-wet chill of the surface; smiled up into a narrow face, not beautiful, of dark eyes and high-bridged nose and clear mouth a little small for a man, as if from an eighteenth-century portrait.

"To-morrow, then," he was saying, "I shall take you to your house. When should you like to go?"

"Early. Oh, nine."

"Right, then. Until to-morrow."

She woke slowly with the feeling that something had stopped, leaving stillness;

then she knew the rain was over. When she was ready she would open her eyes. The morning must still be wet: the smell of lavender in the room was only under the plowland air of the night before. She knew presently that the room was dim with mist that made it tall and white, mist streaming through the windows. She slid out of bed and went to look out. Only the dark things showed—black elms and dripping hemlock hedge and muddy road.

This is peace for you, she thought. Who could desire under those elms?

There was a knock at her door.

"Yes?"

The servant's voice, "It's eight. I was to call you."

"Thank you, then."

No hot baths in this house in the morning; splash and shock and choke of cold water from the great pitcher; pulling on of clothes still smelling of the train, swift piling of red hair, clatter of sandalled feet on stairs not meant for sandals, breakfast.

Then word came that Mr. Alec Sutton was waiting for her. A glance out the window showed no car. Did these people never tire of walking? The chance that she might be tired or hate rain was patently not a matter for their concern.

She pulled on her raincoat almost sulkily and stumped downstairs. Young Alec was waiting in heather-hinting clothes.

"Isn't that coat hardish to walk in?" he said.

"I haven't often tried." She *was* cross.

He was not to apologize for the ways of his countryside.

"I dare say not," he said. "I forgot—and have no reason to forget—how completely of the city you are. I suppose we have our own ways here."

They were across the street now and cutting through a ruddy field.

"Certainly your ways are no one else's."

The old grasses of the field fairly



sprang beneath her feet, lengthening her step. Young Alec's pace was long and quiet, but she could keep with him.

"You'll be unhappy if you don't learn to like them," he said. "But see how quickly you've caught our long swing for walking, even with that coat."

It would be honest to laugh at this lordly boy. She looked up with pointed brows and lips quivering; for the first time he looked noticeably into her eyes. Not a stupid young manor-lord:

"We've never been laughed at. There is commonly no one to see us, and *we* don't analyze. I never thought of us before you came."

Honest perhaps to laugh at the boy, but not sincere now.

They were following a path between the mountain and the clear red brook, through willows, and sumach tipped with dripping purple cones.

"We're on your land now," he told her. "This turn of the brook and this low tree mark the line."

She leaned against the tree that stood for boundary and pressed the earth with her foot.

"*My* land, is it?" she said. "I suppose the rain is mine, too, because it falls on the land?"

"If you like."

It overcame her a little that she should now be a person to own rain and stars. What did this lordship make from people? What was their difference from those owning, at most, an Armenian couch-cover, a wood-cut, and Assyrian brasses in need of polishing?

She looked at the boy to see. He held his head high and back; but Gerald could do that. His eyes were very dark but clear like rain and extraordinarily quiet; their way was different from Gerald's eyes bright and tired looking.

Young Alec had been watching the black bank of the brook.

"You'll want your man George to line a few good stones along this stream at the bends," he said. "It swings farther every year and even undercuts the trees."

"Yes," she said. "It's nice of you to notice."

Certainly she knew the difference now. While she considered the mind and ways and body of this young man—stared, in short, this human person up and down—he had been thinking of the springtime floods that cut away the land. Gerald would have wondered why she was looking at him and at worst even used his knowledge of her attention to improve an expression.

"We must go on," she said. "I want to see my house."

"Of course you do."

He lengthened his paces along her land.

After a while he asked her, "Doesn't it feel a little strange to be seeing this place for the first time—when you're going to live here always?"

Then leaving this country was not a thing to be considered. She looked at his interested face and at the gray and ruddy woods, which seemed about to stop at the stone wall ahead.

"You hadn't thought," she asked, "that I may not mean to live in the house—that I have come here only to see about selling it?"

"But you must stay—you're—"

The words were faster than his common speech. She would not look at this embarrassed boy.

"Forgive me for not knowing," he said, "that you had land somewhere else. We assumed you lived in New York."

She laughed, keeping from shrillness.

"No," she said. "You were right. This is all the land I have."

Young Alec smiled and gave a sudden deep sigh.

"I'm glad. It—it'll be good to have you here."

They came just then in sight of the house, at the edge of the wood, beyond the stone wall. They went toward it through the opening where the bars made way for them.

The house was of such a clean, dim whiteness, lying so low and long, so close to the limestone mountain backing it, that the cliff seemed part of its wall.

Indeed, the gentler edges of the cliff were made with daffodils into bright and scanty gardens; and a little stream on the face of it flowed over rosy moss to the use of the house.

She was standing beside the bars and leaning against them.

"It's a good house, isn't it?" said Young Alec.

"I like it."

They walked across the springing lawn to the garden path and went correctly to the door.

"Should I knock?" she asked him.

"It will at least be a way to call your housekeeper."

She lifted the smooth iron of the knocker and dropped it gently. To touch for the first time what was your own! She turned to Young Alec, wanting to be nearer such accustomed ownership. Herself seeking help from a young manor-lord, herself growing tearful about wood and iron! She felt fine phrases shaping for a letter to the *civilisés*; though she might be wiser to save them for a novel.

"All of it yours to take care of! You—you aren't used to taking care of things, are you?" he asked.

She felt better. "I was taking care of *myself* when you were probably in school."

The housekeeper was at the door. She was a dark young woman, small and hard.

"Miss Lyman, this is Mrs. Banks. Ella, you know this is Miss Lyman, Miss Evelyn's grandniece."

On the chance Eve put out her hand. The young woman put her own forward. The letter grew in Eve's mind: "But do not think the peasants are down-trodden. As of right, they clasp great ladies' hands."

"Mrs. Banks," said Eve.

"Pleased to know you," said the young woman. "Hope you'll find things as they should be."

As they went inside it seemed that, at least, she was finding things as they always had been.

The long living room into which they stepped was filled with the clear half-light of spring and rain. It lacked the white and panelled consequence of the village rooms. Low windows, the red and blue of old fantastic chintzes, fine black lines of dated candlesticks and andirons—made for casualness; commanded not silence nor awe, but persuaded to low voices and quiet minds for better hearing the thin and sweet and broken sound of the brook beyond the windows.

Eve turned to Mrs. Banks. "Things couldn't be better," she said.

"Y'd better see the rest," said Ella.

Eve was not quite steady on her feet.

She smiled at Young Alec. "I don't believe any of it."

"You like it though?"

"If there were a dozen other places I should choose this to live in."

Lordliness was gone; only a smile that he was very glad. She had sent lordliness away. Glorious to manage a young squire! She hunted a phrase to tell her friends how he held his head; and wondered how low she could bring it.

"Y'go upstairs through here," said Ella.

They climbed a short flight of steps that ended in a bedroom. There were windows on three sides. The front ones faced the valley and the dark jagged hills beyond.

"This was Miss Evelyn's room," Ella told them. "She liked the view."

"So do I," said Eve.

She liked also the anomaly of the room—low green-painted Empire furniture and landscape paper faded gray except for the tiny red of huntsmen's coats.

What she knew she would remember; what made her hardly see the rest of the house was that in this room, as in the one below, there was still the sound of the brook, thin and sweet and broken.

"How good to hear that all night," she said.

"I should think it was too quieting to hear for long," said Young Alec.

"It keeps me awake. George and me,



we sleep on the other side of the house," Ella told them.

When they were leaving Eve saw by finger-twistings and clearing of the throat on Ella's part that something was unsettled; things were expected. Eve's exquisite histrionic sense made her wish for the appropriate to finish this first scene of herself as gracious lady. She turned to Alec.

"You've decided when you'll move down?" he asked. "The house seems ready for you now."

She was of a class that did not plan; it could at least make quick decisions. She thought of the dark hills across the valley, the brook all night; and for reasons esoteric beyond the *civilisés*—reasons for which phrases did not come, she said:

"I'll come down to-morrow to stay, Ella, in the afternoon."

It seemed that wasn't all.

"Ella, you'll stay on, won't you? The house seems so beautifully cared for."

Red burned in Ella's face and the twisting fingers fell at her sides.

"Yes—me and George, we calculate to stay. George started plowing last week, same as usual."

"Certainly the peasants are faithful," she would write. "Nor do they wait for orders."

"Well, I'm glad of that. I'll see you then to-morrow?"

"Yes. Good-by, Miss Eve. Good-by, Mr. Alec."

"Good-by, Ella."

The spring fled with rain and rush through daffodils and hidden arbutus and red budding trees. Meadows deepened suddenly with cowslips and swamp violets. Gold leaves and shadblow foam darkened on the hills to the flashing green of birch among pines, and the rose of wild azalea. The third week of May, strangely soon for that high country, apple-blossoms flooded the land between plowed fields, and reached the hidden orchards on the mountains, where other farms had grown beside old roads.

It was not a state for people to trust. They murmured ancient proverbs about the dangers of sudden warmth. George left his supper and his sleep of nights to watch the great thermometer by the kitchen window. Eve found herself asking how things stood, and got ankle-deep in loam, making sure the corn didn't sprout too soon. There was still no time for letters; she would wait for summer and ask her friends to hear the story in its setting, with Young Alec to illustrate.

Conferences with George grew longer. He was a young man, thin and red, with a slow, sharp voice. He was not given to the flowers of speech and, if Eve was with him for an hour on the subject of the hill-orchard, it was because his words came weighted and far apart. What he thought of her she never learned, but he confided to her his plan of turning all her land into pasturage and orchard. She took the confidence as an honor and did her best to learn with him what there was to know of sheep and sprays.

Young Alec came often to her and to her farm; he could help her from the ignorance she was ashamed to show entirely to George, and spent much time doing it. He paced her fields when they were a tawny tangle and when they were newly-plowed mud and when they were striped with new green. He sat beside her fire at tea and said he hadn't read any of Gerald's poetry; she talked to him of Ronald Firbank and the Sitwells; he ordered books madly. But it terrified her to think he might believe them; believing them he would no longer have been the manor-lord she wished to show her friends, she told herself; there may have been another reason. Then they stopped talking of books and talked about each other.

The last week in May the weather turned; to a people wise in expecting the worst it was almost a relief to have the thermometer stand low in the fifties at noon and fall in the early morning to the forties so near to white frost. It was a

brilliant chill, quiet and dry. The season stood still, apple-blossoms numbed for a week but still not injured. The west was green above them every sundown, and the nights were so clear that stars could light white pastures of bluets and even the orchards hidden in the hills.

On one of these nights Young Alec came to Eve.

"Oh, it's a *night*," he said. "Forty-five when I left. It may be colder on the mountain. Let's go up and see if your hill-orchard has been touched yet."

"Yes," she said, "I haven't been there since yesterday."

As she went to get her coat (little black coat over her yellow dress smocked at the shoulders) she was thinking of that first day when she and Young Alec walked in the woods on the way to her house. "Will this people never tire of walking," she had thought; and she had wanted to laugh at a young manor-lord while she was thinking of a city where you never walked, but talked always, and sprawled on the floor because there were never enough chairs. Now she was to climb a mountain on a nearly frosty night, to see if part of her apple crop was in danger, and she had written not even one letter to the *civilisés*.

When she came back into the living room Young Alec had lifted a great slow-burning log on the fire and put up the screen before it.

"We may be cold when we come back," he said.

"I'd never have thought," she told him.

"I like to think of things for you."

He had found her Farm Bureau pamphlets and seed-catalogues. He had spent his Saturday holidays from Old Alec's office in making them clear to her. When they went to church he had found her place in what seemed a chaotic prayer book. He had introduced her to his little square-shouldered cousin Kate, and she knew Kate had tried to trust her with him. Kate was nineteen and sturdily in love with ignorant Alec. But she and the Rector's wife and the

President of the Auxiliary were bravely kind to Eve because Alec wanted them to like her.

She turned a moment on the narrow path to look again at the manor-lord who could make this people gracious to a stranger. The trees were close above the path; she could see of him only height and shadowy straightness.

"Did something frighten you?" asked Young Alec. His long pace brought him nearer. She could see the high shape of his head.

"No," she said. "I only wanted to be sure you were still there. You walk as quietly as an Indian."

"You cared whether I was there?"

It mustn't be now—wait until they reached the orchard.

"You forget I'm still not used to woods alone at night."

"I see."

His voice still rang a little; she had said just enough.

She remembered when the possible magnificence of managing a squire had come into her head—the day when lordliness left him for a moment and he admitted being glad that she was to stay. She thought she could trust herself to play for a lifetime the part of lady of his manor; perhaps even to forget, in years, that it was a part. She considered giving a school-treat every June and nearly giggled, so that she made a pointless answer to what he was saying. "This won't do," she told herself.

Now under their talk of weather charts and Andorran sheep she was wishing the orchard were nearer. She had never kissed Young Alec; the thought of his arms about her, of his fingers fitting her shoulders brought impatience of delay.

Suddenly she wondered why this should happen to-night and puzzled a little over what might have set matters off.

With their hurrying they had come now to the rail fence that held the orchard and the woods together. Young Alec



had passed her and was lifting down the bars of the gate. He took her hand when she stepped over them as they slanted, and kept it when they went into the orchard.

It was dark and white at the same time there; blossoms were chilled out of motion and scent; starlight bright as ice was far away.

The grass was slippery with dew, striking through sandals.

"It's only dew, not frost," she said.

"Yes, and the blossoms are quite safe. Not one fallen that I can see."

"We might look under each tree to be sure."

"No. I'd rather look at you. Oh—please, Eve—I love you. Let's not talk about orchards. To-morrow father's sending me errand-running to New Haven for a week; and I—I love you."

New Haven—that was what had happened.

"Alec, I love you."

It was as she had thought: his arms about her, his fingers fitting her shoulder, his mouth on her mouth bending back her head. There he let her go; they were a little shocked to see that apple-blossoms and stars were white and quiet as before.

"Eve, will you marry me soon?"

"I'm older than you, Young Alec."

"You're a baby. You didn't know enough to put lime on your fields that run to lichen and barren strawberry. . . . You're beautiful. No one else is beautiful. And you know all about people—me and great ones. Eve, I want to kiss you again."

His kissing was simple and hard. She thought with sickness of Parisian refinements on Gerald's part, and a revolted wish came over her—to be appropriate to this countryside, the thing least like Gerald in the world. Then she must be full of gentleness and deferred promise.

She stopped Young Alec.

"My dear," she said, "when you come back from New Haven I'll tell you whether—and when—I'll marry you. As to now—I love you."

Her postponement was not a sort to bow his head, nor was her final greeting.

When she was falling asleep she knew that all through marriage and age she would see that nothing bent a head so high. It occurred to her just before sleep came that now a letter was certainly owing to the *civilisés*; and consciousness left her with these words, "I am going to marry a young lord of this manor. He wears tweeds and we shall give school-treats."

She woke in the night to hear the faint fall of rain, steadier than the thin and sweet and broken sound of the brook; bright cold had gone, and spring had come again.

Morning brought sun to make green shadows, with warmth that melted lilacs into bloom and filled Eve's house with the separate scents of forest and garden.

About noon a note came to her from Judge Sutton. He asked her to his home for early supper: he was lonely without his son. She wondered if this invitation were by way of premature welcome, but then felt sure that while the village was aware of what might be called their courting, Young Alec was not a person to confide their crisis to his father.

She saw in the Judge what Young Alec would be at sixty—thinner, gray, a little bantering with strange young ladies, belonging to his land and his farms, given to long rapt talk of Pindar and Mozart and fly-fishing, with those of his own generation and profession who came to him from London and Hartford and Baltimore; not likely to travel except to Sussex or to Greece, without curiosity for any melodrama of the Middle Ages or New York.

He seemed careless of his son—Eve wanted sometimes to scream and tell him the rarity and straightness, the almost fictional simplicity and brilliance of the young man.

She wondered also about Old Alec's attitude toward Kate, whether he ever

compared Kate with her, and considered which marriage was right for his son; but she decided that he disregarded too much the flavor of people.

Still uncertain about the reason for her summons, she went to his house in the late bright afternoon as she was bidden, and a maid gave her the message that she was to wait in the garden.

For present pleasure while she waited, she considered her glory in having utterly routed Kate by sheer understanding of Alec and by *précieux* appreciation of him; in having routed Kate who belonged here, whose clear eyes and roughened dark hair and square childish shoulders were so completely of their countryside. Eve knew, moreover, her own charm at that moment: she liked the tense, sharp grace of her body, and her hair, she knew, slanted the light like smooth water.

Alec loved her shining hair—Alec—who was young and desperate eyed. When they were married his eyes should never be desperate.

When they were married . . . She thought of the Lyman Place, full of her appreciative friends: Gerald with his flaming hair and graced sentences, lounging in those rooms, lying in that grassy orchard, languid but not at rest, eager but not interested; Julia, proud of her pretty bare feet, never happy without people to listen who would presently talk brilliantly but not so well—witty people in flaring dishevelled costumes.

What had these people to do with Alec—or with this countryside? They would know it as a lovely and flattering setting, a literary thing to be written about well and not quite greatly. For a moment she loved the scorn she had found for her friends, and lifted her head in victory to the sun.

The light came slowly through the tree tops, through bright elms, down through the curved and beaten petals of apple-blossoms, through the designed high lilac clusters; light lying long on the grass between the shadows, and on the iris beds—light drawing all the scent

from the earth like mist and giving it to the evening scent of the lilacs.

Living as she was in this light, with a head of scorn, she was not quite at ease. As for this day and herself—she could not say what it was like, nor how, for the day, she ought to speak and move. She had indeed made the drenched days of early spring her own, smoothing the click and jerk of her walk to the long tread needed for fields. But she felt the need of a softer and more careless tread for this lawn; wished for a rounder slenderness, perhaps; wanted the whiteness of flowers rather than the lovely paper-whiteness of her skin; knew then, that there should be speech more subtle and less clever, quieter and more timeless, than her own. She saw that she was too much a player of many parts, not fresh enough for the day, no more fitted than her friends for the countryside—for the Lyman Place—for Young Alec.

His father was standing beside her.

“Your being here makes my garden so lovely.”

She noticed, and hated to notice, the clarity and unaccented quality of his speech; it was deep and quiet as if the land were speaking.

“I am afraid your garden is too lovely for any of my lending.”

He sat down. She noticed how quiet his veined hands were, the one on his knee, the other over the back of the bench. She would remember to keep hers still.

“I’m glad you’ve been appreciating it.”

Would she ever stop her double-thinking? Why hadn’t he said “enjoying”?

“I rather meant you to,” he went on. “I was a little late on purpose.”

She smiled with a meaning he could not know. Lucky Old Alec, not to be a double-thinker, never to guess why she would leave his son!

“That was very kind of you,” she said.

They were quiet. Then Old Alec was speaking, “You see, I feel I can trust this countryside—and these days—to save themselves if they have their chance.



And so I take it, Miss Lyman, that you decided—this evening—not to marry my son?"

She got up, not quite steadily, her hand on the arm of the bench.

"No," said Old Alec. "He has said nothing about you to me. He will be unhappy for a while; you are wise to see beyond that. I trusted this day to show you. You are not an insensitive person—you are too sensitive, among other things, for Alec. Too sensitive to atmosphere, I mean, to be a part of it, too much a recorder ever to feel without observing yourself. I have watched you here and admired you, but you think too much about us to be one of us; you would be comparing my son to earlier friends. You would be seeing yourself cut roses. You have made even me see that this is a rare place; but if it is to go on being rare we must not consider it. That is why you are going."

She sat down again, shaking and intent on him.

He was looking not at her but at his iris-beds. His face was thin as a knife but not sharp. His house was behind him, clean and old, with green shutters against sun and wild rain. She saw through the white shadowy hall to the empty street. What she saw everywhere meant the same thing, and she was tired.

The lilacs were so sweet that dark must be coming on. There was an oriole singing somewhere in that last light, a song she felt too graced for the simple hour.

"I don't understand," she said—"anything."

"I think—you do." He was looking at her now.

She wanted to cry. But tears interfered with epigrams, spoiled one's work and one's looks. They were part of scenes. She looked at Old Alec and knew what she was to be thinking about epigrams. She felt the warmth of tears and spread her little pointed fingers across her eyes. Tears were so easy and gentle that she loved them.

"Crying alone is no kind of way to do," said Old Alec. His arm was about her, and crying like that was the most satisfying thing she had done in her life; it was so perfectly the thing for the day that she missed thinking about it.

But at the end she did the sharp dramatic thing and made her going too swift for anything but the quickest packing and a note for Young Alec:

YOUNG ALEC,

I decided, you see, that your country quiet was too deep for me, and I have gone back where I belong. You have all been very good to me and I am grateful. I expect not to see you again. You had better sell the Lyman Place for me. I wish you would buy it yourself. My house will be *right* if you do.

EVE LYMAN

She had been on the train for an hour. The steady pound and jerk sent part of her to sleep, but not enough.

"Young Alec and my note—I don't want to think about him when he reads my note—I don't want to think about anything. I've been noble—sensitive."

The crowding thought would not stay back. It was there.

"If I was good enough to give him up I'm good enough—appropriate enough—to have him. I mustn't be. It's too late. And Old Alec wouldn't see. I *can't* be wiser than he. I *can't* be more of his countryside than he is."

She was losing the high pain of a sacrifice that did not matter. It was pointless and desperate.

"I will—I *will* be wrong."

She began at once, on an old envelope, with names and catchwords. Indeed, she hardly stopped on a journey she took soon afterward with Gerald. He helped her a good deal with the novel; she needed his wit often to help her make the young man an oaf and the old man pompous; he complained, too, that at times she seemed to want to leave the people out and let the countryside be the story.



# THE INTOLERANCE OF THE INTELLECTUALS

BY ERNEST BOYD

A TOLERANT intellectual is a contradiction in terms, for the intellectuals are, by definition, professional traffickers in ideas and theories, and they have a thousand reasons for being intolerant where the average man has one. The mass of men are so happily untroubled by anything deserving the name of personal convictions that they have to be stampeded into intolerance by the inflammatory appeals of their intellectual leaders. The much decried mob consists of harmless, easygoing, if not very interesting, individuals who are far too indifferent to abstract ideas, and far too ignorant of concrete issues to act upon them when left to their own devices. So skillful are the intellectuals, however, that from the earliest times they have stirred up this inert mass, and then pointed to the dire consequences as a proof of their own superiority and of the incurable imbecility and cruelty of the mob.

Just as every age and every nation has the type of *intelligentzia* it requires, so every section of a given community has its own class of intellectual leaders, who pass for its particular civilized minority. The master minds of a Fundamentalist community in Dayton, Tennessee, may not be acceptable as intellectuals to those gathered together in some college debating society in the name of H. L. Mencken; but Plato and Aristotle would appear somewhat childish, in certain respects, to a flapper whose mind is scrappily but effectively furnished with scraps of Freud, Behaviorism, and various odds and ends acquired in the

course of tuning a radio in search of a good jazz number. What all intellectuals have in common, despite wide differences of time, geography, and education, is their role of leadership in ideas and their continuous occupation in that sphere. What they further have in common is their ability, by fair means or foul, sooner or later, to infect normal people with their obsessions, and the inevitable sequel is an outbreak of intolerance.

A highly instructive story of mankind might be written under the title of *A History of Human Imbecility*, in which it would become apparent that the narrative of our adventures since we mortals were first foolish enough to leave records is simply an account of one crusade after another, on behalf of some illusion, or in defense against some bogey, of the moment. The nature of the illusion varies slightly, that of the bogey varies only in name, so that history is a monotonous repetition of fears and exaltations provoked by the intellectuals of the time; for neither could have occurred without such provocation. Hence the condescending smile with which posterity views in retrospect the alarms of its forbears. When the *agents provocateurs* happen to emerge from the circle to which they belong and foist their inferior notions upon the nation as a whole, this retrospection occurs more rapidly and without the accompaniment of smiles, but it is essentially the working of the same process which has made it impossible to induce the Christian world to rescue the tomb of Christ from the infidels, im-



portant as that mission once seemed to the best minds of Europe.

One community's intellectual may be another's poison, but that fact does not change the fundamental relationship of each group of intellectuals to the mass. Equally, the nature of the preoccupations of a given *intelligentzia* may be contradictory to those of another; some may seem to promote a desirable aim, others not. The constant and common factor is the incitement by an intellectual minority of the majority to actions of which the latter is, individually, incapable. Emotions are aroused which were latent, then artificially stimulated, and ideas, if necessary, are supplied; but whatever their intrinsic quality, they have to be administered in such a form that only scientific analysis can reveal their original composition. Then the stage of human comedy is well set for as many acts of intolerance as the audience will stand.

The intellectuals, being professionally familiar with ideas, are usually as untouched by their contact as hearse-drivers and grave-diggers are unmoved by the grief of bereaved friends and relatives at a funeral. They handle their explosives with an assurance born of long practice and the certainty that nothing can happen to them personally, that the disaster, if it comes, will happen to somebody else. Hence, for example, the slight astonishment of evangelists if some sister, more realistically inclined than the average, transforms into action the ecstasy that possesses her, and runs away with the preacher. Or the resentful amazement of Christendom when Tolstoy renounced the world and actually tried to adjust his life and his philosophy to the teachings of Christ. Hence the pained surprise of Liberals of all kinds when oppressed races or revolting proletarians put into practice the doctrines upon which Liberalism is founded. Or the indignation of Protestants who, having declared the right of every man to read the Bible and think for himself, find that their children

think differently from their parents, their pupils from their teachers.

## II

The fatal effect of ideas and the deep responsibility of intellectuals, who live by ideas, are so obvious that to stress them would be unnecessary, were it not for the current belief, even among those who do not regard themselves as belonging to the *intelligentzia*, that all our woes are due to the intolerance of mob opinion, to the stampedes of the herd mind. At the same time, when we discuss crowds we do not fail to observe that a crowd is always better or worse than the individuals composing it, and much has been written upon that psychological phenomenon. What is at the root of all this speculation but the fact that the crowd has no mind, that it is merely a coagulation of ill-digested and half-understood ideas, of chaotic emotions, which take on a semblance of shape by the process of human cohesion? After a mob has done something, the participants in the action wake up and wonder what could have possessed them, and when questioned separately they fail to account for their actions. *Cherchez l'intellectuel!* The crowd does not act until it has been acted upon.

What is known as the intolerance of the mob is merely the instinctive revulsion of the normal, healthy human animal from the poison of ideas and ideals which the body cannot assimilate. When the system is thoroughly infected, the patient's temperature rises and he breaks out into a rash. Perhaps it is a mild infection, then the symptoms are merely an illusion that he is deciding the destinies of his country by substituting one set of jobmongers for another. When the disease is serious the patient gets delirious, he has delusions of grandeur; he raves about the Good, the True, and the Beautiful; he babbles incoherently about Liberty and Justice; he struggles wildly with the political bed-clothes and tries to establish a social

millennium, only to be strapped down in bed by burly male nurses called in for the emergency. To accuse this innocent of being intolerant is like injecting disease into the human body and then blaming the victim for feeling ill.

If the average man were not the most tolerant creature alive, his life, in effect, would be intolerable. He would be overcome by the countless devices of cynical Nature to trap and fool him, to make his existence either a misery or a colossal joke. He would not tolerate a world in which he is expected to live without being provided with the vast mental equipment that is necessary if one is to make *consciously* the physical, emotional, economic, intellectual, and social adjustments that ensure a good life. He would revolt against the spectacle of himself consoling the vacuum of his mind and the tedium of his nights by using the wonders of electricity to hear "dinner music" in San Francisco and a "chiropractic talk" in Fort Worth. Above all, he would not tolerate the intellectuals who, according to his tastes, offer him the nostrums which upset his mental health. A kindly Providence so devised this scheme of things that, but for the *intelligentzia*, he would be happy, as incapable of pretending to think as of manifesting intolerance.

As well try to draw blood from a stone as ideas from the mob. Ideas engender ideals, these breed, in their turn, beliefs, and where belief is there also is tolerance, active or potential. If any particle of an idea floats in the turbid consciousness of the crowd mind, an intellectual must have put it there. The fact that the idea may not be new, or novel, or at all original, should not blind us to the fact that it was once one or all of these. If very new ideas have a radical rawness which frightens away their victims at first, very stale ideas can be even more deleterious in their effect upon the average man, precisely because he is more ready to swallow the old familiar family potion. Moreover, shopworn and hand-

me-down ideals find a more numerous horde of drummers in the various strata of the *intelligentzia* because they are cheaper and one can do more business with them. When an idea has been dead for nearly two thousand years, it may stink in the nostrils of some connoisseurs, but the average human stomach is strong. An ideal, therefore, is rarely so decomposed that the intellectual *cuisiniers* cannot cook up some seething broth of intolerance with it.

Intolerance, in other words, is a direct manifestation of the presence of the *intelligentzia*, and by the objects of their intolerance ye shall know them. The outbursts of an excited mob are merely a reflection of the sentiments of the intellectuals who provoked the outburst. The fact that the latter, being accustomed to the use of ideas, handle them with impunity, and are either surprised or flattered by the effect of those ideas on others, is not a proof, as they themselves so often imagine, that they are tolerant. It merely proves that their particular wares are of the well-seasoned variety. A child of the intellectuals can use them, but they are not, for the reasons explained, fool-proof. One has only to observe the class-conscious *intelligentzia* of a particular period, when the notions that are to bemuse their successors are in the making, in order to realize that the experimental intellectuals are a microcosm and contain within themselves all that will afterwards be seen on a grand scale, when their faiths crystallize into dogmas and conventions, and are handed on by middlemen to the masses.

To begin with a small but significant point: the intellectuals like to think of themselves as the greatest individualists, but in practice they show the same characteristics as the gregarious everyday folk whose herd instincts they deride. If they do not hunt in droves or fight in regiments, they run in packs, and their reliance upon group support is considerable. An intellectual without his group of co-operators and satellites is as unhappy as a Rotarian on a desert



island. The groups and cliques are as self-sufficient, self-important, and self-complacent as any exclusive circle which, for social or business purposes, regards itself as the center of Society. The intellectuals in such cases think themselves the center of the universe, and their action for the promotion of their mutual interests is none the less effective for being tacit, which permits them to despise the avowed pledges of mutual help in which the friendly societies of common men indulge.

As each member of an intellectual clique believes himself to be endowed with a genius, or a message, or a purpose which sets him apart and above his contemporaries, and as each clique knows the other to be a rival far more serious than the rivals of commerce, because of the infinitely smaller potential clientèle, the feuds of shopkeepers are nothing beside the rivalries that divide the *intelligentzia*. If a crusade for some newly discovered form of Liberty is started, with what speed the crusaders split into little camps, all at variance with one another, and much more concerned about their respective infallibilities than about the cause at issue. If they are, by accident, ostensibly in agreement as to their aims, with what resolution each group or individual determines to crowd the other out of the limelight. They will claim to have been the first in a field of reform with all the aggressiveness of a firm protecting a patent or a trademark from imitators.

When the great majority of conservatives the world over discovered that the shrillest and most hysterical denunciations of Soviet Russia came from the Socialist bodies and Labor parties outside as well as inside Russia, they witnessed nothing more than the chronic intolerance of these workers for the millennium towards one another. In Europe, at least, the Socialist movement is one of the favorite hunting grounds for the intellectuals, and a glance at the innumerable internecine quarrels which rend that movement will convince the

observer that tolerance is not a part of the program for bringing down heaven to earth. Even the trifling problem of overthrowing capitalism, beside which the enterprises, however gigantic, upon which rival capitalists have co-operated are mere child's play, cannot induce enough mutual toleration to create a coherent anti-capitalist opposition. Idealists are such difficult people!

The crimes and abject horrors of the capitalist press are a constant theme in intellectual circles, even in those that do not profess any interest in the purely economic side of the question. The radicals of the political persuasion insist upon the waste, the suppression of news, the deliberate misrepresentation of all issues affecting the privileges of the established order. They sigh for a free press, and shudder at the excess of advertisements and the pressure upon opinion which the influence of the advertisers represents. Yet, no capitalist publication could more drastically censor contributions, more deliberately color the articles published, more unashamedly hamper the free expression of opinion than the publications which live on subsidies and are devoted to the liberation of mankind and the propagation of Absolute Truth. They are just as reluctant as the papers they denounce, if not more so, to print adverse criticism of their idols; and since they have a mission, know that they must be right, and depend upon the goodwill of the subsidizer, the latter's whims are law, and the circumstances all combine to make the anti-capitalist press less tolerant, less reliable, and less free than the other.

The æsthetic radicals are full of contempt for the successful publications which cover their fields of interest. A popular weekly may publish the work of three or four of the best writers in America to-day. The magazines of the intellectuals will respectfully review that work when it appears in book form, but jeer at the editor who enabled the author to write it, because his cover design was not by Marsden Hartley or

Georgia O'Keefe, and he did not invite imprisonment by serializing James Joyce's *Ulysses*. They reject with scorn the fiction of Americans like Edith Wharton or Robert Herrick, in their intolerance of what does not conform to an ultra-modern æsthetic, but the contemporary prose of old-fashioned German novelists like Heinrich Mann or Arthur Schnitzler enjoys the glamour of what is foreign. The sartorial prestige of Paris in the eyes of the Rotarian's spouse has its pendant in the respectful attention accorded by the æsthetic intellectual to anything and everything Parisian.

His variant on "I don't know much about Art, but I know what I like" is apparently, "I don't know what I like, but I know a lot about Art," and so he becomes vituperative or indignant over differences of opinion, where the ordinary mortal admits that all tastes need not necessarily agree, or be bad when they do not. It is again the sense of having attained Truth, of having a sacred mission, which evokes the messianic zeal that has become the negation both of that adjective and of all sense of fair play. If one could conceive of such a thing as the rabble storming the Metropolitan Opera House or the Metropolitan Museum because of some alleged injustice to Schönberg or Picabia, the spectacle would simply be the transference to the mob sphere of the tactics currently employed by the intellectual champions of artistic freedom. Ku Klux Criticism is as integral a part of life among the intellectuals as is the Ku Klux Klan among those to whom it also embodies the decrees of divine wisdom. One bad form of intolerance deserves another.

### III

Where other people have inclinations, the intellectual has principles, so that he can never afford to be indifferent, in the best sense of the word, that is, to realize his own fallibility, and to admit that he has no apostolic mission. A steady diet

of paper and printer's ink so effectively "slenderizes" his human faculties that he can fit himself into the narrowest theory and persuade himself that he looks, not only well, but better in that guise. He sees life as a series of problems to be solved, of causes to be vindicated, of conspiracies to be defeated. His head is in the clouds, but they are clouds of theory, and for him every cloud has a paper lining. In deference to any theory in which he believes the plain facts of life must make way. He is intolerant of that wise toleration which has enabled the human wolves to build up a social order in which they can live at peace . . . more or less. He is always ready to "get down to fundamentals."

In other words, the intellectual is never tired of stripping the gilt off that dubious piece of gingerbread upon which most people subsist for the very good reason that there is no substitute; only the wrapper can be changed. When the creator of *Babbitt* stood up in a Christian church and called upon God to strike him, if He wished to prove His existence, we had a typical exhibition both of the manners and the mentality of the intellectual in his relation to his derided butt, the man in the street. The latter is handicapped in competitions such as this because he is often hampered by a sense of sportsmanship. Unless goaded into doing so by his leaders, *Babbitt* would not dream of waving a Masonic emblem in the Pope's face, nor would he rush into the home of a pious Christian widow on the day of her husband's death with proofs all prepared that the soul is not immortal. In the absence of a principle for which he is willing to make other people die, *Babbitt* has a code of sportsmanship by which he tries to live.

That code, for all its defects and his defections, is the average man's protection against intellectualism with its too frequent corollary: a lack of fair play and of that elusive practice which is known as "playing the game." It is not necessary to play the game amongst



intellectuals, since the game is based upon superstitions and conventions which the *intelligentzia* despise as meaningless. About what should one keep one's mouth shut if one sees in the most intimate matters merely material for a book or an argument? Why learn to shut up when hurt, if one can get money, prestige, or notoriety by setting up a howl? Since the airing of personal grievances, real or imaginary, is the chief occupation of certain intellectuals, the betrayal of confidences and self-pitying exhibitionism are the inevitable results. A lady whose indiscretion is known to Babbitt may conceivably escape gossip; her fate with an intellectual is to supply him with a succulent morsel of "copy." He does not respect his own privacy; why should he respect hers? Everything, from his marital difficulties back to the trifling troubles of childhood, becomes a remarkable problem, hitherto unknown in man's experience, and must be set forth with much detail and indignation. The intellectual even finds in his easy and constant violations of the Eighteenth Amendment a proof that this country is unworthy of such as he, and he departs for Paris to nurse his grudge against the Puritan tyranny of America.

At the bottom of this form of intolerance lies the realization of the painful discrepancy between theory and practice and, since the intellectual lives by words alone, he is intolerant of life, which is made up entirely of compromises between what is and what might be. He thinks only of what ought to be; and as the standard is his own sense of omniscience, he, very naturally, is at odds with his fellow-men. He revolts at the convention that is working, in the belief that we are its victims, never realizing that we may be using it for convenience, without any illusion as to its intrinsic soundness. Thus, he incessantly aims his shafts at the conventions, blissfully unconscious of his own, or arrogantly certain that his conventions are eternal verities. Yet,

as soon as he discovers that people whom he regards as inferior have employed conventional tactics in order to accomplish an object, but were well aware of the true situation, his virtuous rage is unbounded. Pragmatic intelligence should be the privilege of the superior order of men.

It is that intelligence, however, which the intellectuals invariably lack, and in that lack lies the secret of their intolerance of life. They must always be onlookers, frequently parasites on those who create the world in which the majority of men and women wish to live. Unable to act themselves, they resent the methods which make action possible and, by way of compensation, they evolve a philosophy which is essentially a negation of living. The creative impulse is driven in upon itself, or loses its drive in a sand of words. Never was this so true as in our own time, and the instinct which prompts the plain people to look askance at the class-conscious intellectuals and compels the authorities to discourage their excesses is a sound one. The race wishes to survive. The state wishes to endure. It is an instinct of self-preservation.

Nevertheless, the *intelligentzia* posthumously revenges itself. The ideas—or some of them—gradually permeate the body politic; in diluted or distorted form they emerge and are passed on through various classes of intellectuals until they are fit pabulum for the unsuspecting mass of men and women. An infection is set up and once again humanity groans and raves in the throes of that fell disease, a new ideal, another illusion, another burden which is obviously too much for the average human brain to carry. This revenge would bring little joy to those who caused it, for their ideas, their one consolation and inspiration and torture, are by that time unrecognizable. They would not even enjoy the sensation of being unpopular, so essential to their mundane happiness.

New forms of intolerance spring up from the seeds sown by intellectuals, for

the ideas that stir men to madness were conceived and born in intolerance, and they bear the stigma of their birth. The world in general knows little or nothing of the *intelligentzia* during the period of germination, and only a handful of people, relatively speaking, watches the first green shoots. Consequently, it is not until the fruits are in the hands of all men that their quality becomes apparent, when the once tender blossoms are faded flowers of rhetoric in the hands of demagogues of all kinds. Yet, the slightest knowledge of history would warn us to beware of intellectuals bearing ideals. The unfortunate crowd, embarrassed with white elephants of this kind, turns them to strange uses. But for intolerance on a grander and greater scale than that to which we are now accustomed we must turn to those periods when the intellectuals of the time had all the power in their own hands, to the Middle Ages, for example. Then, with a monopoly of learning and all the resources of administrative authority at their disposal, the medieval *intelligentzia* achieved results more quickly than is possible in modern times.

Those results were essentially the same as any produced by so-called modern

ideas, for they were the dire consequences of submitting man to the strain of ideals. Possibly the one argument in favor of popular education is that it has mitigated the disastrous influence of intolerant intellectuals, not by making the mob more intelligent, but by providing it with a way of escape. A serf who could neither read nor write and who believed the earth was flat provided the best material for the intellectuals to work upon. He had no distractions. The serf of to-day as he listens to radio talks on the Constitution and absorbs miles of comic strips is immunized against ideas, and enjoys entire decades and generations of untroubled life. His worries are purely physical and he understands them; he is saved by a thousand ingenious devices—from votes to loud speakers—from the thought of his real plight. Vaccinators, recruiting officers, politicians, pastors, tax-collectors, and revenue officers harass him with powers that Torquemada had at least the decency to invoke in the name of God. His is the tolerance that passeth all understanding. No wonder the intellectuals have to exercise their intolerance largely upon themselves!



## The Lion's Mouth



### CHILDREN'S POETRY REVISED

How the Dear Old Poems of Our Childhood  
Need to be Brought up to Date

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT HAS occurred to me that many of the beautiful old poems on which the present and preceding generations were brought up are in danger of passing into oblivion. The circumstances of this hurried, rapid age, crowded with mechanical devices, are rendering the older poetry quite unintelligible to the children of to-day.

For example, when "young Lochinvar had come out of the West," we need to know at the start that this doesn't mean the Middle West. We learn also that he came on a "steed." What is a "steed"? Few children of to-day have ever seen it or realized that the huge clumsy animals which they see hauling the garbage wagons are "steeds." They would much more likely think that if young Lochinvar had "a steed" it meant something the same as if he had a Chrysler or a Buick: in other words he had a this year's "steed."

Similarly when the poem says, "he stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone," the meaning is taken to be that he left in such a hurry that he didn't go into the garage and get his brakes tightened up.

Or let us say that "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." Who cares? Certainly not a generation which thinks nothing of reading in its morning paper, "Boy Falls in Burning Aeroplane."

It seems reasonable, therefore, that if the older poetry, the heritage of our race, is to remain, someone has got to revise it. I wish I could offer to do it myself. I fear that I can lay so little claim to being a professional poet that I must leave the task to more competent hands. But I might perhaps indicate by a few samples the ways in which the necessary changes might be made.

Sometimes a mere alteration of the title would do a lot. Thus the "Charge of the Light Brigade" might be the "Light Brigade C. O. D." or perhaps "The Cash and Carry of the Light Brigade." Then there is that melodious masterpiece of Edgar Allan Poe, which should read henceforth. "Quoth the Radio, Nevermore."

But in other cases the poem has got to be overhauled throughout. There is something in the environment which it represents that does not correspond to the life which the children see to-day. I'll give an example. There was, when I was young, a poem that everybody knew and loved that ran:

*I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born  
And the little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.  
Etc., etc., etc. . . .*

I needn't quote the rest of it. The essential thought is in the lines above. But alas! The poem is dropping out: it no longer fits. Here, however, is a revised version that may keep it going for years:

*I wish I could remember  
The house where I was born  
And the little window where perhaps  
The sun peeped in at morn.*

*But father can't remember  
And mother can't recall  
Where they lived in that December—  
If it was a house at all.*

*It may have been a boarding house  
Or family hotel,  
A flat or else a tenement,  
It's very hard to tell.*

*There is only one thing certain from my  
questioning as yet,  
Wherever I was born it was a matter of  
regret.*

That I think reproduces more or less the spirit of the age. If someone would just put it into really good up-to-date poetry—without any rhyme in it, and with no marks of feet in it and without putting it into lines—it might go into any present-day anthology.

But let me, in my own halting and imperfect way, try another one. There used to be—either for recitation or for singing—a very pathetic poem about a little girl begging her father to “come home.” The opening stanza ran:

*Father, dear father, come home with me now,  
The clock in the steeple strikes one;  
You promised, dear father, that you would  
come home  
As soon as your day's work was done.*

The scene, of course, was laid on the other side of the Eighteenth Amendment. The picture that went with the song showed, from the outside, a little tavern, or saloon, with curtained windows and a warm red light behind them. Out in the snow was the girl, singing. And father was in behind the red curtains. And he wouldn't come out! That was the plot. Father's idea was that he would stay right where he was—that it had Home beaten four ways.

Now all of that is changed. The little lighted tavern is gone. Father stays at home, and the children of to-day have got to have the poem recast, so as to keep as much of the pathos as may be, but with the scene reversed. Here it is, incomplete, perhaps, but suggestive.

### FATHER, DEAR FATHER, GO OUT

*Oh, father, dear father, why won't you go  
out?*

*Why sit here and spoil all the fun?  
We took it for granted you'd beat it down-  
town*

*As soon as your dinner was done.*

*With you in the parlor the boys are so  
glum—*

*No games and no laughter about.*

*Oh, father, you put the whole house on the  
bum,*

*Dear father, please, father, go out.*

In some cases our old once-favorite poems are based on the existence of institutions which are passing away and which are scarcely known to the children of to-day. A case in point is Longfellow's “Village Blacksmith.” In this the poet tells us that under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands, and adds that the children love to look in at the door and catch the sparks by the hatful.

All this, I fear, must be altered from top to bottom. There is no smithy now, and no horses to be shod, and no sparks, and many children don't ever wear hats. Even the old-fashioned sing-song rhyme gets tiresome to a modern ear. The whole poem must be recast to suit the times. I should propose putting it into what is called free verse, something as follows:

### THE MAIN STREET GARAGE FREE AIR

*On the corner of the main street stands  
the principal garage.*

*The garage man is a man of singular  
muscular development.*

*Children coming home from school  
like to watch him punch the gasoline.*

*On Sunday he goes to the church  
whenever any of the cars of the congrega-  
tion break down.*

*In this way he not only earns a night's  
repose but even now and then he can  
take a trip to New York, and go without  
repose for a whole night.*



And with this I leave the topic for other pens and the idea for other minds. I am quite sure that if someone in one of the English departments of the colleges would take up this work there might be a lot in it.



IF ALL BUSINESS MEN DID BUSINESS  
AS SOME BUSINESS MEN DO

BY BARON IRELAND

Attention Mr. F. P. Finf  
Mr. C. C. Whelk,  
Bibulous Building, N. Y.

*Dear Sir:*

Mr. S. K. Swatch's secretary, Mr. O. O. Olff, requests me to ask you to kindly quote us a price on six (6) gross suspension bridges f.o.b. New York, sizes K to KK.

Very truly yours,  
P. P. SNORF,  
*Asst. Secretary.*

Attention Mr. P. P. Snorf  
Mr. S. K. Swatch,  
Palooka Building, Chicago.

*Dear Sir:*

In the absence of Mr. F. P. Finf's secretary, Mr. K. K. Wimp, on his vacation, I take pleasure in quoting you, at Mr. Wotta's request, a price of \$11,000,000,000 per gross for 6 (six) gross suspension bridges, sizes K to KK, f.o.b. New York.

Very truly yours,  
ZILLAH ZOB, B,  
*Asst. Secretary.*

Attention Mr. Zillah Zobb  
Mr. C. C. Whelk,  
Bibulous Building, N. Y.

*Dear Sir:*

Mr. P. P. Snorf requests me to ask you if your recent quotation on six (6) gross suspension bridges is for cash or 2-10-

net 30, whatever that is.

Very truly yours,  
GLADYS DUNK,  
*Asst. to the Asst. Secretary.*

Attention Miss Gladys Dunk  
Mr. S. K. Swatch,  
Palooka Building, Chicago.

*Dear Sir:*

Having returned from my vacation I take pleasure in advising you that our price was subject to a 3% discount for cash, whatever that is.

Very truly yours,  
K. K. WIMP,  
*Secretary.*

Attention Mr. K. K. Wimp  
Mr. C. C. Whelk,  
Bibulous Building, N. Y.

*Dear Sir:*

Kindly ship us six (six) (6) (1/2 dozen) suspension bridges, sizes K to KK, before next Saturday at \$11,000,000,000 per gross f.o.b. New York, less 3% for cash and check will be mailed you immediately. Miss Gladys Dunk, secretary to Mr. P. P. Snorf, secretary to Mr. O. O. Olff, secretary to Mr. S. K. Swatch, having been fired, I write you in her stead at my own request.

Very truly yours,  
OLIVER GINSENG,  
*Asst. Secretary.*

Attention Mr. Oliver Ginseng  
Mr. S. K. Swatch,  
Palooka Building, Chicago.

*Dear Sir:*

Mr. C. C. Whelk has asked his secretary, Mr. F. P. Finf to ask his secretary, Mr. K. K. Wimp to ask me to thank you for your valued order.

Very truly yours,  
P. P. SNORF,  
*Asst. Secretary.*

Attention Mr. P. P. Snorf  
Mr. C. C. Whelk,  
Bibulous Building, N. Y.

*Dear Sir:*

Mr. S. K. Swatch has asked his secretary, Mr. O. O. Olff to ask his

secretary, Mr. Zillah Zobb to ask me vice Miss Gladys Dunk, fired, to assure you that you are welcome.

Very truly yours,

OLIVER GINSENG,  
*Asst. Secretary.*



### JEZEBEL

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

SOME men succumb to a yacht. Other men succumb to rare books or Persian miniatures. Mine is a vulgar affair, a mere hussy of a house.

When she first caught my eye I said, "Nay, nay, I am too poor." But her voice, or some voice like hers, whispered inside me, "I'll be saving you money. I'll wear gingham for you. I'll go to extremes in economy. . . . You don't approve of that? Well, I won't economize, but you won't ever have cause to regret that you took me. Don't you like me? Am I too old for you? Tell me what it is that you don't like."

There was nothing, to tell the truth, that I didn't like. I saw how demure she was, set back a bit from the road. I was delighted with her simplicity, her rather somber exterior, and the flood of light within. I had succumbed, and she saw it. "You'll like me," she affirmed. "I am honest. I'll make very few demands on you. This is a wise step you've taken."

Oh, the capacity for deceit in that! The Jezebel!

Everything began smoothly. She waited for the lease to be signed with her eyes cast down and her hands folded, and only when it was sealed and delivered did she cock her eye. "You wouldn't occupy a little house without doing a single thing to fix her up, would you? You are surely not of the same stripe as the previous tenants. You have taste and judgment and lots of experience, or

I'm much mistaken. You see for yourself I've been badly neglected. You hate ugliness. This brown paint in the hall. Good Lord!"

The big hall had been daubed a cockroach brown.

"But it's new," I said.

"It's horrid. It always used to be cream, and no one knows why they changed it. Couldn't it be changed back to cream?"

That terrible-meek demand made me stingy. "It would mean changing the wall paper."

"The wall paper's atrocious. You have good taste. Choose me a nice wall paper."

This was a different tone from the one I had expected, and it had an edge of aggressiveness I didn't enjoy. I became cold and reasoning.

"I'm not Henry Ford," I said, "and you are not the Wayside Inn. You are a poor little house in the country, and if your brown paint in the hall is hideous, which I admit, it is no more hideous than the brown paint in a million other halls. It must remain hideous."

"It's not even grained properly. It's just abominable."

I went silent. But every time I puffed imperturbably through the hall, a glance that contained everything in itself from a sneer to a snuffle followed me in the small of my back. Being a weak man, I did not stand it very well. So one day I said, "Jez, I'm going away for six months. I've arranged that you are to have everything you want. At the present time your door knobs come off in the hand. That will be changed. New ropes will go into the windows. The floors will be stained. When I come back you'll be as good as new, and we'll live happily."

"Do you intend to repaint the hall?"

"Everything you want, cream paint, four thicknesses. You won't know yourself."

"And a washbasin in the bathroom?"

"Sure."

"And a new stair carpet?"



"Certes."

She flashed a smile and then went demure again.

I came back, expecting a genial reception. It was genial, but my heart sank at the difference between my dreams of this house's perfections and the sadness of the reality. So I was not surprised when a certain reserve seemed to have crept into her manner. I dug under all her complexes and pulled out the rather unpleasant news that, unaware of her defects, someone else was ravished with her—a Welshman—and that, as I had only a short lease, he was likely to buy over my head.

"With all the improvements you have in mind," she said, "I'm sure you'll never be satisfied with so short a lease. As for me, it's all the same to me. They say the Welshman is simply dying to get possession. He talks of nothing else and he is constantly walking up and down the road making eyes at me. You know what the Welsh are like. He stays outside the gate, but he says there'll be no stopping him. Now they're foolish to say you'll let him have me. I know you are a determined character. I pay no attention to them. And besides, with all the improvements you have in mind . . ."

"What improvements? What's got into your poor empty noodle?"

"Why, the roof, to begin with. Surely you plan to repair the roof?"

"The roof's excellent."

"It's a very bad roof. Thirty-five broken tiles, and the chimneys all have to be reset. That accounts for the damp upstairs. And of course the damp in the dining room is a different thing. That's ground damp."

"Ground damp?"

"Yes, they forgot to put a damp course in me. It's like forgetting to put a diaphragm in a human being. Now they'll have to open me up and try to insinuate a new diaphragm."

"I'll chuck you," I said, but feebly. "I won't have you if they've omitted your diaphragm."

"You can't give me up so lightly," she said confidently. "I'm well painted for you. I'm beautifully papered with papers you chose yourself. But it is a pity that the damp is causing all these papers to peel off so quickly. It's a waste. You must see to the roof."

So it has gone on with Jezebel. She came to me in gingham, and now she wants silk and wool underwear, and four new parasols. She goes to bed with me, sits on my chest, harangues me into the night. She has a soft voice but a coarse will. I spent fifty dollars on a hand basin, and she insinuates, "I want another, just a little one, downstairs. Only cost sixty dollars. And what about an anthracite stove in the hall, and kind of an Italian fireplace in the dining room? What's a hundred and fifty dollars? You'll save that in wall paper, it's so dry."

My passion is not a grand passion. It's on rather suburban lines. But she exploits me to suit her vain and frivolous ways just as if she were Cleopatra and had cast wan eyes on the midnight Nile.

Nobody warned me of the lascivious nature of a little house. Nobody told me of the lewd advances she would make to me, the desire for German stained glass, for Spanish pottery, for a Moroccan rug.


When I became involved with her her air of simplicity fooled me. She plainly said, "You are the Master. I am your humble servant." And now she preens herself before me as if I were as servile as a looking-glass.

But that is not all. She has a new tactic.


In the dark hours of the night she says, "I am afraid of that Welshman. I don't like him. Why don't you make an honest house of me. Why don't you buy me?"

I say, "You little devil, you know I'm too poor."

And she answers, "But you've spent so much on me already. And I thought you thought you liked me."



## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### VARIOUS LOOSE ENDS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE Admiral was saying he never knew a man to love a skinny woman, but of course his acquaintance is limited, as anybody's is, and probably he exaggerated. Still, in the main he was plausible, at least. Women, taken by and large, have a propensity not to be skinny and do better to yield to it in moderation rather than to defeat it too much. Apparently, just now they look at the fashion papers and yearn to be thin. Many of them take measures to that effect, and in so doing they flatter one another by showing respect for the opinions of women rather than for those of men.

But from the Admiral, who went on talking, the next echo was that there is no man on earth who cannot be vamped by a woman. Well, yes. Time, place, and person being all favorable, there is probably no man who could not be vamped sometime by some woman, else had Nature planned in vain.

A lady who was listening said she would not give a penny for a man who could not be vamped. Certainly not. (They must have come from reading a murder trial in the papers, a great story of vamping thoroughly done.) A man who could not be vamped would be objectionable, but so would a man too easily vamped. There is that story of Joseph, held up to admiration or the contrary these many centuries as the unvampable hero. Nonsense! It does not follow that because Joseph escaped Mrs. Potiphar that he could not be

vamped. In that particular case his whole integrity as a trustworthy person was involved, and he had sense enough to know that there was nothing for him but to run for it. That he was falsely accused and sent to jail was a bagatelle compared with the other situation into which he would have fallen in his master's house if he had not escaped. A great injustice is done to Joseph by supposing he could not be vamped. He was a remarkable man—as remarkable as any ever Plutarch told of; but he was not a monster.

Talk ran on to government. Someone quoted Kerensky as saying that Russia is no democracy. Opinion was offered by the Admiral that Italy is the only democracy to-day and is the only place where labor unions really have a voice. As for us in the United States, he thought we lived nowadays in an industrial monarchy; certainly not in a democracy. But does that mean more than that, having grown enormously and come to mass production in most other things, we work it naturally and inevitably in politics, and instead of leading our brother by the hand to the polls, we get him there by organization and advertisement and even cut a melon for him if necessary? Just now, between elections, our government may seem to be an industrial monarchy or oligarchy; but wait a little. Henry Ford's idea that the higher the wages the greater the buying power and the better for business is a good idea while it lasts but, like most



other ideas, it is probably subject to jolts. People who have something definite and marketable to sell may see their advantage in a very liberal provision of possible buyers with funds. People who are sledding along and trying to make a living and live on it are liable to be embarrassed when called upon to pay a mechanic a dollar and a half, or more, an hour. In due time it would seem that there will be quite an earnest reconsideration of the purchasing power of money and a new diffusion of the idea once so prevalent that every man should be his own mechanic.

SO proceeded the diagnosis of the political situation and went on to things spiritual and how to save the world. What was salvation and what was the means of it? A lady contributed that "somehow what is true about Blackmanism ought to be said; what is true of his work and its results—not to answer lies but to show what is going on."

"Blackman! Blackman! Well, what about him?"

The Admiral and the Lawyer perked up a little. "Who is Blackman?"

"Oh, don't you know about Blackman? Blackman is a changer of men. Harold Begbie wrote a book about him, now republished here."

"Well, now, who is Harold Begbie?"

"Bless me. How ignorant you are! Begbie is the Englishman who wrote the *Mirrors of Downing Street* and who years before, along about 1910, put out a very remarkable book, *Twice Born Men*, about the spiritual exploits of the Salvation Army and how men were changed by it. Of that book we are told that William James said his *Varieties of Religious Experience* might be called a postscript to it. Begbie disclosed how a work of grace was done in very hard characters by the Salvation Army, and how these characters, born again, went around in the same bodies as before, but transmogrified as to their spiritual insides. The bodies had belonged to bad

characters and looked it. After the resident characters had changed, the bodies continued to look as before, though their occupants no longer behaved to match them. It takes time, of course, for a transformed spirit to modify the aspects of the body that it dwells in."

So Begbie having written that remarkable book about the Salvation Army, and being considerably addicted to religion and its power to change men, when Blackman turned up with symptoms of remarkable faculties as a changer, took notice of Blackman, and in due time wrote him up in a book published here under the title of *More Twice Born Men*. As lately reprinted in this country its name is *Life Changers*. Blackman is an American, has traveled everywhere, lived around generally from China to Peru, and changed men and women, more or less, wherever he has lived, and has been the subject of extensive, controversial discussion running at times to acrimony, as especially disclosed not long since in Princeton, New Jersey. The demand for religion is steady and even clamorous just now, and anybody that can put it over is interesting. We have thousands of earnest workers who can organize, operate typewriters, appeal for funds, get them, spend them. Of what can be accomplished by means of that sort we have mass production in a measure that is highly gratifying to some people and rather appalling to others, but of the ability to put over religion there is no surfeit. The demand exceeds the supply. In so far as Blackman can do it, Blackman is an interesting fellow.

The lady on the southeast corner of the table had seen him do it. She said, "He makes the Holy Spirit as practical as a telephone with a voice on the other end. Blackman does not wait for this power to drop into people's laps; he teaches them how to get it. I never had any feeling of being able to hook onto religion. My sister, who had it, couldn't make me even understand what it was about. Nobody thought it

worth while to try. But Blackman did. The Blackmanites are dead sure that each of us is due for a personal acquaintanceship with God, and they have the experience and the technic, and help you get it."

Blackman has the use of a house in New York at which the people he deals with meet and discuss religion and their experiences of it. There, too, a smaller circle of people who work with him have what they call house parties. They dine together, each one paying the cost of his entertainment. The house is the headquarters of Blackman's proceedings in New York. He does not live there, but his office is there. "He is a man," said the informing lady, "who spends nothing on himself. The funds that support his movement are furnished to him by people who are interested. A few give generously, many give a very little, but he sails as close to the wind as an apostle and often checks out all he has to help somebody."

**T**HESE doings, it seems, do not proceed without searching criticism. People who do not understand about the possibilities of spiritual changes in other people with resulting improvement in their characters and deportment look for ulterior motives in Blackman's activities. There are various theories about him, and he seems to be pretty carefully watched by persons who want to know. Since he is not infallible, it is quite possible that some of his methods are reasonably criticized, and that the results of the exercise of his interesting powers are not always immediately fortunate. But Blackman goes on his way with very little noise and no attempt to secure ordinary advertisement. Unlike Aimee McPherson, he never deals with large audiences. His faculty is not that of the exhorter of crowds. He deals best with individuals or with small companies where the talk is quite familiar.

What is this change he brings about in some people and how does he do it? What power does he use? To answer

that would carry one, no doubt, into psychology. Probably William James has discussed it, and people who read the New Testament may get light about it from that source. To Begbie, who writes about him, some ideas and processes to which Blackman imputes great value, seem unimportant. Begbie is greatly impressed with the value of what Blackman does, but not sure that Blackman understands how he does it. It is something like Al Smith and the encyclicals. He does not feel that they are important to religion as he knows it, and says they are not binding on him, and has clerical support in that opinion. That is one of the important details in his letter. Truth is, that what is important in the Christian religion as stated and defined for us at this time, and what is unimportant or obsolete, is one of the big questions of the day. It is at the root of the rows between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists and between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. Almost everyone will agree that there is a liberal infusion of the Christian religion in the Roman Catholic Church. Most people will agree that there is a lot of it in the Protestant churches; that the Quakers have it; that thousands have it and work it who are not connected with a church organization, but when it comes to details of statement about what is necessary to salvation and what is immaterial, they are apt to go up in the air.

Probably as knowledge increases and study continues there will be better understanding of these difficult matters, and as the essentials become apparent and the unessentials fade out there may be a better agreement between sects. There is better agreement now than there used to be; very much better. When it is said that there must be a re-statement of religious truth the answer is apt to be—"Not yet. We have not quite come to it." That may be a wise answer, for new definitions will not help until the substance of them has already been reached by most of the people concerned.



One thing that is coming in nowadays for revision is the old idea of God as a powerful and rather irritable magnate, for whom it is expedient to watch out. More and more people come to realize that when it comes to defining the Almighty they haven't the qualifications to do it. In spite of the mechanistic theory of the universe and everything of that sort, the belief in God seems to go as strong as ever in the world nowadays, though the understanding of Him halts, observing and speculating, and waits, not without reverence, for more light. There is an order in the universe; there are laws of life, spiritual, mental, physical. When we disturb the order or violate the laws "God is offended" as heretofore, and we suffer. But we don't express it so nowadays. Neither do we attempt pacification by burnt offerings. Nevertheless, the fundamentals haven't changed much. It is merely that we express them differently.

**B**EGBIE thinks theological seminaries are awful places for young men. He thinks that theological students should be learning about life and how to help it rather than about theologues. Perhaps some of our American seminaries do better than he knows. The best of them undoubtedly try to keep up to date.

"They do indeed," said the lady in the southeast corner. "I know one where some of the students are studying spiritism and not illicitly either, but at the instigation of their boss. At last accounts that reached me they had 'levitation' of objects and an intelligent 'control,' and the apparent beginning of an 'independent voice.' Think of that in a theological seminary! You can't say of all of them they are not willing to learn."

Doubtless Begbie would agree with Young Publius that the way to study religion is by the case system. That is precisely the way he has studied Blackman. It is Blackman's facts that make him interesting, not his theories about them. A lot of people in this world need to be changed: radically changed in their understanding of life, their aspirations, and their deportment. If there is to be peace in the world the job of changing them must go forward on a large scale. Anyone who works at it successfully, even in a limited degree, is interesting. Of course it is the job of the Churches, and they do more at it than they get credit for just now; but there is a great company of people whom they do not reach and will not reach until something happens which will greatly increase their efficiency. But still the job goes forward in all kinds of ways, many of them highly obnoxious to orthodox persons. Christian Scientists seem to make better lives. Whatever the merits or the defects of their theories, in their practice they change people, and so do other more or less organized activities of that sort. They change people and help them to live. No doubt the Unity Society of Kansas City does it. The Spiritists do it in a way—at least some of them do. It is not altogether extravagant even to say that there is something spiritual about Spiritualism, but there really is if you get hold of it. Studying religion by the case system one would run down these different activities or as many as he could, and try to discover what made them go,—what the battery was. In all of them that are any good the battery, the source of energy, is probably the same, and if you can draw on that, however you do it, you are likely to get results.



## Personal and Otherwise



IT WAS a strange freak of fortune that brought about one of the most dramatic incidents of the Chinese crisis at the home of a gifted American writer, and under her very eyes. *Alice Tisdale Hobart's* informal letters from Nanking to members of her family, collected for us through the kindness of her brother, Dr. E. G. Nourse of Washington, tell the story of an historic international episode as no one else could tell it. Mrs. Hobart went first to China in 1910 (she was then Alice Nourse) and spent about a year with her sister at Hangchow. She returned to China in 1913 and the next year was married at Tientsin to Earle Hobart, a graduate of Cornell University and an able member of the Standard Oil staff. Thereafter she and Mr. Hobart lived at Neuchang and Antung in Manchuria and at Changsha in Hunan Province prior to going to Nanking (under the harrowing circumstances described in her first letter) in August, 1926. The experiences of her early years in China were treated in her "Leaves from a Manchurian Notebook," published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* and included with supplementary material in her book, *Pioneering Where the World Is Old* (Holt, 1917); her later experiences and observations were gathered in a second book, *By the City of the Long Sand* (Macmillan, 1926).

*Mary Agnes Hamilton*, who views with some misgivings the modern tendency, not only to call a spade a spade, but to talk about spades to the exclusion of almost everything else, is an able English journalist and novelist who has taken an active part in politics as a member of the Independent Labor Party (she was a candidate for Parliament in 1924), and is perhaps best known to the American public for her life of Ramsay MacDonald, which she wrote under the pen-name of "Iconoclast."

The first story of the month comes to us

from *Charles Caldwell Dobie* of San Francisco, who left the insurance business in 1916 to write novels, plays, and especially short stories. He is a frequent and welcome contributor to this Magazine, and his work is represented in many an anthology of distinguished contemporary fiction.

Thousands of readers connect *Elmer Davis's* name chiefly with his much-discussed article, "Portrait of a Cleric." But he is also a former Rhodes Scholar from Indiana, a former teacher of ancient history, a former crack reporter for the *New York Times*, and the author of several delightful novels. Since he wrote "Portrait of a Cleric" he has contributed to the Magazine "The White Horse of Sam Parks," "Have Faith in Indiana," "Bride of Quietness" (a story), and "Remarks on the Perfect State." The man who got elected Mayor of Chicago on an anti-King-George platform is an ideal subject for Mr. Davis's satiric pen.

It is an Englishman who defends "America Under Fire." *George E. G. Catlin* has been assistant professor of politics at Cornell University since 1924, and thus has had ample opportunity to observe the American scene; but he is the son of an English clergyman, was Exhibitioner in Modern History at New College, Oxford, in 1914, and served as lecturer in history at Sheffield University, England, from 1920 to 1924. He is the author of *The Science and Method of Politics* and other books.

Is it wise to segregate young women from the other sex between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, or should the two sexes go to college together? *Edna Yost*, a new contributor who is herself a graduate of a small co-educational college, expresses a positive opinion in favor of the co-educational plan. Her outspoken article was announced as a feature of the June issue, but was postponed by an unforeseen change in editorial plans.



Several months ago *Edgar Ansel Mowrer* contributed to HARPER'S an authoritative exposition of the working of the Dawes plan. Now he discusses one of the amazing political phenomena of our time: the return of Germany to political prestige. During the war Mr. Mowrer was a correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* in France and Belgium, at the Italian front, and in Rome; for some time past he has been chief of the same paper's news bureau in Berlin. His brother, Paul Mowrer, is also an able foreign correspondent.

*Rose Wilder Lane* has written many a story for HARPER'S; one of them, "Innocence," won the second O. Henry Prize in 1922. She is also the author of *The Peaks of Shala*, *He Was a Man*, *Hill-Billy*, and other books. She lives in Mansfield, Missouri, and sojourns frequently in Albania, the scene of *The Peaks of Shala*.

There were never so many stepmothers as to-day, for now not only death but, to an increasing extent, divorce breaks up families. The stepmother's problem is a difficult one, and all the more so because she realizes—if she has kept pace with the findings of the modern psychologists—how vital to the children is a satisfactory home environment. The anonymous author of "Other Women's Children" speaks of the problem from double experience, for she was brought up by a stepmother and later became one herself.

*John B. Watson*, formerly of the Johns Hopkins University, is recognized as the leader of the behaviorist school of psychology. He contributes this month a new paper in his series upon the nature of the human mind as the behaviorists see it.

In the Intercollegiate Contest which we conducted last year, one of the second prizes went to *Mary Lispenard Cooper*, then a senior at Vassar, for "Moth Mullein," which we later published in the November number (1926). Miss Cooper, who has been teaching school in Baltimore this year, now contributes another story which further justifies our belief in her promise.

Most of the intellectuals pride themselves on their tolerance. Perhaps they will tolerate a little plain talk on their intolerance, coming as it does from an essayist, translator,

and critic whose wide knowledge of literature and candor in pronouncing upon it most of them greatly admire. This is *Ernest Boyd's* first appearance in HARPER'S since his shrewd article of last year, "Happiness in Every Box." A new book of his, *Literary Blasphemies*, will be published shortly.

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The poets are *Osbert Sitwell* (brother of Edith and Sacheverell Sitwell), one of the most brilliant of the younger English writers, who in *Who's Who* records his recreations as "regretting the Bourbons, Repartee, and Tu quoque"; and *Anne Atwood Dodge* (Mrs. F. F. Dodge), a new contributor whose verses come to us from Stonington, Connecticut.

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We welcome *Stephen Leacock* to the Lion's Mouth once more; he has been too long absent. He needs no introduction—save possibly a reminder to some of his readers that he is a professor of political economy at McGill University as well as a humorist. With him are *Francis Hackett*, who after many years as an editor of the *New Republic* has turned to writing novels and now spends most of his time abroad, having found his Jezebel of a house in his native Ireland; and *Baron Ireland*, otherwise Nate Salsbury of Caldwell, New Jersey, who frequently contributes humorous prose and verse to the magazines.

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Again, by way of variety, we reproduce an etching for our frontispiece. It is the work of *Albert Besnard*, one of the most distinguished of French artists, who won the Prix de Rome way back in 1874, soon made a fine reputation not only as an etcher but as a portrait painter and mural painter, later became President of the École des Beaux Arts and Director of the French Academy at Rome, and is now a member of the French Academy. His etchings, strangely enough, have been little known in this country until recently. We are indebted to Frederick Keppel & Company for permission to reproduce "Dans les Cendres."

Mr. D. J. Church has brought to the attention of the Editors the fact that a passage in a recent HARPER article contains a veiled yet identifiable reference to him of an unkind personal character. The Editors regret that they unknowingly opened their columns to this comment, which may have come to the attention of Mr. Church's friends.



We had no room last month to publish any comments on Miss Phillips's article, "Getting Ahead of the Joneses." The comments have been plentiful, especially from readers who insist that women are more competitive than men, and that women, either through social ambition or a desire to give advantages to their children, often force their husbands to be "go-getters" and "eagles."

One correspondent, setting forth the expenses of bringing up children in New York City, refers to the high cost of schooling, to orthodoxists' bills of sixteen hundred dollars for straightening one child's mouth, and to debutante balls which cost five thousand dollars; and shows how easily a family can find themselves spending twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year because their children are thrown with the children of people who are able to spend fifty or a hundred thousand. This correspondent concludes:

It is a well established fact that many families live beyond their incomes in order to satisfy the increasing demands of their children. They are caught in the stream and drift with it. This explains why many men drop at fifty and leave possibly one hundred thousand life insurance and no more. There is a minority of parents who are immune to this disease of "getting ahead of the Joneses," but it requires great moral courage to continue to struggle against the stream of social life. I cannot but feel that Miss Phillips is unjust in her statement "that the whole blame for the social blight produced by an abuse of competitiveness must be laid at the door of the male sex."

Another reader, who used to live in New York and now has gone to California, sets forth the predicament of the family in which the husband refuses to become a go-getter:

As no doubt you will receive an avalanche of letters from HARPER readers who are stimulated to

utterance by Miss Phillips's essay, "Getting Ahead of the Joneses," I shall write at once, in an endeavor to have my letter arrive with the Joneses, if not ahead of them.

Miss Phillips has undoubtedly made a strong attack on the go-getters, and I hope that this essay may lead to the founding of a college for men, to inculcate other ideals than financial success. My quarrel with the go-getter is that he robs the rest of us without enriching even himself.

I am married to a man who is not a go-getter, a man who takes pride in his work and is intensely interested in it, but chiefly desires to excel in the performance of it, rather than in "bringing home the bacon." He has time and interest for books, for intelligent conversation on every subject under the sun, and is never too busy to play chess or baseball with our young daughter, to go on a hike or a visit to the Metropolitan, to discuss with her history or art or enjoy with her Milt Gross's *Nize Baby*.

But—we lack the money for the very things we crave, and feel we have a right to enjoy. When Paderewski gave a recital in our suburb, the price of admission was four dollars, plus tax. We could not afford to spend thirteen dollars and twenty cents even to hear Paderewski, though the families of go-getters could. We have had to limit our theater-going to those plays we cannot afford to miss, and even then it means a curtailment of other quite necessary expenditures. It is exceedingly difficult to save money for travel, for the purchase of books, and for the French lessons which our daughter must have—not to compete with the Joneses, but that she may have access to the two richest literatures our civilization has produced.

We have learned to concentrate on those pleasures that cost little or nothing. The Metropolitan Museum has given us much, there are many free concerts, and there is always the Public Library. But now that economic conditions have taken us West, we find these free cultural advantages limited, and no public institution can take the place of an adequate private library. The new Webster's Dictionary costs over twenty dollars, and other reference books, which must be up-to-date, are correspondingly expensive. We have had to limit our library to reference books and the poets, but it is not satisfying to have to wait for weeks for a book at the Public Library and then read it at a gallop, when one enjoys reading at a leisurely pace, with the book not a fleeting house guest but a member of the family. And there are many books that cannot be read on schedule, that cannot be made a part of one's self at one reading.

My husband says that to-day there is no place in the economic plan for a family of moderate income and cultural tastes; we, who want and need the



graces of life, cannot have them because the go-getter has placed even culture on a competitive basis.

It would not matter so much to my husband and me—we grew up under conditions that afforded us travel, education and cultural contacts in spite of the modest income of our parents. But our daughter is denied these things because the daughters of go-getters have raised the price of everything. They must have their culture *de luxe*, with all sorts of expensive frills, so that riding, dancing and music lessons are becoming prohibitive, and preparatory schools seem to be only for the wealthy. Even to be sure of four years at college, our daughter must obtain a scholarship, and she complains that the subjects she most wishes to study will give her little monetary return; she does not wish to attend college to be groomed for go-getting, yet in order to acquire an income that will give the money and leisure for cultural enjoyment, she must prepare to compete with the go-getters.

Havelock Ellis, in *The Dance of Life*, says it is necessary to replace the possessive instinct with the æsthetic. We have outgrown the period in which acquisitiveness was a virtue; it leads to the competitive qualities that distinguish the go-getter, and which are to-day actually anti-social.

Perhaps the answer to this vexing question is that a woman will always prefer the "unsuccessful" man, who may be an inadequate provider, but will assuredly be a success as a companion, a lover, and a father for her children. The poverty the family must face will teach them a real sense of values—they will learn what is worth while, and concentrate on the essentials of life, trusting that the killing pace of "getting ahead of the Joneses" will eventually eliminate the go-getter.



Some would-be contributors appear to be suspicious of editors. The following note, scrawled upon a HARPER rejection-slip, is characteristic of a sort that occasionally reaches us:

Dear HARPER Editor:

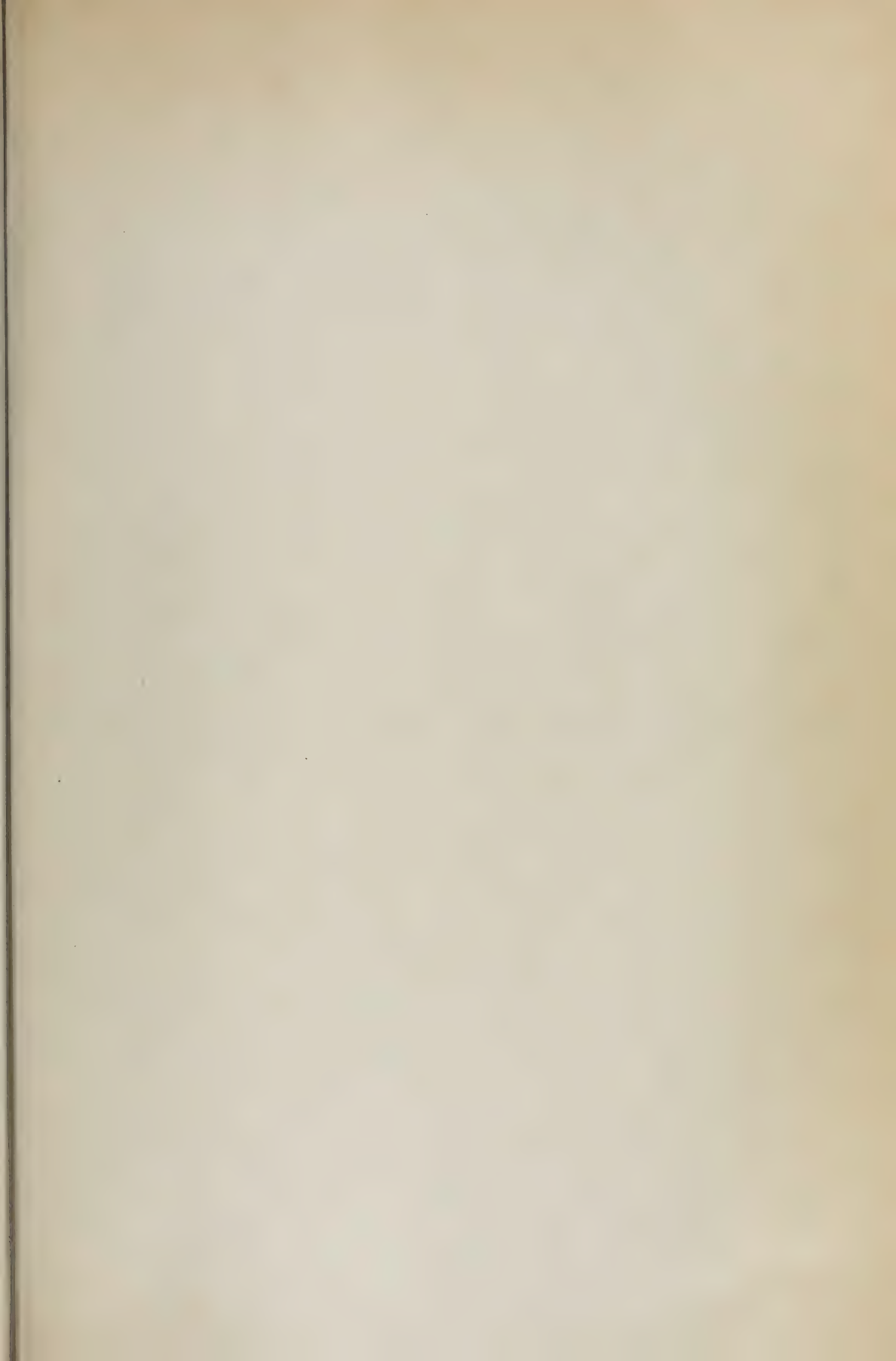
You announced in "Market Guide," "Much poetry is used (does not seem like it), which should be genuinely lyric." Inconsistency, your name is Editor.

The writer of this note had submitted some lyric poems. May we remind those who are kind enough to offer us manuscripts that we receive an average of seventy-five or eighty a day, of which something like thirty are poems; and that a magazine which has space for only a few contributions each month must necessarily make a very limited selection, eager as it may be to encourage new writers.



As these pages go to press, letters in indignant reply to "Feminism and Jane Smith" are beginning to reach the HARPER office. The first two to arrive, oddly enough, both assume that the author of the article was probably a man (which happens not to be the case). One of these two correspondents states that the article makes her see "red! RED!! RED!!" and adds, "I boil and tingle to my very toes with the contemptible patronage of the whole article and so must every other consecrated mother capable of understanding it." The other, after objecting that even as long ago as the nineties "maternity was getting to be less and less of an excuse for a long-drawn-out and, to a great extent, needless semi-invalidism," concludes:

If given my choice as to who should dictate the political policies of my country or my city, I would, by far, prefer that it should be Miss Mary Jones rather than Jane Smith's husband who, finding his opinions, decisions, and conclusions received as authoritative in the home, would think they were the only right ones out of it.







BOW LAKE

By Carl Rungius

*Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries*



# Harper's *Magazine*

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## THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICAN CULTURE

SOME REFLECTIONS IN A MACHINE AGE

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE future of America is the future of the world. Material circumstances are driving all nations along the path in which America is going. Living in the contemporary environment, which is everywhere becoming more and more American, men feel a psychological compulsion to go the American way. Fate acts within and without; there is no resisting. For good or for evil, it seems that the world must be Americanized. America is not unique; she merely leads the way along the road which the people of every nation and continent are taking. Studying the good and the evil features in American life, we are studying, in a generally more definite and highly developed form, the good and evil features of the whole world's present and immediately coming civilization. Speculating on the American future, we are speculating on the future of civilized man. If I were a prophet, I would describe that future, would say whether it was to be rosy or dark. But lacking the prophetic eye, I

can only guess. And even of guessing I shall be chary. I shall confine myself mainly to a safer and, on the whole, a more profitable task. Prophecies of the future, if they are to be intelligent, not merely fantastic, must be based on a study of the present. The future is the present projected.

Every present event or existence possesses some sort of significance, however small, for the future. If I turn on the gas to boil my morning's coffee, that means that the world's coal supply will be exhausted some minute fraction of a second before it would have been exhausted if I had not turned on the gas. And so on. Literally everything in the present has some significance for the future. The prophet must make a selection of the facts that are most significant, that will have the greatest effect on the greatest number of future human beings. Even the greatly significant facts are very numerous. To discuss them all one would have to write volumes; one would have to possess the



most varied kinds of special knowledge. Lacking both space and knowledge, I am forced to make an arbitrary selection from the mass of significant materials. I shall discuss in the most general terms a few of the great facts of contemporary life—machinery, political and social institutions, education—showing the ways in which these things affect and are likely to go on affecting the inner life of man, how we may expect them to be modified, and with what results. I shall try to show the potentialities for good and evil implicit in the contemporary facts and how these potentialities may be expected to develop into future actuality.

The benefits conferred by machinery on the human race are too well known to need a long description. Machinery has made possible the payment of a higher wage for shorter hours and less drudgery. Thanks to machinery, the common man enjoys to-day an amount of leisure undreamed of by his predecessors, lives, and brings up his family in a style which would have seemed to them almost princely. Leisure and prosperity (at any rate in moderate quantities) are good in themselves; it is right that the animal in man should be well fed, comfortable, and not overworked. But, good in themselves, leisure and prosperity are still better for what they make possible. For those who desire such things, they make possible the acquisition of culture, they permit of life being lived on its highest levels. Not that they automatically produce these blessings. It is as well to insist on this, since some enthusiasts for progress seem to imagine that wealth and leisure result in the higher life as surely as intense cold results in ice. The most superficial study of history shows that they do not. At the most, they make the higher life possible for those who want to live it. Whether the possibility will be realized in fact depends, of course, on the individual taste and the social environment.

The progress in mechanical invention

has given something more than wealth and leisure. Cheap and rapid transport has enormously enlarged the human horizon. Travel, in the past, was a luxury which only the very rich could afford. The majority of men and women were born, lived, and died in the same place. They inhabited a universe ten miles wide; beyond its borders lay the unknown. To-day even the poor can take small journeys; the moderately prosperous are familiar with whole continents. The mind is nourished by its impressions from without; to enlarge one's physical world is to enrich one's mind. Machinery, in the form of modern transport, is providing for larger and ever larger numbers of human beings a form of liberal education.

Nor must we forget the more direct educational contributions of machinery. Efficient methods of printing have made possible the dissemination of information and ideas on an unprecedented scale. Knowledge of the visual arts can be spread by means of cheap-process reproduction. Music can be recorded and reproduced with extraordinary verisimilitude by the phonograph. And every form of noise, from the political speech to the symphony concert, from the jazz band to the sermon, can be broadcast over a continent. Machinery, then, has created leisure and multiplied the number of impressions which men and women can receive. Universal leisure and variety of impressions make possible a rich universal culture. Machinery has set up a tendency towards the realization of fuller life.

## II

Now for the reverse of the medal. I have been careful to insist that leisure makes culture possible, but does not automatically create it. Machinery has brought leisure to America and the rest of the Western world, and that leisure will certainly tend to increase. But can we honestly say that this leisure has given birth to a corresponding culture, or that there are any clear signs that culture is

destined to spread in the immediate future? We cannot. Leisure makes culture possible; but this possible culture has not in fact become actual. Let me advise anyone who believes in the near approach of the social millennium to go to any great American or European city and note what the majority of men and women do with their new-found prosperity and leisure.

That increased leisure does not lead to increased culture among the leisured is due to two main causes, one hereditary and the other environmental. A great many men and women—let us frankly admit it, in spite of all our humanitarian and democratic prejudices—do not want to be cultured, are not interested in the higher life. For these people existence on the lower, animal levels is perfectly satisfactory. Given food, drink, the company of their fellows, sexual enjoyment, and plenty of noisy distractions from without, they are happy. They enjoy bodily, but hate mental, exercise. They cannot bear to be alone, or to think. Contemporary urban life, with its jazz bands, its negroid dancing, its movies, theaters, football matches, newspapers, and the like, is for them ideal. They can live out their lives without once being solitary, without once making a serious mental effort (for the work which most of these people do is mainly mechanical and requires little or no thought), without once being out of sight or sound of some ready-made distraction. The notion that one can derive pleasure from arduous intellectual occupations is to such people merely absurd. More leisure and more prosperity mean for them more dancing, more parties, more movies, more distractions in general. Most of the inhabitants of ancient Rome belonged to this type; so probably do most of the inhabitants of modern New York and London. And unless some system of eugenics is practiced in the interval, there is no reason to suppose that the inhabitants of the great cities in the year 3000 A.D. will be radically different. Machines

are giving universal leisure, and universal leisure makes universal culture a possibility. But a large proportion of human beings are so constituted that they do not want to actualize that possibility.

This obstacle in the way of the beneficent tendency inaugurated by machinery is constitutional and cannot be removed except by some slow process of natural or artificial selection. But there is another obstacle, not inherent in human nature, but resulting from the particular circumstances of the case. The machines themselves supply the means of checking the progressive movement which they have made possible. The machines give leisure; but at the same time they give what is almost a guarantee that, except by a fortunately situated and well-endowed minority, that leisure shall be misused. Machinery creates prosperity and leisure by enabling men to manufacture enormous numbers of exactly similar objects in a short time. Mass production is an admirable thing when applied to material objects; but applied to the things of the spirit it is not so good. It might be good if the spiritual wares retailed by our mass-producers of the mind were of high quality. But they are not. As things are at present, mass-produced material objects are of much better quality than mass-produced ideas and mass-produced art. The material standard is higher. A boot factory whose finished products were as thoroughly shoddy as the products of the average idea- or art-factory would go bankrupt in a few months. Everybody objects to leaky ill-fitting boots; but only a small minority objects with anything like the same intensity to imbecile ideas and vulgarity in art. The really passionate haters of mass-produced stupidity do not go to the ordinary idea- and art-factories for their goods. They are strong-minded enough to create and consume an exclusive product of their own.

But between the born culture-haters and the born culture-lovers, between the half-wits and the one-and-a-half-wits



there exists a great mass of human beings whose rather indeterminate nature is ready to receive the imprint which circumstances may set upon it. Environmental forces can push them towards culture or away from it. In the Americanized world of the present and the immediate future those forces are set against culture. A little reflection will show that this is almost inevitable. Proprietors of newspapers and theaters, directors of movies and radio companies are naturally as anxious to make money as anyone else. They find themselves living in a world in which a substantial percentage of the inhabitants are definitely haters of culture, while another substantial percentage are more or less neutral between the culture-haters and the culture-lovers and can be persuaded by judicious propaganda to move towards one side or the other. The born culture-haters are much more numerous than the born culture-lovers. Consequently, the mass-producers of ideas and art are anxious to bring the neutrals over to the culture-haters' side. The rotary press, the process block, the cinema, the radio, the phonograph are used not, as they might so easily be used, to propagate culture, but its opposite. All the resources of science are applied in order that imbecility may flourish and vulgarity cover the whole earth. That they are rapidly doing so must be obvious to anyone who glances at a popular picture paper, looks at a popular film, listens to popular music on the radio or phonograph.

The mere standardization of ideas made possible by modern machinery is in itself another obstacle to culture. One of the blessings of machinery, as I pointed out, is that it enables human beings to move about the surface of their earth with an unprecedented ease and rapidity. Travel has been, and still is, a liberal education. But newspapers, the radio, and elementary education are making all human beings more and more alike. One can anticipate a future in which men will be able

to travel round the world without finding an idea or a custom different from those with which they are familiar at home. In 3000 A.D. one will doubtless be able to travel from Kansas City to Peking in a few hours. But if the civilization of these two places is the same, there will be no object in doing so.

There is another way in which machinery adversely affects culture. It removes man's incentive to amuse himself. In the past when people needed recreation they were compelled to a great extent to provide it for themselves. If you needed music you had to sing or play an instrument. If you wanted a pictorial record of some person or scene you had to draw and paint. If you lived in a village or out of the way town and wanted drama you had to act, yourself. To-day you need do none of these things. You turn on the gramophone or the radio when you need music; you click your Kodak when you want a picture; you go to the village movies when you want drama. Recreation is provided ready-made by enormous joint-stock companies. The play-instinct, which found active expression in the past, is now passive. In the days before machinery men and women who wanted to amuse themselves were compelled, in their humble way, to be artists. Now they sit still and permit professionals to entertain them by the aid of machinery. It is difficult to believe that general artistic culture can flourish in this atmosphere of passivity.

### III

Our final conclusion about machinery must be something like this: Machines have already greatly diminished human drudgery and increased prosperity and leisure, and there seems to be no reason to suppose that they will not continue their beneficent work. We may look forward to a future when the ordinary man and woman will be able to lead a life almost as free and leisured as that led in the past by the masters in a slave-owning society.

Giving leisure and wealth, machines make general culture possible. There can be no doubt that many people, who would otherwise have longed in vain, are now permitted, thanks to machinery, to satisfy their longing for culture. On the other hand, there are many more people for whom leisure and prosperity mean merely more opportunities for leading not the higher, but the lower life. Machinery makes culture possible but does not necessarily produce it among those who do not want to have it.

Finally, machinery makes it possible for the capitalists who control it to impose whatever ideas and art-forms they please on the mass of humanity. The higher the degree of standardization in popular literature and art, the greater the profit for the manufacturer. The economic policy of the mass-producers of spiritual goods is to secure the greatest number of buyers for the fewest possible products. Their tendency, therefore, is to disseminate ideas and art of the lowest quality. For the lowest will be enjoyed by the huge culture-hating section of the population, while the neutrals between active culture-haters and active culture-lovers can be driven by propaganda and suggestion (made practicable by machinery on a hitherto unprecedented scale) to accept the lowest. There seems to be no reason why this state of affairs should change for the better in the immediate future. The tendency of what may be called the spiritual industries is to coalesce into great combinations. Iron, oil, and textiles are controlled by a few great trusts. The same is coming to be true of newspapers, the cinema, the radio, the phonograph. The great trust eliminates small individual ventures and aims at securing the maximum number of customers for the fewest products. Hence, its advantage is always to produce what is lowest.

The American political and social scene reveals the same conflicting tendencies towards good and bad. America started life with a clean slate. The Old

World inherited from its past history a burden of monarchies, aristocracies, and established religions, whose utility, though once indisputable, has been for the last two hundred years steadily diminishing. Some sort of a case may be made for all these traditional institutions. But it would be true to say that, in the modern world, they are a source of more harm than good. Those who doubt it should read Ludwig's biography of Kaiser William the Second. It is a really terrifying book. Americans may feel profoundly thankful that their history has spared them the calamity of being ruled by such a man. The inappropriateness to modern conditions of the surviving medieval institutions has been everywhere realized. For the past half-century, and with increasing rapidity in the years since the War, the peoples of the Old World have been busily engaged in abolishing or modifying them. They have, up to a point at any rate, imitated America. But that does not mean to say that American political institutions and American standards of social value are perfect. Monarchy and hereditary aristocracy may be a permanent source of corruption; but so is plutocracy. To pay respect to a king or a duke may be preposterous and unmanly; but is it much nobler to pay respect to a millionaire? Monarchical governments have been very corrupt; but can the governments of plutocratically controlled republics, such as France and America, produce a cleaner record? It may be doubted. The great merit of the American system consists solely in this—that careers are open to the talents. Under the medieval regime dignity belonged to a more or less closed hereditary caste, who wielded power and annexed its spoils. In America anyone with the luck or ability to make money can claim the respect due to a plutocrat and can take his share in the governing class's power and loot.

The medieval system, which still survives in a modified form in the Old



World, was a hierarchy graded according to a very definite standard of social and spiritual values. The scale of social values culminated, as we have seen, in monarchy and hereditary aristocracy. At the head of the spiritual hierarchy was the ascetic saint and the man of learning. Theoretically, at any rate, it was by a divine, inborn right that the aristocrat headed the social hierarchy. A king was always a king, even when beggared and in exile; his royalty depended, not on material circumstances, but on his own inward essence. Spiritual eminence was equally independent of worldly circumstances. The essential virtue in the saint and the man of learning was disinterestedness. All this has been changed in America. The plutocrat is what he is by virtue solely of his material position in the world. If an accident should remove him from that position, he disappears into nonentity. Success is the test of social eminence. In spiritual matters disinterestedness is no longer the sign of superiority. Nothing is more remarkable than the recent American tendency to exalt the ordinary man, occupied with ordinary worldly affairs, at the expense of the exceptional man who takes no interest in such affairs. I have seen it baldly stated by American spiritual leaders that "Business is religion." The identification of business with service permits the worldling to identify himself with the Christian saints. This tendency to raise the ordinary, worldly man to the level of the extraordinary and disinterested one seems to me entirely deplorable. The next step will be to exalt him above the extraordinary man, who will be condemned and persecuted on principle because he is not ordinary—for not to be ordinary will be regarded as a crime. In this reversal of the old values I see a real danger, a menace to all desirable progress.

With regard to political democracy, its disadvantages are becoming daily more apparent in America as in all other countries which have adopted it as a

system of government. Nobody can honestly suppose that a system which permits of such things as Mr. Thompson's election to the mayoralty of Chicago, with all its grotesque and outrageous accompaniments, is desirable or even in the long run practicable. The revolt against political democracy has already begun in Europe and is obviously destined to spread. There will be no return to autocracy, of course. Government will tend to be concentrated in the hands of intelligent and active oligarchies. The ideal state is one in which there is a material democracy controlled by an aristocracy of intellect—a state in which men and women are guaranteed a decent human existence and are given every opportunity to develop such talents as they possess, and where those with the greatest talent rule. The active and intelligent oligarchies of the ideal state do not yet exist. But the Fascist party in Italy, the Communist party in Russia, the Kuomintang in China are their still inadequate precursors. Owing to the strength of her democratic tradition, America will probably be one of the last countries to change her present form of government. But in the end the change will come. A country cannot go on indefinitely being afflicted by Thompson elections and anti-evolution laws.

But here the good democrat and humanitarian will interrupt me. Thompson elections and anti-evolution laws, he will affirm, are destined to disappear automatically with the spread of education. And this launches us into the third division of our prophetic theme. What is to be the future of education in America and elsewhere?

#### IV

The eighteenth-century political theorists believed that men were congenitally equal and that education was all-powerful to make or mar them. According to Helvétius, any child could be turned into a Newton or a Shake-

speare at will; it was just a question of giving him the right kind of training. Only Behaviorists agree with Helvétius now. The rest of us feel certain that children are not born with equal capacities, and that nature has as much to say in determining character and achievement as nurture—probably more than nurture, in fact. But this has not prevented every reformer for the last hundred years from clamoring for more and yet more education—"liberal" education at that—for all children, regardless of their abilities, their tastes, their natural bent; this has not prevented governments from giving effect, in considerable measure, to the reformers' demands. In all Western countries all the children receive the preparatory rudiments of a liberal, abstract education, while a certain percentage of them remain at school and college to acquire something more than the rudiments. It cannot be said that the results of our educational policy are particularly encouraging. The only striking effect of having taught everybody to read and write is that the human beings of lowest intelligence are now vocal instead of being dumb, as they were in the past. The great achievement of universal education is to have called into existence the contemporary popular press. I have spoken earlier in this essay of the way in which most men and women spend the leisure which machinery has given them. If education were effective, these people would lead—or at least desire to lead—that higher life whose beauty is the theme of all the homilies of all the teachers of the world. That they do not make any attempt to lead the higher life is sufficient proof that our present system of education is faulty.

The education of the future—like its politics, its religion, its social organization—will be based on psychological realism. Men will take the trouble to find out the truth about their own souls and will then make social institutions to fit human nature. At present human nature is too often compelled to fit social

institutions devised abstractly, in an intellectual void remote from all living reality. Contemporary educationists behave as though all human beings were by nature the same. The fundamental principle of future education will be that human beings are not the same, but belong to a variety of widely different types. To our fathers, and to a lesser degree to ourselves, it seems just and reasonable to give all children the same abstract, liberal education. This principle has been practically applied, and its disappointing results have made us begin to wonder if it is a sound one. To our children and grandchildren it will without doubt seem fantastic and absurd. They will give different kinds of education to different kinds of people. Children belonging to the various psychological types will receive the sort of training by which they can profit. The child with a concrete, practical mind will have a predominantly practical education; he will not waste his time, as he does at present, trying to learn abstractions which he cannot understand, trying to acquire a literary and pure-scientific culture which does not interest him.

It is for the purposes of education that human beings will first be officially divided up into different psychological types. But the process will not stop there. All political and social institutions will be reorganized so as to fit the psychological reality. One can imagine the evolution of a new social hierarchy, based on the facts of human nature and not, as was the old medieval hierarchy, on a system of more or less arbitrarily chosen artificial values. The new state will be democratic in so far as all men will be equal before the law and will be given every possible opportunity to achieve the career for which their capacities have fitted them. It will be humanitarian in so far as all will be guaranteed a certain respectable minimum of material comfort and all will have the education which they are fitted to receive. But political democracy,



as now practiced, will be unknown; our descendants will want a more efficient and rational form of government. The humanitarianism that professes to regard all human beings as equally endowed with moral worth and intellectual ability will be looked upon as an archaic absurdity. Countries which, like America, are traditionally wedded to the old-fashioned democratic and humanitarian ideas of the eighteenth century will probably resist the new tendency. But the force of circumstances will be too powerful for them. The growing incapacity of political democracy to deal

intelligently with the ever-more-complicated problems of modern world-policy will force them to change their ideas about government. The wastefulness and inadequacy of the present educational system will compel them to change their ideas about education. The social chaos resulting from the breakdown of the ancient standards of value will make them desire to set up a hierarchy more natural and therefore stronger and more permanent than the old. The changes may be resisted; but they will be made. For it is fate that will impose them.

## SERENDIP AND TAPROBANE

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

**S**ERENDIP and Taprobane—  
 Words as argent-chimed as rain,  
 Words like little golden beads,  
 Apple and pomegranate seeds,  
 Strung upon a silver thread,  
 Little drops of lacquer-red,  
 Tintinnabular and sweet.  
 Little words with crystal feet  
 Running lightly through my mind.  
 If my lazy wit could find  
 Gilded phrases to express  
 Their perfected loveliness,  
 I would make a cage of words  
 Where, like bright heraldic birds,  
 They should strut and flaunt and preen,  
 Scarlet, silver, gold and green,  
 Elegantly strange and vain—  
 Serendip and Taprobane.



# SOOTH

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THERE was no road to follow, not even a wheel-track; the rise and fall of the ground, matted inches deep in wild cranberry, gave to the car the feel of a boat rushing over the swells of a hidden sea. Her hands loose on the wheel and her dilated eyes fixed on the boiling column of the headlights, Mathilda let it run free through the moon-struck mists lying on the island moor.

She was just turned twenty. The man beside her was in the thirties. It was his car. Moreover it was his neck. But this was not what bothered Erd. "What can the child be thinking of, in that head of hers?" This was the question that ragged him and made him feel awkward and futile.

What Mathilda was thinking was: "That stuff Roy Glaze is carrying tonight is pallid. I couldn't get a kick out of a quart. I can't get a kick out of anything, though, any more. . . . Step on it, girl! A little speed! If we hit a fence, good-night!"

Erd leaned nearer. "You won't get back to the club in time for the fox-trot, Tilly."

She lifted her bare shoulders, shook her cropped hair in the wind of their flight, and gave the car more gas.

In a hollow full of white blindness there was a sudden hail of brush whipping the mudguards.

"'Bout far enough, Tilly."

"Yellow!"

The invisible ground sloped sharply upward. As the girl brought all her weight on the accelerator and the engine

roared in answer, Erd leaned forward, found the ignition-switch in the dark, and snapped it off. He pulled the brake-lever back as the car came to a standstill; then he lighted a cigarette, the match shaking a little in his hand.

Her eyes narrowed. "Say, where do you get that? 'Fraid of your bus? Dad'll buy you a new one. You dead man! You poor *corpse*!"

Erd flushed. The insult was not in the words; it was in the fact that, of a generation still in the full of youth, he should be made by this child to seem middle aged and prudent hearted. Opening the door he stepped out and nodded ahead. "Come look."

"Not with you!"

Scrambling out the other side she ran. As she ran the grass and huckleberry tangle drenched her to the knees and sent fine waves of chill up her body. The lines about her mouth softened and vanished, her lips parted, she held her arms out, palms up, and lifting her chin she gave the length of her throat to the impact of the particles of the mist.

"Not on your life!" she cried when the man, overtaking her, caught at her wrist. "You let me go, or I'll—I'll—"

He released her only when she stopped struggling and looked around.

"If you want to know where we were bound, Tilly, see there."

From the top of the rise to which their little dash had brought them the ground broke off in a twelve-foot precipice; beneath it, beyond a narrow beach rounded like the back of a breaching whale, the



water came up and curved over in a lazy surf.

"That's where we were headed, forty an hour. Like that!" He made a graphic swoop with his hand.

"I wish we had. Oh, I wish to *God* we had. We'd have got a kick out of *that*."

He looked at her quickly. She made a sad mouth. "I wish I'd been alone." Producing a little gold vanity-case she snapped back the mirror, took out a stick of carmine, and pursed her lips in the pale light. Then rebellion carried her away again. "It's all too deathly pallid!" she cried, clapping the trinket shut and throttling it in a fist.

Meeting Erd's troubled stare she shrugged her shoulders and gave her hair a fling. "Well, then, if you don't want me to talk this way and tell you the truth, come take me back to the merry-go-round."

She turned, and he turned with her. It was clear on the rise here; the fog lay only in the hollows of the moor. Two miles away Gravel Hill stood up like an island, topped by the Riding Club with its streaks of veranda lights and the arcs of wheeling motor cars.

Erd laughed, not knowing what else to do.

"You'll hardly get back for the dance you promised—what's-his-name."

"That egg? He slobbers!"

She went on with a sudden heat, "*Life* slobbers, Erd. It's *too* pallid! All that silly squirm they call dancing; all the sweet cocktails and the bum Scotch and the fuddling and fondling and the stories they've simply got to tell you behind the lilac bush! I guess I'm fed up with it, that's why: I've swigged it to the dregs and the kick's gone. I'm flat, Erd, *flat*! . . . And yet—where do I go from here?"

Studying her from the corners of his eyes, this creature toward whose perfection all things had worked—a conquered continent, laboriously gathered wealth, old colleges—seeing her standing there in the attitude of the revolt of youth satiate, Erd felt a stirring of hope.

"I'm glad you're beginning to see—"

"Oh, sush! *you* can say that, man. But look at me; I'm not ready to settle down and wither away quite yet. Life owes me a few thrills yet. I've got a few experiences coming to me. I have! I *have*! And I'm not a kid any longer, either. They've got to be wilder than a petting-party or a gulp out of some lizard's flask behind the lilac bush. They've got to *hurt*!"

She looked Erd in the eyes, her own narrowed.

"I'll tell you what I need. If this sticky, loathsome, pallid summer will ever go and the shooting season ever come around, then maybe I'll be more like myself again. Yes, yes, don't look like a fish; *yes*! I'd feel like a million dollars right now, and I know it, with the weight of a gun in my hands and a cold old wind blowing and the ducks flying. Erd, there's a kick left there. A bang, and a kick, and a duck—"

Her mood changed swiftly. Her eyes lost their luster, and the brief animation went out of her tone.

"Ducks and rabbits! That's *some* wild adventure for a *grown* woman." She began to wail in real anguish, "Oh, Erd, I could cry like a babe—that's got away from me too, that's pallid too." Gripping the man's forearm in both her hands she shook it savagely. "It's got to be bigger than ducks! It's got to be wilder and fearfuller than Molly Cotton-tails; *I want it to kick*!" She stood there shivering. "That's that!"

Erd's face was red. He was embarrassed and he felt helpless.

"Come on, let's get back now." There was a hint of bluster. "I *told* you to bring a wrap. You're catching your death. Come!"

"There?" She nodded toward the clubhouse. "Not for perfect *worlds*!"

She pulled her elbow from between his fingers. Her skirts ballooning about her and her arms like fantastic wings, she was over the bank behind him and down to the beach in an avalanche of clods and sand.

He followed and caught up in the heavy going. "Let's walk then, fast."

"Let's run! Miles! Like fools!"

Presently she slackened pace. "Who's that, ahead there?"

"I don't know, Til. He's been standing there the past long while. Coast-guard, I guess; he's in uniform, anyhow."

Mathilda trilled. "Leave me, fellow. I *devour* uniforms!"

Ben Agate, the patrol from the Never's station, glanced around with impatience at the sound of their footfalls behind him. Then, having grown a bit hardened in six years on the island to the kind of birds the summer seasons brought, he passed a hand over his mouth, spat to the left, and returned his attention to the point of rocks that broke the beach some twenty yards or so from where he stood.

Mathilda came up softly to his shoulder. She had forgotten her moods.

"Rum-runners?" she queried in a stealthy tone.

Agate shook his head.

"What, then?"

"You scared 'em. Be quiet and maybe they'll be comin' out again."

By and by the girl touched his sleeve. He forestalled her impatience, whispering out of the corner of his mouth:

"Look sharp, now. Keep your eyes glued onto that long flat rock just inside the end there and don't stir. They're having another try."

It was like staring at the black squares on the white ground of a chessboard and suddenly seeing them white squares on black. The first illusion was that the rock itself had come to life; that the whole of it moved slowly, turning wet facets to gleam in the moon's rays. Another wave, the seventh among sevenths, smothered the shelf, and the shapes that emerged from the draining green-white foam were three—three round sleek heads, three torsos, dark as basalt on the dark surface of the ledge, half-reared and swaying. In the distortion of the misted light, ranged all around by the pallor of the water and by

the sound of it threshing in the crevices, the effect of their muteness and the mystery of their oscillating movements, like blindness trying the void, was magnified.

"But what on earth?" breathed Mathilda.

"Seals. What d'y' think?"

"You don't mean—honest-to-God seals!"

"Why, sure." Agate was gratified. "Don't you know a seal when you see it? You're s'prised they're here this time o' year, eh? They're only strays. They was in night before last; Ed Whalen seen 'em. Here they be, sure enough. Two cows and a bull—an' he's a good one, ain't he? Ain't he, though?"

Mathilda let her breath out in a sigh. "What you *will* see when you haven't got your gun along! If that isn't the luck!"

"Luck's right. You shoot one o' them there, and you'd have the law down onto you quick enough. You'd get a good fat fine. Say! What in hellnation—excuse me—but what in time you whoopin' about that way? You've give 'em another scare, Miss, and now I guess they're gone for good!"

"Not for *good*—just for the night, you mean. They'll come again to-morrow night, don't you suppose?"

"Ask *them*!"

Rubbing his wrist over his mouth and spitting once again to the left, Agate lifted his boots out of the sand and resumed his eastward way.

Mathilda wheeled on Erd. Reaching up she pinned his cheeks between her palms and rocked his head from side to side in outrageous glee. She was beautiful. The teeth gleamed between her dark lips, and her eyes, enlarged, were soft around the lids with tears.

"Do you love me, old dear?"

Erd flushed and scowled. "Stop it, you!"

"Adore me, eh? Then take me back to the merry-go-round and dance, to-night. To-morrow night's another night again! We'll bring the guns."



## II

The *Two Kates* came in through the shoals at dusk and lay at anchor a mile off-shore. She was a power-sloop, built for swordfishing, but not in the business now. The pulpit still ornamented the stubby bow, and the irons and lines were ready to hand, but the hold was full of Scotch whiskey, billed from the Bahamas for St. Pierre et Miquelon.

The master was an old swordfisherman and he knew these waters well. He knew that, with the glass where it was, he was as safe lying here off the beach as he would have been twenty miles to sea; there were only half a dozen men alive who could have brought a vessel through the labyrinth of shoals behind him, and none of them was in the enforcement fleet. He was so snug here, indeed, that he had gone ashore in the dinghy, himself, partly to see his wife and partly to talk with a man who handled things, leaving his crew of three behind him as confidently as he might have left three rats, no matter what their morals, overnight in a trap.

Al Bede, the Frenchman, and Bloch, the Saba boy, were asleep in the cuddy. Only Hildegarde, the Georgia negro, was awake and about. Part of the time he reclined, lifted on an elbow, on the deck between the wheel-box and the taffrail, staring thoughtfully into the curtain of black velvet covering the sky, or out across the water, black too at this hour before moonrise and almost as flat as a lagoon in the semi-lee of the shallows beneath the soft drift of the southerly wind. Part of the time, driven by restlessness, he prowled the deck fore and aft, peering over the bows, halting at the cuddy-hatch to listen for the snores of his mates, peering over the stern, making the round of the little ship again and again.

In this act of prowling he was as soundless on his naked soles as a phantom, and very nearly as invisible. Clothed only in a pair of tar-stained dungaree pants and otherwise bare to the soft weather, as more tolerable to a man

hardened by seasons in the Arctic, his darkness merged with the darkness of the night. Even in the formation of his flesh, which looked round and fat, as is often the case with strong swimmers, there was something of the quality of the night at sea, large, smooth, formless, hiding its power.

He was glad when, treading noiselessly in the dark, he could feel himself invisible. He wished he *were* a ghost, very often. Hildegarde was not his real name. He had gone by dozens, self-given; with every change of ship in the years of his wanderings he had rechristened himself, taking infinite pains with his papers. And this was a strange thing, since he had never committed a crime. His need of an alias, and one never too old, came from something buried more deeply in him than fear of the law. It would have made a white man laugh.

When he went back to throw himself on the deck near the wheel he put his elbows on the low rail and, resting his chin on his entwined fingers, stared straight down against the surface of the water, faintly vitreous under the cloud that cloaked the stars.

Presently, as he continued staring, as though his stare had been a solid to break and penetrate another solid, the surface was no longer there between his eyes and the depths; his vision, piercing it and passing on down through another atmosphere, began to pick up, glimmer by glimmer, the slow flight of things alive, the drift of creatures gelatinous and tiny, coruscating with pale phosphorescent fires, the lazy blur of flounders cruising the bottom, the sudden wheel of a greater fish, throwing out an arc of stars.

Once again, as on all such nights, it stirred the trouble in his mind. So it must have been that the eyes of the yellow woman had been able to penetrate the surface of the crystal ball she had held in her hand on that never-to-be-forgotten night, and to see moving within the depths of its other atmosphere things luminous to her alone.

For years it had been too occult a mystery even to puzzle about. Now, after other years of these rare nights when, with the stars darkened and the wind in the south, he had found it in himself to be capable of dissolving the faintly vitreous outside of the water by a simple trick of staring, and of reading all its hidden events in scrawls of flame, it began to seem to him that he could lift at least a corner of the veil which had hidden from his youth the powers of that yellow woman who was known as Zara the Great.

And so it was true and doubly true that what the soothsayer had said was sooth.

A school of mackerel streamed out from beneath the keel and upwards across the man's inverted sight. Hundreds became thousands, till the sea for fathoms away on the beam was streaked with hairs of light, all combed out straight from the sloop's waterline, in terror. The reason for terror showed itself. In the midst of the faint threads a greater light flashed, turned on itself in a swoop of blue and was gone, leaving empty blackness behind.

"Sha'ks," the negro cogitated.

Again the hairs of light appeared and gathered, streaming in another direction a short toss off the quarter; again and again that whiplash of fire cracked and sent them vanishing in dim rays.

"Though I neveh seen no sha'ks swim like that befoh," he mused aloud.

He got up and walked toward the bows. Loitering a moment at the cuddy-hatch to hearken to the sleepers, he passed to the port rail and stood erect there, gazing down the side.

A milky cloud appeared beneath him. It floated toward him, increasing in size and brightness, till it touched and broke the surface of the water. In that instant, by one of those freaks inherent in the phenomenon of phosphorescence, it sloughed off its cloud and became a silhouette, drawn in clinging beads of flame.

Hildegarde, when he had blinked once

or twice, withdrew from the rail. Reaching behind him, he found and lifted from its chocks on the side of the house the swordfish iron that was there. Passing a hand over its length he made sure that the barb was settled properly in the ash-wood shank and that the line ran freely from it to the coil in the tub abreast of the mast. He peeped over the rail once more. The shape still rode there, swaying lazily between the transparent elements. Stepping forward and bringing his right arm over his shoulder in the same motion, he flung the lance straight down.

A streak shot away from the boat's side; for a moment then there was no sound but the whine of the line coming out of the tub. Marking this with a practiced ear, Hildegarde flipped a bight of it presently over a nearby pin and began to snub. The pressure eased sooner than he had expected. The iron must have bitten very near to the heart.

He began to haul in, hand over hand. Bede's head was thrust out of the cuddy. "W'at ze 'ell? You weesh to wake up ze devil?"

"Gi'me a hand here. I got some-thin'."

The Saba boy tumbled out too, not quite knowing where he was. Among them they brought the carcass home and heaved it out on the deck, where it lay enormous in the narrow space between the rail and the house.

"That's no fish!" said the Saba boy.

The negro made a scornful sound, half chuckle, half grunt.

Shielding it from shoreward, the Frenchman scratched a match and let it shine on the prize. "*Corps du diable—un veau marin!*"

Hildegarde got down on his knees beside the seal and passed a hand over the hide, laughing with glee: "Befoh God, this heah one is a big one!"

Now that the Saba boy was fully awake his Dutch blood reasserted itself; it was he this time who made the scornful sound. "You expected you had a great prize, what? That seal is no good to



you. You expected you had fetched up a fine fur coat, eh, old chap? That's a *hair* seal. A cat would have been better." He yawned, shaking his head. "You may just heave it overboard yourself; you've made me lose enough sleep already with your foolishness."

Bede, an impressionable fellow, ready to follow anyone's lead, yawned too, went off with an angry shrug, and let himself down the ladder after Bloch. For a few minutes Hildegard heard them discussing him below in scurrilous tones; then abruptly all was still again.

The moon had risen. Blurred by the thin mist, its light fell diffused and weak, throwing no shadows. When he had stretched himself on his stomach on the house, Hildegard rested his chin on his crossed arms and gazed down at the dead seal. His lips moved in amusement tempered by indignation.

"That Bloch, he's a Bloch-head foh shuah. What he think? He think I don' know the diff'nce between one kine o' seal an' 'nothah kine o' seal? He think I stick this heah crittah foh to git a fuh coat? He think *that* why I kill 'im?"

Well, then, why *had* he killed this seal? The question, following the other as two follows one, presented itself to Hildegard's troubled imagination. And as three follows two: Why did he do any of the thousand strange things he did? Why did he live the life he lived, a fugitive from no pursuer, a man of peace unable to find peace?

"Wha'-foh ain't I like folks? Tell me that."

This was the never-varying train. Whenever, on a night like this, he began by staring down through the black skin of the water, sooner or later he would end by trying to stare in through the black skin of himself.

"Wha'-foh? How-come?"

Memories stirred. His mind passed back over his voyages, his brutish, ill-paid and thankless labors, the succession of his aliases, like a succession of bulk-heads slammed shut before the creeping

of an impalpable flood; Hildegard Dixon, Barrymore Wills, Wilson Barry, Algernon James, James Andrew Alger—and so on through the others—on down the monotonous years of his adventurous past.

Each one of these men that he had been had lived a life, brief but separate. They were like cards in a well-worn deck that he could riffle under the thumb of his memory.

Barrymore Wills went to the Arctic.

Wilson Barry went to Australia in a Danish brig.

James Andrew Alger was in the Arctic too. He was a sealer. But that was not the memorable thing about Jim Andy's thirteen months and thirteen days of life. Among them all it was Jim Andy who had succeeded in daring to rebel. In the city of Seattle he got drunk on sailor gin. From first to last he knew what he was doing, and he was terrified. Even when he had to lean against a lamp-post to keep himself from falling, one part of his head was as clear as crystal, and aghast—aghast at the drunken nerve of this nigger seaman, Jim Andy Alger, who would insist on standing there and daring fate, staring into the faces of white ladies with sullen, bold, defiant, abominating eyes . . . expecting all the while to be shot and killed for his black insolence, nothing less.

Two days later (when he got out of jail) it was a new man, a scared and repentant ducky by the name of Algernon James, who shipped in a three-master for Nova Scotia, through the Canal.

It was this same Algy James that was shipwrecked and cast away. Marooned on one of the lesser keys of the Caribbean, for upwards of two months he lived alone. The only voices he heard were those of the sea-fowl. He ran among the flocks and flew with them, leaping from shelf to shelf. Sometimes he swam with the sharks, diving deep, having no fear of the gliding shadows. One of them he killed with his sheath-knife in a battle ten feet deep. Then he came up and sat

on a peak of rock and sang a song without tune or words. He slept among the rocks where the lizards slept. That space of two months, escaped from humanity, the hail-fellow of beasts, was Paradise.

So now, as he lay dreaming over the body of the dead bull seal, his memory ran back over the riffing cards, ran back years and years into the years when he was still his own self, the Georgia nigger-kid, Roboam. And when it had run that far it came to the yellow woman.

She had a fold of soiled brocade on her head, confined by a hoop of silver. At times her face and the glass ball she held before it were cast in a hot red light, at other times in a cold and vivid blue. In the changes the skeleton half hidden in the carpets hung up around her throne seemed to approach and retreat. A curious-smelling vapor was in the air.

The boy Roboam could no longer bear it. No matter what the satanic consequence he had to cry out, as he had cried twice before, "Thah's my two dollahs thah! Wha'-foh foh God's sake don' you-all tell me whah my brothah Japhrum's to?"

Again it was not Zara the Great, but the invisible attendant beyond the brazier that answered. "Sahlence! Kain' you-all see she's tranced? Sahlence, you-all, an' wait!"

Again he nerved himself to wait with patience in this night of no patience, and to keep silence in this silence thronged with distant hubbubs: sounds of feet running in crowds on pavements, sounds of voices, many and confused, or single, lifted in terror, or in idiot exultation, the crackle of flames among the negro shanties, crackle of trolley-car windows, crackle of white folks' rifles shooting to kill, crackle of policemen's revolvers shooting not to kill. . . .

Oh, was Japhrum there, was Japhrum there?

The sweat flowed down the boy's cheeks. His knees pressed together to keep from knocking. Once more he would have had to dare the powers and

open his mouth had the conjureess not saved him by opening her own.

"I visions . . . I visions a cullad boy 'bout eighteen yeah ol', got on a brown coat and a payah striped gray pants—"

"Tha's Japhrum! Tha's him, yas-suh!"

"Sahlence!" The attendant was moving about. "Kain' you-all see she's tranced?"

Then the strained high singsong continuing, "I visions him comin' 'long through Jim Bayliss' alley-way, I does. Right heah in the mi'st o' this heah magic crystal I visions him true as life. Comin' 'long out o' Bayliss' alley. Trompin' soft in the shadow 'hind o' the Heli'trope Bah-room. I visions him comin' to'a'ds a doah. I visions him comin' *in* at a doah. *I visions it's that thah ve'y doah behin' yoh back—thah—NOW!*"

The boy turned, wave after wave of prickles running up to his scalp, and saw a figure in the incense-clouded dusk. It was Japhrum. For a moment, between terror and joy, he could say nothing. It was Japhrum that spoke.

"I was comin' 'long into heah, aks the conjuh-woman whah-to you-all am, Roboam."

At that there arose a fine soft sound of laughter, sardonic, secret and wise. But when the boys turned to look at the great Zara her lips were tightly closed again in the waning ray of blue from the brazier, her face was as rapt as death, and her eyes engrossed in the globe of glass.

"I visions . . . I visions . . ."

Perhaps it was the dying light, or perhaps it was the deaths in the night, but now it seemed as if a change came over the hanging face. Its aspect was no longer that of the watcher, but of the listener. As though amplified by her own demoniac powers, the voices of black panic and white hate obtruded from the distance, drew closer, loudened and pressed around, till they were pulses booming behind the ears. A rhythmic twitching, little at first but growing in violence, convulsed the skin of the crys-



tal-gazer's face; her lids sank till her eyeballs were no more than dull blue gleams, an epileptic twinge caught up a corner of her lip, baring one long tooth.

"I visions . . . I visions visions I kain't help visionin' now. God an' the Debbil! . . . You-all, Roboam, chil', draw nigh unto Zara and come heah."

If the boy could have turned and bolted, as terror counselled, the life that followed would have been a different life.

"Draw nigh! I says it twice an' I says it thrice! Come heah!"

He approached. The woman's hand imprisoned his neck, holding his head straight before the glass with the strength of an iron vise. The fingers were cold and the palm was hot.

"Roboam, you hol' yoh breaf an' you pray to God an' the Debbil an' you staah whah yoh eyes is!"

There was no breath in him to hold. He stared where his eyes were, but for the shivering life of him all he could see was a glass ball with a film of dim blue light running around under its skin.

"I visions a man grown," he heard her voice in the gloom. It had risen to a queer high note, and there it held, behind her palate. "I visions this man by name Roboam. Look at this man smile an' show his fine white teef. Neveh I lay my eyes on such a man. His muscles, they the same like a stallion race hoss, and his skin it lay oveh 'em as smooth an' shiny as silk an' satin. I visions him walkin' on top o' the yuth an' admiahin' the fruits thah-off. . . . I visions . . .

"An' I visions—heah befoh my eyes I visions—God an' the Debbil, what's this ol' Zara visions—collectin' an' cogalatin' out o' the witch-mist? God an' Debbil, I neveh seen a gal like this, with di'monds in huh eahs! Haih the colah o' ripe fiel' cohn, an' black eyelashes as long an' thick as ropes! An' wha's this heah red rose-blossom gone an' drap its petals onto them cheeks? . . . Tu'n round a little mite moah, white gal. Much obliged to you. Theah! But I's bewildud. This ain't wintah in the

mountains now, foh lan' sake! Pshaw, now, you got fooled, ol' Zara; that ain't no snow bank up no'th; tha's a gal's throat. Them thah's two shouldahs an' two ahms. . . . But how-come all this cloud o' mist an' shimmuh? Lan'! that ain't nothin' no moh'n a pore cheap little dance-dress, cost only a thousan' dollahs a yahd in a quality stoah. . . . But how-come you can undehtake to dance, white gal, on two ankles you kain't sca'cely see through a mic'scope, an' two feet get lost on the broad of a man's han'? . . . An' wha'-foh you smile with yoh ripe red lips, an' wha'-foh you cotch a breaf, an' wha'-foh you laugh?—"

### III

The negro on the sloop's house lifted his head from his arms with a jerk. The mists had thinned; a fuller light of the moon, sailing high now, described the contours of his shaven skull, his neck, and the suave barrel of his torso, over which the skin lay smooth and shining.

He looked north, he looked south. A rim of white ran all around the iris of either eye. Humping to his knees, he crawled off the cuddy and began to pace the starboard deck. He moved without a sound, but he was no longer invisible.

He knew from long experience the futility of trying to fight off this reasonless cringing of the nerves when he recalled the yellow woman's prophecy; still, the instinct to resist was there. The cuddy was dark enough; he thought he would go below and lie in his bunk. His resolution failed. Turning away, he retreated aft and flung himself down and stared at the water, a furrow between his brows.

He could no longer look through the skin of the sea; it had become opaque and bright. His attention, catching at anything, fixed upon a thread of scum-rings left by bursting bubbles a little way off the stern. Deepening the furrow on his brow, he set himself deliberately to wonder what manner of fish it might be that had left that filament of rime to

betray its passage through the blue gloom of the sea.

Another thread appeared, slightly to the left, a dozen bubbles, mirroring each a bead of moon before it vanished. And suddenly a head was thrust from the water, shaking drops away and turning, as Hildegarde's own head might have turned inquiringly, on a short thick neck.

The negro flattened on the planks. "Ol' Mistah Seal got a wife."

He hazarded another peep and ducked again. "*Two* wives, by gol! Cruisin' roun' han' in han', mistrustin' roun', spec'latin' roun' whah they ol' man done gone ascended into heaven to. . . . Damn! Wha'-foh I ain't got that thah iron handy *now*?"

He could have wormed his way along the deck to the harpoon, but he felt it would have taken too long; once he were to show himself above the line of the hull he knew that the cows, curious but shy, would be gone with a flick of flippers.

His hand came on something on a ledge of the wheel-box. It was a knife used for cutting gear, the blade as fine as a skewer from long whetting. The seals were drifting toward the port side all the while. Creeping to the starboard rail and sliding over it like a big soft inch-worm, he let himself down.

Not a sound and hardly a ripple marked his entrance into the water. Holding the knife between his lips he sank. The sloop's bottom, foul with a long season, gave his fingers a purchase; turning on his back he handed himself down to the keel; once under it he gave the oaken beam a kick and sent himself out into the submerged moonlight beyond in a single long smooth plunge.

Neither of the cows had seen him. He lay face-up a dozen feet below, as he might have lain on a bed of air in half a dream, watching the drift of phantasmal shapes, dark and graceful, sustained in the green-blue dusk of a chamber without walls. He was chilled, but for the moment the numbing of his muscles was not unpleasurable, like being safely dead yet vividly alive. His lungs wanted air,

but he hated to move. It seemed to him that he could have remained here forever and been glad, at rest and at peace in the cold sanctuary of the sea, bathed in light yet hidden, rocked by the buried billows of the tides, the playfellow and the secret-sharer of beasts and mites and monsters, of whom, strangely enough in this fearful man, he had no fear.

Of those seals silhouetted above him, with their sharp dog teeth and their powerful muscles, he was not in the least afraid. Even as they grew larger on his sight, being no longer terrified by anything, he began to forget that he had come to strike terror. The knife escaped his lips and drifted lazily before his eyes; he could have caught it, but he made no move.

The shapes became distinct and enormous. Whether he would or not, the air in his lungs was carrying him toward the air. He was seen.

He was rocked in his bed; the light above him boiled and brightened; under his back passed a current like a streak of wind. He was aware of shadows, wheeling swiftly and lost, swooping and lost again. Turned on a side, as a log is careened in an eddy, he found himself looking into a face. It was as dark and as glossy as his own. The brow was wrinkled in absurd perplexity, and strings of bubbles, like pearls, ran in the creases. The two eyes, magnified by a trick of moon in water, were full of amazement, inquiry, fascination, and alarm.

Hildegarde's head popped from the sea. Blowing out the stale breath and taking in a clean one he began to laugh. Still laughing, he threshed the water with his arms and legs to start the blood. He looked at the sloop, lying behind him like a high dark wall, shook his head at it, spattering drops in a ring, flashed his teeth in mutinous derision and, laying his face in the water, set off in the opposite direction.

He swam with the trudgeon stroke, leaving a white wake behind. He was no longer cold; the continued rhythmic



play of his muscles and the rush of the water along his body warmed him and soothed his soul.

Here he was a man. Sweeping at easy speed across this kingdom of transparencies he was a lord. Not even the prophetic words of the yellow woman could molest him; here they suffered a magic more potent even than her own, and became witch-babblings remembered from some childhood fairy tale. "Sleeky, shiny, game-shootin' gun!" Those were the yellow woman's words. Fabulous nonsense! What would a gun do here? Sink; that's what it would do. Down, down, down to the bottom, its powder soaked, and nothing more fearful than seaweed "droolin' outen its mouf" . . . and as for "bullet-blood all runnin' out onto the groun'"—that proved it! *Ground!*

He slowed up after a while and rested, treading water, his head in the air. On the silver plain two other heads were lifted. The seals converged and consulted. Presently, trailing faint arrow-heads of ripple, they floated nearer, wrinkling their noses in wonder at this bizarre dark creature come up from the ocean's depths.

The man waited, keeping his chuckles in his throat. When they had come to within ten yards of him and began to hesitate he put his toes together and sank. He went down dead for about his own length, then flipped over and swam away with all his strength. He lost a chuckle and it made a bubble. A wild joy of play swept him. He ramped. When he planed up to breathe again his new playfellows reappeared, yards ahead.

He began to upbraid them in whispered glee, "You-all think yoh's so smaht! You-all think yoh's such rip-snohtin' speedy swimmahs! You-all look out for this heah cullad boy; he goin' tweak yoh tailses!"

They fled before his churning charge. He made a ruse of it and had a joke on them; diving, he changed direction and came up far away on a diverging course.

When he saw them elevate their heads, mill around for a moment in indecision, then turn to make after him, he smacked his lips and guffawed with the delight of a ten-year-old. That's what he was.

"I's glad I's been a good boy and ain't done no evil. I's glad, oh Lawd, I's glad. . . . You little debbils you, you-all look out foh Roboam; he's full o' tricks."

He submerged once more as the seals ranged up, and at a fathom's depth lay motionless, "playing possum." He watched them wheeling about him in mystified orbits. He was sensible of the beauty of their strong and sinuous shapes and of the flowing grace of their movements; he wished that he too were as beautiful and as lithe and swift as these sea-widows; he wished that he were a seal. When the bolder of the two, or the less wise, backed water in mid-swoop and lay hovering at arm's length from him, studying his face with disturbed soft-brown eyes, he felt of a sudden a bond of likeness and affection which he had never been able to feel as subsisting between himself and anything alive in the world of every-day. More deeply he wished that it were not merely a strange and beatific interlude; that he were indeed a seal, the same big-shouldered bull he had slain; and that he might go on forever with these twain, striking out boldly on long migrations across the empty seas, diving through green caverns where no man was known, rolling and rollicking in the slant sunlight of lost beaches, riding the tops of storm-billows and laughing at the storm.

Once more his lungs were bursting, and again the light in the purling crystal grew a paler and a purer blue. The words of the soothsayer rang fainter and fainter in his ears.

*"An' wha'-foh you smile, an' wha'-foh you cotch a breaif, white gal, an' wha'-foh you laugh an' stroke the bar'l o' that sleeky, shiny game-shootin' gun you got thah, with the smoke droolin' outen its mouf, an' wha'-foh you suck yoh red lips like they was wil'-bee honey when you look at*

*pretty Roboam layin' thah on the groun'— layin' thah in the witch-light, so quiet, so peaceful, doin' nobody no mannah o' hahm? But, God heself an' Debbil heself, Roboam chil', how-come you-all so paltry lazy? Wha'-foh you got yoh big mouf open to the sky? Wha'-foh yoh big teef shinin' to the sky? How-come all this heah bullet-blood runnin' ouden yoh skull-pate all oveh the groun'? Dead! Dead! DEAD! . . ."*

The head and shoulders of the man who was a seal broke the surface in a white fountain. The sound of his laughter, rich and vibrant, ran over the water and away through the smoke ring of the mists and mingled there with the laughter of lazy surf. The seals dived as they arose, startled; then appeared again, swimming away. The laughter hushed his contentment and followed, using the breast stroke, elbows up, and moving his feet in slow smooth sweeps.

The one fear he had now was that he would lose them. "Don't you-all be scahed," he breathed between his lips. "I wouldn' hahm n' huht you. Soonah cut off my own right han'."

The water lost clarity and took on a milky hue. Strong forces lifted the swimmer and let him fall.

"I's glad I's been good. I's glad I's walk in the road o' the humble an' kep' my eyes on the groun'. Wha's that the preachah's always sayin', 'bout the res'rection an' the life? I done been res'rected, an' this am the life. . . . So, my beauties! So, my angel lovelies! Whah you-all gone to in this heah su'f-watah? Come 'long back a secon', my pretties, show yoh ol' man whah you gone."

A blade of rock heaved out of the foam and struck at him. Evading the thrust by a powerful swerve in mid-breaker, he slid into its lee and lay there, chin-out, his eyes roving over the ribbon of the lost beach of his phantasy and up a blue-gray slope of stone.

"Thah, thah, my angels," he crooned, so low that it was drowned by the wash of the empty sea. "'Tain't nobody but

me; 'tain't. You-all knows I wouldn' hahm n' huht you, my pretties; no, no, no, no."

With infinite gentleness he slid his fingers up over the rim of the rock. One of the seals edged higher; the other, fascinated, stayed her ground, half reared, rocking a little from side to side. Still with that infinitude of gentleness he pulled himself breast-out on the shelf.

Lost beaches. . . .

He began to croon again. Resting on one hip and lifting on his elbows, he began to rock with a scarcely perceptible motion from side to side.

Empty seas. . . .

But something had happened. Lightning in the mist. A thud of wind. A thud of thunder. And where the pretty seals had been, before the gun-shot, there was nothing now but rock.

"No, by golly! by damn! No-suh! No!"

He leaped to scramble after them, where they flipped from sight over the edge. His leap was an inch. The thud of wind that had struck his legs had numbed them; they too were nothing but rock. They frightened him; he tried to get away from the dead things, jumping his body along by kicking at the stone with the heels of his hands. He threw himself this way and that with all the enormous strength of his arms.

In the smoky air there was more lighting. Another wind of lead. He heard no thunder this time, for his head had caved in.

His elbows buckled and he began to roll. Over and over he went rolling. He fell off something and into something, and it was dark.

It was not quite dark now. He had fallen into the bottom of a deep cleft outside the shelf. It was full of shadow, and of a sucking sound. When the breakers came it filled half to the brim with water, and when they retired the water drained away. Hildegard knew nothing of all this.

He knew only that the blue light waned and slowly waxed and waned



again, and in the cold gloom he heard the yellow woman:

"... *God an' Debbil, I neveh seen such a gal like this, with di'monds in huh eahs. . . .*"

As, with that curious sucking sound, the gleam from the brazier began to brighten, he perceived that Zara had moved the crystal sphere, lifting it higher. And looking up against its nether side now, of a sudden his eyes did pierce the skin; he did see at last, "collectin' an' cogallatin' out o' the witch-mist," the white shape the conjurers was seeing.

"*Yes. . . . Haih the colah o' ripe fiel cohn, an' black eyelashes as long an' thick as ropes. . . . Yes. Tu'n round a little mite moah, white gal. . . . Much obliged to you. . . .*"

Perhaps it was the sputtering and sucking sound from the brazier; but now the soothsayer's voice had taken on a new queerness. It was as though it broke in upon itself from moment to moment with other voices.

"... *That ain't no snow-bank; tha's a gal's throat; them's two shouldahs an' two*

*ahms.*" . . . "I'm sure I got the big one, Erd. You saw him kick, yourself. Oh, I got him, all right, all right. I could dance! . . ."

"*But how-come you can undehtake to dance, white gal?*" . . . "It was that damn wave, after the second shot. But we should worry, Erd. Why don't you give me a glad look, you fish, you? Smile!" . . . "*An' wha'-foh you smile, with yoh ripe red lips, an' wha'-foh you cotch a breaf in yoh snow-drif bosom. . . .*"

"I's dreamin' the ol' bad damn dream agin, tha's what I is . . ."

"... *An' wha'-foh you laugh . . . an' wha'-foh you stroke the bar'l o' that sleeky, shiny, game-shootin' gun. . . .*"

"... I feel like a million dollars, Erd. This is the life! Let's go! . . ."

"Whah-to you-all gone to, my pretties, my angels? . . ."

The blue coal in the brazier was turning red now.

"... *An' how-come you-all so paltry lazy, Roboam, chil'? . . .*"

As it reddened it darkened swiftly and went out.





## THE NATURE OF HOKUM

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT IS seldom safe for anyone over thirty to use a current slang term, for slang is the peculiar treasure of youth. Youth alone, that is, has the suppleness and speed to keep up with the fashions of the verbal underworld. Words disappear before they have time to become well known, much less respectable. Let youth correct me, therefore, if I am wrong in thinking that "hokum" is chiefly applied to sentimental and melodramatic platitudes as they are emphasized in motion pictures, drama, fiction, and verse. "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," "The Miracle Man," "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" are all, I suppose, classic examples. Hokum got into the plastic arts, did it not, with "Burning the Mortgage"? The home-and-mother motive, the prodigal son, the poor-but-honest and the rich-but-wicked conventions, the girl who loved not wisely but too well, all belong, one imagines, to the great school of hokum. Anyone who knows the Bible will realize that the raw material of hokum is often highly respectable and goes back to familiar parables. Sometimes, indeed, one wonders if hokum is not wholly a matter of method rather than of substance.

A friend of mine used occasionally to sing to an enthralled group a song about a policeman and a burglar. The policeman discovering the burglar finds him to be his own long-lost wayward brother. I can unfortunately remember (and perhaps not correctly) only one stanza:

He stands between love and duty,

Fighting the deadly fight,

For his heart is torn with anguish

Between the wrong and right.

But a brother's love is still the same,

And though he feels the disgrace and shame,

He lets him go—and who can blame?

*He stands between love and duty!*

That ballad, I think, is hokum. But it would presumably not be hokum if Thomas Hardy had written a novel about the same situation. Henry James's "A London Life" is presumably not hokum, though the dilemma is not so very different. No one can deny that a heart torn with anguish between the wrong and right is a classic instance of the moral conflict which is the heart of legitimate drama.

Is hokum, then, all a matter of bad art, an unjustifiable appeal for tears? Was Euripides hokum because he sometimes made (as in "The Trojan Women") an unfair, practically physical assault on the emotions? Does youth howl hokum down because the facts are crudely and unconvincingly presented, or because it believes that the stuff of which hokum is made is untrue to life? Eliza crossing the ice is hokum, one fancies. Certainly the sophisticated citizens of the present day would never be moved by it, on stage or screen. And yet, could it be presented with sufficient art, even they might realize that Eliza crossing the ice was drama. I am quite sure that if Dostoyevsky had made a bitter little story about a young female revolutionist sprinting across the frozen Volga with her child, to get away from the pursuing



Cossacks of the Tsar, no one ("not even the youngest") would call it hokum. It would be "life"—if not propaganda. "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" is hokum, but "King Lear" is not supposed to be. "The Miracle Man" is hokum, but the fifth chapter of St. John is not. "Way Down East" is hokum, but *The Scarlet Letter* is not hokum—the book, I mean, not the picture. Burning the mortgage, welcoming the prodigal son, forgiving the erring daughter may well be morally moving and truly dramatic gestures. The policeman whose brother was his burglar—or whose burglar was his brother—is, I repeat, a perfectly good hero in a perfectly good plight. Why should a policeman be denied dramatic suffering? People make literature, painfully and subtly, out of what is his mere job. He sits cradled in the twisted roots of drama, and eats his daily lunch by Lethe wharf.

The really interesting question to put to ourselves in this connection is: are there any sentiments which, in themselves, should be barred as "hokum"? Are the cynics reacting against false valuations or only against poor technic? It cannot have escaped the notice of the middle-aged that the intellectual drift, in drama, motion pictures, fiction, biography, verse and essays is towards an iconoclasm no sweeter-tempered or more graceful than iconoclasm usually is. All platitudes are assailed by the intellectuals, without regard to their truth. For some platitudes are true. It may be called iconoclasm because the process, as far as one can see, is not an exchange of idols, but a planned abolition of the idolizing attitude. We seem to be told not that we were attaching sanctity to the wrong things, but that nothing is, properly, sacred.

## II

It is so obvious that death and birth, success and failure, loyalty and betrayal, marital, parental, and filial relations are stuff of universal joy and pain, that

sometimes one feels the problem to be merely one of technic, which is good taste operating structurally. But technic implies—as do all factors in art—an audience; and what gets across to this special audience does not get across to that general one. The casual comment of a friend recently led me to a fascinating re-exploration of the civilized heart. The gesture under discussion was that of the announcer in the Yankee Stadium who, before the Sharkey-Maloney fight began, asked the audience to stand in silent prayer for the success of Lindbergh, at that moment winging alone across the dark Atlantic. This perfectly human person stated that he did not know, when he read the account, whether to be shocked by the gesture or merely ribald about it. Apparently, for him, those were the alternatives. Myself, I had taken it calmly enough, neither shocked nor inclined to ribaldry thereby. It would not have been my gesture, but I saw no harm in it.

During the next days, in such leisure as Lindbergh left us, I brought up the subject to various men and women. All of them were either shocked or disgusted, some one, some another; feeling it an invasion of privacy, a vulgar piece of advertising, a smirching of religion, or a rotten joke. No one, that is, took it as being really what it was ostensibly—a spontaneous expression of the true goodwill that most of the audience was, by all accounts, feeling. To announce to the people in the Stadium that Lindbergh had been sighted leaving Newfoundland was all right; to ask them to stand for a moment and hope reverently for his success was all wrong. All those I questioned admitted that there was probably no person present who did not, at that moment, wish Lindbergh well. If "prayer is the soul's sincere desire," most of them, probably, when the latest news of Lindbergh came through, were, in that sense, praying for his safety. (Mr. Sharkey and Mr. Maloney had not yet entered the ring.) Nor was the objection of my friends based wholly on

the fact that it was fight fans who were being asked to pray. They admitted that the silent prayer (the next day) of the fifteen hundred school teachers convening at the Biltmore was to them every whit as shocking, or disgusting, or whatever.

What one seemed to discover, in all the disagreement as to the motive and quality of the gesture, was a common sense that so intimate or sacred an act as prayer should not be publicly indulged in, except in church; that the public nature of it made it somehow vulgar and unreal. They distrusted the emotion of multitude—feared for its virtue. More than that, they doubted the good faith of the audience. My own conviction is that most of the fight fans would take prayer much more simply, as a phenomenon, than do most of my civilized interlocutors. Most fight fans do not perhaps pray habitually, but I do not believe they would be shocked by anyone's praying, or feel for it anything but tolerance, if not respect. As for the emotion of multitude, are these clever and right-minded people shocked by Urban II and the First Crusade? Does the spectacle of thousands, at Clermont, shouting in unison "*Dieu le veut!*" revolt them? No, they would perhaps say, because those thousands were true believers, even if temporarily hysterical. Yet, when you come down to fundamental psychology, you may fairly say, I believe, that virtually every one of those thousands in the Stadium was interested in Lindbergh, sincerely wanted him to reach Paris, and would not have been at all ashamed or reluctant to emphasize that wish. If by holding up a hand they could have helped him to his goal, every hand, no doubt, would have been gladly lifted. One does not know how many of the fans really prayed—more, perhaps, than we should guess. But that there was any private rejection of the object prayed for, I very much doubt. There was probably unanimity of respect for Lindbergh during those silent instants.

Some of us, after all, feel that neither publicity nor numbers can vulgarize the expression of an impersonal and pure desire. None of my friends, I fancy, would have criticized an individual who chose to pray silently for Lindbergh. The motive and the quality of the gesture became suspect when a great many people were asked to perform the same gesture in one another's company. They doubted the immediate agreement of thirty-five thousand people; but, more than that, they doubted the value of any emotion that thirty-five thousand people can simultaneously feel.

There, it seems to me, is the real root of the scorn of hokum. Hokum is practically not hokum unless it introduces something that thirty-five thousand people can simultaneously feel alike about. To be that, we admit, it must be something very simple, very general, if not universal, in appeal. The event must be typical, not special, to get that vast audience. It must reach something in them that is common to all; something that professor and pugilist can envisage in the same way. There are such things, after all; and if we refuse to admit it—calling "hokum" anything that puts us and the stranger in the street on the same level for the nonce—we lose, we pervert something. It is a mistake to consider all emotions hysterical that are felt by a thousand people together. I know almost no one who even pretended to be thinking about anything but Lindbergh during the last twenty-four hours of his flight. We were all helping him on by every inward hope. But when fifteen hundred people at the Biltmore, or thirty-five thousand people in the Stadium did the same thing in company, it was vulgar, it was hysterical, it was insincere, the emotion was suspect, the gesture was "bunk." "Bunk," I take it, is a general term, of which "hokum" is a more restricted synonym. In life, it is "bunk"; in art, it is "hokum." Any statement may be bunk; only human emotion revealed through an artistic medium can be hokum.



The great human ill is not the fact of death, is not even the fact of pain: it is the immitigable loneliness of the individual. No one, from cradle to grave, is ever, or can be, loved for himself as he really and completely is, for he is never really and completely known; therefore, from cradle to grave, every human being is lonely. The private plight is forever, in last analysis, private, since no other person can ever understand it all. Some twist of it will evade the wisest confidant. For this reason we learn a certain reticence as we grow older—not, I am afraid, for dignity's sake, but because of the vanity of such explanations as can be made. The complicated personal situation stands always alone and apart. My total plight is different from yours, though externally they may look alike. But are my hunger, my thirst, my terror, my hope, my charity, and my greed so dissimilar to yours? In time of war or catastrophe, we stretch out a hand to the next man, and count it true virtue to sink our differences; we are proud to feel that

"Cook's son—duke's son—son of a belted earl—

Son of a Lambeth publican"

are all gripped together within the same state of mind. It is in time of peace and plenty, when we are preoccupied with art, that egotism resumes us, and a common emotion is damned. Just why this snobbishness should be reserved for art, I do not know, but it is. In real life I am constantly told of situations and events that I am supposed to consider moving, dramatic, pitiful, or thrilling, which, if they were the stuff of a novel or a movie, would by the narrator be called hokum. We make demands on art that we have no impulse to make on life itself. We are thrilled to the core by events that on stage or screen would leave us yawning or scornful.

As we are, in all probability, the last wave of a dying civilization rather than the rising tide of a new one, our ennui, our curiosity, our perpetual demand for something new, in art are doubtless natu-

ral. We want a new sensation because, as a tribe, we have exhausted so many. We will go far for a new thrill, indeed—quite beyond the conventional limits. Considering the paucity and antiquity of what we find beyond those limits—for the new perversities are oldest of all, and Greece and Rome could throw away tricks and still set us—it is almost a pity that we cannot re-fashion our susceptibilities a little. We may not cease the eternal romantic search for the unique, but as the unique is (to say the least) infrequent, we might re-value the general fund of feeling, the shareable emotions. Are we not deliberately destroying sources of legitimate pleasure? Is there no "kick" to be had from the perception of universality, from feeling like people instead of feeling different? There are not wanting, to be sure, authors and playwrights who write eternally round the truism that man is a mammal. There are plenty of books and plays going which are intent on proving that man is nothing but a mammal. But men and women have more interesting and subtle things in common than bodily appetite, and there may be some truth lying between uniqueness and bestiality.

### III

To the charge of sentimentality and hypocrisy brought against a lot of our popular novels, plays, and movies, one has this to say: Sentimentality and hypocrisy are both forms of misstatement, and the conscientious among us are out for truth. We care no more, some of us, for the late Gene Stratton Porter's false transcriptions of life than Mr. Mencken does; and we care even less than he does about the other kind of lie—Theodore Dreiser, say, or Sherwood Anderson. Mr. Mencken's school scrutinizes highest common factors a little more sharply, perhaps, than it does lowest common denominators. . . . The noble hero of the dime novel and the sentimental romance, being spurious, casts discredit on heroes in general, on

literature, and oddly enough on life itself, since any lie tends to discredit the thing lied about. So does his opposite, the ignoble hero. This has all been said before, and need not detain us. The point, for us, is that even a good crusade can destroy too much, and that the legitimate fight against loose sentimentality attacks proper sentiment as well. I am no friend of the public tear, and if we could re-discover reticence I should be glad. But I can see no sense in the little trick of applauding any emphasis on common vices because they are common, and decrying any emphasis on common virtues equally because they are common. You cannot have it both ways: you cannot (logically) delight in proof that lust, cruelty, selfishness are in some degree characteristic of all men, and loathe proof that loyalty, affection, courage are likewise, in their degree, characteristic. One emotion is no more convincing or important, for being shared, than another. And while part of our scorn of hokum derives from poor technic, a good deal of our scorn comes, I fear, from the fact that hokum depends for its effect on some joy or some sorrow "in widest commonalty spread."

Technic, no doubt, counts heavily. Much of "Henry V" is purest hokum, and is saved by Shakespeare's supreme rhetoric. Much of Shakespeare is in substance hokum, anyhow—divine hokum. When youth howls down bad art and sentimental falsehoods, one is glad. But does not youth carry cynicism a little too far, deriding what is not derisible, and refusing to discriminate between the convention that is false or temporary and the convention that is built out of dear-bought and much-confirmed experience? The raw stuff of "King Lear," for example, may be hokum, yet Lear is one of the universal tragedies, repeated constantly both in life and in art. It is not altogether because some modern adumbration of the Lear tragedy lacks Shakespeare's diction that it is despised, but partly, at least, because it is Lear—and universal. Note, if you please, the dif-

ference between a movie audience on Broadway and a movie audience in a college town. Movies are the natural home of hokum, since a big film, to make money, must be beheld (I am told) by several million people. If you must have an audience of several millions, you naturally cut out, in the beginning, any dangerous catering to the sophisticated. You aim at the common mind, the common heart—at the emotion that those millions can be counted on to recognize and share. The sole plea that the friendly middle-aged person would make is that there are legitimate emotions which can be thus shared. I am delighted to hear undergraduates being ribald about sentimental miracles and incredible nobilities. That is sane and prophylactic—and why should they not be cleverer than Broadway? But sometimes they are ribald over matters that deserve respect, did they but know it; and if Broadway sits silent through a dramatic moment of forgiveness, reconciliation, sacrifice, instead of raising the roof with laughter, it is not wholly because Broadway is ignorant of technic—it is partly because Broadway has lived longer, and knows better what things can be. All art is, consciously or unconsciously, an appeal to experience, and hokum gets across, not always because people are untutored fools, but sometimes because they have lived and, therefore, can refer the gesture on stage or screen or in a printed book to some part of life which they themselves have darkly known. They are aware that lives are made or broken by just such simple facts as these. There have been white-haired mothers and erring sons in precisely the situation shown, who were making drama of the finest and most pathetic. Of them, amid the laughter, one thinks. The laughter denies not only this mother and son but all mothers and sons. The parental-filial tragedies are all hokum—no more need be said.

One must ever be grateful for evidences of a critical and tutored sense, in whatever audience. Yet perhaps our



cleverest arbiters go a little too far. Their distrust of all dramatic plights save the perverse, the special, the novel plight, is a little dangerous, since most disasters and delights come to human beings in the old, old ways. No one who cares for art or truth wants his portrayals cheaply, dishonestly, or foolishly done. In so far as hokum is cheap, dishonest, or foolish, away with it! Yet we may as well admit that if there were not a lot of things that a large number of citizens can feel alike about, there could be no society—no abiding city, indeed. Perhaps we had

better set ourselves to learn not to be ashamed of feeling like the next man, acknowledging the empire of some emotion that he, too, can feel. Perhaps we had better not hold it indecent to pray for Lindbergh, just because thirty thousand other people are doing it. Perhaps—even—we had better stop calling everything hokum that we have heard of before. For, whatever our dreams, our destinies are pretty sure to be commonplace, and the only glory most of us have any right to hope for is the glory of being normal.

## THE OLD LADY, CONVALESCENT

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

*THE day being warm, she has brought her chair  
 Into the garden. The sun on her hair  
 Makes yellow of white, and even her shawl  
 Is transfigured with light. She ignores the call  
 Of her daughter's children. She ignores at her feet  
 The sinuous cat. She ignores the heat,  
 And even the flowers. Still and serene  
 As a dragon-fly that has crawled from his mail,  
 As a snake that has sloughed his skin, and green,  
 Lies in green grass: so, satiate, frail,  
 The old woman, warmed through with sunlight, sits  
 And quietly there in the garden knits—  
 Knits herself gently back into life,  
 She who has nothing more to do,  
 Being old, yet somehow newborn too  
 From the hands of pain, the dark midwife.*



# THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NATIONALISM

THE NATIONALISTIC FALLACY AS A CAUSE OF WAR

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

*Professor of Social and Political Psychology, Syracuse University*

THE persistence of wars in modern civilization is a tragic paradox. Comparatively few people want war. Everyone is aware of the unmitigated suffering which it brings, with a final outcome scarcely less devastating to the victor than to the vanquished. War contradicts the ethical foundations of social order and betrays both the fruit and the spirit of art, science, and religion. A zealous array of peace societies is springing up throughout the civilized world; and the genius of our ablest statesmen has been enlisted to contrive institutions which shall supplant armed conflict. Yet wars have continued throughout history, and are occurring to-day. Between modern democratic countries wars are presumably waged by popular wish and consent. Why do nations as wholes consent to do that which human beings as individuals abhor? If two neighbors sincerely desire to live at peace they will adopt some orderly rule for settling their grievances and will adhere at all costs to the resulting decision. Why cannot human beings as nations do the same? Is there a mind or will of the "Nation" as distinct from individuals? Is such a will anything more than that which is expressed in the behavior of those who compose the nation?

The explanation is sometimes advanced that man has an inborn tendency or instinct to fight which must occasionally be given expression in spite of the ethical ideals which he has evolved as a

part of his civilization. This view, in the opinion of many psychologists, is now discredited. Although there are undoubtedly certain pugnacious individuals, there is no good evidence of an instinct to fight merely for the sake of fighting distributed generally throughout the human race. People who fight do so for some reason; for example, for the protection of their families or their property, or to avenge an insult or an injury. Fighting is a struggle against some thwarting of instinctive cravings or of life needs; it is not in itself one of these cravings or needs.

Another seemingly plausible explanation is to the effect that the citizens of one country become so outraged by the unjust acts of those of another country that they sacrifice their ultimate ideal of peace in order to ward off the present peril or insult. The motive to fight is stronger than the desire for peace. This explanation may have been true for certain defensive wars; but it overlooks the motivation of the aggressor and the invader, without which defensive war would not exist. Furthermore, it is not usually actual injury upon a large scale which leads to a declaration of war, but the fear of such injury. It is not because of an insult to himself that the citizen takes up arms, but upon the more indirect experience of an insult to his country. Agencies of propaganda seize upon these local and relatively minor episodes and, by arousing numerous expressions of anger and fear, cause the



authorities of government to be impressed by the specious appearance of a public opinion in favor of war. War is then declared. While there exists, therefore, a formal justification for the declaration of war, such declaration is the result of the citizens responding, not to the enemy, but to a small group of their own countrymen, the propagandists.

Those who are fond of thinking in sociological terms may ascribe war to an unfortunate social system. *Individuals* want peace, but *society* is organized upon a basis of competing national groups. We are, therefore, the prey of the institution of war. The writer believes that this answer is on the right track; but it should be restated so as to show more clearly what is implied in a "system" or an "institution." The mistaken view seems prevalent that an institution is something over and above men and women, controlling them like an external force. There is, however, no superior power over the citizens compelling them to fight for their country. The modern military state is simply a phrase to express the fact that the citizens *do* fight as a method of settling international disputes. The system will be abolished as soon as we change the behavior of the individuals; and there is no way of attacking it except through the behavior of the individuals. It is a fallacy, therefore, to think of men in democratic countries as slaves to institutions over which they have no control, unless we accept the premise that men have no control over themselves.

There seems, then, to be no escape from the paradox of our self-inflicted militarism. It must be admitted as an inconsistency in human nature. We ardently long for peace, and we work for it; but we have certain deeply rooted habits and attitudes which lead us inevitably toward war. At bottom, of course, science recognizes no inconsistencies in nature. There must be a way of explaining how human beings could have

developed these two conflicting trends. The following analysis touches upon some aspects of the problem as seen by a psychologist.

## II

The central issue engaging the student of militant nationalism is the question "What is a nation?" Various definitions have been proposed. The nation has been defined as a large group of people having the same racial ancestry, together with a homeland and a common language. All these attributes may be challenged and instances cited proving that none of them is essential to the idea of a nation. Upon one fact, however, writers are in fair agreement: namely, that the main criteria of nationality are psychological. There are certain traditions, historical perspectives, and principles possessed in common by the members of every national group which are both the evidence and the substance of their nationality. If an individual shares these ideals with the others of his group, and like the others is loyal to them, he belongs to their nation; otherwise he does not belong to it, even though he may be of the same race as his fellows, speak the same language, and live in the same territory. According to Professor Pillsbury, the best way to tell the nationality of an individual is to ask him. That is to say, individuals belonging to a certain nation are aware that they belong to it and, furthermore, this awareness is an essential part of nationality itself. The loyal citizen regards his compatriots as valuing the same traditions and upholding the same international ideals as he himself does. Not only is he ready himself to fight and perhaps die for his country; but he also feels that all the others are willing to make the same sacrifice, and that they will expect and approve his own evidence of loyalty.

Intense community of feeling has an important effect upon our thinking which takes possession of us almost without our realization. Not only do

we feel that we are one with the nation, but the nation becomes to us an "over-person" capable itself of feeling and willing. It is a great genius or spirit, to be apostrophized, honored, loved, and protected. That which the citizen feels as more vast and enduring than himself is also greater than any citizen and, therefore, indeed greater than every citizen. Individual Americans have come and gone, but America has lived ever since the early federation of the Thirteen Colonies. Then, again, it is more convenient in discussing international affairs to speak of the nation as a unit than to refer to the separate acts and attitudes of millions of men and women. Insidiously there creeps into our phraseology the usage that the nation has a reality of its own quite apart from the individuals who compose it. From speaking it is only a step to reasoning. We tend to think of nations as great over-persons entering into relationship with other nations. We call in question merely the righteousness of their acts; we do not consider the deeper question whether "the nation" (being merely a figure of speech) can perform any acts at all, and, therefore, who it is who *really does* the acting in question.

To arrive at the heart of the matter we shall place over against this popular metaphysics of the nation a more critical, scientific definition. All usage which treats of the nation as a personal agent is pure metaphor. The "Nation" cannot sign a treaty, establish a foreign policy, contract indebtedness, declare war, conscript citizens for military duty, or conclude peace. However truly it may have these functions from a working legal standpoint, from a realistic point of view the Nation as a super-individual functionary is a pure fiction. It is only *individuals* who can do things. They do them, to be sure, in certain accepted capacities; for example, as representatives of large numbers of other individuals. They do them also "in the name of" the entity called the "Nation." But still individuals, and only individ-

uals, perform political acts. The nation is not some mystical force which settles over men and shapes and controls their attitudes. It is a situation rather than a thing. It stands merely for the point of view from which we see the citizens all behaving in a similar and patriotic manner. We shall refer to the view which regards the nation as an over-person, feeling, speaking, and acting for itself, as the "nationalistic fallacy."

### III

The psychology of nationalism cannot be understood without examining the process by which objects come to be used as emotional symbols. By a well-known psychological law, any expression of behavior may, under proper conditions, be reproduced later when the individual is confronted by some significant feature of the situation which evoked that behavior originally. The work of the Russian physiologist Pavlov in this field is well known. He first found a way to measure the flow of saliva which occurs in the dog's mouth upon the sight or smell of food. For a number of feedings a bell was then rung or a light flashed each time the food was presented. After this period of "conditioning" it was found that whenever the bell was rung or the light flashed *without the food* there would be a flow of saliva—a flow, moreover, equal in quantity to that occurring when the food itself was placed before the dog. The salivary response, in other words, had been transferred to an originally indifferent object which happened to have been present in the original situation when the food was given. The functioning of the salivary glands was thus said to have been "conditioned" by the sound or the light. For our purpose it must be remembered that emotions such as fear and anger, and also sentiments and attitudes such as loyalty, obedience, respect, pride, and love are forms of human reaction. They are more complex than the secretion of saliva, but are just as truly functions of



our physiological organs of response. The law of conditioned response is found to hold also with such forms of behavior.

This principle helps one to understand how children of succeeding generations can be taught to respond with affection, obedience, and loyalty when confronted by certain objects which are significant in the teaching of patriotism. The elementary feelings, emotions, and attitudes which have already been developed within the family circle can be transferred to the sight or sound of nationalistic symbols, such as the flag, the pictures of presidents, the names of national heroes, the narration of historic episodes, and the singing of the national anthem. Just as the salivary reaction was evoked and transferred to the sound of the bell, so the response of love and respect which the child has heretofore experienced only toward his parents is extended to the national flag or the national anthem. The child's native country is given emotional meaning to him by speaking of it as his "homeland," or in some instances as his "father" land or "mother" land. Obedience to parental authority becomes, through conditioning, obedience to the "law of the land." To a few objects, such as the Constitution and the tradition of the Founding Fathers, there are attached that awe and reverence which the child has been taught previously to feel toward holy objects. The older doctrine of divine right of kings is paralleled by the modern sanctity of the President. Nowadays eminent statesmen speak of the voice of "The People" as the voice of God.

Not only are our feelings conditioned through the use of symbols, but our processes of thinking and imagining as well. We not only feel toward such objects; we believe in them. A symbol differs from other objects in that it is always employed to mean, or stand for, something else; and it is necessary in the situation because that "something" which it represents cannot generally

be seen, heard, or touched. If it were not for the symbol, the thing which it stands for could not be made to seem real. There is furthermore a deep-seated tendency to "rationalize" a symbol, that is, to discover some *logical reason* for feeling toward it as we do. We love the flag, therefore, not as a mere fetish, but because it stands for our country. Our powerful battleships and marines excite our enthusiasm not merely as examples of good fighting equipment, but because they represent to us the might of America. Similarly, in the religious field, the communicant of the Anglican Church reveres the sacred elements because they stand in his mind for the spiritual nature of God of which all partake through partaking of them. Thus do we build up a belief in the reality of the things for which our symbols stand. These "projected" realities are not regarded as the product of our emotions, but as something existing quite apart from us and above us. They are not created by faith; but they themselves create faith in that they are its justification. Without belief in them all rational support for our attachment to their symbols would be lost. In so far, therefore, as we love and cling to our symbols, we are unwilling to permit any question of the realities for which they stand. The attack upon the radical or the questioning pacifist in time of war is thus psychologically akin to the earlier attacks upon the religious heretic or atheist. Just as the fundamentalist pictures a Jehovah whom he can love and trust and who demands from him worship and obedience, so the nationalist thinks of the Nation as a great overperson, the epitome of righteousness, and an object of human loyalty and devotion. In both cases the belief is required and enforced as a self-justification of strong emotional habits which since childhood have colored the thinking of these persons.

We can, therefore, appreciate the profound tendency of the average man or woman to regard the Nation as a tran-

scendent reality, instead of as so many millions of individuals all loyal to a common nation-symbol. The man on the street may, it is true, be led more critically to examine his ideas concerning the nation. When pressed for greater exactness, he will probably say, "Why, of course, in the last analysis I do not mean by America anything more than all the people living in America, together with their possessions and the land itself." Deeper, however, than the logic of verbal statement are the emotional habits which compel one to the presumption of a reality behind one's symbols. While the average man protests that he thinks clearly upon this point, his conduct frequently belies him. While he may not in words acknowledge the belief in such an over-person or entity as the nation, yet in times of stress he will be found *to behave as though he believed in such an entity*. And in national affairs, as elsewhere, it is not what we say we believe that is important, but that which our actions indicate.

#### IV

But before we show how popular thinking and acting are ensnared by the nationalistic fallacy there is one more thread of motivation which must be unraveled. In his book, *The Behavior of Crowds*, Mr. Everett Dean Martin has pointed out that intense devotion and loyalty to one's group are sometimes subtle methods of being devoted to one's self. Our praise of our group is allowed to pass for altruism without probing into its deeper significance as an indirect form of self-praise. This is because our regard seems to be centered upon our fellows rather than upon ourselves. It is the very fallacy of believing in the whole group as an entity apart from separate individuals which renders this form of self-exaltation possible. If there is something ennobling about Freemasonry which is absorbed and expressed by all individual Masons then, by being a Mason, I am exalted. If, however, all

the good in Freemasonry is to be found solely in good individual Masons, then my belonging to this group gives me no claim to special merit. Family pride, fraternity feeling, college spirit, the boosting of the local community are phenomena to which the same formula might be applied. Quite conceivably these group enthusiasms may operate to raise the ideals and conduct of the many toward the standard set by the more excellent within each group. But the other side of group loyalty is also important. Lauding the virtues of family, local, and national heroes probably helps the more obscure citizens to acquire a consciousness that they also partake of these noble and dramatic qualities. It is common to hear children boasting of the superiority of the American soldiers and sailors in recent military campaigns. When a small boy the writer made it a point to fight in playground battles upon the side of the United States, rather than among those weaklings who were compelled to play the role of the opposing power.

Even more important than the feeling of self-elation are the rights and prerogatives which are often claimed in the name of the Nation. There are, of course, high-minded souls who may sincerely think of their nation as a divine agency for promoting human welfare. But others are animated by unrecognized motives of quite a different sort. Selfish claims are given respectability by making them in the name of one's country, and under the ægis of patriotism. We might, for example, uphold the law preventing land-holding by Orientals in California and the anti-Oriental immigration law upon the ground that without these laws the unity of our national life would be threatened. America must be kept free from contamination by alien influences. To untangle the problems of cultural friction and racial prejudice which enmesh the merits of this issue lies beyond the scope of this article. Unsettled biological questions regarding racial characteristics and race-



mixture lie also beyond our province. We are here merely pointing out that the fine-sounding nationalistic fallacy of "the integrity of the Nation" may cover over, in idealistic language, the bald fact that by keeping out Asiatic competition we may enjoy unhindered the vast territories and resources of the country among ourselves.

The same reasoning may apply to our treatment of the people of smaller American republics and the claim of extra-territorial privileges in weakly defended parts of the globe. Here again, the assumption of special benefits through membership in a certain group (the nation) is possible only so long as we believe in that group as a reality superior to individuals. Reduce the nation of America to a hundred million concrete and separate persons, and it loses at once that majestic cloak of sovereign right under which these individuals are privileged to enjoy the good things of the world more freely than those to whom a different national label is given. Neither special praise nor special favor can we claim by virtue of our group when the eye of justice sees not the group but only the individuals. And thus we find another reason why human beings desire to believe in that mystical, superior personage, the Nation.

In the preceding paragraphs we have contrasted the popular and the scientific conceptions of the nation. The former accepts uncritically a reality projected behind our national symbols and conveyed to us in the language of metaphor. The Nation is a great Being in which the destinies of individuals are merged and for the sake of which individual interests must be sacrificed. Scientific analysis, on the other hand, formulates the nation as existing solely in the behavior of its individuals. There are fairly clear reasons why the popular view has taken a stronger psychological hold than the scientific: first, because it carries the force of emotional habits conditioned early in childhood by the use of symbols; second, because it affords a socially

approved method of raising an individual's estimate of himself; and third, because it is an unrecognized manner of obtaining, under the guise of patriotism, certain special privileges. Although the average citizen will deny that he personifies the nation or believes in its independent existence, there is, in the writer's opinion, a widespread tendency of citizens to behave as though they were animated by this belief. We turn now to the task of verifying this assertion.

## V

Let us project a comparison which, though hypothetical, will be accepted as probable. A sentry on military duty near the border of his country quarrels with a fellow-sentry and is shot and killed. There may be a short notice of the event in the newspapers. The usual investigation will be set on foot, leading to a court-martial and the punishment of the offender. Aside from the military authorities and the immediate relatives of the slain man, no one in the country will feel especially concerned about this matter. There will be no universal clamor for the punishment of the one who committed the deed. Consider now another event which, though hypothetical, is in some respects similar to a recent episode on the border between two Balkan countries. We shall suppose that the citizens of the two countries, though not at war, are strongly nationalistic and mutually suspicious. A sentry strays over the line and is shot by a sentry of the opposing force. Immediately public opinion is aroused in the country of the slain soldier. A hasty ultimatum is sent. Then the army of the offended nationals invades the country of its enemies and begins its work of pillage and destruction. Many people are killed and the lives of hundreds more are placed in jeopardy. In each of the two instances cited one man was slain by another. Each murder was the result of ill feeling, and each brought the same kind of loss to the relatives and

dependents of the victim. What difference of fact exists between these two situations? How can we explain the striking difference in the behavior of the citizens involved?

One might reply that in the first instance everyone could be reasonably certain that the murderer would be brought to trial and punished; whereas in the second case he might go scot-free. But does this fully explain the difference? Why are citizens not equally concerned over the failure to detect and punish many homicides occurring yearly within their own borders? Rich or influential criminals when brought to trial have been able to thwart justice and escape with light punishment or with none at all. Such instances, though they may evoke expressions of indignation, do not arouse citizens to concerted or violent action comparable to a military invasion or a declaration of war.

Turning to an analogous situation nearer home: Why are the people of the United States so stirred by the threat to the lives of American citizens in Mexico, Nicaragua, or China that they must send military expeditions to these countries? "It is the duty of a government," the average citizen will reply, "to protect the lives and property of its subjects." This may be true. But why should we be so sensitive to minor and temporary perils abroad, and neglect the constant danger of the citizen who walks the streets of Chicago or New York, where the rate of crime is greater than in almost any other part of the civilized world? Are not American lives at home as valuable as American lives in foreign countries? Who, moreover, is this over-person, the "Government," to whom we metaphorically attach such rights and duties? Is it not really, in a democracy, the people themselves? If so, the obligation of the government to protect citizens is nothing more than the truism that individuals should defend themselves. The notion that it is the duty of a Government to protect its subjects may serve as a

euphemism for the fact that by banding together, employing an army, and operating under the symbol "American," we can secure protection individually when we travel abroad. And so the average man finds it useful at times to *behave as though* his Government, like his Nation, were a kind of superior personal Being.

It is clear that the psychology of international retribution has other elements beside the mere desire for universal justice. When one of our nationals has been killed abroad it is not a mere man, but an *American*, who has been slain. It is in a sense our flag which has been insulted. The symbols which the loyal citizen has learned from infancy to hold sacred have been profaned by *aliens*. The affront seems deeper and wider in scope than a mere outrage to personal feelings. Through our tendency to project a reality behind our symbols an attack upon the symbolic object becomes an attack upon that for which the symbol stands. The killing of one of our citizens by an alien, or upon foreign soil, is thus not merely a crime against that person, but an insult to our Country and a blow at the sovereignty and honor of our Nation. The offended nationalist thus feels that he has a rational as well as an emotional provocation to anger, and that to uphold the governmental policy of drastic and summary action is not only his natural impulse but his sacred duty.

One of the most potent influences, therefore, in support of war is precisely that fallacy, which in clearer moments the average citizen will disclaim, namely, the belief that the nation is something independent of and greater than its individuals. Without this belief it would be hard to stir him to action on behalf of a cause remote from him both in distance and in personal interest. The individual does not feel himself *personally* insulted by an attack upon his countryman abroad. He feels it as an affront to his "national honor." That is to say, he would not feel insulted at all if he did not believe that his "Nation"



was somehow belittled in the eyes of the world. Extending this psychological fact now to every individual (for the individual mentioned above was representative of all), we have the curious situation that *no one* in the nation is personally insulted, but *each* is offended on behalf of the Nation. Clearly, if the nation is made up entirely of its individual members, there is no one left to be insulted. The claim, therefore, of an offense against the "honor of the Nation" vanishes into thin air. While *logically* it so vanishes, it remains, however, *psychologically*, retaining its hold upon popular thinking and serving as a powerful incentive in the direction of war.

Just as one accepts the reality of one's own nation through loving its symbols, so one can reify the opposing nation though hating its symbols. The nationalist personifies the "Enemy" just as he personifies his own country. Blame for the grievances leading to war is thus extended to every citizen who bears the label or the symbol of the hostile nation. The war guilt which the Allied nationals have heaped upon "Germany as a Nation" still weighs heavily upon the self-respect, as well as upon the purse, of the German citizens. They cannot feel as individuals that they were responsible for the War; yet neither are they willing to allow the precious symbol of their country to carry the reproach. Laying aside the nationalistic fallacy, we may ask, Who *really* is to blame? Clearly, the guilt must fall either upon certain specific individuals upon whom it can be proved, or else the notion of blame will have to be abandoned altogether, and the problem treated upon scientific, rather than upon moral, grounds. The writer believes that this would be a fair solution, but that it will have little chance of acceptance since, on the one side, the Germans feel that their nation-symbol, though struggling under unjust reproach, is of priceless value, while on the other, the Allied nationals find this symbol a convenient

formula upon which to hang the guilt of the war. And with the burden of guilt established the demand for reparations logically follows.

From the standpoint of national honor the international situation precipitating the World War will repay consideration. There was, on the one hand, an outrage to the nationalistic feeling of the Austrians through the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, who, as a scion of royalty, was himself one of their most potent national symbols. On the other hand, there was a strong national spirit among the Serbians which caused them to reject the Austrian ultimatum. Though granting most of its stipulations, they could not bring themselves to yield upon certain measures. And these were the demands which were most devastating, not to Serbians as individuals, but to their ideal of the national honor of Serbia. There were, of course, other powerful and unseen factors in the precipitation of the war. We are here merely pointing out the essential role which was played in this tragedy by the emotional power of symbols when combined with a belief in the reality behind the symbol.

For an instructive parallel from history, let us turn to the Crusades of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The motivation of these remarkable episodes was, of course, complex. Monarchs were ambitious to extend their political power; the Pope and clergy were hungry for wider dominion with spiritual and temporal privileges; the trader wanted new commercial opportunities; the knight-errant lusted for adventure and for booty. One great appeal, however, touched young and old, high and low, rich and poor alike, giving the movement an air of divine sanction and uniting all the participants of Christendom into one great army. This was the slogan of rescuing the tomb of Christ from the hands of the Infidel. Without such an appeal no movement comparable in scale to the Crusades could have occurred. The power of this incentive lay

not merely in the feelings it awakened, but also in the acceptance of that *divine order* made so real to the Christian spirit through the symbol of the Holy Sepulchre. Holy wars were not waged through personal feelings over relics; but only when such relics became to the believer the symbol of the living reality of Christ and the Church. Foolish and wasteful romanticism, most of us would call it to-day. Assuming that the sacred tomb could have been found and identified, what did it matter whether a pile of crumbling Palestine boulders was in the possession of Christians or Mohammedans? Yet we, in the twentieth century, are still acting under the same sort of illusion. We, too, fight for the imagined reality behind the symbol. Scoffing at the fanatical "religious honor" of the Crusaders, we cherish the "national honor" preached by our living demagogues.

Nowhere is the nationalistic fallacy more clearly revealed than in the actual business of launching and conducting a war. When an international dispute arises the precise effect of yielding one's country's policy in favor of the other—the effect, that is, upon the *individuals*—is seldom the center of consideration. Our statesmen and publicists speak instead of the "violation of the Country's rights," "the breaking of national treaties," or "the infringement of the Nation's sovereignty." At every step the negotiating nations are personified and treated as super-individual beings. If the situation "becomes aggravated" the ambassador of each country to the other is recalled, a procedure by which "speaking relations" between the "Nations" are severed. A "state of war" is then declared. This is necessary, because otherwise the nationals of neither country would know how to treat those of the other, nor what treatment they might in turn expect. Thus far it is really only the "Nations" which are at swords' points; the psychology of the individuals lags far behind.

True it is that indignation has swept

over the country, a wave of anger aroused by alleged offenses to national honor, or by some other cause; but it is a far cry from this abstract and "public" sort of anger to that personal hatred which is necessary to induce one man to go out and kill another. We acquiesce in the war before we are ready to kill. The officials of the government are thus faced by the task of getting the citizens into a fighting mood; and a campaign of "education" follows in which the national symbols and nationalistic fallacy are played upon to the uttermost. The methods of propaganda used in the World War, exaggerated and based in part upon shameless lies, are now too well known to require more than passing mention. Men trained in our military camps were instructed to plunge their bayonets into straw dummies with the vicious feeling that these targets represented the bodies of German soldiers. Youths brought up to believe in the teachings of Jesus were thus led as individuals to slaughter one another in a war conceived and justified as a struggle between mythical over-personages, the contending Nations.

## VI

Our study of nationalism will not be complete until we have suggested its role in co-operation with the more sinister and hidden causes of war. The belief in the reality behind national symbols is sometimes spoken of as the "national will" or "national spirit." While this designation is from one standpoint permissible, it is to be remembered that the attitudes making up this national spirit may be used as a tool for the widespread control of popular thinking and action. To reclaim the Sacred Tomb during the Crusades was not merely an expression of the spirit of Christendom; it was also an appeal which could be used by princes, feudal lords, churchmen, and mystics alike in organizing and launching their vast expeditions of forage. Similarly, our ideal of the nation, while it is on the one hand asso-



ciated with the noblest of human sentiments, is on the other hand an emotional habit through which we fall a prey to the clever manipulations of the jingoist.

The leaders in national affairs are often either protagonists or are unconsciously in the grip of that nexus of political ambition and economic profit which is a potent but unseen cause of military conflict. What such causes are and how they operate are subjects in crying need of investigation. Various writers have pointed to the investment of foreign capital, pressure exerted by owners of war industries, the professional militarists, and nationalistic *blocs* in various governments. The rise of modern nationalism has certainly accompanied the accumulation of capital, industrial inventions, and the expansion of colonial enterprise. Agents working on behalf of these interests would, we contend, be powerless to lead millions of people into war without such effective psychological aids as sensitiveness to national honor and the belief in the reality behind the national symbols. We are not saying that without the nationalistic fallacy all war would be impossible; but in many cases the support it lends is vital to the hidden interests which are vested in international conflict. It is hard to conceive of any other device by which, in modern times, rulers and publicists could stampede millions of people into a war.

We are now beginning to fathom the tragic paradox to which we referred at the opening of this article. It is in the very nature of our allegiance to national symbols and the Nation they symbolize that we find the supporting ground of international warfare. Our nationalistic fallacy is adopted unconsciously and is well rationalized under the name of patriotism. Only when we have insight into our fallacies can we challenge and dispel them. It is for this reason that, while deploring war and sincerely searching for every means to prevent it, we are drawn inevitably into its very clutches.

## VII

The reader may be inclined at this point to raise the following question: "Let us grant the truth of what has been said—does it still follow that we must give up the ideal of our Nation? The notion of America as something great and real is rooted in our very nature. It seems to us the source of much that is worth while in life. The writer has perhaps not fairly distinguished between nationalism and patriotism. After all, it is not the nationalistic fallacy itself which leads to war, but the way in which it is used. We can continue to believe in the Nation while making our national ideal one of promoting human welfare. Our Nation can be one of peace instead of war; or if war is necessary, it will fight only upon the side of right and in the interest of a securer peace. May we not keep our 'Nation' but purge it of all sinister motives?"

Truly, we would reply, there is no harm in the ideal of the nation in itself; but its hold upon citizens is so subtle, and the ultimate sources of propaganda which employ it are so strong yet so invisible that as long as this ideal is uncritically accepted we shall be a prey to the influences which make for armed conflict. If the emotional element in thinking is a partial cause of war, then the solution lies as much in promoting a clearer insight into our emotional habits as in attacking the forces which are trying to induce war directly. If we assert that our nation shall fight only upon the side of right, there is no sure means of judging which side is more right than the other. And all too frequently, as we have pointed out, the cause which *seems* right to us is that through which we can best vindicate the honor of our national ideal. This is precisely the dilemma we are seeking to escape. If, on the other hand, we should insist that we can make our nation one of peace, the answer is that peace, like war, can be created only by individuals; and it is questionable

whether peace at all costs will be maintained as long as individuals can be controlled by the emotional belief in a reality behind their national symbols. The Nation, in other words, will refuse to fight only when the citizens refuse to fight for the Nation.

"But," some may exclaim, "to refuse to fight for the nation is treason and anarchy! It is a blow against the Nation itself." To quote from an utterance of Major-General Charles P. Summerall: "As long as men and women cherish honor and liberty, they must be prepared to defend them with their lives if need be. When our people are unwilling to pay that price, they will have no more war, but they will also have no more country." But it is not the "country" in the nationalist's sense that it is worth the price of fighting and killing to preserve, but only the welfare of the individuals in the country. We may substitute for General Summerall's military formula the program of realistically educating nationals all over the world so that they will be unwilling to fight for the honor of a fictitious nation. Individuals, if attacked, would of course still be ready to defend themselves. They would, if necessary, organize for this purpose. Neither fighting nor organizing, however, would be done in the name or defense of a "Nation," but only for the protection of the individuals specifically engaged.

True democratic government is not the voice of a mysterious Being called "The People." It is merely a set of rules and decisions reflecting that which the greater number of citizens desire. If war comes as a directly expressed wish of the majority, and independently of any propaganda in the name of the Nation, then the political duty of the citizen would be to fight. If, however, a ruler or a group of legislators decide that the "Nation" should wage war,

refusal to fight for that "Nation" personified in their decision should not be called treason but clear thinking—thinking of a type which declines to sacrifice popular government for the sake of a nationalistic fiction. At least one far-seeing statesman is now appealing for a Constitutional enactment through which war can be declared only by direct referendum to the people.

In contrast with world-progress in natural science, technical organization, and industry, a woeful lag is evident in our science of political organization. Living in an age of world-wide communication and international alignment of opinion, wielding inventions which can be turned to the purpose either of good or of colossal destruction, depending as every citizen does upon the industry and good will of citizens in all parts of the world, we are retaining in our process of government a metaphysical view which has been the rallying ground of local and factional jealousies since the Middle Ages. It is a philosophy which has long sustained the ambitious sovereign and the aspirant for power. In religious life we have made better progress. Though preserving a feeling for our religious symbols, we have given up our insistence on prescribing, by the scourge and stake, the reality which may lie behind them. Holy wars and inquisitions are a thing of the past. They were possible only when men labored under the assumption of a transcendental order, of which they were the chosen guardians and beneficiaries. In the political realm we are preserving not only the love of our national symbols, but the militant belief in a reality behind them. This supposed reality is a National Being whom we can neither see nor prove; but yet a Being for whom we must fight, killing those we do not hate and wasting our substance upon an empty dream.





## IN SEARCH OF BERGAMOT

A STORY

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

IT WAS Henry Scott's party and Henry, who was mayor of Custis, was determined that Landon and I should be fitly welcomed back to the city where we had been born. He explained that the gin in his cocktails was equal to our metropolitan demands. They were so sure, all these folk whom I could hardly remember, that Landon and I were metropolitan. Adèle Scott, who was stout and just a little flushed from her husband's cocktails, talked brightly, determinedly, ruthlessly to Landon about books a well-informed person should have read and music a cultured person should have heard. The Shakespeare Circle glistened triumphantly in her eyes. And Landon, who was at least metropolitan in the clothes that Toledo's most fashionable tailor had made, did his best in return and was happy to have found old friends.

And now Adèle, starting the phonograph, remembered other obligations of a hostess. She held out her arms and teetered on her too high heels. "The Charleston reached Custis, anyhow, Frank. Maybe you can teach me the Black Bottom. Let's try. We won't let you remember that Mrs. Landon didn't come West with you."

I saw Landon's eyes shift toward Harriet Canaday, who was slenderer, but Adèle had advanced upon him. "Oh, I dance nicely, Frank. Of course, I'm not exactly a Faith Donahue—"

The Mayor, rummaging for cigars that would satisfy our metropolitan palates, roared from the cellarette, "No,

Dell, we'll break down and confess you're no Faith Donahue. Not by fifty pounds. But say—she ought to be here, hey? That'd make it Old Home Week, for sure. Still, though, I suppose you Easterners see her every year."

"I bet they do," Adèle said, still holding out her arms. "They knew her."

"I knew her as well as they did," the Mayor boasted. "Didn't I, Professor?"

I was, it seemed, "Professor" to all these people who had been at kindergarten with me, and apparently some answer was called for. "She hasn't danced for ten years, I believe. She was among the first to climb from the Follies into drama. But, yes, I've seen her often. I imagine Landon has, too."

"Hey, Frank?"

"Well, no—fact is, I've never seen Faith since we both left Custis."

"Don't get down to New York very much, I guess," said the Mayor.

Landon bristled. "Some months I've had to go five times. But somehow I never did get round to see one of Faith's shows. I don't know just why—"

Adèle was stamping her pudgy slippers. "If you don't dance with me this minute, Frank, I'm going to ask the Professor."

They went stumbling across the floor, intricately embraced. Of the four hundred pounds of dancing weight, I estimated, Landon's would probably be twenty more than half. Adèle, whom I vaguely remembered as slim and exquisite, was squeezed into a brief canary-

yellow dress that flattened over her hips. It crawled high above stockings of the same shade; and, really, I must have been mistaken about her slimness. My temples began to ache. The room fused. Blues were shrieking from the phonograph, or was it Adèle? Harriet Canaday was smoking a cigarette which she had lighted by holding it to a match as one would a candle. I wondered whether I could find a telephone and have a messenger summon me away. But it was midnight now, and they must go to bed sometime.

Landon seemed to be of my mind, for after he had danced several discs through, he announced, "I'm not the man I used to be. Now don't you folks bother. I've got a car out here and I'll drive the Professor to the hotel." For the first time I liked him.

It was a sybaritic car; it reeked opulence. It slid noiselessly under the shadow of the peaks, the mountains I had not seen for twenty years. Their calm eased my temples. Landon let the car coast to a stop and switched out the lights. We were half-way between the "development" where the Mayor lived and the city proper, in a waste of staked lots barren of arc lamps. I saw him relax behind the wheel and stare toward the long, upthrust ridge that ended in Mt. Paul.

"Hicks, aren't they?" he said. "A man don't like to throw his old friends down." When he had snipped the cigar with something that dangled from his watch-chain, the flare of a patent lighter revealed his flabby cheeks and—I noticed with surprise—something desperately unhappy in his eyes. Suddenly his hand was tight on my shoulder. "Roger, what did you come back to Custis for?"

I had had to think hard to remember him, that morning, when he stormed into my hotel and declared that he had once taken a licking which I deserved. "I'm a historian," I said, unwillingly. "I came West to look over old Territorial records. Probably you'd call it a business trip."

"Well, mine's not. My wife went to Europe again—I went once, but it'd be a good man caught me a second time. The girl's old enough to go with her now, and I sent the boy to camp. I bought a new car and drove out here."

"It's getting late," I suggested, "and the Mayor's gin—"

"Hey, look there." There was such strange gladness in his voice that I glanced in surprise in the direction of his arm. On the tip of Mt. Paul a coral spark fluctuated against the sky. Landon sighed. "Golly! somebody's made the Sunrise Climb. They probably left town, say, seven o'clock. They're there now, cooking a beefsteak on a stick while their hearts slow down and their ears come open again. They'll see the dawn an hour before it hits town. I've done it a hundred times."

I felt a little friendlier toward the fat man who said he had been my friend: it was human of him to have remembered the Sunrise Climb. Evidently the remembrance was not all pleasurable, for I heard him sigh several times.

"Yeh," he said, "easy a hundred times. Did it one night in October and got caught in a blizzard. Once I and Coot Peters—they tell me he's been dead ten years—sat on the peak while a rain-storm came up the valley and slid up that mountain like an elevator. Lightning underneath us, and us there in the sun. Once I made the climb too fast and got sick—I thought I'd never get home. Once, by golly! I made the Sunrise Climb with a girl. You'd never guess who."

"I'm sorry, Landon. I find it hard to remember the names."

"Faith Donahue!" he bragged.

"Very daring in those days, but quite characteristic of Faith."

"Nothing ever scared her, did it? And walk!" He sighed. Clearly he regretted his boast. He kicked the starter-button viciously. The oppressive car moved off, as quiet as a knife drawn through milk.

"Anyway," he said defiantly, after a



while, "you and her and I—we're the only ones from this hick village ever amounted to anything."

"I?"

"Half the alphabet after your name. Anybody else in Custis ever a Ph.D.—or know what it means? Published four-five books— Lord, one of 'em in three volumes."

"Where did you see a copy of *Who's Who*, Landon?"

He chuckled. "In your hotel while you were changing your shirt. You might look me up to-night—oh, I know you were sparring for time trying to remember if you'd ever heard of me. But we'll keep in touch now. Toledo's not so far from your college."

At my hotel—he was staying at the other one, the new and pretentious one—he shook my hand lingeringly. He seemed unwilling to let me go, though I was yawning and obviously tired. I saw in his eyes the same bewildered pain I had seen by the flare of his cigar-lighter. I spoke of the work I must do the next day.

"The Capitol closes at five," he said. "Take dinner with me."

"As for *Who's Who*," I said, "all full professors of reputable colleges are in it *ex officio*."

He felt nothing in my words but shook my hand again and went reluctantly away. Before going to bed I took his hint and looked up his name in the red volume that, with democratic charity, lists college professors among important men. Francis Meeley Landon, it appeared, was equally proud of his graduation from the Custis High School, his presidency of the Landon Cement Company, his directorships in two banks, his membership in a Hunt and Polo Club, his Dollar-a-Year record, and the ribbons his pigeons had won at some show. I read a list of organizations he had joined, other organizations he had addressed, and still other organizations that had expressed obligation to him. He had won a medal for trap-shooting. He was forty-two, and

his wife had something to do with an art museum. I went up to gargle antiseptics and erase the taste of the Mayor's gin. *Who's Who in America*, I thought, was a strikingly cynical volume.

But when I had spent torrid afternoons in the basement of the Capitol, fanning up dust that two generations had not stirred, his automobile proved a benison. Faithfully he drove me about the mountain roads, plunging into moist canyons so cool that one forgot the city. I could not, at first, understand why he clung to me when so many men who had been boys with him were about. I saw him sometimes shaking their hands, strutting, telling them the saga of his Toledo greatness. But he avoided the dinners and golf matches they would have heaped on him, preferring those evening drives with me. He related an endless autobiography, and behind it was some dumb frustration that gnawed at him distressingly.

A fat, neat, too well tailored man, with inconspicuous bits of gold in the right places, bewildered, urgent, obtuse. I came to understand why men of his station—the jargon calls them Big Executives—must pay secretaries to listen to them. All my scholarly reticence could not diminish his confidences. They were boastful at first, with the naïveté of a man still marveling at his smartness, but they grew wistful before long and soon they were downright abject. Always there was that unhappiness in his eyes, and his voice, his words, began to match it. And so for the first time I began to be interested in Frank Landon.

Just what troubled him? I pictured the wife he had glowingly described to me: all that the wife of the Landon Cement Company should be, something at the art museum, now in Europe. No—she was appropriate, and he was proud of her. The girl was too young to be a disappointment, and the boy too thoroughly a copy of his father. But here he was, two thousand miles and more from his cement, haunting the

scenes of his boyhood, his eyes shadowed with that unphrased distress.

He took me one night west of the city and led me through cottonwoods to a place where oily water gave back the stars. He sat on a bough that overhung the creek, swung his legs, and looked long at the dim current. Mosquitoes troubled me: I smoked three cigarettes and clasped hands over my ankles. A reek of carrion drifted through the trees, mingling with the odors of moss and mud and water.

"Aren't you appeased yet, Frank?" I asked. "I realize that I swam here long ago and Riley touched your heart with a poem. But when I swam here there was no abattoir just above it."

His mind reached the present in sections, precisely like the unfolding of a telescope. "My boy swims off a float at an antiseptic camp. I have to pay a thousand dollars to have some goggle-eyed Y-man keep him from swallowing water. Why, Roger, he wears a bathing suit!"

Crawling in, heavily, along the branch, he was grieved by my insensibility. "Don't you get any kick at all from remembering?"

"I remember very little. Custis only seems more drab, more dreadful than I had thought."

"Honest to God, I pity any man that wasn't raised a boy here. I think"—he grew sententious—"that a boy here got something that sticks. It's all kind of sunny and golden in my mind."

He did not understand. That was why he was here, to find out if he could why it was all sunny and golden in his mind. It remained so. No sun faded, no gold grew dull. Through the dingy streets of Custis, in his mind, perpetually, ran shouting boys on their way to strip for swimming, to roast potatoes in a bonfire, or to sic enthusiastic mongrels on cats that scooted up the alley in terror.

There was, of all things, an antique shop on the corner where a glamorous livery barn had once been. Landon

prowled through it disconsolately, but bought many things his mother would have thrown away. I saw him pounce on an etched and frosted flask, and sniff at it inquisitively.

"What's that?"

He held the empty flask to my nostrils. A faint perfume lingered in it—a softly pungent fragrance that stirred something long forgotten in my mind. I thought strenuously; somehow I caught a picture of my grandmother. "Bergamot!" I said.

"What?"

"Your grandmother laid away her handkerchiefs and wedding dress in it. It was made, of all things, from oranges."

"Perfume?"

"Of a kind. Buy the flask—it ought to serve your purpose."

But he would not—being just then more desirous of a vanished, livery-stable perfume. So, because the scent had oddly stirred me, I bought it instead, resolving to have a druggist find me an ounce of the essence.

He talked, increasingly, about the mountains. His eyes were always straying toward them, and I heard how he had hunted in this canyon, fished in that one, been snowbound here, been lost and terrified there. I marveled that his youth had had days enough to contain all his adventures, but it was a greater marvel that each one of them seemed to have possessed an occult significance.

"I want to climb Mt. Paul again," he said one evening when the full moon rose behind it, notched by the needle of rock. "I'd—feel better if I did. Do you think I could make it?"

I had no need to look at his puffy hands and neck, at the abdomen that mocked whatever the young Frank Landon might have been. "No, Frank, I'm quite sure you couldn't. No man your weight—age—dare put such a strain on his arteries. Besides—"

"Yeh?"

"Besides, you'd be wise to keep your memory of its loveliness."

He brooded. "I know I could."



Why, I've done it a hundred times, easy. . . . It would do me good."

"It would do you in."

"I—I need it. I dreamed I was there, a night or two back. I'd feel, well, different if I went."

I became aware, slowly, that he was curious about Faith Donahue. He had divined, against my intent, that between her and me some bit of friendship had been preserved and deepened during the years. Simply, Faith and I had been able to laugh together. From time to time the wild colors of her life warmed my academic study, and sometimes I was able to bring its sedative calm to her help. We had talked away a satisfying number of hours, in twenty years. But I could not discuss Faith with anyone, Frank Landon least of all.

He began to hint at her and to set naïve traps for me. It amused me, sometimes, to bewilder him with specious information. He was such a quaint bungler, heavy-footed, boisterous, sensitive—what was it all about?

"She never married, did she?" he asked me squarely, one night.

"No."

"Seems to me she could have."

Inwardly, I gasped. Had he never read the divorce news? "The world," I said, "has had no hesitation about offering all its flowers for Faith to pluck. Probably, if she had called on it to, it could have produced a husband for her."

I saw no reason for remarking that marriage was not quite Faith's idiom. I wondered about Landon's memory of her. Sunny and golden—but whose wasn't? What did he think of her? Why was there reason for him to think at all?

He had slowed down the car till it crept like a stalking weasel over the asphalt that whispered to the tires. After a while he breathed deeply and jiggled the wheel. "I know why she didn't."

If this fat manufacturer of cement laid a slur on Faith Donahue I resolved to choke him. But there was no need of my exciting myself.

"But, by heavens, I'm—not going to tell you. I thought I wanted to. I do want to. But it's not fair to her."

I understood, then, that something had disturbed him for more than twenty years. And a night or two later I found the key to Frank Landon and his Western pilgrimage and his distress.

He had been talking about Mt. Paul, and about his great lust to climb it again, and about one or more of the ascents he had made when his waist was narrower. He smoked and talked and fell silent as he always did. And then, suddenly, he said, "Did you ever hear a coyote barking a long way off, miles and miles?"

A coyote! My mind wrenched at itself, frenzied to make some circuit it must make but could not. For a moment I was sick with the effort. Then I relaxed, for I was remembering Faith Donahue. . . . I had had luncheon with her, alone in her suite. A drizzle outside made her one lighted lamp the more gallant. Her new play safely into its second month, as much of America as she cared about was at her feet. We chattered and were silent and sometimes we told things. I heard more than a discreet woman would have told about a certain person who had amused Faith and made copy for the papers.

Completing her most amusing, most indelicate story, she laughed exquisitely. "And between alimony and a new lead, Roger, what manager will hesitate long enough to brush his lapel? I was starred the next season. It was the beginning of the legend that I'm a woman of the world." Here something glowed in her mind and she laughed again—that same throaty chuckle which seduces an audience in the first act when Faith comes on. "How nearly I missed getting out in the world at all! We all did, I suppose. If ever again I hear a coyote howling I'll shudder violently, for I didn't miss by—" she paused—"well, by the circumference of my waist."

"Coyote?"

"It isn't a story or I'd tell you. No

plot—only some ingredients. A night and a mountain and a nice boy who probably runs a grocery store in Custis this minute—he was just too nice, or maybe I shouldn't have escaped. Isn't it amazing how starlight and a nice boy will threaten good plans? For I was a clear-sighted little wench even then and I meant to get just about where I have got. And probably I shouldn't have even started, what with the starlight and all, if he hadn't been nicer than he should have been."

'Chuckle seems a prosaic name for that golden and sunny ripple. "I'd be helping out at the cash register on Saturdays. It would have rebuked Heaven, Roger, for God never meant me for the fidelities of Custis. I fancy I've proved that. My fidelities have always been—shall I say selective or episodic?"

So now I understood Frank Landon's unhappiness. A man who had almost been the cause of Faith's going against nature had sufficient reason to regret his inadequacy. My interest blew hot, and before long I got the story of that Sunrise Climb.

"I took her home from the Junior Prom." That would make it early June and the full languor of mountain spring. "And, golly! we'd danced for three hours but neither of us wanted to go in. So I ran a big chance and said, 'Let's make the Sunrise Climb.' Faith just grabbed my hand and squeezed it hard. I saw she wanted to, but those days kids didn't run round all night. My Lord, her folks would have taken a shot at me if they'd heard me. But the more we hemmed and hawed and got scared, the better the idea looked. So she went in to change her clothes and promised to meet me. I beat it home, put on my boots, and grabbed the haversack I always kept filled—coffee and bacon and a lot of tricky, evaporated food. I ran all the way back. I was scared stiff she'd lose her nerve. But there she was, by the rose bushes. I

could see her white sweater fifty yards away."

That white sweater seemed to obsess him, for he mentioned it many times. I could understand. Faith, slender, tireless, eager, by his side—that blur of white moving beside him in the pool-like shadows of the trail. There was a westering moon for a while, the vast copper semicircle of June, but before long it set and they had no light but the stars in all that emptiness of high places. The trail climbed the main shoulder of the peak, zigzagging back and forth up the wall of a gulch till it climbed beyond and headed up the ridge. They climbed like veterans, slowly, steadily, almost silently. "She could climb like a man—why, I bet she could have outclimbed nine-tenths the men in Custis." And I have no doubt that her dancer's legs were as good as his.

Much of that climb I had to supply myself, for Landon, though unrebuked by reticence, hardly comprehended all of it. They were alone with loveliness. Intangible night, above them and on all sides were reared up those solid immensities of granite, curved thrust and counterthrust, cliffs touched by the finger of eternity, distorted angles of sky pierced by stars. They climbed above cottonwoods and aspens, above oak-brush and laurel, into the sparse places where only firs stood up above the cramped horizon of the trail. There was no breeze below the ridge, no whisper of evergreens, no wind stalking booted through the canyons below them. Only infinite silence and distance crowding down upon them till they must be eagerly aware of each other. They would pause to catch their breath and let the pounding of their hearts subside. At such moments they would stand together—for your true mountaineer never sits down while on the climb, lest his muscles harden with cramps. Their shoulders touched. He could feel the pulse laboring in her arm. She would move a hand to put back her hair from her forehead, and perhaps her wrist would touch his



shoulder. Or perhaps, reaching for something, she would lean in front of him and her hair would brush his hand. And this was Faith Donahue, to whom God knows how many thousands have surrendered.

So they went on and on. The trail, for an experienced mountaineer, was never dangerous. Higher and higher they climbed till it seemed as if they had crawled along the joists of the world and had only the belfry above them. There would be little to say in the night, under the stars, and Frank had said little. For as they climbed a realization had grown on him—let no two trust themselves on a mountain trail by starlight—a realization that after all he wanted to stay in Custis. Yes, restlessness was over. There was no sense in going East where fortunes might be made. After all, he would come into his father's grocery . . . and, and—to smooth away Faith's hair from her forehead, to urge her arms, those dim white-sweatered arms, about his neck!

So dark it was, so silent, so submerged in peace. At last they were at the summit, for no blank wall bulked ahead, and a furious cold wind was buffeting them. They stood for a moment braced against it, close to each other, panting with triumph and exhaustion. Then they moved down a few feet below the crest, out of the wind.

One must remember Mt. Paul in the nighttime. A mile below them the lights of Custis marking out diminutive blocks. The semicircle of the west only emptiness, black space, and far away the shifting headlight of a railroad engine making for the town. And the other half-circle at their backs, the major peaks, seen only as blackness with a line of luminescence along the top, but as apparent as if a light had played on them. And all about, the night keen and remote and passionless. Two canyons sloped up the shoulders of Mt. Paul and now they grew alive with the rush of the wind that comes before the dawn. It was the sound of a gigantic audience,

miles away, clapping their hands all together.

And a coyote was barking. Some trick of resonance or echo brought them this shadow of a sound. It was no more—a mere wisp, the last reflection of a sigh, but still a discernible bark, instinct with all the melancholy, all the frustration of the world. "It made me think of when I was a kid and there was sickness in the house—when I was afraid my mother was going to die." So Frank said. I saw his hands clenched and twisting on the wheel.

Just as it began, the night changed. On the summit of Mt. Paul the dawn sends outriders ahead of it. Before the least gray has touched the east some alchemy dulls the blackness of the night. Gloss goes out of it. You are there bodily in the sky and on all sides, above, below you, night is falling away from you like a swiftly ebbing tide. That consummate moment had come just as the wind brought them the wail of that coyote. It was too much loveliness—and Faith sobbed and leaned toward him. He had turned toward her even before she moved. There was no doubt in his mind now. He could no longer torture himself with going East and making a fortune.

"Faith, Faith, oh, Faith!"

So he had kissed her at last and her white-sweatered arms had locked behind his head. They sat there while the dawn came. Now, I have made the Sunrise Climb and I know how the gray creeps upward to the zenith while the last of night gathers in a pool below you over the city, and I know how the city itself slowly rises through that pool till you can make out buildings and see roads stretching westward among the fields. But Frank Landon and Faith saw none of these things.

Too much loveliness! and, after all, Frank Landon was only a grocer's boy who was to be a manufacturer of cement. He held Faith in his arms and the gray dawn came up behind them. He had tasted all the ecstasy he was ever to get

out of life. She had kissed him, and there they were in the gray dawn and they loved each other. He was suddenly aware that there was more to love than kissing, and he began to tremble. So did Faith. And then he was aware that she was proud and generous, frank in her love, eager to give him—all that might be given . . . in the dawn.

"Something yelled at me inside that I had to get away from this hick town. I had to get East. I knew I never should if—we did. I knew if I didn't get East—oh, my God, I *had* to go."

So Frank Landon, who had been offered Paradise, chose a not inappropriate substitute, Toledo. He moved away from her and began to look for stunted sage roots to build a fire. The gray dawn flowered into gold and scarlet.

He cooked their breakfast, melting snow for coffee. He noticed that she smiled a lot, though he hardly dared meet her eyes—and that the smile was new and a little strange. He didn't know what made it disturbing. Then they went back down the trail they had climbed in darkness. She left him, some distance from her house. He never learned how she explained herself to her family. And before long he had gone East.

So that was the Sunrise Climb. The evening that I got the story I understood Frank Landon's Western pilgrimage. Thereafter, for a while, he would not talk about it, though he grew more determined to climb Mt. Paul. But one evening he harked back to it. We had dined at a canyon inn and were smoking above the spray of the river.

"She never married, you say?"

"No."

I was breathless, waiting to hear him betray himself. "Well," I thought for the moment that his voice had got back its health, "well, I got what I went out after."

"Yes, one is seldom sure," I said.

It was what he needed. "Roger, I'd never have got it if—if we—but when I

think that she never married—men never know how much they count with women. Women dream about men. But when I think that she never married—a man don't need more than the evidence."

I clamped my jaws tight over the guffaw that rose from the depths of me. The suppression shook me so visibly that I blessed the deepening twilight.

"A man can have two lives in his hands—I did. It would have been different. All different. Different as hell. I've made out fine."

So fine, I whispered under my breath, that you've sent your wife to Europe so that you can come West and look at a pile of rock. Do you know that? Or do you not even understand your own torment?

"But Faith—she was so—it's been best for her, too, really. It's a lot to be famous and admired. But can you ever teach a woman that, if she's been eating her heart out? Oh, God, Roger, if any woman was fool enough to remember me!"

I had my story and he his memories; so we were silent and the rush of the river came to us through the darkness. His strained and blundering distress seemed the more piquant as I remembered Faith. I knew that she remembered the Sunrise Climb and I thought it possible that she might remember his name. I thought of the twenty-odd adequate reasons, all of them more noteworthy than Frank Landon, why she had remained single, and my heart was full of ribald mirth. But I wondered how many other men had paid a lifetime's discontent for kissing her.

The next evening, after we had called fruitlessly at a drugstore for my bergamot, we came out just as the last pale rose of the afterglow stained the tip of Mt. Paul. Landon stopped squarely in the doorway.

"Roger," he demanded, "if I climb it, will you go, too?"

"I will not. But don't feed your mind on illusions."



"I've got to climb it. There's something making me. I lie awake thinking—and I get to believing that's all I came West for."

No doubt, I thought, he told the truth. If he could go back over the trail, live for one more moment the ecstasy of that night, then there would be peace and a decent chance to manufacture cement undisturbed by poetry. Suddenly I felt sorry for him, as I never had been before.

"You're twenty years too old," I said. "And besides there's a curse on you that can't be lifted that way. You're condemned to go all your life thinking that somewhere along that trail, if you'll only make the climb, you'll be able to see what was never there for anyone but a poet to see. No man is a poet more than once."

"I'm going up," he said. His face was strained.

"Don't be a fool," I said as brusquely as I could, "you'd only kill yourself."

"What if I did?"

I looked at him. He meant it. I said nothing more but when he left me at my hotel, hours later, he said, very wistfully, "Don't think I don't know what you mean, Roger."

He did not come for me the next evening. We had been dining together so regularly that I missed his strange distress and telephoned to his hotel. I put back the receiver, amazed. Mr. Landon was not in, I had learned. He had gone out more than an hour before. He had left word for me: I was to be told that he had gone to climb Mt. Paul.

I ate alone and wandered back to my hideous room. I played awhile with the thousands of notes I had made this month among the Territorial records, but soon I put them away. I went to the lobby for cigarettes and a magazine. Neither distracted me. The truth was, I could no longer laugh at that preposterous stoutness going out to scale the peak which had given him his one ecstasy. He would undoubtedly kill himself. He was too old, too fat. He would go

on, clumsily, stubbornly, agonizingly, while his breath came with accelerating pain and the salt taste of blood was in his mouth, till something snapped in him.

I saw him plodding onward in the dark, this fat manufacturer of cement, utterly bemused by the memory of a girl and a white sweater. Well, I reflected, after the consummate absurdity of regretting that he had trapped Faith Donahue into fidelity, at least there was dignity in his pursuit of her shadow. He would find nothing of her along the Sunrise Climb, but I was irrationally glad that he had gone to look. That white sweater had lasted longer than the glory of making cement. It had outweighed the Polo and Hunt Club and outshone the art museum. It had dulled the luster of a wife who could go a second time to Europe. And it was strong enough still to pull him across the continent and up a mountain trail to his death. I hoped that the night would be kind to him, that the illusions he had cherished would bear another one and give him one moment after twenty years. I hoped that he might see that sweater once again, even though twenty years too late. I hoped that he might come through the night in safety and yet find peace from torment. But I thought of his paunch and his unhealthy cheeks.

The next morning I waked to a sharp anxiety. I telephoned to his hotel, anxiously hoping to hear his voice, but he had not returned. At once I was feverish. Should I ask the police to send out a searching party? Did I remember names of Toledo associates who could be notified? How did one reach a wife who was traveling in Europe?

I was nervous and truly grief-stricken when I reached the street. The druggist beckoned me and gave me the ounce of bergamot he had finally found. I came out from his shop and, as before, Mt. Paul stood up commandingly above the lesser peaks, sun-parched, hazy with heat-mirage, and inscrutable. I caught my breath at sight of it, and the pathos

of Frank Landon tightened my throat. That fat, unhappy millionaire, hell-ridden by the memory of one night's beauty, lost and damned his life long because he had kissed Faith Donahue, and now walking himself to death along the way he had walked, that night, with her. Resolution surged up in me. I found a taxi and bade the driver take me as near to the gulch where the trail began as he dared run his car.

I was still a mile from the gulch when I paid him off, with rolling foothills between. I was dressed in a business suit and oxfords, and the sun was intolerable. But I was going on, as far as I could. I shouted with relief when I saw three Boy Scouts heading in the same direction, on one of their inexplicable treks. They were young and tireless, fit to go as far as necessary, and I could hire them to make the search when I gave out. I shouted and waved them to me. They enlisted with me, round-eyed, delighted to have an adventure that matched their handbooks.

At the extremity of my strength I could not keep within fifty yards of them. My legs were agonized, and sweat had wilted my hat and shirt. The gulch was cooler, but its slope at once set my heart pounding. It was up here that Landon had come last night, as twenty years before. Along this hellish pathway of rock fragments he had bent his flabby knees upward to the peak. There had been no wheezing, no agony, twenty years ago—nothing but a white sweater bobbing dimly through the dark. But as I crawled onward I began to feel that he had done wisely. I forgave him his cement works and his idiocies and his illusions. I forgave him everything that had irritated me. For, I saw now, it was fitting that he should die in search of something beyond his understanding—that, after forty, restlessness should come upon him till he had expiated the treason he had done to his own youth. Strange that so great a fool could yet dive down into his own past and find there enough dignity to die well. That

counted—it counted heavily. And I felt lonely, pitying him, but glad.

At last we came to the place where the trail climbed up the side of the gulch and struck off toward the peak. I remembered that it curved eleven times, above here, making the great zigzags that took it to the last appalling climb. I felt that I could endure to the first of those eleven curves. There I would wait and send the Boy Scouts on till they found him.

Yes, my reverie went on, almost Frank Landon had solved a secret that eluded most. Almost this fat man had dared to die in search of his own vanished youth and poetry. All the glamour of that one surpassing loveliness had reached out to him across twenty years and dragged him back from Toledo to himself.

At last, my feet swollen and aching, my legs tight as shrunken rawhide, and all my muscles trembling from the effort, we reached the first turn in the trail. I sank down between two stunted spruces and called in my Boy Scouts to give them instructions. But on their way back to me they stopped, gathered in a knot, and began to yell. Groaning, I ran to them.

He was stretching, yawning, lifting his head from the haversack on which it was pillowed. I saw the ashes of a fire in front of him. He lay there and blinked at me.

"Hello, Roger," he said stupidly. "Oh, my Lord, I'm sore. And hungry."

The Boy Scouts ran to make a fire, find water, and assure themselves a well-lived day by boiling him some coffee.

He had given up, it developed, right here, about eleven o'clock last night. He had built a fire and nursed his cramps and bruises till daybreak, when he had fallen asleep. Now, while he ate the Boy Scouts' meal, he howled in pain with each flexion of his muscles. His beard was stubbly. The ridiculous puttees he had bought slipped down on his calves in grimy wrinkles. Loam and moss had got into his hair. Twigs and leaves clung all along his back.

His groans on the way home were



pitiful, but I knew now that dying was no part of his role. I was sorry for him as one is sorry for all fat men in distress—just that. We found a telephone at the first house and summoned a taxi. At his hotel I could forget my own blisters long enough to help him undress. I rolled up the puttees, the breeches, the flannel shirt, and the preposterous hat, and dropped them into the wastebasket. He sat on the bed, shuddering as he fingered the outraged muscles of his legs and shoulders. They were, I knew by my own, efficient avenues of pain.

I set the hot water going in his bathtub. "It's what you need, Frank," I said. "Hot water is enough to cure you of everything that's wrong."

And indeed while he lay parboiling and I relaxed on his bed, comfort did come back to him. I heard his sighs and groans of satisfaction as the heat relaxed his muscles. I could guess at the less material healing.

He had been half an hour in the tub and I had been able to doze, when he spoke. I noted that already he was shouting again, though the door was not closed.

"Want to drive back with me, Roger? I'll show you a first-rate job of how to handle the niftiest straight-eight on balloon tires. By golly! I tell you—you come on to Toledo. I'm staggering

it, and we'll have a hot time. Polo club, country club, sail on the lake, anything you say. What's your handicap? Ever been round in less than a hundred-twenty? Neither have I."

"You're going home, then?"

"Lord, a man can't stand Custis forever. Sure. Yep, by golly! I'll start to-morrow."

For just a moment the clangor of his voice dulled with a suggestion of the gloom with which I was more familiar. "I'll come back sometime and climb that damn peak. All a man needs is training. What? What did you say, Roger?"

"Nothing, Frank, nothing at all."

"You think I won't? You bet your sweet life I will. All it needs is training. Ow, God almighty!—rub my legs, will you? Massage them there below the knee."

I leaned over. The bottle the druggist had given me that morning fell from my pocket and smashed on the floor.

Landon sniffed drowsily from where he lay, relaxed in hot water that was healing him of his grievous hurts. "Hey," he said, "what's that smell?"

"Bergamot."

"Oh, yes. Say, what did you tell me it was?"

"Nothing," I said. "Only an old-fashioned perfume."





# THE TRAINING OF YOUNG CHILDREN

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

ONE of the chief differences between modern educational theory and that of earlier times (except for the Jesuits) is the greater emphasis which the moderns place upon the first years of life. In this change practice has led the way and theory has followed suit. From Pestalozzi and Froebel down to the present day, the technic of kindergartens, children's houses, and nursery-schools has been more and more developed, not without a theoretical background it is true, but without the background suggested by modern psychology. I shall begin with the theory, and return subsequently to the practical problems of education.

Two diverse movements in psychology have led to the emphasis on infancy among scientific students of human nature. The two movements I mean are psychoanalysis and behaviorism. Both are part of the wider movement against the intellectualist theories which formerly prevailed among professors, though never among men of the world, statesmen, or love-makers. These men had need of *practical* psychology, and did not content themselves with an abstract appeal either to self-interest or to any other motive. From a theoretical point of view, there is not much logical force in the argument:

What are all these kissings worth  
If thou kiss not me?

Nevertheless, the argument doubtless achieved its purpose.

It may be said, therefore, in a sense, that modern psychology consists of the discovery by the professors of what

everybody else has always known. That is why it is so easy for everybody else to understand. People have always psychoanalyzed those whom they disliked, but the results were considered discreditable because of an official theory as to the nature of decent people's motives. Science has brought about the disappearance of this discredit, with the result that we are coming not to resent the application of psychoanalysis to ourselves. And *a fortiori* we do not mind its results being used to guard against dangers to our children. The study of mental diseases has led to the belief that they very frequently have their source in some emotional shock or bad environment during the first few years of life. The kind of mental damage which has to be treated by an alienist is, of course, exceptionally severe, but it is not different in kind from those minor injuries which produce mild instabilities or phobias or merely tiresome maladjustments and faults of character. In all these cases the cause is likely to be similar in kind to that which brings about really grave injury. Thus, we are led back to early childhood as a period when it is peculiarly easy to do harm to the character, of a kind that can be cured afterwards only by prolonged treatment and then, as a rule, imperfectly. To avoid the conditions which produce these bad results must, therefore, be one of the first cares of those who have charge of infants.

All this, however, is mainly negative. Psychoanalysis, as one would expect from its origin in the study of mental disease, is more concerned to avoid bad



effects than to produce good ones. Consequently, with some of its less scientific students, it has tended towards a new form of the doctrine that the child's nature should be left to develop spontaneously, the role of the adult being almost entirely confined to the provision of nourishment and an environment free from dangers. I do not believe that this is the most that can be done. The first step, undoubtedly, was to discover what *not* to do to the child; but the second is to discover what may be done with advantage. It is here, I think, that behavioristic psychology shows itself more constructive than psychoanalysis.

Whatever may be thought about behaviorism as ultimate truth, there can be no doubt that it supplies the only valid method for the study of animal and child psychology. Behaviorism as a method means two things: first, getting our data by external observation, not by "introspection"; second, seeking laws of externally observable behavior, not of "thought" or "feeling" or anything else not visible to an outsider. The necessity for the first of these is obvious whenever the animal or child concerned cannot speak; and even if a child can speak, he or she cannot be trusted to be accurate in self-observation, so that "introspection" is still not available as a source of data. The necessity for our second limitation, namely that we must not interpret our results in terms of thoughts or feelings, is a matter of scientific caution. What is verifiable about an animal is its behavior; so that a supposed law which brings in anything else is to that extent unverifiable. A man will say, "My dog is glad to see me again." If you ask, "How do you know he is glad?" the man will say, "Because he jumps and gives little barks and wags his tail." But in fact this is all that the man *knows*; he only infers that the dog is glad. You will learn to abstain from this inference if you wish to practice scientific austerity; or else you will give

some purely behavioristic definition of "glad" in terms of the functioning of the glands and the viscera. And what applies to animals applies also to very young children, though with diminishing force as they grow older.

Now the behavioristic study of infants, particularly as conducted by Dr. John B. Watson, has shown that they have far less in the way of "instinct" than was formerly supposed, and that a great deal of what was formerly attributed to this source is really due to the influence of the environment, which may be called "education" in so far as the environment consists of or is created by adults of the same species. The whole thing becomes clearer if we contrast human beings with insects, which are the supreme examples of instinct. There are many species of insects in which each generation lives only during part of one summer, so that every member of the species is born into a world in which there are no adults. The insect, therefore, has to get on as best it may without any education at all, and for this purpose it has to rely wholly upon instinct. As a rule, it devotes itself to a life of pleasure and perishes miserably within a few days, sometimes not even interrupting the dance for meals. Among such animals there is no such thing as social tradition and no handing on of the lessons of experience. There are merely mechanisms which cause certain behavior in certain circumstances, this behavior being as a rule sufficient to secure the continuation of the species. But the method has the disadvantage that when circumstances change the animal does not find out how to adapt its behavior to the new environment. This is why, for example, it is comparatively easy to exterminate the mosquito.

Man is at the opposite end of the scale. Birds and mammals, in a state of nature, often receive education from their parents. Many kinds of birds are taught to fly. I have watched young sea gulls standing on rocks trying

to make up their minds to dive as their parents do, with just the same appearance of combined fear and adventurousness as is shown by a boy in a swimming pool. There is evidence that animals often learn from their parents which other animals are their natural enemies, and that they have, in many cases, no instinctive fear of them if they are brought up by hand. Everybody who has ever kept a female cat must be familiar with the spectacle of the mother teaching the kittens to catch mice. Thus, even in the more highly developed animals instinct does not play so great a part as was formerly supposed.

## II

But in man this process of substituting experience for instinct has been carried much farther than in any of the lower animals, with a corresponding increase in the possible effectiveness of education. For practical purposes one may say that, in human beings, emotions take the place of instincts. Some situations rouse pleasurable emotions and some the reverse. The human infant—or the human adult, for that matter—tries all sorts of ways to procure the pleasant situations and avoid the unpleasant ones. Acts which have succeeded in either of these aims tend to be repeated, and so habits are formed. The newborn infant has no habits. He has a number of reflexes, and a very few “unlearned reactions,” which are what remains to him in the way of instinct. But he acquires habits with remarkable rapidity, and habits once acquired may be very difficult to change. The first steps in education consist entirely in giving to the infant such habits as will be useful to him in later life, or at any rate so long as they persist—for some early habits drop off of themselves when the child learns to walk and talk. Within the limits of physical capacity almost any mode of behavior can be rendered habitual by having pleasant consequences attached to it. The infant is

extraordinarily plastic just because his habits are not yet fixed. That is why infancy is of such paramount importance in the education of character—for character, in so far as it is amenable to education, consists almost entirely of the difference between good and bad habits.

In the acquisition of habits, in addition to the pleasure-pain mechanism, a very large part is played by suggestion. Whatever alarms a grown-up person will terrify a child. Tears in a grown-up person will produce a paroxysm of grief in a boy or girl of two or three years old. But the influence of suggestion is not so great in the first months, since it depends upon a certain understanding of adult behavior which comes only with experience. I should say that the force of suggestion is at its maximum between two and three, and after that slowly declines as the child's ego becomes more firmly established. The right use of suggestion and, still more, the right avoidance of it, is a matter of capital importance. An emotion which you are feeling yourself will be communicated to your child even if you are hardly aware of having given any expression to it, while the insincere expression of an emotion which you wish the child to feel remains quite without effect, or even produces the reaction called “negativism” in the books, which ordinary mortals call cussedness. The moral of this is: feel genuinely the emotions that you wish your child to feel; if you can't, entrust his education to someone who can. The first occasion of a new experience is especially important. The child's first thunderstorm (after he is old enough to notice it) should not be experienced in the presence of a person who minds thunderstorms, as this is capable of producing a dread of thunderstorms that may last through life. A person who is to be entrusted with the care of children should be placed in environments containing cows and dogs and cats and rats and mice and spiders and disqualified if she shows any alarm.



The same thing applies to fear of the dark and other irrational phobias. None of these is instinctive, but all are easily caught from foolish adults.

Negativism is, in a sense, the opposite of suggestibility. It is the tendency of the child to offer opposition to anything the adults urge him to do. This arises partly from the natural desire for independence, partly from pleasure in being the center of a fuss, and partly from the fact that many of the things demanded by grown-ups are tiresome and bring no benefit visible to the child. Anxious parents create negativism by getting into a state of mind when their children don't eat or don't go to sleep. With regard to eating there should never be any difficulty if the right methods are adopted. Never urge a child to eat, but give rather the impression that you think him greedy and are reluctant to give him as much as he wants. Most adults, in fact, think children need more food than they do, and try to compel them to over-eat. If children are let alone they will eat enough, unless the food is bad. If they make a fuss, pay no attention, but seem not to see or hear them until they stop; a fuss that nobody notices soon grows boring.

The art of managing young children is one which requires both science and tact; neither separately is adequate. I do not think myself that it is wise to dispense with a certain element of authority. It is necessary to have meals at fixed times and bed at a fixed time; later, lessons have to be regular if it can be managed without making them hateful. A child will do without reluctance almost anything that he has the habit of doing; it is only in establishing the habit that authority comes in. A child's day—unless it is an exceptional holiday—ought to contain a good deal of fixed routine for the sake of physical health, avoidance of mental strain, and a certain positive happiness that children find in expectedness. This last is due to the fact that human beings feel safer if they can foretell the future; hence the

belief in necromancy, divination, and science. Accordingly it gives a child more satisfaction to know when his dinner will be than to have it whenever he feels he wants it. Connected with this is the principle that your dealings with a child ought to proceed according to general rules that the child can appreciate, except in some obviously unprecedented situation. A parent or nurse who is capricious and subject to moods does not give the child the sense of understanding his environment that he derives from consistent behavior. In adolescence young people may want to be understood, but in infancy they want to understand, and for that reason they feel more contentment in an artificially regular environment.

A child's nature is a mixture of adventurousness and sense of dependence. Every healthy child is perpetually trying new things and giving himself small hurts in the process. But all his courage is within the framework of adult protection: away from the adults whom he knows, he will be terrified. The adult must be careful not to allow herself to enjoy the child's sense of dependence too much, because this sense ought to grow less with growth. On the contrary, the child's adventurousness should be encouraged, while the grown-ups take care—as far as possible in ways that are not noticed—to prevent such mishaps as might injure the child physically or spoil his nerve. Trivial mishaps are to be tolerated, since they are essential to the acquisition of skill. If mistakes are made in early education there is grave danger of producing adults with insufficient self-reliance, who will look round for a mother-substitute. Some men find it in a wife who mothers them, some in a routine career with small risks and small rewards, some in theological beliefs according to which they personally are the special objects of divine protection. These bad results may be produced equally by too much danger and by too much coddling. The danger to which a child is exposed should

be proportioned to his strength and skill, so that if he is clever he suffers nothing, and if he is not he suffers only a little. But his pleasures, as soon as he is old enough, ought to be such as he feels that he procures for himself, or at most with the help of other children. Adults will really assist in providing the right environment, but this ought not to be too strongly present to the child's consciousness. In this way enterprise and self-reliance can be developed increasingly as the years go by.

To return to the element of authority in the education of young children: where there exists a community of children, as in a nursery-school, a newcomer can be trusted to adapt himself to its customs through the example of the herd, so that good habits will be self-perpetuating and will require only gentle supervision. But in a family, especially a small family, this method is not available. Generally an adult who is cheerful, kindly, and vital can secure the co-operation of children through the mere force of suggestion, but sometimes this method will fail. In that case it may be necessary, for example, to carry the child to bed without wasting further argument upon the matter. Probably the child is tired and is really glad to get to bed. At any rate, bedtime soon comes to be accepted as a law of nature. But there should be plenty of warning that the time is approaching, and the child should not be interrupted when he is near the end of some construction upon which he has set his heart.

### III

A rather difficult part of moral instruction is teaching children to behave well to one another. Left to themselves, they will grab all they can, and the strongest will get everything. I do not see how this problem can be dealt with by means of a purely self-regarding ethic. It is, of course, quite true that in later life if you attempt to be grasping beyond your strength you will be dis-

liked; but if you are both grasping and strong you will be admired, and equestrian statues will be put up to you when you die. But I should not wish to teach a Nietzschean morality to my children, or to allow the superman of five to feel grand in tyrannizing over the slave of three. I should also not wish to teach to the stronger a morality of self-sacrifice, according to which he ought always to give way to the weaker. Such an attitude in a child, though it could be created by moral pressure from the adults, would seem to me morbid and a hindrance to self-development. The proper aim, I should say, is justice. Let the children take turns at anything that they cannot all enjoy at once. They soon come to feel that this is right and learn to do it even when no grown-ups are supervising them.

There is much that is not yet known as regards the moral instruction of children. The old view was that virtue consisted in resisting temptation; the modern view is that, if children are wisely handled, they will not feel any temptations to serious wrong-doing. This goes, of course, with a much greater toleration towards the natural activities of the young. If, for example, you teach them that they must never shout you will produce in them such a physical irritation that they are bound to break out in some undesirable way. They must have full play for their physical exuberance, and there must be as few prohibitions as possible. But granted all this, there remain certain things that must sooner or later be acquired by boys and girls if they are to be satisfactory adults. Perhaps the most important of these are kindness and industry. Let us consider each in turn.

With regard to kindness, I do not think it can be taught except through the medium of other children; kindness from a child to an adult is altogether too artificial except in rare circumstances. In a family kindness can be taught to all except the youngest by showing indignation when an older child ill-treats



a younger one. There is no need to search for reasons why children should be kind to one another; it is quite enough to show that you expect it. I have two children, a boy and a girl, the boy being two years the elder. The only occasions on which he has been spoken to with real severity have been occasions when he hit his sister or was otherwise physically unkind to her. Two or three such occasions sufficed; I do not think he has ever ill-treated her since his fourth birthday. But I do not know quite what the psychological effects have been. When other children are unkind to her he becomes blind with rage and will fiercely attack them even if they are much older than he is; this is the only thing that ever makes him really angry. Perhaps a foundation has been laid for chivalry towards the weak in later life; perhaps, on the other hand, there has been an undue curbing of natural egoism, which may produce an inability to stand up for himself when he should. Moreover, it is of the utmost importance to avoid giving children a sense of sin, and for this reason it is undesirable to employ methods which cause them to feel shame. Any curbing of natural impulses is attended by psychological dangers, and yet in a community of children the weaker must be protected. Even those who are most opposed to discipline in education admit this in practice. We cannot say until we have had more experience of modern methods what is the best way of dealing with this problem. One thing, however, can be said, and that is, that what needs teaching to young children is abstinence from unkind acts, not positive benevolence, which, if it can be taught at all, can certainly not be taught to the very young without turning them into hypocritical prigs.

Industry is a virtue not to be expected of children under the age of five, but the foundations for its later development ought to be laid as early as possible. There are three things that can be done, especially in the fourth and fifth years.

First, provide the child with little problems which interest him and which are not too difficult. Secondly, when he has become interested in a problem, whether one that you have provided or one that he has found for himself, do not interrupt him while his interest lasts except for grave reason, such as that the house is on fire. Thirdly, do not help him except at an occasional crucial point, and then only when he is beginning to be discouraged by the failure of his own efforts. All these are commonplaces in Montessori schools and other modern schools for the very young, but they are not yet sufficiently understood by many parents. Careless parents interrupt ruthlessly, and careful ones give too much help. The more one has to do with children, the more one learns to let them alone.

In this connection, there are two schools of thought as to answering children's questions. Some say they should always be answered; others say they should be met by a Socratic attempt to lead the child to find the answers for himself. This latter method is admirable where the matter is one as to which the child could find the answer. But there are a great many things children wish to know—such as the names of flowers and animals—which they cannot possibly discover for themselves. While they are too young to use books such questions, I maintain, ought to be answered. Later on, I should provide them with books of botany, zoölogy, geography, history, etc., and encourage them to find out the answers to their questions for themselves. It is certainly easy to produce a type of laziness by supplying information too easily and too readily. On the other hand, if the effort required is too great, children will not make it and their intellectual curiosity will dry up. The conclusion is that methods must change as the children grow older, more and more being left to their own initiative as they become more proficient.

If one makes a practice of answering children's questions one soon discovers that most of them are not asked with a view to the information conveyed by the answer. There is more pleasure in asking an old question than a new one, because it is interesting to see whether the same answer will be given, especially if different persons are questioned on the two occasions. If the child can get two independent witnesses to a strange story he feels more inclined to believe it. But even repeated asking of the same question to the same person is a pleasure, particularly if the person forgets that he has been asked the question before. Children, like men of science, are pleased whenever they discover an example of the uniformity of nature, and they are delighted if their fathers always give the same response to the same stimulus. Many fathers, when they find out, are annoyed, as they have been priding themselves on their success in adapting their answers to the infant mind. But a father with a properly scientific outlook will be glad that his conduct should afford examples of the reign of law to his offspring.

To return to the question of industry: if a boy or girl is to be industrious at lessons later on it is necessary to avoid nervous fatigue, to provide a fairly uniform routine, and not to permit too many passive pleasures. I mean by "passive" pleasures all those that do not consist, at least in part, of activity on the part of the child. Reading, in later life, is a passive pleasure, but is an active pleasure to a child that cannot yet read with ease. Acting is an active pleasure, but going to a theater is not. Passive pleasures may be very exciting, all the more because they do not supply their own muscular outlet. Those that are exciting should be rare in a child's life, though not wholly absent, since they are capable of stimulating artistic imagination. Altogether, excitement, variety, and distraction are dangerous except in moderation. In particular,

they militate against concentration and against intellectual interests. A child needs to grow like a tree, quietly, in one spot, at his own pace and in his own manner. Many a child's intellectual progress would have been satisfactory but for the eagerness of parents and teachers in trying to give too many kinds of things at once. This is perhaps the chief reason why parents of exceptional intelligence generally have *blasé* children. Boredom is not half so bad for a child as over-stimulation.

There is one point that I consider more important than any that I have mentioned so far, and that is that, from the age of two onward, children should spend a great part of their day in the society of their contemporaries. This is impossible in a family unless there are twins. This is the chief matter in which a large administrative change is called for. Children cannot be free in an adult environment: there are things they must not break, taps they must not turn on, hours when noise is forbidden, and so on. To secure a maximum of liberty for them it is necessary to provide the sort of environment that is possible only in a nursery-school. Moreover, most of the necessary education of character comes best from children of the same age. Older and younger children have a part to play, but not nearly so important a part, since they cannot give experience in equal co-operation. And when once good habits have grown up in a nursery-school the example of the others is sufficient for newcomers. Such a school, therefore, needs to grow gradually from a small number who can be carefully watched and trained until it can carry larger numbers along with it by its own momentum. For the physical health and for the mental and moral development of the population, it is difficult to imagine anything more beneficial than the right kind of nursery-school. And this applies to the well-to-do almost as much as to others.





## SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

**T**HIS is not a homily on lying. It is a presentation of one of the most difficult questions that confront the physician. Should doctors tell patients the truth? Were I on the witness stand and obliged to answer the question with "yes" or "no," I should answer in the negative and appeal to the judge for permission to qualify my answer. The substance of this article is what that qualification would be.

Though few are willing to make the test, it is widely held that if the truth were more generally told, it would make for world-welfare and human betterment. We shall probably never know. To tell the whole truth is often to perpetrate a cruelty of which many are incapable. This is particularly true of physicians. Those of them who are not compassionate by nature are made so by experience. They come to realize that they owe their fellow-men justice, and graciousness, and benignity, and it becomes one of the real satisfactions of life to discharge that obligation. To do so successfully they must frequently withhold the truth from their patients, which is tantamount to telling them a lie. Moreover, the physician soon learns that the art of medicine consists largely in skillfully mixing falsehood and truth in order to provide the patient with an amalgam which will make the metal of life wear and keep men from being poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, unpleasing to themselves and to those who love them. I propose therefore to deal with the question from a pragmatic, not a moral standpoint.

"Now you may tell me the truth," is one of the things patients have frequently said to me. Four types of individuals have said it: those who honestly and courageously want to know so that they may make as ready as possible to face the wages of sin while there is still time; those who do not want to know, and who if they were told would be injured by it; those who are wholly incapable of receiving the truth. Finally, those whose health is neither seriously disordered nor threatened. It may seem an exaggeration to say that in forty years of contact with the sick, the patients I have met who are in the first category could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The vast majority who demand the truth really belong in the fourth category, but there are sufficient in the second—with whom my concern chiefly is—to justify considering their case.

One of the astonishing things about patients is that the more serious the disease, the more silent they are about its portents and manifestations. The man who is constantly seeking assurance that the vague abdominal pains indicative of hyperacidity are not symptoms of cancer often buries family and friends, some of whom have welcomed death as an escape from his burdensome iterations. On the other hand, there is the man whose first warning of serious disease is lumbago who cannot be persuaded to consult a physician until the disease, of which the lumbago is only a symptom, has so far progressed that it is beyond surgery. The seriousness of disease may be said to stand in direct relation

to the reticence of its possessor. The more silent the patient, the more serious the disorder.

The patient with a note-book, or the one who is eager to tell his story in great detail, is rarely very ill. They are forever asking, "Am I going to get well?" and though they crave assistance they are often unable to accept it. On the other hand, patients with organic disease are very chary about asking point blank either the nature or the outcome of their ailment. They sense its gravity, and the last thing in the world they wish to know is the truth about it; and to learn it would be the worst thing that could happen to them.

This was borne in upon me early in my professional life. I was summoned one night to assuage the pain of a man who informed me that he had been for some time under treatment for rheumatism—that cloak for so many diagnostic errors. His "rheumatism" was due to a disease of the spinal cord called locomotor ataxia. When he was told that he should submit himself to treatment wholly different from that which he had been receiving, the import of which any intelligent layman would have divined, he asked neither the nature nor the probable outcome of the disease. He did as he was counselled. He is now approaching seventy and, though not active in business, it still engrosses him.

Had he been told that he had a disease which was then universally believed to be progressive, apprehension would have depressed him so heavily that he would not have been able to offer the resistance to its encroachment which has stood him in such good stead. He was told the truth only in part. That is, he was told his "rheumatism" was "different"; that it was dependent upon an organism quite unlike the one that causes ordinary rheumatism; that we have preparations of mercury and arsenic which kill the parasite responsible for this disease, and that if he would submit himself to their use, his life would not be materially

shortened, or his efficiency seriously impaired.

Many experiences show that patients do not want the truth about their maladies, and that it is prejudicial to their well-being to know it, but none that I know is more apposite than that of a lawyer, noted for his urbanity and resourcefulness in Court. When he entered my consulting room, he greeted me with a bonhomie that bespoke intimacy, but I had met him only twice—once on the golf links many years before, and once in Court where I was appearing as expert witness, prejudicial to his case.

He apologized for engaging my attention with such a triviality, but he had had pain in one shoulder and arm for the past few months, and though he was perfectly well—and had been assured of it by physicians in Paris, London, and Brooklyn—this pain was annoying and he had made up his mind to get rid of it. That I should not get a wrong slant on his condition, he submitted a number of laboratory reports furnished him by an osteopath to show that secretions and excretions susceptible of chemical examinations were quite normal. His determination seemed to be to prevent me from taking a view of his health which might lead me to counsel his retirement. He was quite sure that anything like a thorough examination was unnecessary but he submitted to it. It revealed intense and extensive disease of the kidneys. The pain in the network of nerves of the left upper-arm was a manifestation of the resulting auto-intoxication.

I felt it incumbent upon me to tell him that his condition was such that he should make a radical change in his mode of life. I told him if he would stop work, spend the winter in Honolulu, go on a diet suitable to a child of three years, and give up exercise, he could look forward confidently to a recovery that would permit of a life of usefulness and activity in his profession. He assured me he could not believe that one who felt no worse than he did should have to make such a



radical change in his mode of life. He impressed upon me that I should realize he was the kind of person who had to know the truth. His affairs were so diversified and his commitments so important that he *must* know. Completely taken in, I explained to him the relationship between the pain from which he sought relief and the disease, the degeneration that was going on in the excretory mechanisms of his body, how these were struggling to repair themselves, the procedure of recovery and how it could be facilitated. The light of life began to flicker from the fear that my words engendered, and within two months it sputtered and died out. He was the last person in the world to whom the truth should have been told. Had I lied to him, and then intrigued with his family and friends, he might be alive to-day.

## II

The longer I practice medicine the more I am convinced that every physician should cultivate lying as a fine art. But there are many varieties of lying. Some are most prejudicial to the physician's usefulness. Such are: pretending to recognize the disease and understand its nature when one is really ignorant; asserting that one has effected the cure which nature has accomplished, or claiming that one can effect cure of a disease which is universally held to be beyond the power of nature or medical skill; pronouncing disease incurable which one cannot rightfully declare to be beyond cessation or relief.

There are other lies, however, which contribute enormously to the success of the physician's mission of mercy and salvation. There are a great number of instances in support of this but none more convincing than that of a man of fifty who, after twenty-five years of devotion to painting, decided that penury and old age were incompatible for him. Some of his friends had forsaken art for advertising. He followed their

lead and in five years he was ready to gather the first ripe fruit of his labor. When he attempted to do so he was so immobilized by pain and rigidity that he had to forego work. One of those many persons who assume responsibility lightly assured him that if he would put himself in the hands of a certain osteopath he would soon be quite fit. The assurance was without foundation. He then consulted a physician who without examining him proceeded to treat him for what is considered a minor ailment.

Within two months his appearance gave such concern to his family that he was persuaded to go to a hospital, where the disease was quickly detected, and he was at once submitted to surgery. When he had recovered from the operation, learning that I was in the country of his adoption, he asked to see me. He had not been able, he said, to get satisfactory information from the surgeon or the physician; all that he could gather from them was that he would have to have supplementary X-ray or radium treatment. What he desired was to get back to his business which was on the verge of success, and he wanted assurance that he could soon do so.

He got it. And more than that, he got elaborate explanation of what surgical intervention had accomplished, but not a word of what it had failed to accomplish. A year of activity was vouchsafed him, and during that time he put his business in such shape that its eventual sale provided a modest competency for his family. It was not until the last few weeks that he knew the nature of his malady. Months of apprehension had been spared him by the deception, and he had been the better able to do his work, for he was buoyed by the hope that his health was not beyond recovery. Had he been told the truth, black despair would have been thrown over the world in which he moved, and he would have carried on with corresponding ineffectiveness.

The more extensive our field of observation and the more intimate our

contact with human activity, the more we realize the finiteness of the human mind. Every follower of Hippocrates will agree that "judgment is difficult and experience fallacious." A disease may have only a fatal ending, but one does not know; one may know that certain diseases, such as general paresis, invariably cause death, but one does not know that tomorrow it may no longer be true. The victim may be reprieved by accidental or studied discovery or by the intervention of something that still must be called divine grace.

A few years ago physicians were agreed that diabetes occurring in children was incurable; recently they held that the disease known as pernicious anæmia always ended fatally; but now, armed with an extract from the pancreas and the liver, they go out to attack these diseases with the kind of confidence that David had when he saw the Philistine approach.

We have had enough experience to justify the hope that soon we shall be able to induce a little devil who is manageable to cast out a big devil who is wholly out of hand—to cure general paresis by inoculating the victim with malaria, and to shape the course of some varieties of sleeping sickness by the same means.

I am thankful for many valuable lessons learned from my early teachers. One of them was an ophthalmologist of great distinction. I worked for three years in his clinic. He was the most brutally frank doctor I have known. He could say to a woman, without the slightest show of emotion, that she was developing a cataract and would eventually be blind. I asked a colleague who was a co-worker in the clinic at that time and who has since become an eminent specialist, if all these patients developed complete opacity of the crystalline lens.

"Not one half of them," said he. "In many instances the process is so slow that the patient dies before the cataract arrives; in others it ceases to progress. It

is time enough for the patient to know he has cataract when he knows for himself that he is going blind. Then I can always explain it to him in such a way that he does not have days of apprehension and nights of sleeplessness for months while awaiting operation. I have made it a practice not to tell a patient he has cataract."

"Yes, but what do you tell them when they say they have been to Doctor Smith who tells them they have cataract and they have come to you for denial or corroboration?"

"I say to them, 'You have a beginning cloudiness of the lens of one eye. I have seen many cases in which the opacity progressed no farther than it has in your case; I have seen others which did not reach blindness in twenty years. I shall change your glasses, and I think you will find that your vision will be improved.'"

And then he added, "In my experience there are two things patients cannot stand being told: that they have cataract or cancer."

There is far less reason for telling them of the former than the latter. The hope for victims of the latter is bound up wholly in early detection and surgical interference. That is one of the most cogent reasons for bi-yearly thorough physical examination after the age of forty-five. Should we ever feel the need of a new law in this country, the one I suggest would exact such examination. The physician who detects malignant disease in its early stages is never justified in telling the patient the real nature of the disease. In fact, he does not know himself until he gets the pathologist's report. Should that indicate grave malignancy no possible good can flow from sharing that knowledge with the patient.

It is frequently to a patient's great advantage to know the truth in part, for it offers him the reason for making a radical change in his mode of life, sometimes a burdensome change. But not once in a hundred instances is a physi-



cian justified in telling a patient point blank that he has epilepsy, or the family that he has dementia præcox, until after he has been under observation a long time, unless these are so obvious that even a layman can make the diagnosis. We do not know the real significance of either disease, or from what they flow—we know that so many of them terminate in dementia that the outlook for all of them is bad. But we also know that many cases so diagnosticated end in complete recovery; and that knowledge justifies us in withholding from a patient the name and nature of his disorder until we are beyond all shadow of doubt.

Patients who are seriously ill are greedy for assurance even when it is offered half-heartedly. But those who have ailments which give the physician no real concern often cannot accept assurance. Not infrequently I have been unable to convince patients with nervous indigestion that their fears and concern were without foundation, and yet, years later when they developed organic disease, and I became really concerned about them, they assured me that I was taking their ailments too seriously.

There was a young professor whose acquaintance I made while at a German university. When he returned he took a position as professor in one of the well-known colleges for women. After several years he consulted me for the relief of symptoms which are oftentimes associated with gastric ulcer. It required no elaborate investigation to show that in this instance the symptoms were indicative of an imbalance of his nervous system. He refused to be assured and took umbrage that he was not given a more thorough examination each time that he visited me. Finally he told me that he would no longer attempt to conceal from me that he understood fully my reasons for making light of the matter. It was to throw him off the track, as it were. No good was to be accomplished from trying to deceive him; he realized the gravity of the situation and he was man enough to confront it. He

would not show the white feather, and he was entitled to know the truth.

But the more it was proffered him, the greater was his resistance to it. He gave up his work and convinced his family and friends that he was seriously ill. They came to see me in relays; they also refused to accept the truth. They could understand why I told the patient the matter was not serious, but to them I could tell the facts. It was their right to know, and I could depend upon them to keep the knowledge from the patient and to work harmoniously with me.

My failure with my patient's friends was as great as with the patient himself. Fully convinced his back was to the wall, he refused to be looked upon as a lunatic or a hypochondriac and he decided to seek other counsel. He went from specialist to naturopath, from electro-therapist to Christian Scientist, from sanatorium to watering place and, had there been gland doctors and chiropractors in those days, he would have included them as well. Finally, he migrated to the mountains of Tennessee, and wooed nature. Soon I heard of him as the head of a school which was being run on novel pedagogic lines; character-building and health were the chief aims for his pupils; scholastic education was incidental. He began writing and lecturing about his work and his accomplishments, and soon achieved considerable notoriety. I saw him occasionally when he came north and sometimes referred to his long siege of ill-health and how happily it had terminated. He always made light of it, and declared that in one way it had been a very good thing: had it not been for that illness he would never have found himself, never have initiated the work which was giving him repute, happiness, and competency.

One summer I asked him to join me for a canoe trip down the Alleghash River. Some of the "carrys" in those days were rather stiff. After one of them I saw that my friend was semi-prostrated and flustered. On questioning him, I learned

that he had several times before experienced disagreeable sensations in the chest and in the head after hard manual labor, such as chopping trees or prying out rocks. He protested against examination but finally yielded. I reminded myself how different it was fifteen years before when he clamored for examination and seemed to get both pleasure and satisfaction from it, particularly when it was elaborate and protracted. He had organic disease of the heart, both of the valve-mechanism and of the muscle. His tenure of life depended largely on the way he lived. To counsel him successfully it was necessary to tell him that his heart had become somewhat damaged. He would not have it. "When I was really ill you made light of it, and I could not get you interested. But now, when I am well, you want me to live the life of a dodo. I won't do it. My heart is quite all right, a little upset no doubt by the fare we have had for the past two weeks, but as soon as I get back to normal I shall be as fit as you are, perhaps more so."

We returned to New York and I persuaded him to see a specialist, who was no more successful in impressing him with the necessity of careful living than I was. In despair, I wrote to his wife. She who had been so solicitous, so apprehensive, and so deaf to assurance during the illness that was of no consequence wrote, "I am touched by your affectionate interest, but Jerome seems so well that I have not the heart to begin nagging him again, and it fills me with terror lest he should once more become introspective and self-sollicitous. I am afraid if I do what you say that it might start him off again on the old tack, and the memory of those two years frightens me still."

He died about four years later without the benefit of physician.

### III

No one can stand the whole truth about himself; why should we think he

can tolerate it about his health, and even though he could, who knows the truth? Physicians have opinions based upon their own and others' experience. They should be chary of expressing those opinions to sick persons until they have studied their psychology and are familiar with their personality. Even then it should always be an opinion, not a sentence. Doctors should be detectives and counsellors, not juries and judges.

Though often it seems a cruelty, the family of the patient to whom the truth is not and should not be told are entitled to the facts or what the physician believes to be the facts. At times, they must conspire with him to keep the truth from the patient, who will learn it too soon no matter what skill they display in deception. On the other hand, it is frequently to the patient's great advantage that the family should not know the depth of the physician's concern, lest their unconcealable apprehension be conveyed to the patient and then transformed into the medium in which disease waxes strong—fear. Now and then the good doctor keeps his own counsel. It does not profit the family of the man whose coronary arteries are under suspicion to be told that he has angina pectoris. If the patient can be induced to live decorously, the physician has discharged his obligation.

### IV

I recall so many instances when the truth served me badly that I find it difficult to select the best example. On reflection, I have decided to cite the case of a young man who consulted me shortly after his marriage.

He was sane in judgment, cheerful in disposition, full of the desire to attract those who attracted him. Anything touching on the morbid or "unnatural" was obviously repellent to him. His youth had been a pleasant one, surrounded by affection, culture, understanding, and wealth. When he graduated he had not made up his mind what he wanted



to do in the world. After a year of loafing and traveling he decided to become an engineer. He matriculated at one of the technical schools, and his work there was satisfactory to himself and to his professors.

He astonished his intimates shortly after obtaining a promising post by marrying a woman a few years older than himself who was known to some of them as a devotee of bohemian life that did not tally with the position in society to which she was entitled by family and wealth. She had been a favorite with men but she had a reputation of not being the "marrying kind."

My friend fell violently in love with her, and her resistance went down before it. His former haunts knew him no more, and I did not see him for several months. Then, late one evening, he telephoned to say that it was of the greatest importance to him to consult me. He arrived in a state of repressed excitement. He wanted it distinctly understood that he came to me as a client, not as a friend. I knew, of course, that he had married. This, he confessed, had proved a complete failure, and now his wife had gone away and with another woman, one whom he had met constantly at her home during his brief and tempestuous courtship.

I attempted to explain to him that she had probably acted on impulse; that the squabbles of early matrimony which often appeared to be tragedies, were adjustable and, fortunately, nearly always adjusted.

"Yes," said he, "but you don't understand. There hasn't been any row. My wife told me shortly after marrying me that she had made a mistake, and she has told me so many times since. I thought at first it was caprice. Perhaps I should still have thought so were it not for this letter." He then handed me a letter. I did not have to read

between the lines to get the full significance of its content. It set forth briefly, concretely, and explicitly her reasons for leaving. Life without her former friend was intolerable, and she did not propose to attempt it longer.

He knew there were such persons in the world, but what he wanted to know from me was, Could they not, if properly and prudently handled, be brought to feel and love like those the world calls normal? Was it not possible that her conduct and confession were the result of a temporary derangement and that indulgent handling of her would make her see things in the right light? She had not alienated his love even though she had forfeited his respect; and he did not attempt to conceal from me that if the tangle could not be straightened out he felt that his life had been a failure.

I told him the truth about this enigmatic gesture of nature, that the victims of this strange abnormality are often of great brilliancy and charm, and most companionable; that it is not a disease and, therefore, cannot be cured.

In this instance, basing my opinion upon what his wife had told him both in speech and in writing, I was bound to believe that she was one of the strange sisterhood, and that it was her birthright as well as her misfortune. Such being the case, I could only advise what I thought might be best for their mutual and individual happiness. I suggested that divorce offered the safest way out for both. He replied that he felt competent to decide that for himself; all that he sought from me was enlightenment about her unnatural infatuation. This I had only too frankly given him.

Two days later his body with a pistol wound in the right temple was found in a field above Weehawken.

That day I regretted that I had not lied to him. It is a day that has had frequent anniversaries.



# THE LITTLE GIRL FROM TOWN

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

"**I** WONDER who that is coming here," Mrs. Sieverson said looking out of the kitchen window.

"Somebody coming?" Mr. Sieverson asked from the sink. "Oh, I guess that's Dave Lindsay, ain't it? He said he'd be out."

"Yes, but he's got someone with him. Oh! I believe it's that little girl from back East somewhere that's visiting them. Leone! Children!"

Mr. Sieverson went outdoors, and then Mrs. Sieverson and, by the time the car stopped, rounding the drive, all four children were on hand from somewhere. Even Marvin and Clyde, the two boys.

"Anybody home?" Mr. Lindsay called out jovially.

"You bet!"

They were all looking at the little girl in the car beside him. They had heard about this little girl, and how "cute" she was. Her mother was some relative of Mrs. Lindsay. Leone and Vila looked at her eagerly. The boys hung back but they wanted to see her. Mr. Lindsay was proud. He said:

"Well, sir, I've got somebody along with me!"

"I see you have!" Mr. Sieverson answered with shy heavy jocularly and Mrs. Sieverson asked, "Is this the little girl been visiting you?"

"This is the little girl! But I don't know whether she's visiting or not. I've just about made up my mind I'll keep her!"

They all laughed appreciatively. Leone pulled her mother's dress. She

wanted her mother to ask if the little girl couldn't get out and play with them. "Now, don't. We'll see," Mrs. Sieverson whispered. The little girl was so pretty sitting there with her soft golden-brown hair and her cream-white dress that Mr. and Mrs. Sieverson were both shy of saying anything directly to her. Mr. Sieverson cried, still trying conscientiously to joke:

"Well, ain't you going to get out?"

Mr. Lindsay asked, "Well! — shall we, Patricia?"

The little girl looked gravely at the other little girls, and then nodded.

"All right, sir! Patricia's the boss! I've got to do as she says."

She consented to smile at that, and the two boys giggled. Mr. Lindsay lifted her out of the car. She put her arms around his neck, and her little legs and her feet in their shiny black slippers dangled as he swung her to the ground. The children felt shy when he set her down among them. Mr. and Mrs. Sieverson didn't quite know what to say.

"*There* she is! This is the first time this little girl has ever been out to a farm. What do you think of that, Marvin?"

Marvin grinned, and backed off a few steps.

"Yes, sir! But she and Uncle Dave have great times driving round together, don't they?"

The little girl looked up at him and then smiled and nodded her head with a subtle hint of mischief.



"You bet we do! We have great times."

The Sieversons all stood back in a group shyly grinning and admiring. Leone's eyes were as eager as if she were looking at a big doll in a store window. They had never seen any child as pretty as this one, and Mr. Lindsay knew it and was brimming with pride. Her short dress of creamy linen, tied with a red-silk cord at the neck and embroidered with patches of bright Russian colors, melted its fairness into the pure lovely pallor of her skin. The sleeves were so short that almost the whole of her soft, round, tiny arms was bare. Her hair was of fine gold streaked and overlaid with brown—the color of a straw stack with the darker richer brown on top—but every hair lay fine and perfect, the thick bangs waved slightly on her forehead, and the long soft bob curved out like a shining flower bell and shook a little when she moved her head. Her skin wasn't one bit sunburned, and so white and delicately grained that there seemed to Vila, in awe, to be a little frost upon it . . . like the silver bloom on wildflower petals, picked in cool places, that smudged when she rubbed it with her fingers.

Mr. Lindsay became businesslike now that he was out of the car. "Well, Henry," he said, "you got it all figured up and ready to show me? I think we've got Appleton where we can make a deal all right."

"Yeah, I guess it's ready."

While the two men talked the little girl stood beside Mr. Lindsay, her hand still in his, with a grave, trustful, wondering look. Leone, smiling at her, was getting closer. Mr. Lindsay seemed to remember her then and looked down at her.

"Well, Patricia, what about you while I'm looking after my business?" He smiled then at the other children. "Think you can find something to do with all these kids here?"

Leone looked up at him and her blue eyes pleaded brightly in her eagerness.

"I guess they's plenty of them to look after her," Mr. Sieverson said shyly but still grinning. "They can entertain her," Mrs. Sieverson put in. She could do the baking without Leone this morning, she thought rapidly but feeling hurried and anxious.

"You going to play with them for a while, are you?" Mr. Lindsay felt responsible for Patricia. All the same he wanted her off his mind for a while until he had finished his business. "I don't know whether—"

"Oh, Leone'll look after her," Mrs. Sieverson assured him, and Mr. Sieverson repeated, "Sure! She'll be all right with Leone."

Leone came up now, smiling eagerly and with a sweetness that transformed her thin freckled face. She shook back the wisps of uneven, tow-colored hair. She took the little girl's hand protectingly and confidently in her hot palm that had a gleam of dusty perspiration along the life-line and the heart-line. The tiny hand felt like a soft warm bit of silk—or a flower.

"That's right! Uncle Dave won't be gone long. Don't take her out where it's too hot, kids. You know she isn't used to things the way you are."

"No, you be careful," Mrs. Sieverson warned them.

"Will you go with Leone?" The little girl did not say that she would or wouldn't, but she was courteous and did not draw back. "You'll be all right! You'll have a good time! Oh, I guess Uncle Dave didn't tell these kids who you were, did he? This is Patricia."

"Can you say that?" Mrs. Sieverson asked—doubting if *she* could.

Vila drew shyly back, with one shoulder higher than the other; but Leone laughed in delight. "I can say it!" She nodded. She squeezed Patricia's hand.

"You can say it, can you? All right, then. Well now, you kids can show this little girl what good times you can have on the farm. That so? All right then, Henry."

Mrs. Sieverson went into the house to get back to her baking. She had a lot to do to-day. She wasn't at all worried about leaving their little visitor so long as Leone was with her. But she turned to call back to the children, who were still silently grouped about Patricia in the driveway:

"You better stay in the yard with her. Mr. Lindsay won't like it if she gets her dress dirty. Leone! You hear me?"

"I heard. Do you want to come into the yard, Patricia? You do, don't you?" Leone asked coaxingly.

Patricia went soberly with her. Her eyes, gray with threads of violet in the clear iris, were looking all about silently. Her little hand lay quiet but with confidence in Leone's. The other children followed, the boys lagging behind, but coming all the same.

"There now! Here's just the nicest shady place, and Patricia can sit here, can't she, and just be so nice?" Leone placed Patricia in the round patterned shade of an apple tree, and spread out her linen dress, making it perfectly even all around, and carefully drew out her little legs straight in front of her with the shiny black slippers close together. "There!" she said proudly. "See?"

She sat down on one side of Patricia, and then Vila shyly and with a sidelong confiding smile sat down on the other. The boys hung back together.

"Leone!" Mrs. Sieverson called from the house. "Ain't you got something to entertain her with? Why don't you get your dolls?"

"Do you want to see our dolls, Patricia?"

So far Patricia had been consenting but silent. "You go in and get them, Vila," Leone ordered and when Vila whined, "I don't want to!" she said, "Yes, you have to. I can't leave her. I have to take care of her. Don't I, Patricia?" But when Vila came back with the scanty assortment of dolls Patricia looked at them and then reached out her hand for the funny cloth boy

doll in the knitted sweater suit. The boys laughed proudly and looked at each other, the way they had done when the swan in the park at Swea City took the piece of sandwich they put on the water for it. "Isn't that doll cute, Patricia?" Leone begged eagerly.

Patricia touched its black-embroidered eyes, and its red-embroidered lips—done in outline stitch—and then looked up at the eager, watching children and smiled with that gleam of mischief.

The boys laughed again. They all came around closer. "That's mine," Vila said softly. She reached over and touched the big stuffed cloth doll, with the hair colored yellow and the cheeks bright red, that was smooth along the top and bottom sides like a fish but crisp along the edges from the seams. Patricia took it and looked at it. She looked at every one of their dolls—there were five, one of them was a six-inch bisque doll from the ten-cent store—and then smiled again.

"I'll bet you have nice dolls at home, haven't you, Patricia?" Leone said in generous worship. "I'll bet you've got lots nicer dolls than we have."

Patricia spoke for the first time. The children listened, with bright eager eyes wide open, to each soft little word.

"I have fifteen dolls."

Marvin said, "Gee!"

"Have you got them named?" Vila leaned over the grass toward Patricia, and then quickly hitched herself back, frightened at the sound of her own voice asking the question.

"Oh, yes, I always name my dolls," Patricia assured them. "My dolls have beautiful names. They're all the names of the great actresses and singers." And she began gravely to repeat them. "Geraldine Farrar, and Maria Jeritza, and Eva LeGallienne, and Amelita Galli-Curci—"

While she was saying them the boys looked at each other over her head, their eyes glinting, their mouths stretched into grins of smothered amusement, until Clyde broke into giggles.



Leone was indignant. "Those are lovely names! I think Patricia was just wonderful to think of them!"

Vila stretched across the grass again. She touched the cloth doll and drew back her fingers as quickly as if it were hot. "Her name's Dor'thy," she whispered.

After Patricia's gracious acceptance of the dolls the children wanted to show her all the treasures they had—even those they had never told anyone else about. Everything, they felt, would receive a kind of glory from her approval. They liked to repeat her name now. "Patricia." "She wants to see the little pigs. Don't you, Patricia?" "Aw, she does not! Do you, Patricia? She wants to see what I've got to make a radio." Patricia looked from one to the other with her violet-gray eyes and let the others answer for her. But after a while she said with a cool, gentle, royal decision:

"No. I don't want to go anywhere. I want to stay right here in this round shade."

The children were highly delighted. They began to bring their treasures to her. Vila had run off to the edge of the garden and dug up two glass precious stones she had buried there, but when she came back to Patricia she was too shy to show them and kept them hidden in her hot little hand that got sticky and black from the earth clinging to them. The boys were getting quite bold. Marvin said:

"I bet you never saw a mouse nest, Patricia."

"Patricia doesn't care anything about that," Leone said impatiently. "I wish you boys would go off somewhere anyway and let *us* look after Patricia."

"I can show it to you, Patricia."

"*She* doesn't want to see that!"

"Yes, I do," Patricia assured them with an innocent courtesy that made Clyde giggle again.

The boys ran off to the woodshed to get it. It was all made of wound-about string and little bits of paper and a soft kind of woolly down. Patricia examined

it with her large grave eyes. She reached out one finger toward it delicately, and drew the finger back. She looked up at the boys.

"What is it?" she breathed.

"A mouse nest," Marvin said nonchalantly.

He held it carefully in his brown sturdy hands, partly to keep it together, but more because he liked to have Patricia's soft little fingers come near his. They were as smooth as silk, and rosy at the tips as the pointed petals of the dog-tooth violets he had found near the little creek in the woods, when he was out there one day last April all alone. A happy shiver went over him at the thought of their touching him, silvery and cool.

"Do the mice—*mices*—live in it?"

"Sure! They did before we took it away."

"Oh, but can't they live in it any more? What will the *mices* do?"

"Gee! What can they do?" Marvin swaggered. Clyde giggled.

Her pink mouth opened into a distressed O. She looked from one to the other for help, and the violet in her eyes deepened. "But they won't have anywhere to live! You must put it back." She was very serious.

"Shoot! Why, they've run off somewhere else by this time!"

What did it matter about mice anyhow? Gee, they were something to get rid of! Why did she suppose pop kept all those cats and fed 'em, if it wasn't to get rid of the mice? But she looked so distressed that Leone, with an angry glance at the boys, assured her hastily, leaning over and hugging her:

"No, they haven't, Patricia! Boys just like to say things like that."

"Aw, gee—!"

"But what will the *mices* do?"

"The boys'll put the nest back, and then the mice'll come there," Leone warmly promised her. She didn't care if it wasn't true.

The boys had never heard anything so funny in their lives. Gee whiz! They

despised her for such ignorance, and could hardly keep from laughing, and yet they felt uneasily ashamed of themselves for they didn't quite know what. They had just wanted to bring her the mouse nest to make her interested and then to show her, too, that they weren't afraid of things most people didn't want to touch. But they seemed to be out of favor. They hung around while the girls talked a lot of silly talk, and laid all the dolls out in the grass in front of them.

"I'll bet you've got awful pretty clothes for your dolls, haven't you, Patricia?"

Patricia didn't like to say, or to talk about her dolls because she didn't really think that these dolls' dresses were one bit pretty. Leone went on questioning her, with naïve admiration, and Vila listened with her eyes glistening.

"I'll bet you've been into lots of big stores, Patricia. Did this dress you've got on come from a big store?"

They both bent and examined the creamy shining linen with its coarse silky weave and the large roughened threads that Vila scarcely dared to touch with her fingers all dirty from the precious stones. Patricia graciously let them touch and see until, gently but with a final dignity, she drew the cloth out of their fingers.

"Now you mustn't touch me any more."

The boys giggled again at this, admiring but feeling abashed.

A striped kitten came suddenly into sight at a little distance—became motionless, saw them—and flattened and slid under the cover of the plants in the garden. Patricia gave a little cry. Her face bloomed into brightness.

"Oh! Do you have a kitty?"

"A cat! Gee!" They all laughed. "One cat! I bet we got seventeen."

"Really seventeen kitties? Did your father buy them all for you?"

"Buy them!" The boys shouted with laughter. "Gee, you don't buy cats!"

"Oh, you do," Patricia told them,

shocked. "They cost twenty-five dollars, the kitties that sit in the window in the shop."

"Twenty-five dollars! Pay twenty-five dollars for a *cat*!" *Cats*, when you had to drown half of 'em and couldn't hardly give the others away! The boys were hilarious with laughter over such ignorance.

Leone couldn't help knowing that Patricia was ignorant, too. But she gave the boys a hurt, indignant, silencing look—it was mean of them to laugh at Patricia when she didn't know! Anyway, she was so little. Leone put her arm around Patricia in warm protection.

"But they do!" Patricia's eyes were large and tearful and her soft little lips were quivering. It was dreadful to have these children not believe her, and she couldn't understand it. "Some of them cost a hundred dollars!"

"Oh, gee—!" the boys began.

"Maybe some of them *do*," Leone said quickly. "You don't know everything in the world, Marvin Sieverson." She knew, of course, that cats couldn't—but then, she wasn't going to have the boys make fun of Patricia. "Come on now, Patricia," she pleaded. "We'll go and see our kitties. Shall we?"

The boys watched anxiously. They didn't want Patricia to be mad at them. They wanted to take her out to the barn and have her look at everything.

She considered. Her eyes were still large and mournful and a very dark violet. At last she nodded her head, held out her hands trustingly to Leone to be helped from the grass, smoothed down her skirts—and the whole tribe went running off together.

Patricia had to climb up the steep stairs into the haymow one step at a time. She felt along the rough sides carefully with her little hands. The boys would have liked to help her and were too bashful, but all the time Leone was just behind her, telling her, "Don't you be afraid. Leone's right here, Patricia. Leone won't let you fall."



When they got up into the haymow Patricia was almost frightened at first; it was so big, and there were such shadows. A long beam of sunlight fell dimly and dustily golden from the high window in the peak, across the great beams and the piled hay, and widened over the great stretch of wooden floor.

"Haven't you ever been up in a haymow before?" Clyde demanded.

"Of course she hasn't," Leone answered indignantly.

Patricia looked around at them, and her face was pale with awed excitement. "It's like the church!" she breathed.

"Gee, a *hay-mow*!"

Still, it really was. Even their voices and the way they walked sounded different up here. The boys were tickled and a little embarrassed that Patricia had thought of that.

"Is this where the kitties live?"

"The little ones do. Where are the little bitty ones, Marvin?"

"I know!" both the boys shouted. They leaped up into the sliding mounds of hay, calling back, "Come on if you want to see, Patricia!"

"I'll help you, Patricia," Leone encouraged her.

She boosted and got Patricia up on to the hay pile and helped her flounder along with her feet plunging into uncertain holes, and the long spears of hay scratching at her bare legs above the half socks, and the dust making her eyes smart. Then Patricia began to laugh. She liked it!

"Here they are!" the boys shouted.

A bevy of half-grown cats suddenly fled down the hay like shadows. "No, no!" Patricia screamed when the boys tried valiantly to catch a little black cat by its tail. Leone was assuring her, "Never mind, they won't hurt the kitties, Patricia."

"Look here! Come here!" the boys were calling.

Patricia was almost afraid to go. The boys had found the nest of little kittens. They had got hold of the soft, mousy, wriggling things and were holding them

up for her to see. Fascinated, she went nearer. The little kittens had pink skin fluffed over with the finest fur, big round heads, and little snubby ears, and blue eyes barely open.

"Oh! . . ." She looked up at Leone with her pink lips pursed. She loved the little kittens but she was afraid of them. "Oh, but they aren't kitties! They don't look like kitties."

The boys were highly amused. "What do they look like?" Marvin demanded. "What do you think they are? Cows? Horses?"

She said tremulously, "No, I *know* cows are big. But their heads look the way little baby cow heads do in the pictures. They do."

"I think they do, too," Leone asserted stoutly. She coaxed, "Touch them, Patricia. They won't hurt you."

The boys grinned at the way Patricia put out her fingers and drew them back. How could these little bits of kittens hurt her? Didn't she know they couldn't bite yet? Their little teeny teeth couldn't do anything but nibble. It was fun to feel them. Marvin caught up the white one and held it out to her, and they all kept urging her. He hoped her fingers would touch his. She cringed back, her mouth pursed in wonder.

"Oh, but they have such funny tails!"

"No, they ain't. They got tails like all cats got."

"Oh, no, Marvin. In the show the kitties had tails so big, and they waved them—just like the big plumes on men's hats, riding on horses."

The boys doubled up with laughter. "Who'd put cats in a show?"

"Oh, but they are!" Patricia looked at them in distress.

"Why shouldn't they be?" Leone demanded.

Of course she knew why, as well as the boys did. Nobody would pay to see a cat! Patricia had meant the tigers. She was so little she didn't know the difference. The boys were not to tease her though! Clyde was giggling. Gee, if she didn't have the funniest notions!

At last they got her to touch the kitten. She did it first with just the pink tip of one finger—then it felt so soft, so little and fluffy, with tiny whiskers like fine silk threads, that she reached out her hands. Marvin felt the brush of her fingers, as if a cobweb had blown across his hand, and a shiver of joy and pain went down his backbone. Patricia laughed in delight, and looked from one to the other of the children with her large shining eyes, to share her wonder.

"Take it!" Marvin urged.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't!"

"Why not? Go on and take it!"

She shook her head.

"She doesn't have to if she doesn't want to," Leone said warmly.

"Yes, she does!" Marvin thrust the kitten into her hands. She gave a little shriek and squeezed it by its soft belly, while the weak pinkish legs wavered and clawed out of her grasp.

"I'm going to drop it!"

"No, you won't!"

Its fluffiness filled her with ecstasy. "Oh, see its claws! They look like little bits of shavings from mother's pearl beads!" The boys grinned in amusement and delight at each other. Vila laughed happily. "Oh, and inside its little ears! Just the way shells look inside—only these are *silk* shells!" The boys grinned broadly. She caught the kitten to her cheek and held it wildly wriggling. "Oh, kitty, I love you! I want to have you to take home!"

"You can—you can have it," the children all urged her eagerly. Marvin said, "Gee, we got all kinds of cats, and that old gray one—" Clyde pinched him. "Shut up!" He grinned and blushed. Patricia laid the kitten gravely and reluctantly back in the rounded nest. She shook her head until the fluffy bell of shining hair trembled. She said solemnly, and as if she had forgotten that the others were there:

"No. I won't. Because all its other little sisters and brothers would be lonesome for it. And its mother would."

The boys stood grinning but they said nothing.

What were the kittens' names? Patricia asked. She was horrified that they had none. "Gee, we call 'em kitty," Marvin said; but Leone hastened to add, "Well, we call that one we have Old Gray." Patricia said:

"Oh, but they must have names! That's wicked. Nobody goes up to heaven to our Lord Jesus without a name!"

The boys just barely glanced at each other. They kept their red faces straight with agony. Then Marvin went pawing and rolling through the hay over to the other side of the pile where he buried his flushed face and snorted.

"I'm going to give every one a name," Patricia asserted solemnly.

"What are you going to name 'em, Patricia?" Leone and Vila were impressed.

"I'm going to give them jewel names. Because the cats make me think about things like jewels. This is what I'm going to call them. I'm going to name this one Pearl because it's white, and this bluey one Sapphire, and the other bluey one Turquoise, and this little pinky one Coral, and this one . . . Jade!"

"Aren't you going to name one Di'mond, Patricia?" Leone asked eagerly. Vila thought that, too.

"No." Patricia was very decided. "Cats don't look like diamonds. They look like colored jewels."

The boys giggled. Besides, that one she had named *Pearl*—gee, they had already looked at these kittens and they knew very well that one was a he-cat! If she wasn't funny!

Vila was looking at Patricia so intently that she trembled. Now she said, "Patricia's eyes are jewel eyes, too. They're—they're . . ." She didn't know how to say it, and yet she felt what she meant and wanted to say—felt it so that it hurt! The whites of Patricia's eyes gleamed, and a little blue spread out into them from the circles of the colored parts, and in these there were all sorts of threads of color woven



together, the way they were inside the glass of marbles—bluish and violet-colored and gray, and a sort of golden! All just as clear . . . Vila reached out and took Patricia's wrist quickly and with shy ardor, but then she only smiled and couldn't think of anything to say . . . she would have been afraid to say it, anyway.

"Now she must see all our places!"

They went through the big barn. "Look here, Patricia!" "Patricia can't. She's looking at this." She looked at everything, but when they urged her, "Touch it! Go ahead!" she wouldn't quite do that. When they went out of the barn they all took hands and ran pounding down the long slope of heavy boards and out into the farmyard. Patricia was afraid at first and then shrieked with laughter and wanted to do it over again.

"Now we mustn't do it any more," Leone said after the third time. "Her little face is all red. Let go her hand, Marvin! Now, darling, stand still, and Leone'll wipe off her little face."

They thought it was funny the way she ran when the chickens came near her. "Oh, gee, if we had time we'd go down to the pond and show her the geese. Wouldn't she run if that old goose got after her!" Leone said, "Marvin Sieverson! We shan't go there."

But the very best place was the orchard. Even the boys were not so wild and noisy there. Their feet made only soft swishing sounds when they went through the long grass. The boughs were loaded, some broken and sweeping the ground, and the sky was patterned with leaves.

"Patricia!" Marvin hinted, tempting her, holding out a little green apple.

Leone snatched it from his hand. "Why, Marvin Sieverson, shame on you! Do you want to make little Patricia sick?"

"Aw, gee!" He had just wanted to see if she would take it. He and Clyde had both been hunting through the grass

for some apples that Patricia could really eat.

Only the yellow transparents were ripe. The large apples had a clear pale color against the leaves that were only slightly darker—mellow and clear at the same time, a light pure yellow-green through which the August sunshine seemed to pass. Patricia took the big yellow apple that Marvin picked for her and carried it all around with her. "Eat it, Patricia, why don't you?" But she wanted to hold it. "Oh, thank you!" she said very earnestly for every single thing the children gave her—the red dahlia, and the tiny bunch of sweet peas, the bluebird's feather. Whenever she saw a bird she stopped. She put her little silky hand on Leone's wrist. "Look!" "It's just a bird." She stood and watched with fascinated eyes until the bird was lost in the sky and she had to turn away dazzled with blue and gold.

"Do you wish you could stay here and belong to us, Patricia?" Leone asked her wistfully. "We'd play you were my little girl, wouldn't we?"

Patricia wished that she could stay. There were streaks of dust down the shining linen dress and on the soft little arms, a damp parting in the lovely wave of the bangs, and around her mouth there was a faint stain of red from the juicy plums the boys had brought her to suck. Oh, yes, the country, she said, was *nice*! She looked about with shining innocent eyes of wonder. She loved the animals. In the city, she told them, animals weren't happy. There were the beautiful green birds in the shop—just the color, almost, of these apple-tree leaves!—but her father wouldn't buy them for her because he didn't believe in keeping things in cages, and he wouldn't get her the big gray dog because it wasn't right to take dogs out on chains.

"Oh, if I lived in the country," she cried, "do you know what I'd do? I'd just run around and run around—"

"You'd play with *me*, wouldn't you, Patricia?" Marvin cut in jealously.

"I'd play—"

"Children!"

The grown people were calling them. Disaster showed on the children's faces. "Oh, we don't want Patricia to go home!" There were so many things still that they hadn't shown her. But Mr. Lindsay came into the orchard calling out jovially:

"Well! Here she is! Ready to go home now with Uncle Dave?" He took it for granted that she was. He took her reluctant little hand, and the other children trailed after them. When they reached the farmyard, he said, "See what's going with us!"

Patricia looked in awe and wonderment. "What is it?" she breathed.

"Don't you know what that is?"

Mr. and Mrs. Sieverson, standing back, both laughed. The children too were grinning.

Patricia ventured, "A baby cow!"

Then they all laughed to think that she had known.

"That's what it is, all right. But don't you know what baby cows are called? Calf! That's a calf! Well sir, do you want this little calf to go with us?"

Patricia didn't know whether or not Uncle Dave meant that for a joke. But the little calf was so sweet—she loved it so terribly the instant she saw it—that she couldn't help risking that and begging, "Oh, yes!" Its head really was shaped like the tiny kittens'. But its eyes were very large and colored a soft deep brown under a surface of rounded brightness, so gentle and so sad too, that it seemed to her as if the color showed in each eye under a big tear. The calf turned its head toward her. Its frail legs bent inward, to prop it up. Its coat looked like cream spilled over with shining tar. There were curls, like the curly knots showing in freshly planed wood; and the shining ends of the hair looked as if they had curled because the whole coat had just been licked by the mother.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Dave! Is it going with us?"

"It's going to be our back-seat passenger. If the boss permits?"

It made Mr. Sieverson laugh—feel tickled—to see how the thought of riding to town with that calf pleased the little girl. But he said dutifully to Mr. Lindsay:

"Now, if that calf's going to be any nuisance to you—"

"No, no. As long as I've got the old car, put it in. Tie it up."

Patricia saw the rope then in Mr. Sieverson's hand. She cried, "Oh, not tie the little calf!"

"Sure," Mr. Sieverson said, grinning kindly at her. "You don't want it to jump out, do you?"

She looked at Uncle Dave for confirmation of that. He said:

"Sure! Calves won't go riding any other way."

The two boys laughed.

Patricia stood back close to Leone but not saying anything more. She looked frightened. Mr. Sieverson said, with some feeling of reassuring her still more:

"You don't want to let this calf get loose or you won't get any of it!"

She didn't understand that.

"Get any of it to eat. This calf's going to make veal."

"Eat it?" she cried in horror; and she earnestly put him right. "Oh, no, I wouldn't eat it." Mr. Sieverson was joking.

"Why, sure!" he said. "Don't you eat good veal? You're going to take this calf to the butcher."

"Oh, no!" He meant that! Patricia was suddenly wild with crying. They all stood back, shocked, never expecting such a storm as this. "Oh, no! The little calf isn't going to be killed! I won't! I won't! No!" She put out her hands blindly and turned from one to the other for help. Mr. Sieverson didn't know what to do. She turned to him and beat the air with her little fists, shrieking, "Oh, you're wicked!"

He couldn't stand that. His face got red. Even if she was just a child, he demanded, "Don't you eat veal?"



"No! No!" Patricia shrieked.

"What, then?" he demanded.

She had to look at him. Her little pink mouth was open and her bright eyes drowned. She quavered, "Other kinds of meat . . . I'll eat chicken," and turned piteously to Uncle Dave.

Mr. Sieverson didn't like to be called "wicked" by anyone. The injustice, when he had just been trying to be nice to this little girl, too, hurt him. His wife murmured, "Well, now, Henry—" But he insisted, "Don't chicken have to be killed before you can eat it?"

But even Mr. Sieverson, although he was in the right of it, felt ashamed when he saw the little thing cry. Mrs. Sieverson gave him a look, stroked Patricia's hair, and said, "They won't take the calf." Mr. Lindsay hastened to promise, "No, no. Of course we won't take the calf." They were all trying now to reassure her. Vila was crying too. The boys were pleading, "Patricia!" although they didn't know just what they would say to her in comfort if they got her to look at them. "No, no, it isn't going. It won't have to be tied up. See, he's put away the rope." The two men settled the thing with a look above her head. Patricia looked up at last, with piteous drowned eyes, as dark as wet violets. She broke away from all of them and, running to the calf—fearful of touching things as she was—she threw her arms in protection around its neck and stared fiercely at the shamefaced people.

"Oh, no, we couldn't take it!" Mr. Lindsay muttered. He cleared his throat.

The children surrounded Patricia again. They were begging her not to cry. Her cheek was laid against the little calf's silky ear, and she was telling it, in her own mind, "Don't you care, don't you mind, precious little calf, I've saved you." She let herself be drawn away but said "No!" when Mrs. Sieverson wanted to wipe the tears from her cheeks, and held up the little wet face trustingly for Leone to do it. That pleased all the Sieversons greatly.

"So now we can go! Hm?" Mr. Lindsay asked her.

She seemed to have forgiven them. She didn't want to look at Mr. Sieverson, but when she said good-by to Mrs. Sieverson she touched her little skirts and made a curtsy. Clyde pinched Marvin to tell him to look. The children watched her with as great delight as they had watched the tightrope walker in the "show." Mr. Lindsay lifted her into the car. She smiled faintly at the children, but there were stains of tears on her pearly cheeks, and her eyes were still as dark as violets.

"You children go get her something—apples or something," Mrs. Sieverson whispered.

"We have, mamma! We've got a whole lot of things for her."

They began piling presents into her lap. "Don't forget your little feather, Patricia!" Marvin ran off to find something else. The wilting flowers, the apple, the six rosy plums, the bluebird's feather she carefully took again. Marvin came panting back with his new game of "Round the World by Aeroplane." But Mr. Lindsay wouldn't let him give her that.

"No, no, my boy! You keep your game. She's got more things at home now than she can ever play with."

Now she seemed happy and appeased. The children crowded close to the side of the car and pleaded, "Come out again, won't you, Patricia?" Vila whispered in her shy voice, "I'll take care of Pearl and Samphire and those others, Patricia." Marvin said fiercely, "If any tom cat comes round, I'll—" and ground and gnashed his teeth and made fiercely appropriate motions. Leone gave him a look for making her think about the tom cat! But Patricia was still smiling and happy and hadn't understood. Now, in her relief and in the flurry of going, she was more eager and talkative than she had been all afternoon. She promised everything they asked.

"I will. I will, Leone. I will, Marvin. Thank you for all the beautiful things."

In the midst of it Mr. Lindsay leaned over to say in a low tone to Mr. Sieverson, a little ashamed, "Well, somebody else'll take that in for you, Henry, if you can't go."

"Sure. That's all right, Mr. Lindsay."

"Well now, my little girl, tell them all good-by."

"Good-by." "Good-by, Patricia!" They called and waved madly to her, all standing back together. She answered them. At the very last minute, just as the car was going out into the driveway, she leaned out with her shining hair mussed and blowing in the breeze, and cried:

"Good-by, calf! I forgot to say good-by to you."

Marvin laughed in delight, and then Clyde echoed him.

Mr. Sieverson stood looking after the car. That "wicked" still rankled. He said, as if very much put out, "Well now, I'll have to find another way of getting this calf in or else take it myself before night." Then he said, as if ashamed, "Gosh! I don't know. I almost hate to take it. That little thing put up such a fuss." He couldn't help adding, "She was a pretty little kid, wasn't she?"

Mrs. Sieverson did not answer at once. Then she said in an expressionless tone, "Well . . . maybe you better take the other one, then."

He looked at her and seemed to want to assent. Then he cried, "Oh, no! We can't do that. This is the one we'd picked on." He looked angry, and yet in his light-blue eyes under the shock of lightish hair there was a hurt, puzzled look. "Oh, well," he muttered. "Folks can't be foolish!" If ever folks were to start thinking of *such* things . . .

He went forward resolutely, saying "Hi! Stand still, there!" as he took hold of the calf. His wife stood back watching him and saying nothing. The calf turned, bolted a little way, and then let him take hold of it again. It did not seem to know whether to be afraid of him or not. Its eyes looked up into his. In the large eyes of dark mute brown and the smaller eyes of light blue there was much the same reluctant bewilderment in some far depths. But the man knew what he was after, and the calf did not know what was to come.

"Come on here!" Mr. Sieverson said sharply.

He put the rope around the calf's neck.





# BIGGER AND BETTER MURDERS

BY CHARLES MERZ

**I**T WILL soon be time for another Crime of the Century. This is the same century, but it needs a new crime. It has been weeks since the front page really smoked and the same Bestial Deed, the same Positive Identification, the same Master Mind, the same Little Woman, the same Alleged Confession, and the same Grim Prosecutor brightened the fireside of every home in this great throbbing country. The efficient mechanics of the modern press make it possible for sixty million people to read of any important event at the same moment and in the same amazing detail. When it comes to focusing the attention of the whole nation searchingly upon a single subject, and giving it a single set of facts on which to test its moral values, it is doubtful whether anything really unifies the country like its murders.

Unwritten Law, Peremptory Challenge, Broken Home, Illicit Love-Nest, Jazz-Mad Generation, Aged Mother: twice a day, at the same hour of the morning and at the same hour of the evening the same hot-from-the-griddle headlines tell their stories in millions of homes in every village street, every city avenue, and every tenement alley in the country. Everybody knows at the same hour that Material Witness, Smiling and Confident, Balks Prosecution as Alibi Fails. Everybody knows at the same hour that Tiger Girl, Stolidly Indifferent, Maintains Calm While Courtroom Gasps and Sleuths Comb City. No detail of these vast affairs is permitted to escape the attention of the nation. A vast amount of money, a perfect organ-

ization of many thousands of men, and an incredible amount of ingenuity are devoted to this purpose. While great presses pant for the five-star final in the cellars of a thousand papers the linotype machines stand by to wait for a flash from leased wires leading straight to Scene of Trial. The flash comes, in the sharp click of an electric typewriter. At the same moment the whole country learns State Rests, Naked Truth All Stubborn Defense Asks of Arbiters of Fate in Impassioned Plea, with Women Barred from Courtroom.

## II

At 9:33 on the evening of August 25th the home of Wilbur Harris in Highland Falls, a suburb of New York, is rocked by an explosion. Police, firemen, and reporters hurrying to the scene find the Breakfast Nook in ruins. The kitchen is a mess. Plaster is still dropping from the ceiling. Across the stove lies the body of Wilbur Harris, badly shattered. The gas is on. But this has been no gas explosion. Investigation proves instead that one of the trays of the electric refrigerator intended for making cubes of ice has been filled with trinitrotoluene. Chapter One, of the great Ice-Box Murder.

Now an Ice-Box Murder is an Ice-Box Murder. It is distinctly news, and as the first such news in the annals of modern journalism no editor can overlook it. Next morning's papers tell the story. It was Wilbur Harris's habit to strike a match when he went to the ice-box looking for a cheese. His wife knew this.

So did Lieutenant Mortimer Robins, stationed at the Wellfleet Arsenal, where he is in charge of the high-explosives section. The two admit conspiracy. The story grows. And as a matter of news no harm is done by the fact that the dead man's widow is a girl of twenty-one, blonde, bobbed-haired, and vivacious, with slender ankles, too full lips, and exceedingly white shoulders. Details follow as the arrests are made, and an illicit love affair begins to be uncovered. By the afternoon of the second day the copyrighted pictures of Mrs. Harris as Bo-Peep in a church tableau at the age of twelve and the diagrams of the Harris kitchen with X marking the spot where the body was found have reached St. Louis. By the afternoon of the third day Lieutenant Robins has confessed that his love for Mrs. Harris dates from an evening when she sang "Over There" in amateur theatricals at an army post; Dr. Godfrey Lewis of Massachusetts Institute of Technology has discussed the explosive properties of trinitrotoluene in a simultaneously released statement for three Boston papers, and one of the New York tabloids has begun Life Chapters of the Ice Queen.

This is a many-sided story. It has novelty, passion, mystery (Wilbur Harris was killed by an explosion in an ice-tray, but who turned on the gas?), and somewhere a deep moral purpose. Moreover, it is manifestly true that both Blanche (only the tabloids call her the Ice Queen) and Lieutenant Robins are ordinary, everyday people of the sort we all know and all count among our friends; and a note of commonplace, familiar things pervades the story. All of us have known lieutenants, all of us have known discontented wives, all of us have seen electric ice-boxes, and all of us have admired the neat cubes of ice. In these circumstances it becomes the duty of the press, holding the mirror up to nature, to place the full facts of this very human story in its readers' hands. This it does to the best of its ability, at times sacri-

ficing space which might otherwise have been devoted to reports of the Tacna-Arica boundary commission and debates in the opium conference at Geneva. New facts develop. It is learned that the petcock on the gas range had been tapped open with a block of wood so as to leave no finger-prints, that Wilbur Harris had for some time been encouraged to develop a habit of eating something after dinner, and that Blanche had taken out insurance on the ice-box. The police sergeants who made the arrests discuss the motives of the crime; the prosecution announces what it will say to the defense; the defense rehearses its reply, and two camera men, who hide in a bush, snap the dead man's mother talking to a grocer. With all these facts the press keeps pace, its public now having acquired an interest in the case which it has no warrant to ignore. The Sunday papers contribute parallels from the World's Great Loves, essays from psychologists on the nature of temptation, and special articles on the history of great explosions. The tabloids interview the families of both defendants, print composite photographs of electric ice-boxes changing into electric chairs, offer prizes for the best letter of twenty-five words on the cure of crime, start campaigns to stop the selling of mechanical refrigerators, and develop three schools of phrenologists who differ as to what the bumps on the Ice Queen's head mean. A Fundamentalist minister in Kentucky preaches a sermon on death as the wages of sin and jazz as the cause of crime, and twenty-seven liberal editors in nine different States defend the younger generation.

On a Tuesday morning in the sixth week following the death of Wilbur Harris the court of Highland County begins picking a jury for the Robins-Harris trial, a process requiring time since the rank and file of prospective jurors is now so expert on the whole history of the case from first to last that it differs only as to the probable psychological reflexes of the defendants on the



morning after the commission of the crime. One week later the trial begins. This is the signal for the world's largest portable electric switchboard to come wheeling into action.

### III

Now this switchboard is a famous institution. It is the property of the Western Union Company, the pride of the news profession, and the only portable electric switchboard in existence which is capable of handling twenty thousand words an hour. It is a gigantic metal box into which one hundred and eighty wires can be hooked at once, opening direct and instantaneous communication with newspaper offices in every section of the country. This great machine requires weeks for its installation and, like all really wonderful things, is brought out only on occasions worthy of its hire. It is to an Ice-Box Murder what the Crown of St. Edward is to the coronation of a George V. Murder trials are its chief interest, though it is not used exclusively for murder trials; it went to Philadelphia for the Dempsey-Tunney fight before it was shipped to Somerville, N. J., for the opening of the Hall-Mills case. Between such times as really spur it into action it rests majestically in the central offices of the Western Union Company, scorning the small-fry of average news and waiting for some foe worthy of its mettle to bring it snorting from its warehouse like a dragon from its cavern.

The installation of the switchboard is the first important move in the reporting of a national murder trial. It is followed by the remodeling of the courtroom to permit the introduction of press tables, the setting-up of flashlight equipment on either side of the judge's bench, the allocation of seats for the reporters, the installation of leased wires in the basement, the enlistment of a motorcycle corps to carry photographs to the nearest rapid-transit station, the reservation of hotel rooms for special

correspondents sent to the scene from other cities, and, if the trial is held in a small town like Somerville, the setting-up of faro games, patent-medicine stands, and Oriental tent-shows for the large army of tourists who may be expected to flock into town in the hope of seeing one or both defendants, or at least bringing home from the Court House a No Smoking sign, or from the field in which the deceased met death a sprig of poison ivy.

This is the mechanical equipment assembled for a trial of national importance. To what use it will be put in the Ice-Box Murder may be judged from the work it has done on other fronts in recent months. At the Hall-Mills trial fifty reporters from metropolitan newspapers and press associations were present at the Grand Jury proceedings; two hundred came for the trial itself; one newspaper in New York (the *News*) had sixteen correspondents on the scene; another (the *Mirror*) had thirteen; fifty photographers were on duty at all hours; until the closing days of the trial ten were stationed in the courtroom; an eleventh fell through the skylight on the day the defense called Mrs. Hall; relays of stenographers and typists rushed the testimony to the telegraph wires; twenty-eight operators manned the portable electric switchboard in the basement; sixty leased wires carried bulletins to the country; eight daily papers leased whole houses in Somerville to accommodate their staffs; and the local market for bed-linen soared when the Hotel Somerset put fifty cots in a ballroom ordinarily thrown open to the public only once a week.

The Hall-Mills case was what the *Daily News* in New York had called "a nice, clean crime." At the Gray-Snyder trial, which some observers considered a more sordid affair, four rows of ten tables with three seats to the table were installed for the reporters; one hundred and twenty correspondents filled them; papers in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Birmingham, Syracuse, Louisville, Cincinnati,

Chicago, and Atlanta sent special correspondents to supplement the press association stories; a microphone on the witness stand poured testimony through a battery of loud speakers; pushing his way through the crowd to see justice done, Assistant District Attorney Froessel had his pocket picked; the *New York Times* carried thirty thousand words of testimony on two successive mornings; and the Rev. Aimee McPherson, covering the trial for the *New York Graphic* from the vantage point of southern California, called on God to teach young men to say, "I want a wife like mother—not a Red Hot Cutie!"

#### IV

Now it is clear that what is new is not interest in murder (which is something very old) but interest in murder satisfied more abundantly, with richer variety and in warmer tones than was possible before the swift development of modern methods and inventions. The news reel, the loud speaker, the rotogravure section, the tabloid, the composite picture, the telautograph, the great bulk of the forty-eight page paper, the electric switchboard, the great press association in its ultra-modern form, the urbanization of rural areas, and the prompt popularization of interests on a national scale are all developments of very recent years. Time was when the country had to wait for its great national murders until they actually occurred. To-day if a really first-class murder does not come along after a decent interval of time, some second-class murder is taken by the hand, led to the center of the stage and advertised so successfully with all the modern art of ballyhoo that, claiming to be a first-class murder, it actually becomes one. A nationally famous trial for homicide is no longer a startling interruption of a more lethargic train of thought. It has become an institution, as periodic in its public appearances and reappearances as the cycle of the seasons. We could date much of our modern

history by epochs: Fourth month, second week, of the Hall-Mills era; Third month, third week, of the Loeb-Leopold; First month, fourth week, of the post-Snyder interim; and so on.

Here, as a nation, is our literature. This is the cradle of our folk-lore. On the first day of the Hall-Mills trial 130,175 words were telegraphed from Somerville. On the second day the number jumped to 200,000. On the third day it jumped to 350,000. Never thereafter did it fall below this figure, and on one day it touched 620,000. At the end of eleven days a total of 5,000,000 words had been sent by wire, breaking all records in the history of journalism. No other story since the discovery of printing was ever given such reporting. At the end of eighteen days the total was 9,000,000. At the end of twenty-four days it was 12,000,000—words enough if put into one newspaper, said the Associated Press, to fill 960 pages of solid reading matter. Words enough, if put into book form, to make a shelf of novels twenty-two feet long. This is the literature of the nation because it does not wait for its patrons on bookstore shelves or gather dust in libraries, but is sold out, read, and realistically debated within two hours after it comes smoking from the press. It needs no pushing, needs no advertising, needs no criticism; all it needs is "Extra! Willie on the Stand!"

It is a vast literature, and to it contribute not only many expert writers of headlines, many trained reporters, and many of the best masters of shorthand writing in the country, but an ever-increasing army of celebrities. Some of them can write, like Mary Roberts Rinehart; some of them can preach, like Billy Sunday; some of them can act, like Willard Mack; some of them can weep, like Dorothy Dix; some of them can roar, like John Roach Straton. But they can all do something; they are all famous; and so catholic is a truly national literature that it does not ask for more. Mary Roberts Rinehart turns reporter;



so does Billy Sunday, so does Willard Mack, so does Dorothy Dix, so does Natacha Rambova, so does David Wark Griffith, so does Will Durant. Aimee McPherson rolls her own headlines for the New York *Graphic*, Peggy Joyce has her picture taken with a pencil, Doctor Straton covers the Snyder case for Mr. Hearst's New York *American* and finds, "Thoughtful consideration will show that almost literally every one of the Ten Commandments is involved."

Words pile up. The wires hum. It is not every day in the year that Mr. Hearst's *American* has an eight-column headline on Decalogue in Danger. The *Mirror* "scoops" the private arrest of Mrs. Hall. In the interest of seeing justice done, the *Graphic* offers a prize for the best letter of fifty words giving a solution of the crime. The *Journal* polls its readers on the issue of innocent or guilty, and beats the jury to a verdict by two days. More words pile up. Fresh news rattles from the linotypes. Millions of readers argue whether the thumb-print was really Willie's, what Mrs. Snyder wished to do when she unlocked the kitchen door, whether Henry Stevens caught his fish or faked it. Presses roar. The right of the defense to issue peremptory challenges on the basis of mere prejudice is debated by bankers at their luncheons, street-cleaners trading shovels, and housewives shelling peas. The Secretary of War issues a strong statement on the All-American ship canal; but the National Security League, the American Defense Society, and the Military Order of Foreign Wars are too intent on the topography of De Russey's Lane to pick him up on it. The worst pork-barrel bill in seven years goes through Congress with only a few professionals watching it. A crisis with China eases, as the Snyder case turns five million, because it no longer dominates the news and there is something else to talk about. Extra—Extra—Pig Woman's Life in Danger! Extra—Extra—Sashweight Found in Cellar! Extra—Extra—Willie Scores Off Prose-

cution! Extra—Extra—Still Loves Ruth, Says Gray! With supreme fidelity to a single all-absorbing topic of discussion, millions of Americans in factories, on farms, in kitchens, barnyards, file rooms, filling stations, hay fields, dance halls, vestry-rooms, Turkish baths, and Ferris wheels debate the merits of the latest trial. New records fall. The great American public is off on another national spree, enjoying once more a vicarious thrill in other people's vices and revelling in strange crimes.

This is our Roman Circus.

## V

It is a great game, but there is one curious thing about it. The official agency which stages these great shows fails spectacularly to share the profits.

Here are the lawyers in the case. No matter how poor a defense they put up, no matter how badly they bungle their chances and how aimlessly they wrangle, if they are associated with the Hall-Mills case or the Ice-Box Murder—if their pictures grace the press of forty states and their pleas are wired to a thousand papers—then, no matter what the verdict, they will profit handsomely.

Here is the prosecutor for the state. If he wins his case he can have his choice between a lucrative private practice and a career in politics.

Here are the telegraph companies. What they earn from these affairs is private business. But it is worth noting that press rates are a full third of ordinary commercial rates; and when millions of words are sent by wire the full commercial possibilities of the situation may be guessed at.

Here are the newspapers. Periodically some journal here or there experiments in self-denial of its unquestioned legal right to make full use of all this glittering material. For several years the Boston *Traveler* has made it its churchly custom to print no murders on its first page on Christmas Eve (though not on the night before Easter or Good

Friday). The Fayetteville (N. C.) *Observer* tried recently to delete crime news entirely for a fortnight, but brought it back at the end of seven days when its readers voted sixty to one for a restoration. And why should Fayetteville live in an ivory tower? Why shouldn't the press make use of the most sensational and thrilling material in the whole scope of journalism—when it is there for the asking, when the public wants it, when it is part of life, when without it the news utterly lacks proportion, and when it gives life color (and sells papers)?

It is really an extraordinary situation which confronts us, as one great trial follows another across a national scene. The newspapers acquire prestige, buy new presses, and become more indispensable to their publics with the unfolding of each chapter. The telegraph companies make fortunes. The gentlemen of the bar cash in. The successful district attorney becomes an available candidate for high public honors overnight. Only the state fails to profit. Yet it is the state which arranges the whole affair and stages it and holds over it that penalty of death which gives it pace and meaning. It is the state which packs its courtrooms with flashlights and press tables, permits its basements to be filled with wires, co-operates with the press in arranging interviews and schedules, supplies the jail, and tips off the reporters when a thrill is coming. And for these services the state not only fails to receive even a nominal fee, but is put to considerable expense in gathering its evidence, maintaining its court, paying the wages of the district attorney who is now busily becoming famous, and providing the jury with its board and lodgings. When the books of every other party to the proceedings show a profit, the state's books show a loss.

Why should this anomaly be permitted to continue? Why should the state, which does most, profit least? It would be an act of justice as well as a shrewd business move if the state transferred these spectacles from the stuffy,

inadequate courtrooms where they are held to-day, staged them in great amphitheaters, and charged admission. Bowls are available in every section of the country. The price of admission could be high—with seats in demand, only one original cast and no road companies. Taxes could be cut. Five spectacles a year, each lasting forty days, would net \$100,000,000 in an average bowl accommodating 50,000 people. Syndicate rights could be sold to the press. Muscle Shoals, long idle, could be used to produce nitrates to make celluloid film for the Government's moving picture versions of the story. It might be possible—all sources of revenue considered—to cut taxes to a point where they would disappear and the state begin to show a profit.

It would be a happier existence all round. Trials would come more regularly. Their full dramatic value could be realized by abolishing judges and putting Broadway producers on the bench. As things stand now, Mr. Belasco's heart must break when he sees these amateurs miss chances for great curtains. Meantime the commercial theater itself would become clean overnight. For the Government's own super-productions of super-crime and super-sex would drive the riffraff out of business. As for sectional jealousies: they could be avoided by making each section take its turn and giving the corn belt just as many trials as Wall Street. All of us would have, at last, a political issue we really cared about. "Vote for Jones—Six Trials a Year!"

The Roman Colosseum was a national institution. If we are to have a circus of our own let us develop it with the high purpose and creative effort worthy of a more resourceful nation. Let us have the biggest, jolliest, noisiest, bloodiest murder trials the human imagination can conceive. We are bound to grow.

And the only thinkable alternative is to treat the courts as if they were really meant to be the dignified homes of justice.





## THE END OF ETHICS

BY C. E. M. JOAD

THE possibility of Ethics is clearly dependent on the existence of free will. If a man is not responsible for his actions it is absurd either to praise or to blame him for performing them. Now praise and blame are the twin pillars upon which the structure of morality is built; if they fall to the ground, morality falls with them. So true is this that many have analyzed Ethics into a rationalization of the impulse to blame and been content to leave it at that. We all of us feel an impulse to blame people for doing things we dislike. If we are savages we knock them on the head; but being civilized human beings we are under the necessity of convincing ourselves that they are wicked before we can permit our natural feelings of annoyance to have free play. Consequently, we set our reasons to work to prove that what they are doing is wrong, and that we are merely acting in the interests of morality when we take steps to suppress them. The Anglo Saxon, for example, is never at a loss for an argument to prove that he is doing his duty when he wishes to make himself unpleasant. This fact leads foreigners to think that Anglo Saxons are hypocrites; but this belief springs from a misapprehension of our real character, since it overlooks our capacity for deceiving ourselves.

Apart, however, from the idiosyncrasies of the Anglo-Saxon race, instances of the blaming process to which I have referred are sufficiently numerous to give plausibility to the arguments of those who wish to assert that morality is merely a rationalization of the impulse to blame and nothing more. Old men

give young men good advice when they are no longer able to give them bad examples, and aging women invent Mrs. Grundy to deter their juniors from the pleasures whose continuance is denied to them by their lack of charm.

I do not, however, wish to maintain in this article the thesis that there is *nothing* in morality but a rationalization of our instinctive disapproval of actions on the part of others which arouse our envy or ill-will. I am not, in short, saying that morality is identical with the impulse to blame; it is sufficient for my purpose to point out that morality is necessarily bound up with that impulse. If, then, morality is to be saved, it is essential that we should be able to praise men for doing good, and blame them for doing ill; and, in order that we may do this with a good conscience, we must feel assured that they are free to perform the actions which we praise and blame. Otherwise moral judgment is merely an impertinent irrelevance. The question, then, that I wish to consider is the validity of this conception of free will in the light of certain developments of modern psychology.

Most people believe that the greatest enemy to free will is the determinism which is based on the materialistic science of the last century. To the nineteenth-century scientist life was an incidental product of material forces, and mind an unimportant offshoot of the body. The business of the mind was to reflect or to register bodily events. Since the mind could not reflect what was not there, nothing could happen in the mind which had not first happened in the body;

in other words, whatever happened in the mind was *caused* by something that had first happened in the body. Since what happened in the body was the result of something that had previously happened in the outside world, the function of the body being merely to react to stimuli applied from outside, it seemed to follow that the human being was completely at the mercy of external forces, and that his belief in free will was a piece of self-delusion born of self-conceit.

Various objections have been brought against this position by those whose interests or desires have made it impossible for them to accept it. These objections have been in the main successful, the general trend of modern science being away from the materialist hypothesis upon which the notion of the human mind as a product and plaything of material forces was based. What is not so generally realized is that the attack upon free will, repelled so far as the scientists are concerned, has been renewed in a more insidious and dangerous form by the exponents of modern psychology. There are prevalent a number of tendencies in psychology to-day which, however they may differ among themselves, issue, nevertheless, in a position of common antagonism to free will. I propose, then, to consider in turn three of these tendencies, namely, the theories of the psychoanalysts, the modern view of the relationship of instinct to reason, and the psychology of the Behaviorists, my object being to show that if the conclusions of these schools of thought are to be accepted we shall have to admit that the human mind has escaped from slavery to matter only to become a puppet of the unconscious, the instincts, and the responses of its body to physical stimuli, according to the theory we adopt.

These conclusions, it is true, are not always drawn by supporters of the schools of thought in question; it is worth while, therefore, to show how their theories do, in fact, issue in this result,

however little they may feel inclined to subscribe to it.

## II

The plan of the psychological interior of the individual drawn by the disciples of Freud may be likened to that of a two-floored tenement. The first floor is inhabited by a quiet respectable family, poor but honest, dull but decent, anxious to keep themselves to themselves, but determined, nevertheless, to put up a good show before their neighbors. Upon the ground floor, or, if you prefer it, in the basement, there lives a much larger family, dirty, untidy, primitive, obstreperous, and licentious, devoid alike of decency and restraint. Possessing to the full the snobbishness inherent in the lower orders, this basement family is continually striving to raise itself in the social scale, and, partly for this reason, partly from love of scandal and desire for publicity, is desperately anxious to get a footing on the first floor and to mix with the company to be found there. Alarmed and scandalized by these desperate attempts, the first-floor people hire a sort of guardian or policeman, and station him on the staircase in order to prevent the access of undesirables to their floor. Sometimes the policeman is successful in keeping the basement people down; sometimes he is not strong enough to withstand their uprush. In this latter event, however, he usually succeeds in cleaning up the invaders *en route*, washing their faces, giving them clean collars, brushing their clothes, and generally making them fit for company. So respectable do they indeed become that they scarcely know themselves in this new guise. If we call the first floor the conscious, the basement the unconscious, and the guardian on the stairs the censor, we shall recognize in the cleaning-up process what is known by psychoanalysts as sublimation, which may so completely disguise the character of the unconscious wish which appears in consciousness, that a man's unconscious desire to elope with a waitress will appear



in consciousness as a sudden aversion from pickled cabbage.

Now the uprush of these desires from the unconscious to the conscious is a completely unconscious process; so far as consciousness is concerned, we can neither prevent nor control it. In order to control the events which occur in the unconscious, it is at least necessary to know what these events are. But if we knew them the unconscious would not be unconscious but conscious. It is true that a resistance is put up to our unconscious desires by the censor, and a struggle ensues which may result in suppression, and usually results in sublimation. But of this struggle on the stairs we are again not conscious, and for its outcome we are not, therefore, responsible. It seems, therefore, that we cannot be held responsible for the desires that appear in the conscious; we are, in fact, responsible neither for their strength nor for their character. We cannot, therefore, be praised or blamed for the conduct upon which, under the influence of these desires, we embark.

It is this last point which people will feel most inclined to dispute. "What," they will say, "about the will? Surely it is possible to want to do something and yet to suppress your want; to feel a temptation and yet not to yield to it. It may be true, as you point out, that we cannot say we shall want to do this or want to do that, that our desires, in other words, are outside our control; but since we most certainly can resolve that we *will* do this or *will* do that, whether we like it or not, our actions are not outside our control. Anyway, psychoanalysis is all humbug; what is more, it is tainted and suspect humbug; it applies only to neurotics and abnormals, and no amount of sophistry will convince us that we have not got a will to control our desires if we want to do so."

This sounds plausible enough, but I doubt if it really works. The "Will" in which our fathers believed—that terrific engine of suppression which was used to restrain all self-indulgence except

indulgence in self-restraint—is to-day rightly regarded with suspicion. It is felt to be something of a hypocrite, an excuse for getting one's way under the guise of doing one's duty. But the question with which we are concerned at present is not so much, "Is the will a hypocrite?" as, "Is it free?" Now in the first place it is very doubtful whether by merely appealing to the majesty of the will we do in fact disprove the psychoanalyst's conclusions. Suppose we assume the existence of this will; it can, nevertheless, only overrule our desires if it is stronger than they are. Yet for the strength of our desires we are not, as we have seen, responsible. Whether, therefore, the conscious will overcomes the unconscious desire, or whether the unconscious desire overcomes the conscious will is a matter which appears to lie outside our control. We may be spectators of the conflict, but we cannot influence its outcome.

This is a distressing conclusion for those who believe in the moral accountability of the individual; and, having regard to the importance for Ethics of the issues involved, we shall do well to examine it in a little more detail. The will, after all, is a somewhat ambiguous and intangible affair, and it may be that the attempt to give it a more precise meaning than it possesses in ordinary language may result in a refutation of the conclusion which we have just reached. The making of this attempt involves us in a fresh start which will enable us to extend our consideration to the second of the theories which, in our view, lead to conclusions inimical to morality.

### III

The theory in question is one which deals with the relationship of instinct to reason. This theory, while common to many psychologists, finds its clearest and most celebrated expression in the works of Professor McDougall.

Professor McDougall begins by defining an instinct as "an inherited

or innate psycho-physical disposition, which determines its possessor to perceive, and to pay attention to, objects of a certain class, to experience an emotional excitement of a particular quality upon perceiving such an object, and to act in regard to it in a particular manner, or, at least, to experience an impulse to such action." The upshot of this in non-technical language is that an instinct is part of our initial temperamental make-up, the psychological stock in trade which we bring with us into the world, the very seat and citadel of our individuality.

The form of its expression will, of course, vary according to circumstances, upbringing, and so forth, but the instinct which is expressed is the same in all of us. McDougall holds that there are thirteen separate instincts which may be defined in this manner, and these instincts, with the thirteen primary emotions, each of which accompanies an instinct as the peculiar emotion belonging to that instinct, constitute when taken together what may be called our personal or inherited, as opposed to our acquired, psychology. For this initial psychological endowment it is clear that we are not responsible; we possess it, or rather we possess the potentiality for it at birth, and in reaction to the environment in which we find ourselves it develops and becomes explicit, until in due course it crystallizes into what we call our personality.

The instincts are, according to McDougall, the source and origin of all our activities. He speaks definitely and emphatically on this point.

"The instincts," he says, "are the prime movers of all human activity; by the conative or impulsive force of some instinct, every train of thought, however cold and passionless it may seem, is borne along towards its end. All the complex apparatus of the most highly developed mind is but the instrument by which these impulses seek their satisfaction."

Now we are all familiar with that view

of people's motives which regards the reason as the handmaid of their desires. It is desire which sets the ends of our activities, which determines, in other words, what we want, and reason which plans the steps which are necessary for its attainment. This function reason performs not only in the practical sphere, but also in the theoretical; it not only tells us, in other words, how to do what we want to do, but assures us that what we want to do is right and what we want to believe is true. The reason of David, for example, indicates to him that the way to get hold of Bathsheba is to get rid of Uriah; it also informs him that Uriah is a very excellent general. Thus reason invents excuses for what we instinctively want to do and arguments for what we instinctively wish to believe. That is why, though all men are presented with the same data on which to form a judgment about the relationship between this world and the next, they all succeed in holding different beliefs. We believe what we believe not on the basis of the evidence, but because we desire to believe it; we also find it necessary to believe that it is the evidence which has constrained our belief. Savages who have not brought their reasons to the degree of perfection common to civilized men are not under this necessity of deceiving themselves about their motives. When the savage wants to go to war he goes to war; he does not find it necessary first to persuade himself that he is fighting for liberty and democracy. Thus he is enabled to indulge his instincts without hypocrisy.

Now I am not concerned here either to assert or to deny the correctness of this view of the relationship between instinct or desire and reason. All that I wish to do is to point out that it follows necessarily from McDougall's account of the function of instinct. According to that account, the reason is merely a piece of mechanism; it is the engine of the personality, and desire is the steam that sets it going. Since it can accomplish nothing by itself, since it cannot



even begin to operate on its own initiative, it follows that it can come into action only at the behest of instinct, its master. It is only natural, therefore, that when it does get under way, it should travel along the lines which its master has pointed out to it.

We are now in a position to undertake our proposed inquiry into the nature of the will. Let us suppose that McDougall's view of instinct as the prime mover of all human activity is correct, and proceed to apply it to the case of the will. The philosopher Aristotle used to liken the psychology of the individual to a team of horses engaged in drawing a chariot under the control of a charioteer. The horses are wild and unruly, and each of them is anxious to go his own way irrespective of the wishes of the others. Unless, therefore, the driver were to keep them under strict control, the chariot would follow the pull of the strongest horse at the moment or, rather, its course would be a resultant of the different directions in which all the horses were pulling at that moment, without actually following any of them. In any event the driver would be incapable of keeping to a straight course in a given direction so that, instead of arriving at its destination, the chariot would pursue a haphazard zigzag path, swaying from side to side, if not overturning altogether. In order to prevent this, the charioteer keeps a tight hold on the reins and refuses to give any of the horses his head. This does not mean that he suppresses them altogether, but that he allows to each one only so much of his way as is compatible with the satisfaction of the others and the necessity which the chariot is under of completing its course.

Translating this analogy into the terms of human psychology, we may say that the horses are our individual instincts or desires. Each individual desire is purely self-regarding and, provided that it can obtain satisfaction for itself, takes no thought for the welfare of the rest. But besides these individual desires there is

also a desire for the good of the whole, that is the charioteer, which keeps the individual desires in check, constraining them to dovetail their imperious demands and harmonizing them in such a way that no single desire shall obtain more satisfaction than is compatible with the welfare of the human being as a whole. It is this desire for the good of the whole which Aristotle called the will.

The argument sounds, I fear, more convincing than it is. If we consider Aristotle's account of the will in the light of McDougall's theory of instinct, we get the following result: Either the will is itself a form of desire or it is not. If it is not, it is clear that it cannot be brought into operation unless we desire to exercise it. It may be true that we can use the will to suppress inconvenient longings, but we can do so only in so far as we first want to suppress the longings because they are inconvenient. Translating this into McDougall's language, we may say that unless we are instinctively moved to use the will to suppress instinctive desires, the will is helpless. Either, then, the will is itself a form of desire, or it is something which depends upon desire for its operation. But, if the will is only another kind of desire, or is dependent upon another desire, it is clear that it must take its chance along with the other desires. If I desire to stay at a night club and get drunk, but also desire to go home to bed because my conscience tells me that night clubs are wicked, or because I think I shall have a headache to-morrow, we may, if we like, call the second desire the will to suppress the first one. But that should not blind us to the fact that, like the night-club desire, it is itself a desire, or at least depends upon a desire; that a conflict will take place between the two desires in which victory will go to the stronger, and that what we actually do is determined, therefore, by the strongest desire we have at the moment. But for the strength of our instincts and desires we are not, as we have already seen, respon-

sible. It seems to follow that we are not responsible for what we do. We are determined, in short, not by forces external to ourselves, but by forces and impulses—call them instincts, desires, or what you will—that lie deep down at the well-springs of our nature. This may seem to many a less humiliating belief than that of the nineteenth-century materialists, but it is not free will. What is more, it effectively precludes free will.

#### IV

I will try very briefly to show how the celebrated Behaviorist psychology leads by a different road to the same result. This is not the place for a discussion or even for a statement of *all* the views of the Behaviorists. It will be sufficient for our purpose to point out that, from the Behaviorist standpoint, mind or consciousness is a phenomenon which it is not necessary to take into account when we wish to interpret and explain the activities of living organisms. The Behaviorist does not indeed proceed to the length of roundly asserting that consciousness does not exist; it is sufficient for him to point out that, if it does, we neither do nor can know anything about it. Why not? Because the only knowledge we can have of the psychology of living creatures is the knowledge we obtain from the observation of their actions; and consciousness cannot be observed.

In dispensing with the concept of consciousness the Behaviorist incidentally denies himself the luxury of a Self to be conscious. Now it is clear that there is much more in this denial than the historic doubt as to the validity of the persistent, continuing Self, which is as old as the philosopher Hume. Hume pointed out that we have no ground for believing in the reality of the Self, since we never meet with such an entity. Try as you may to meet with your Self, what you in fact come across when you make the endeavor is a willing something, a wishing something, a thinking something, or, in the case in

question, a something which is endeavoring to discover what it is that wills, wishes, and thinks. You never penetrate through to a unified entity behind these active somethings, which owns them and links them together but is itself other than they.

Pursuing the same line of argument, William James denied the existence of consciousness as an independent, continuing entity. For him there were merely acts of thought and feeling, "experiencings" as he would call them, which possessed the quality of being conscious; but there was no such thing as a continuing consciousness, a sort of permanent pool of mind stuff from which these "experiencings" took their rise, but which somehow persisted independently of them. Now all this may very well be true; we may, I think, admit with a good grace that there is no evidence for consciousness as something over and above the sum total of acts, thoughts, and feelings which are conscious. But the Behaviorist goes considerably beyond this position.

On the question whether there are such things as conscious acts, thoughts, and feelings he maintains a diplomatic reserve; what he insists is that he can get along perfectly well without introducing anything of the kind. Our actions are for him not the results of conscious volitions, but are the automatic responses, whether conditioned or unconditioned, of our bodies to physical stimuli. A word of explanation is perhaps desirable at this point. That much of behavior conforms to the stimulus-response formula is sufficiently obvious. If I stimulate you by kicking your hinder parts forcibly at the top of a flight of stairs, you will respond by falling down them; if I stimulate you with a pin, you will respond by jumping, if with a ghost, by stiffening your hair. Nobody wishes to maintain that in cases of this kind our responses are voluntary; they are as automatically determined by the appropriate stimulus as the production of the chocolate is determined by the stimulus of the penny inserted into



the automatic machine. Now what the Behaviorist in fact maintains is that *all* our actions, however complicated they may appear, can be shown to be of this stimulus-response type, cases in which the response seems to be quite irrelevant to the stimulus being explained by means of what is known as the conditioned response.

The conditioned response was first exhibited for the instruction of psychologists by Pavlov's dog. The psychologist Pavlov tied up a dog and presented it with food, whereupon its mouth watered; just before the food appeared he struck a gong. He performed this experiment on a considerable number of occasions, causing the sounding of the gong immediately to precede or to synchronize with the presentation of the food. Then he sounded the gong without the food, and the dog's mouth watered as before; the gong through constant association with the food had come, therefore, to produce the response appropriate to the food and originally caused by the food only. The gong is now called a conditioned stimulus, and the watering of the mouth following the stimulus of the gong alone a conditioned response. Now it is suggested by Professor Watson that the great bulk of our actions can be explained as responses to stimuli which have become conditioned in this way, and he has done much valuable work in showing how, for example, the three fundamental emotional reactions of children, fear, rage, and love tend as a result of conditioning to be provoked by the most remote and diverse stimuli.

It is maintained that this conditioning of responses in accordance with which the nature of our reactions to a particular stimulus is determined by the nature of the stimuli that have accompanied the stimulus on past occasions is a purely automatic affair. So far are we from being able to control or to influence the character of our responses, that we are often completely unconscious of them. *We may*, of course, be conscious

of the responses that we make to the stimuli we receive, but consciousness is by no means indispensable to the occurrences of these responses.

Now it is common knowledge that the Behaviorists extend this treatment of human behavior to embrace the form of activity which is known as thinking; thinking, they say, is merely sub-vocal talking, a series of physical responses of stimuli proceeding from our bodies. But if we need not be conscious of the occurrence of these responses in order that they may occur, it is obvious that we cannot be expected to control them; what is more, we cannot (in view of what has been said about conditioning) be held responsible for the character they assume.

The bearing of this conclusion upon the general question of free will is sufficiently obvious. I propose, however, to consider its application to one aspect of our psychology, upon which I have not previously touched, namely, the emotional. An emotion, according to the famous James-Lange theory, is our psychological awareness of physiological changes occurring within the body. Agreed, says the Behaviorist, with a possible reservation as to the psychological character of the awareness which is, he holds, in all probability, in itself merely a nervous disturbance. Now if an emotion originated in our minds and not in our bodies, if its origin, in other words, were psychological, it is at least conceivable that we should be able to direct and to control it. The will, we are accustomed to think, enables us, if we are sufficiently strong-minded, to keep our emotional selves within reasonable bounds. But if the basis of emotion is not psychological at all but is a physiological disturbance which forces itself, as it were, upon our mental attention, its occurrence is obviously outside our control. We may tell a man not to be a coward, but it is meaningless to tell him not to let his hair stand on end when he sees a ghost; we may insist that he should restrain his temper when his enemy pulls his nose or

runs off with his wife, but it is absurd to command him not to discharge glycogen from his liver and subsequently proceed to break it down into sugar. "Granted," it may be said, "but who ever supposed that we could control our emotions, so far, at least, as the feeling of them is concerned? Feeling, like desire, is outside our control. We may be able to affirm that we will do this or do that, but we cannot say that we will feel like this or feel like that. What is more, nobody ever supposed that we could; and it is not, therefore, necessary for the vindication of free will to prove that the occurrence of our feelings is a matter within our control. What we can control is the expression of them: a man may feel annoyed, but he need not swear; he may feel angry, but he need not break the furniture."

But can we, on the Behaviorist psychology, be sure that he need not? On the Behaviorist view an emotion is after all only our awareness (itself interpretable in terms of a nervous disturbance) of a physical response to a physical stimulus, and breaking the furniture, which is what we call the expression of the emotion, is just such another response. Consciousness, we are told, is necessary for the occurrence neither of the one response nor of the other. Our adrenal glands excrete adrenalin when we see a ghost, and, if the process forces itself upon our attention, we feel frightened; but we are responsible neither for the occurrence of this action on the part of our glands nor for its intensity. It follows that we are not responsible for the physical occurrences which may follow upon the gland action, physical occurrences of which breaking the furniture, in the case of anger, may be one. Therefore, we are no more responsible for breaking the furniture than we are for excreting adrenalin. We have only come to think of the furniture breaking as being within our control because of our assumption that it was the outcome of a psychological event, namely the occurrence of an emotion of anger, whose effects we believed

that we could control. This assumption is false, since, as we have seen, the furniture breaking is simply the result of the physical response to an external stimulus of which, indeed, it forms a part. Just as the initial response in terms of gland excretions to the stimulus constituted by the external situation is automatic, so also are the movements to which the response prompts the organism. Stimulus in terms of nose pulling, response in terms of gland excretion, and further response in terms of furniture breaking are indeed all links in the same physical chain, forming a process of which indeed we may be aware, but with which we are unable to interfere. If we do happen to be aware of it we experience an emotion, but this is an incidental unimportant occurrence with no causative power over the physical happenings which go on independently of it, and it is only the mistaken assumption that the emotion *caused* the expression of itself called furniture breaking, that led us to suppose that we could control this expression.

Emotions and their expression in action are, therefore, equally outside our control. Similar conclusions attend the application of the Behaviorist psychology to our volitions, our thoughts, our wishes, and our desires.

## V

It will be well to end this article with a brief summary of the conclusions at which we have arrived. These may be most conveniently presented in relation to that celebrated nineteenth-century invention, "the conscience." The Victorians believed that the moral well-being of the soul was guarded by a beneficent faculty known as the conscience. The conscience acted as a sort of "barmaid" to the soul. Faced with the fact that human beings, being fallible, must be permitted a certain amount of rope, she would countenance up to a point (and rather reluctantly, perhaps) the indulgence of desires, but only up to a point. When that point was reached, she would



rap upon the counter and "Time's up, gentlemen," she would say. "We close at 10:30; no more drinking now,"\* and proceed to close the bar. If gentlemen continue to drink after closing hours, they get into trouble with the law; conscience, in other words, to revert to nineteenth-century language, would proceed to give them a bad time; this process was known as suffering remorse. It was not suggested, of course, that conscience was always successful in her inhibitory activities; she often—especially if you were wicked—failed. But, even then, you had to pay a price for her defeat; she could always take the sugar out of your coffee, even if she could not prevent you from drinking it.

Now it is clear that if the arguments advanced above are correct, this way of regarding the workings of our mental interior must be given up. If what has been said in the earlier part of this article is true, conscience herself is but the slave of some instinct (or the effect of some stimulus) of whose workings we are and must remain ignorant. If that instinct is stronger than the desire that conscience admonishes (or the will represses), then conscience (or the will) triumphs, and we are considered to be virtuous (or persons of strong character). If not, the desire obtains its gratification, and we are considered to be wicked (or persons of weak character). But we are not in either case responsible for what happens, simply because the part of ourselves that we know and can, therefore,

control, is not the part that matters.

It seems, then, that in all we do and think and feel we are the prey of forces hidden deep within ourselves, whose origins escape detection and whose workings evade control. To every given situation there is a fixed and definite way in which we shall react, which is the outcome of these fundamental forces of our nature, and a complete knowledge of these forces would enable us to predict this reaction with as much certainty as an astronomer can, given certain data, predict the movements of the planet Venus. The apparent uncertainty of human behavior is, therefore, merely an illusion caused by our incomplete knowledge of human nature, and human freedom is the myth to which that ignorance has given birth.

Since freedom is the indispensable condition of Ethics, the conclusions of the psychologists whose theories we have considered convict Ethics of being an illogical superfluity. This, however, need not disturb us since, even if our moral judgments are meaningless, we cannot help making them; they are themselves the rationalizations of our own instinctive impulse to disapprove of what shocks or otherwise inconveniences us. We shall continue, then, to feel morally and to enshrine our feelings in moral codes in spite of the demonstrable futility of morality.

I do not myself agree with any of the conclusions that I have enumerated in this article; my concern has been merely to show that they follow from the presuppositions of modern psychology, although they are rarely avowed.

\*I am writing only of English consciences as I know them. Another metaphor would now have to be invented to describe the activities of the American conscience.



## SONATA ACADEMICA

BY GEORGE BOAS

*Allegro. Ma non troppo.*

**D**OCTOR HOLSTEIN was a troublemaker. All Oralia, except a handful of reds, despised him. He was a professor of chemistry and refused to act like a boy scout leader. He wouldn't co-operate. He wouldn't sign a paper until he knew what was in it. He said right out in Faculty Meeting that students didn't come to college to make social contacts. He had no *esprit de corps*: when he served on committees he made everyone work. He was never seen at football games, in the Y. M. C. A., or at fraternity dinners. He never dined out. He was always sneering at things—bitter, cynical, nasty. Never had a kind word for anyone—always criticizing. And as for looks, he wore thick glasses and thick gray clothes, had thick black bushy hair, and was short and thickset.

It was admitted by his chief, Professor Guernsey, with a sigh, that he had made a mistake in calling him to Oralia. He didn't fit in. That was the trouble, everyone agreed. Doctor Holstein just didn't fit in.

Though he didn't fit into Oralia, his place in the learned world was fixed and certain. When you mentioned Oralia in Paris or Berlin or Cambridge, you heard, "Oh, yes, that's where Holstein is."

But of course Professor Guernsey never went to Paris or Berlin or Cambridge. He said that he guessed America was as good as any of those places when it came to real chemistry. By real chemistry he meant industrial chemistry, in which field he said he didn't propose to take off his hat to anyone. As for all

that stuff about quanta and relativity and—well, you know, all that theoretical nonsense—he admitted that he knew nothing about it and, what was more, he didn't want to.

Doctor Holstein did some unaccountable things. He was, for instance, a Phi Beta Kappa. When the Oralia chapter suggested that it take in not merely men who were scholastically brilliant but those who were socially presentable he raised such a storm that they had to lay the motion on the table. They weren't able to pass it until he was away on sabbatical leave.

On the Scholarship Committee he refused to give any weight to what his fellows called "personality."

"Personality," he bellowed. "Where should I be if personality counted?"

The answer was obvious, but no one dared give it. As Miss Ribbe, the President's Secretary, said after the meeting, "If he knew how disagreeable he was, why didn't he reform?"

During the War he was more loathsome than ever. He always took the opposite side of every question. He even said a good word for the Huns and always ordered Hamburger Steak at the Faculty Club for lunch after the name had been changed to Liberty Steak. His colleagues tried to oust him, but, alas, it was discovered that he had said just as many good words for the Allies as he had for the Central Powers. A hypocrite, that's what he was.

At the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of Oralia he fell asleep on the platform and snored aloud. His snores came out in jerks, like the quanta he was



so fond of. As he was in the front row it looked very bad. Professor Guernsey stepped on his foot to wake him up, but Holstein, gritting his teeth, gave him a cruel side-swipe with his heel as a horse might brush away a fly with his tail, and went on snoring. A loud snicker passed through the audience.

He once was asked to address the local Rotary Club on contemporary movements in chemistry. He warned them that there would be a certain amount of mathematics in his speech, but was laughingly told that there were three bank tellers in the club who were lighting calculators. He gave them two solid hours on "Shroedinger's Quantum Dynamics in Its Relation to the Matrix Theory." The cashiers emerged wiping their foreheads and cursing. "Mathematics, hell," said one. "Nothing but Greek letters."

There seemed to be no way to get rid of him. For the President, curiously enough, was inclined to be nice to him. The President read the clippings which the clipping bureau sent him and he knew that Doctor Holstein was more often mentioned in them than anyone else. He had great publicity value. "Holstein and the Stadium," he said when alone with a jocular friend.

But Holstein finally left.

The President's wife, Mrs. Carter, was giving her annual reception to the co-eds and faculty.

Her method of giving a reception was very efficient. She simply telephoned Miss Ayrshire, head of the Department of Home Economics, and invited her to take the affair in hand. Poor Alice Ayrshire, who was fifty-two and had a mother of seventy-five on her hands, sighed dutifully and set to work.

Woman professors can never do anything easily—it is an absolute law of the jungle. Their natures require them to do all the dirty work, to wear themselves out, and to have a nervous breakdown once in a while. A woman professor can take more abuse than a punching bag. So Alice gathered her staff about

her, tucked up her skirts, and pitched in. She consoled her younger colleagues by saying that after all they weren't doing this for Mrs. Carter but for Oralia. Before she had finished every woman professor had been enlisted in the great work. The gymnasium was decorated with palms and evergreens, millions of sandwiches were piled in leaning towers, little confections topped with red and blue coal-tar products stood waiting to mirror the college colors and ruin the digestion, tea-balls were stuffed with tea, tables laid with silver and fine linen. At three-thirty the women pinned up their straggling tresses with elbows in air and trudged to their rooms to dress for the reception they had prepared in their own honor.

At four they were back, hastily powdered, clothed in those slimy blue and brown garments which women professors affect. Those who had not time to change pinned a bit of lace about their necks to give their gowns a more dressy air.

At four-ten Mrs. Carter arrived. Alice Ayrshire and her aids waited nervously for a word of approval. Mrs. Carter sniffed here and there like the animal to which she was so often compared in smoking rooms, and found that there was nothing to complain of. She took up her station with the Dean of Women and a few of the wealthier faculty wives opposite the door.

The hungry wolves arrived at four-fifteen. They came in packs with bared fangs and lolling red tongues. Hastily shaking Mrs. Carter's hand, they loped over to the heavily laden tables where they crammed cakes and sandwiches down their esophagi with a gurgly sound. Crumbs of cake and icing gathered in the corners of their mouths. On and on they came, snatching, grabbing, devouring.

Mrs. Carter eyed them uneasily. The mountains of victuals were melting away like drifts of snow under a hot wind. The air was full of the clatter of dishes and tongues. Her head was

spinning, her feet were swollen, her hand and arm were exhausted. She looked toward the door. More and more people. Disgusting. She wouldn't have a bite to eat at her reception.

At length the line grew thinner. Only stragglers now. Soon it would be ended and maybe she could snatch a sandwich or two and one of those frosted cakes that Miss Ayrshire did so well.

And then who should arrive but Doctor Holstein, stout, dark, thick, self-assertive, insolent. She couldn't turn her back on him. (He knew she couldn't and had waited deliberately in the hall until everyone had entered.) There he was now, saying, "Don't run away, Mrs. Carter, I came to be received, you know."

She held out her weary, limp, red hand.

He had the impudence to bend over and kiss it. He was making her ridiculous before all these students.

"I've never had the chance to talk to you at home, Mrs. Carter, and I'm determined that we must know each other better."

Idiot! Thrusting himself upon her.

She tried to bore a hole in him with her bright little eyes. Whoever heard of such ill-breeding!

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I think Miss Ayrshire is beckoning to me."

Doctor Holstein turned his protruding eyes in Miss Ayrshire's direction.

"No," he said, "she's beckoning to the University physician. She's probably going to faint. Works much too hard. Not merely her teaching but all these extra things."

Mrs. Carter's neck shot out to twice its normal length.

"What! Do you think she's overworked?"

Holstein seemed surprised.

"Why, yes, don't you? Everyone's always asking her to do things for them. She never refuses."

Mrs. Carter sucked her left upper canine.

"Been complaining, has she? We'll see about that."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Carter," murmured Holstein suavely, "not she. But everyone else is."

He went on in this vein, hovering over the President's wife like a mosquito. There was no shaking him. It was exasperating. And the horrid things he said! Mrs. Carter for the first time in her life met someone as disagreeable as herself and was unprepared for the shock.

Before he left her the cakes were all gone. Tired, with burning feet and cramped arm, hungry, she reached home in a hissing fury. It seethed within her without vent, choking her until her husband came home.

"How was your reception?" was his unhappy greeting.

Mrs. Carter refused to answer and stared at the clock on the mantelpiece.

The Able Administrator felt that he had made a false step.

"Was it—was it too great a strain for you, dear?" he said in a soft tremolo.

His spouse flounced about in her chair and barked, "Strain? You dare to ask me that, Charley Carter? Strain?"

"I'm so sorry." He went up to her to pat her hair. "You try to do too much."

She pulled his hand off her hair and flung it aside.

"Yes," she cried. "And what thanks do I get for it? Ridicule and abuse. And from your friends, too! Oh!"

The President stepped back lest he be scorched by the jets of fire which issued from her nostrils.

"What do you care if I'm publicly insulted? He said I overworked Alice Ayrshire. Right in front of everyone. Forced himself upon me, tried to make a spectacle of me."

On she went, and her husband knew that there was little sense in speaking until the first fury was spent. So he let her storm. She thrashed about, stirred up a lot of foam, and finally subsided.

"Now," he said, for he finally gathered that Holstein was the guilty party, "now, what do you want me to do, dear?"



Mrs. Carter rose to her feet, expanded her lungs, shrivelled him with a fiery glance, and expelled these words, "A man would know."

She left the room.

The President dropped into the chair she had vacated and drummed his fingers on its arms. Alas, it was clear, Holstein must go. It wasn't that he was rude to poor Mamie, but that he was unable to co-operate. He was incapable of "fitting into the scheme of things at Oralia."

Life to-day, mused Mr. Carter with that profundity of thought which infects able administrators, demands co-operation. We must learn to work together—shoulder to shoulder at the wheel—each his bit—ants—soldiers of progress—the man out of step not merely careless but criminal—you, sir, have done great things in science, but, life is not—and so it is with reluctance, my good fellow, that I—

The President made quite a little speech to himself which he would like to deliver to the culprit. It was, indeed, too bad that the culprit didn't know anything about it, for nothing would have amused him more than to hear it. But unfortunately only that morning he had accepted a chair at Harvard, and his resignation was already in the mails. No one would have regretted having spared Doctor Carter the dirty work of firing him more than he. As a compensation he had the fun of a farewell dinner at which all Oralia vented its relief at his departure and to make sure that he was really going, took him to the train.

## II

### *Andante.*

It was the great day of the year at Oralia. All the students, all the faculty, as many of the alumni as were out of work gathered together in Jones Hall to celebrate the founding of their university. It was done every year lest someone forget the founder. And every year after singing "O Mother Oralia" to the

tune of "Jerusalem the Golden," they listened to President Carter's noble voice bragging about the great men who laid the foundation of this great institution. He forgot to mention that they were dead.

On the platform sat young Doctor Berkeley, an idealist, freshly hatched from graduate school. His well-washed face flushed with enthusiasm as he heard his beloved commander say to deafening applause, "We stand for Freedom of Teaching, Liberty of Research, and Independence of Thought."

"Give him a cheer, boys!" yelled the cheer leader, and the famous "Ray, ray, ray, ray, ray, ray, Raylia," was given, after which the students applauded themselves, and the meeting adjourned.

Doctor Berkeley went back to his office to finish reading the quizzes in Philosophy I. He brought new zeal to his work. He thought how wrong certain writers were to be always satirizing college presidents. They might be a bit tautological at times but, at least in Doctor Carter's case, they had high ideals. Oralia was going to prove just that university of which he had always dreamed.

Thus musing he read, "And so Socrates carried on the tradition of Parmenides and called himself a midwife . . ."

"Poor misguided boy," said the young philosopher and, sighing, dug a red F into the paper.

He turned to the next.

"Socrates was hanged for drinking hemlock and made a definition by induction."

The philosophic smile faded. He shook his head. Another F.

The next paper. "Socrates, the pupil of Anaxagoras, said, All is water."

"Damnation," muttered Dr. Berkeley and bowed his head like a movie star registering thought.

His duty was clear—flunk he must and flunk he did. It was only just to President Carter. He rose to his feet, lighted a cigarette, and paced the office nervously.

He had asked his class of two hundred and fifty youths and maidens to indicate briefly the place of Socrates in European philosophy, and this was the result. How clear his lecture had been! How full of human interest! His voice as he delivered it had filled with tears and, as he ended the hour with the closing words of Plato's *Apology*, he knew in his heart of hearts that he had made a hit. Before him two hundred and fifty faces looked drawn and pale. He had moved their souls, and he had said to himself, "There are people who sneer at the youth of today and call it callow and indifferent."

As a matter of fact he had gone six minutes over the hour, and his audience was wondering how they would get to their next class on time.

Doctor Berkeley threw his cigarette out of the window and in sadness resumed his task. He handed in a percentage of flunks somewhat larger than the Department of Education would approve of. But he knew that the President would support him. Who could doubt it after his speech on Founder's Day?

Two days after the marks were in there came a rapping at his door. In walked a pair of nervous undergraduates whom the professor invited to sit down. One was a red-haired youth with a congressional scowl, the other a nordic blond of the first magnitude. The nordic occupied himself with turning his large brown-felt hat about his right thumb, letting his innocent eyes rove in mild wonder over the bookcases. Little Rufus, however, drew in his chin, let his forelock fall over his left eye, and delivered himself of the following preamble to a threat:

"We've come down from the Phi Pho Phum house to see about Jake Schmutz's mark in Philosophy I."

"Yes?" said Doctor Berkeley, offering him a cigarette.

"Yes," said Rufus, scorning it.

"What is there to see about it?" asked Doctor Berkeley and tapped the cigarette on the arm of his chair.

"Well, we don't understand it."

Doctor Berkeley moistened one end of the narrow white cylinder and put it in his mouth.

"Doesn't Mr. Schmutz?"

Rufus coughed.

"No, he doesn't. Frankly, we think that he ought to have done better."

Eric the Bold flushed at his friend's candor.

"I think he ought to have, too," said Doctor Berkeley.

"He certainly studied hard over that course," ventured Eric in a Scandinavian voice.

"Like all great art," murmured Doctor Berkeley, "it didn't show."

"Well," said Rufus, wanting to get down to brass tacks, "what can we do about it?"

The professor was becoming vexed.

"A deed once done is irrevocable."

"Won't you even give him another examination?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. It wouldn't be fair to the other students."

"Couldn't he write a paper or something?"

"No, not even a paper," Doctor Berkeley said, "would atone for his blood guilt in thinking that Socrates lived in sixteenth-century England." He was equally deaf to other proposals and finally succeeded in pushing his callers out of the office.

He turned back to the *Enneads* of Plotinus with relief.

He was awakened by the sound of the telephone. The Dean's secretary, Miss Spleen. His Worship wanted to see him.

The Dean was the only begotten son of Rotaria.

"What's this fuss about Schmutz?" he asked, holding Doctor Berkeley at arm's length.

"What do you mean?" asked Berkeley's eyebrows.

"Come, come, you mustn't take the letter of the law for the spirit," the Dean continued. He disliked these professors who were always causing trouble by flunking students. They showed no



discrimination. "You must be more human. College is more than the classroom. Human associations—fellowship—ideals of citizenship—don't ever forget that."

"Mr. Schmutz thinks Socrates was Francis Bacon."

"Well, I know—but he was probably not paying attention. We're all liable to mistakes. The poor boy is all upset over this thing. You don't know how keenly he feels the disgrace of failing in your course. He took the work under a misapprehension in the first place—not particularly interested in philosophy—had an empty hour at that time—must make allowances."

"How about the other men who failed? Don't they feel the same disgrace?"

This was the fauxest of faux pas.

"I'm not discussing the other men; we'll cross bridges when we come to them. Discussing Schmutz. Why, the boy's mother has been to see me about it. She came while I was eating dinner last night. His father is Schmutz of the Schmutz Sugar Refinery. Fine people; done all kinds of things for the university. Are we to reward them by flunking their son?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light, I confess," said Berkeley. "What do you propose doing?"

The Dean was pleased to see that this professor was going to be sensible.

"That is entirely in your hands. At Oralia the administration doesn't interfere in departmental matters."

"Have you no suggestions? Remember that I am a newcomer to Oralia."

"Why not give him another trial?"

"Why bother?" said Berkeley, trying to give a Gallic shrug of the shoulders.

The Dean bit his fountain pen that he had been rattling between his teeth.

"Do as you see fit," he said. The interview was over.

Berkeley left the office with all the calm he could muster.

He went directly to the Registrar.

"I seem to have made a clerical error in the mark of Mr. Jackson Schmutz. I seem to have given him an F. It should have been an A. Will you be kind enough to correct it?"

When the young philosopher was angry he became very formal.

He walked home in a daze, threw himself upon his couch, and began to read "The Wasteland."

Why the fuss over Schmutz?

He found out that afternoon.

The evening edition of the *Oralia Gazette* carried a head in one hundred and thirty-two point type, "Jake To Play in Big Game. Reinstated By Clerical Error."

### III

#### \* *Scherzo. Finale.*

The faculty wives were gathered in solemn klonklave. They were mortally wounded by an article published in a New York magazine which ought to have known better than to insult one of the most noteworthy institutions in the country. The worst of it was that the article was signed. One of those young men from the East who thought themselves so smart. Nothing was sacred to him. He had no reverence.

The ladies left their luncheon dishes unwashed. On fifteen kitchen tables stood fifteen milk bottles surrounded by cracker crumbs and surmounted by little swarms of humming flies. Fifteen co-eds were earning fifteen dollars minding thirty babies—each professor and spouse having two, properly spaced. Fifteen wives washed their honest but plain faces, tucked in their stray hairs, laced their tall black shoes—probably the only fifteen pairs of tall black shoes left in America—and clumped off to Mrs. Streeter's to see what could be done to save Oralia.

They all sat in a ring in Mrs. Streeter's living room. Large carbon prints of the Parthenon and other relics of dead civilizations made an appropriate setting for them.

Mrs. Bristol had taken the floor. She said she didn't mind Oralia's being made fun of but she did think that criticism should be constructive rather than destructive.

The others nodded their assent.

"It's all right to tear down," said Mrs. Bristol pithily, "but it's about time someone built up."

"That's what I always say," said Mrs. Fair, wife of the French professor. "Why must we go about levelling everything?"

"Who do you suppose he could have meant in that first incident of his? The one about the President's wife? Not Mrs. —?" Mrs. Vance raised her eyebrows and shook her head in the direction of the Presidential mansion whose portals could be seen through the windows.

Mrs. Vance's neighbor murmured that she understood he did and sighed.

She wasn't altogether sorry that he did, for Mrs. Carter had never been nice to her, but still she was shocked. Like a person who hears that a rich uncle has died.

"My feeling is," said Mrs. Streeter in a loud commanding voice, "that we should all send letters to the Editor demanding an apology and threatening to cancel our subscriptions if he refuses."

There was a little pause—like a gulp.

Then Mrs. Twining, a tiny blonde from New York yoked to a lop-sided geologist, lisped, "But you see, I don't subscribe."

"Nor I," admitted twelve others. How could they? Their husbands had to have *Science*, *The Journal of Philosophy*, *The Physical Review*, *Modern Language Notes*, and the like, all of which could be looked at in the library, but which it was a matter of pride to buy.

"They say," whispered Mrs. Vance behind a brown-kid palm, "that the number in which the article appeared sold by the hundreds. All the students bought it. Some even took it to class, and I heard that five copies were left at the President's door on Valentine's Day."

"Ladies," called Mrs. Streeter, rapping

on the table with a ruler, "this is a *meeting*. Has no one any other suggestions to make?"

Before anyone could stop her, the gaunt figure of Mrs. Bismarck, wife of the German professor, rose to her feet.

"There is only one method of righting wrong," she groaned, "one only. Wrong is—"

She launched into a definition of evil culled from the books of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Green, Bosanquet, the Cairds, and Josiah Royce. She said it was absolutely necessary in the universe and referred to Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Her body swayed as she intoned her message, her face grew red, wisps of gray hair straggled down from under her new purple hat and curled stickily with her perspiration.

The other ladies became more and more nervous as she went on. Mrs. Streeter tried to check the flow with a forced smile and a, "Yes, yes, but—" or a "Suppose we—" at every pause. But Mrs. Bismarck refused to be checked.

She was always like that; why had Lizzie Van Buren asked her?

When she finally subsided everyone began talking at once about husbands, babies, and schools. It took a great deal of pounding before a sullen calm could be restored and a request for a plan of action could be made again.

"We could draw up resolutions as we did about the Belgian atrocities," suggested the public-spirited voice of the surgeon's wife.

That seemed attractive for a moment or two, and all eyes pivoted towards Mrs. Streeter's. But then someone suggested that there'd be no one to send them to, and Mrs. Streeter sensibly remarked that no one ever read beyond the "Whereases" anyway.

"And even if they did, what good would it do?"

"Well, I only suggested it because you asked for ideas," said the surgeon's wife. "I'm sure nobody could say that I forced myself on them but you yourself said right out that you wanted ideas."



That's all I ever intended it to be. I'm sure it's nothing to me one way or another, Mrs. Streeter, but I do think if we're going to have a meeting you ought to let us all have our say. It's not that—well, I'm sure I don't care, do as you please."

She opened her purse, drew out her handkerchief, and wiped the corners of her mouth.

There was an awkward silence.

"Might I ask a question?" said a flute-like voice in a corner.

"Certainly, Mrs.—er, Mrs. Buchanan," said the hostess glad that someone would end the pause.

Mrs. Buchanan rose to her large feet which she tried to conceal by her voice. Her eyes were half closed. She touched her left breast with her finger tips and murmured with a slight trembling of the head, "Let us hold the thought for five minutes that good can come from evil if we will atune ourselves to the larger harmonies."

"Evil!" cried Mrs. Bismarck, "you don't know what it is, evil."

"Good can come from it," breathed Mrs. Buchanan through her pearly teeth.

Mrs. Bismarck shrugged her gaunt shoulders and muttered to herself, "*Dummkopf*."

"What you say, Mrs. Buchanan, is very interesting," said the hostess. "Are there other suggestions?"

Mrs. Pierce leaped to her feet.

"You're all evading the issue," she said. "Oralia has been insulted and that means that we've all been insulted. We know who the guilty party is. There's no mystery about it. I move that a committee be appointed to go to the author and demand an apology."

She sat down. The chair trembled under the blow.

All the ladies seemed enthusiastic over the proposal but no one wanted to be a member of the committee.

At that moment Mrs. Streeter rang for tea, saying that details could be arranged later.

Mrs. Pierce said that she would sacrifice herself and go to the author. But Mrs. Streeter felt secretly that Mrs. Pierce's tact was not all that could be desired. She would appoint the committee later.

The next afternoon Mrs. Streeter received a call from the author himself. He told her that the wireless service of Oralia had informed him of yesterday's meeting. There was no need of a committee's coming to see him, he said. Already he had five letters from the five other universities he had attended demanding apologies. He had apologized to them all. He was going to write a public apology to the universe as a whole for writing about it.

"Mrs. Streeter," he said, "God has cursed some people with a desire to write down their experiences. Why they should thus distil them into the alcohol of literature I don't know. I have done my best since teaching to leave pen and ink alone, but every once in a while the old hunger seizes me, and my friends and myself go into the crucible. I always have hoped that they would come out unrecognizable, but on the contrary they are such good likenesses that everyone sees himself in them no matter what the original may have been. Five universities—six including Oralia see themselves in my article. Can they all be there? Only if none of them is . . . You have studied philosophy, haven't you, Mrs. Streeter?"

Mrs. Streeter said she had and understood perfectly. She thought it very handsome of him to come to her like this. "But you will be more careful in the future, won't you? It makes such a bad impression."

Mrs. Streeter could scarcely wait for him to go, she so itched to get to the telephone. When he left she flew to the instrument and called Mrs. Pierce. She gave her a long enthusiastic account of the call she had just received, and ended by saying, "And you know, he says he was writing about Harvard all the time."



# FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY

BY KEYES WINTER

*Assistant Attorney General of New York State*

**I**T IS a curious and ironic psychological fact that Americans, shrewd as in many ways they show themselves, should be almost universally the victims of some type of financial fraud. The national susceptibility to the swindler is historic, limited to no class or locality. Generations of otherwise hardheaded citizens of these United States have followed the mirage of preposterous profits until its inevitable fading left the deluded in the desert of reality, stripped of their savings of years. Nor has to-day's generation appeared to learn wisdom from the bitter experiences of predecessors. Our fathers and grandfathers hopefully purchased green goods and gold bricks. We, in the same spirit of get-rich-quick optimism, have bought German marks and stock in fly-by-night companies. The form of the dollar-alluring swindle changes, but its spirit remains the same.

Even some of the old forms are still practiced successfully. Crooks continue to offer to college boys and to more sophisticated persons so-called "wonderful bargains" in goods "smuggled off a ship." On a crowded subway platform in New York the other day a man approached a certain keen-eyed citizen with the old story of the valuable watch which he wanted to sell in a hurry.

"Do I look like that kind of a fool?" indignantly demanded this particular New Yorker. With him the game did not work, but it would not have been tried if it were not still working with others. And while for decades the investor in bogus mining shares has been

a butt for ridicule in fiction and on the stage, it is a fact that worthless mines are just now the bait most popular with the ever-gullible American public.

There must be a philosophy to explain this public's characteristic eagerness to gobble up dubious investments, marketed here with perhaps greater ease and expedition than anywhere else on the globe. The Frenchman hoards his savings, often refusing even to put them into a bank. The Englishman is likely to buy a home or to purchase government securities—the Consols, for example, concerning the safety of which an anxious Englishwoman consulted her lawyer during the War.

"Madam," said that cautious man, "I can only assure you that they will be the last to go!"

If safety is the first, the final, the ever-present thought of the average small investor in other parts of the world, taking a chance—the reverse of the safety principle—makes many an American play into the hands of the confidence man, the seller of worthless investments, the market rigger, all of whom promise miraculous gains. The guiding principles of such an ingenuous American's investing philosophy appear to include the gambling impulse, the desire to get something for nothing, the yearning, above all, to get rich quick without work.

This passion for riches seems to paralyze common caution and to destroy common sense. With ridiculous alacrity the sucker swallows the thinnest and most preposterous story told by the "con man." The latter need achieve no



mastery of detail, no smooth chain of logic, no careful realism.

Whether the victim has inherited a little money, whether he—or she—has worked hard for years and saved a little—almost always the temptation to turn it into promised wealth proves irresistible. Most Americans are not content with what they have. They look about them and see the heads of big corporations enjoying millions and—so the envious observers mistakenly assume—doing little or no work for those millions. All the small fry long to be as well off; they worship the moneyed man. The cult of noble families, the aristocracy of landed estates, such powerful factors in the civilization of older communities have no place in our society. What kindles the imagination and emulation of Americans is the figure of the millionaire. He, to paraphrase the Persian poet, is the door to which they find no key—until they think they have found a key of gold in some swindler's offer of incredible returns for capital invested.

Often, too, this swindler reaches his victims by means of the little knowledge that is so dangerous. More than the citizens of most countries, Americans are a newspaper-reading public. They acquire at least a headline acquaintance with new discoveries, inventions, enterprises. Upon this popular stock of information, which may be sensational and garbled to the point of misinformation, the investment crook deliberately trades. I venture to say that the presses are even now printing millions of stock certificates in corporations holding holes in the ground near Weepah, the scene of a much-advertised recent gold strike. Tens of thousands of shares have been sold in worthless or even non-existent motion picture and radio companies. Fake "bargains" in Florida real estate were among the financial best sellers a year ago.

Wistful aspirants for unearned increment often point out to one another that a fortune might have been amassed by any person lucky enough to have bought

a few shares of telephone stock, or of Ford motor stock, when the telephone and the Ford car were new and unknown. What these dreamers do not realize is that the public never is given the chance to invest in such genuine bonanzas. When the promoters of an enterprise are really convinced that it will make them rich they do not want to sell stock in it to anybody and everybody. They want to keep that stock snugly in their own hands. The commonest assurance offered by the salesman of bogus stock that "you will double your money" is a plain indication that something is wrong. What man or organization with anything as good as this is passing it around?

To get rich quick, because being rich is the most desirable state; to take a gambler's chance on any scheme promising fortune without toil, especially if one has "seen something about it in the papers"—that is, perhaps, the synthesis of the American philosophy which, according to Mr. Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, parts fools from no less than one billion seven hundred million dollars every year in the United States. Of this sum which he estimates is obtained by financial shysters at least half, in my opinion, is collected in New York—but *from America*. Because Wall Street is the hub of the country's legitimate financial operations, the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords prefer Wall Street as an impressive business address, but their operations radiate to every corner of the land.

It was to prevent these operations, and so to protect these deluded investors, that the Fraud Prevention Bureau was established in the heart of Wall Street by Attorney General Albert Ottinger in 1925. As his Assistant in charge of the Bureau, I have administered the law which created it. The Martin Act, as this statute is known, is a Blue Sky Law; a law directed against peddlers of those fallaciously glowing promises of profit for which the blue sky is the only limit.

Two years and a half of intensive

study of the parting of fools and their money has but deepened my conviction of the universality of this brand of folly in the United States.

The common assumption that women are more "easy" than men has no basis in fact, so far as my observation goes. I know a trained nurse who, by years of exhausting labor, amassed small savings, only to throw them away by the purchase of shares in a worthless gold mine. On the other hand, I know a college professor—a professor of economics, at that—who purchased mortgage stock at one hundred dollars a share, which was worth at the time perhaps two dollars and which is now worth nothing. There seems to be no sex in suckers.

One of the strangest traits of their psychology is their habit of coming back for more. No matter how much of their money the first crooked stock salesman gets, the second who approaches them will be met with open arms and whatever cash is left. "Once bitten, twice shy," does not hold true of the average sucker; of him or her the adage should read, "Once bitten, twice as eager." Confidence men themselves understand how deep-seated is this disease of being "easy." There are probably fifty places in New York City where so-called "sucker-lists" are compiled and sold. Lists of persons who are believed to be gullible prospects, but who have not, as yet, fallen for a bogus money-making scheme, retail for one cent a name. Selected names of those who have once invested in such a scheme bring higher rates. The exclusive privilege to canvass a chronic biter is marketed for five cents and more.

So ineradicable is the passion to get rich quick without labor! When one perceives the motives that animate the victims of the confidence man, it is difficult to feel any great sympathy for most of them. Now and then there is a really pathetic case, and the investigator can have nothing but scorn for that meanest and most cowardly of criminals, the con man himself. A little of the scorn, however, may tincture one's viewpoint of

the "conned"—scorn not so much for their simple credulity as for the basic dishonesty of their aspiration to acquire a fortune by some smooth trick, instead of by earning.

## II

As in dress or in house decoration, there are fashions in fraudulent investments. Texas oil stocks "went out" just before I took charge of the Fraud Prevention Bureau. The present fashion is mines. Gold, precious stones, metals—their very names kindle the imagination of the public and so make easy the exploitation of wildcat mining stock.

To illustrate the elaborate modern technic of handling such stock, the public credulity and greed upon which the stock swindler plays, and some of the State's methods of calling him to account, a detailed narrative of the activities of Charlie Greenhaus may serve. The "Boy Wizard of Wall Street," as he liked to call himself, made one of his killings with the Dryden Gold Mine, and his methods were typical of those used by many others.

First, he hired an office in Wall Street, the favored address of investment crooks. Telephones were to be the most important feature of his *mise en scène*, and fifteen or twenty of them, including nine trunk lines, were installed in one long room. It is known to the sophisticated as the "boiler room," since it is the source of an unlimited amount of hot air! Greenhaus had a force of the young men called "dynamiters," whose specialty consists in disposing of bogus investments over the telephone wires, with the telephone books utilized as sucker lists. From New York these men put through calls to Chicago, Cleveland, even Denver, as well as to smaller communities. It is a curious psychological fact that many persons are quicker to swallow what is said to them over the 'phone than what they hear in a face-to-face interview.

There might be amusement and instruction for the unsophisticated in-



vestor in watching a telephone "dynamiter" at work. He is often a more than unusually unattractive specimen, with a greasy skin, eyes set too close together, an expression of uneasy self-assurance. Yet when this unprepossessing person has entered the "boiler room," thrown aside his coat, unfastened and rolled up his cuffs, loosened his collar, moistened his hands, and picked up the telephone receiver, what have we here? Nothing less than a graduate of Oxford, to judge by the throaty tones with the authentic English accent and the slurring of unimportant syllables. A moment before, speaking to one of his fellow "dynamiters," he combined a double negative with the latest underworld argot. Now his language is drawn from "the well of English undefiled," his silky baritone is rich and pure, his eloquence dynamic.

He addresses Mr. Brown, his prospect, by name and introduces himself as "Mr. Johnson, of Blank and Company." "You will remember me, Mr. Brown," he challenges; "I am the man who told the financial reporters that International Radio was bound to rise. I suppose you saw what it did yesterday?" (Of course he mentions some stock that really did go up, in case Mr. Brown checks back on the financial columns.) "Now, Mr. Brown," he continues, dynamically, "I have just been made acquainted with the details of a remarkable investment opportunity, one which a business man like yourself cannot afford to miss. You will at least double your money."

Thus the "dynamiter" in Charlie Greenhaus's office prepared his sucker for a purchase of stock in the Dryden Gold Mine at \$2 a share, paper that was hawked around the street for fifty cents with no takers. For emergencies Greenhaus possessed two or three hundred shares. But for \$25,000 dynamited out of the public in one month he actually delivered little of this stock. He was a hundred per cent operator.

For example, he sold by telephone five hundred shares to an undertaker down

on Long Island. The sale, at \$2 per share, amounted to \$1,000. The next day, however, the "dynamiter" telephoned to the undertaker and apologized for having taken the liberty of buying for him \$5,000 worth of the stock. The suave speaker explained that, because of some pool operations known only to his group of financial experts, the stock had increased in value and had been resold for a profit of \$3,000. It was necessary, the speaker concluded, for the undertaker to deliver immediately his certified check to the firm's messenger, to get the stock for delivery; but Townsend and Co.'s check for \$8,000 would be mailed to the Long Island man the next day. (Townsend and Co. was the name under which Greenhaus conducted his operations.) A messenger shortly thereafter appeared with fictitious broker's statements, exactly confirming the telephone messages and proving to the delighted sucker his good fortune.

The man scurried around and borrowed enough money to make up, with his savings, the required \$5,000. This sum he delivered to the impatient messenger, who was making several calls in the neighborhood for similar purposes. When the undertaker called at our Bureau some weeks later he was still anticipating his profits.

Another of Greenhaus's victims was one of the really pathetic cases I have encountered. A trained nurse, a woman about fifty years old, had \$250 in savings and needed \$500 to pay for an operation for her mother. Greenhaus promised to double the poor woman's money by operations similar to those I have just described, and she let him have it. She, also, never saw a dollar of it again.

The "Boy Wizard" was one of the master minds of the underworld; that is, a sneak who takes elaborate precautions to conceal his identity. All of his selling was done by telephone; in that way he fancied that his victim would be unable to trace him. A manager hired and instructed the "dynamiters." The wizard never came in contact with their

work himself. He secreted himself in a small back office behind the "boiler room," and was ostensibly engaged in an insurance or real estate business. The door was emblazoned with the name of "Townsend and Co.," and his checks, inscribed by some dummy with that signature, were promptly destroyed when they returned to him from the bank.

Greenhaus, however, was actually connected by these checks with these swindles. We subpoenaed his boiler room force, bookkeeper, telegraph girl, manager, and himself; we raided and searched his offices. We located the bank where "Townsend and Co." had its account, and subpoenaed the current month's checks that were still held there. The persons to whom they were drawn—a tailor, a florist, a real estate man, among them—disclosed that the service for which "Townsend and Co." had made out these checks had been rendered to the "Boy Wizard" himself. So we established his connection with "Townsend and Co." He was enjoined by the court and was subsequently indicted for larceny. The Federal Court later convicted him of using the mails to defraud, and he is now serving sentence in Atlanta, Georgia.

Two other mining promotions investigated by our Bureau are engineered by a man who has a long and unsavory record of arrests, indictments, and convictions for offenses ranging from forgery to stock fraud. He now circulates a tipster sheet, a weekly periodical disguised as a newspaper devoted to fearless and impartial advice about securities and market operations "no matter whom it helps or hurts." The illusion of disinterestedness and impartiality is further increased by an ostensible subscription price of \$6 a year, columns of correspondence with investors, exposures of machinations of Wall Street, and attacks on me. Only about 15,000 copies are actually sold. The rest of the circulation of 600,000 is shovelled out through the mails to all parts of the

country, accompanied by telegrams and telephone messages to his subscribers.

The nigger in the wood pile is his "articles" with screaming headlines; articles untruthfully describing the merits of the two mining promotions, predicting their immediate rise on the Boston Curb Market to fabulous prices, and advising his readers to sell Liberty Bonds and invest their savings in the stock in expectation of enormous profits. This stock he himself secretly holds on options at ten and seventy-five cents a share.

One of these mines has lain fallow for twenty years in an inaccessible region in Idaho. The last report on the mine came from a drunken engineer in 1905, since convicted of using the mails to defraud, and this report is the basis of the lurid headlines of this "editor."

The so-called market operations on the Boston Curb, used to bait his readers, are for the most part "wash sales." A wash sale is an artificial sale from one broker to another and a purchase back of the same security at the same price. As the stock and the money both go back to the broker from whom they started, it can be readily seen that the sale is nothing but a fiction. Members of the public see these "washes" at rising prices in great quantities, and such investors believe that if they buy the stock and hold on they have something of a value indicated by the market quotations. The stock of the Idaho mine was washed from fifty cents a share to \$5, capitalizing it at over \$12,000,000. The editor unloaded his stock on his gullible subscribers at a profit of millions of dollars.

Another of his financial favorites, an emerald mine, bought at a bankruptcy sale for \$7,800, is capitalized at 1,000,000 shares. This stock he has washed from \$1.50 a share to \$17 a share, or a total of \$17,000,000, baiting his readers with the promise that the stock would go to \$50 a share. Two hundred and thirty-five thousand shares were unloaded on the public at these fancy prices, realizing further enormous profits to the "editor."



The purchasers of this stock have a mine which during two years of operations produced a spoonful of emeralds worth less than \$3,000 at a cost of over \$60,000.

Our Bureau has enjoined the sales of the emerald stock and have proceedings pending to stop sales of the Idaho stock.

### III

The gambling instinct which is so strongly developed in the psychology of the sucker finds a characteristic outlet in his patronage of the bucket shop. As many persons know, this institution is simply a fake broker's office, with beautiful mahogany furniture, stock tickers, blackboards covered with stock quotations; but in the bucket shop there is no actual buying and selling of stocks. Bucketing flourishes when there is a falling market; for the customer always gambles on his faith that the market will rise. He buys—or thinks he buys—on a margin; when he sees that the stock has slipped he ruefully concludes that he is wiped out. What has happened is that the bucket shop has never filled his order but has pocketed the margin.

During the Fraud Prevention Bureau's first year of existence, it ended the career of scores of bucket shops, and thus saved hundreds of thousands of dollars for investors not only in New York but all over the country. The Consolidated Stock Exchange, which Attorney General Ottinger brought into court on fraud charges, was well known nationally, but despite all manner of pressure we closed it up. On cross-examination we asked this Exchange how much margin customers were required to deposit.

"Five per cent," was the answer.

"Then you can't make much," the examiner commented.

"We make five per cent," was the bland reply.

When the bucket-shop business became too risky its practitioners sought

other specialties. One of these was the real estate fraud, reports of which have come from many localities. Dishonest sellers of real estate have devised numerous schemes appealing to one or more of the common characteristics of the sucker—the impulse to get something for nothing, get-rich-quick greed, stupid credulity, careless indolence about making investigations.

It is to play upon the first of these four weaknesses that the so-called "free lot racket" has been perfected. The initial step in this campaign against the victim's pocketbook is for a gentlemanly salesman to call at a man's house when he is away on business. The salesman tells the man's wife that, through the recommendation of a friend, she has been placed on a list of prospective free lot winners, a list compiled to help advertise a realty development. A few days later the salesman makes a second call and announces to the elated mistress of the house that she has won a lot. He asks her to go to the realty office for her deed. Once she is inside this place—furnished with the bucket shop's elaborate mahogany—she learns that she must pay \$25 or \$30 as the cost of recording and registering her deed. She usually pays. When she goes to see her lot she finds—if it exists at all—that it is a remote swamp, or is in some other way undesirable. She is angry. The super-salesman at once offers to exchange the bad bargain, with a certain credit allowance, for a really good lot which she may buy on easy installments. If, as is most likely the case, she turns a willing ear to this suggestion, the salesman obtains her signature to a contract providing for monthly payments; but when she completes them and obtains her second deed she is merely the owner of a plot of ground for which she has paid far more than it will be worth for years to come. The swindlers have taken care of that. As a matter of fact, even though they obtain only the initial \$25 "for registering the deed,"

they get their profit—since the lot probably cost them \$5.

“Reloading,” a trick used also by salesmen of worthless stocks, may mulct the unsophisticated but greedy investor in real estate. The first move in this game is to sell him a lot in a certain development. Soon after, he is asked to call at another real estate office and when he arrives he is offered more than ten times what he paid for his lot if, with it, he will turn over the two adjoining. He is told that a subway is going through the property, and that the three lots are to be the site of a station. Naturally, he hurries back to the first company with which he dealt and purchases the other two lots, thinking that he will make a large sum of money by the turnover. When he returns to the real estate men who wanted a site for a subway station he finds that, like Longfellow’s Arabs, the company has silently stolen away. It was nothing but a decoy for the first company.

Sheer credulity in believing an attractive stranger’s even more attractive story of future profits, sheer laziness about making a few sensible inquiries as to the salesman or the property he is selling, are together responsible for the loss of much money by the foolish investors whom real estate crooks defraud.

In certain instances of real estate fraud, the land sold to suckers is a tax title. They receive, in exchange for cash or good securities, an attractive “deed” which is nothing but a scrap of paper. The real estate has accumulated a mass of unpaid taxes, and is sold and bought in for the amount of the taxes—usually a trifling amount, compared with what the sucker pays. Of course, the title is worthless, because the original owner may always recover his land by paying up his taxes and redeeming the property.

Or a gyp real estate company may buy a real development but never complete its payments. Such a company parcels out this land to small

purchasers and collects from them according to the usual plan of payment—twenty per cent down and so much a month. When the first purchaser goes to the office to make his final payment and to get his deed, he finds that office closed and the company gone. Then he discovers that the title to the land still remains with the original holder, who has never been paid in full for it, and that his own payments are lost without anything to show for them.

Everyone should use particular caution in examining any real estate deal which he is urged to close in a hurry, and by which he is offered land in exchange for his sound securities. A wise plan is to put off the salesman for a few days, and in the meantime to consult a well-known firm, or a real estate broker who is located near the alleged location of the lots which the salesman is offering.

#### IV

Men barred from bucket-shop operation often turn to the stock, instead of the real estate, swindle. They travel about from town to town, stopping at the best hotels but keeping their offices under their hats. Theirs is “the switch game”; they persuade the type of gullible good citizen who used to buy gold bricks to exchange his Liberty Bonds and other safe securities for a line of worthless, or nearly worthless investments. The men who work the switch game may give a little value for what they receive, but never much. Their promises of enormous returns, however, seem to be all that is necessary to stir into life the get-rich-quick instinct of their victims.

Among the schemes of dishonest stock salesmen for parting fools from their money which we stopped was the sale of so-called bankers’ shares in Ford Units. Hoshier and Montanye, the inventors of this game, had certificates issued against shares of Ford Motor Company stock, one hundred certificates



for each four-hundred-and-fifty-dollar share. These certificates were sold at \$7 apiece to the investors; that is, Hoshier and Montanye were getting \$700 for something which cost them only \$450.

That was bad enough. A far worse sell developed from it. Somehow, five particularly smooth and winning young swindlers got hold of these bankers' certificates and went down the Mohawk Valley selling them to the farmers. The young men obtained \$450 and \$600 per certificate, for the buyers thought that they were getting Ford shares, not certificates, and the salesmen capitalized to the utmost Henry Ford's immense prestige. As a climax to their operations, they sold fifty certificates to a farmer named Anderson for \$25,400. The transaction sounds no more incredible to the reader than it did to me when I heard about it, but it is true. Anderson gave them both his bankbooks and all his Liberty Bonds; they cleaned him out. In exchange, he received by express a heavily sealed envelope, insured for \$20,000, containing certificates worth about \$225.

Information as to the identity of this gang leaked through a fence. A stool-pigeon located Burkhart, the leader. Anderson was brought down to New York to make the identification. Incidentally, I asked him what arguments had been used to make him part with everything he had. He could not tell me. All he could say was, "They just talked to me!" The most ironic aspect of the case was that Anderson had the reputation among his neighbors of being the community's perfect tightwad. They could never get a cent out of him for anything.

Our stoolpigeon reported that Burkhart had agreed to meet him in a room in the Hotel Alamac, in New York, to discuss a new crooked scheme—purely hypothetical, of course—which the stoolpigeon had devised as bait. He was to drop a handkerchief from the window, if our man showed up, so that Anderson

and I, waiting outside the hotel, might go up and confront him. All went well, the handkerchief fell to the sidewalk, and the farmer, two of my men, and myself burst into the room where Burkhart, two of his friends, and the stoolpigeon were conferring. We lined them up and asked Anderson if he could identify the man who had swindled him. I knew at a glance that my suspicions were correct; I never saw a man look more frightened than Burkhart. Cold sweat was standing out all over him. But the farmer, who was very much wrought up, hesitated. Suddenly, he pointed triumphantly at one man in the lineup of four.

"That's the feller!" he exclaimed.

It was the stoolpigeon—with whom he had been talking the previous evening, whose face was fresh in his memory and whom the confusion of a not too brilliant mind persuaded him to identify.

Without Anderson's identification I could not hold Burkhart. But he was so badly scared that he left the country almost at once, and an injunction has stopped further swindles in bankers' shares of Ford Units.

## V

While men, as I have said, are no less "easy" than women, there is a certain type of confidence man who specializes in defrauding the fair sex. He does not, as you might fancy, make love to young ladies. He picks out lonely elderly ones, and plays upon their motherly instincts, appealing only later to their desire for gain. Such a crook was Walter Gutterson. He bought Interstate Mortgage stock at from \$2 to \$4 a share and sold six hundred shares of it to an old lady in White Plains, New York, for \$63,000. First, he cultivated her acquaintance. He took her out in his car, he spent hours at her home, allowing her to read to him. When he was out of town he sent her affectionate letters and postcards. As he gained her confidence, he

incidentally planted in her mind a belief in his financial ability. His hints about the undesirability of some of her investments gradually broadened into recommendations which, he insisted, would bring her so much better returns! After he had obtained her \$63,000 he asked her to turn back to him all the shares of Interstate Mortgage stock he had delivered to her, so that he could exchange them for one certificate and save money on the transfers. She trustfully did so—and never saw even her shares again!

He obtained \$90,000, by similar methods, from a woman living on Riverside Drive, in New York City. He buncoed women all over the country, mulcting his victims of something like \$800,000. When we caught him he did everything he could to wriggle out of it. I had him down in my office, with his lawyer, and I said, "Gutterson, you are the meanest, yellowest, lowest, dirtiest crook I have ever seen in my life." He cast me a reproachful glance from large brown eyes—he was a young man, dapper and smooth-spoken—and replied in the most heartbroken tones, "Mr. Winter, I hope to live to prove to you that I am a much-wronged man!" Judge Tompkins sentenced him to ten years in Sing Sing. He is there now.

That a really intelligent man is, nevertheless, quite as likely as any "woman who doesn't understand business" to be the victim of a shyster is proved by the case of another foolish investor in Interstate Mortgage, a professor of economics in a nationally known university. This company, by the way, was started by a public official in New York State as a legitimate enterprise to buy and sell mortgages. He had obtained the names of several prominent politicians for his list of Directors. Later, when the enterprise fizzled out, crooked salesmen got hold of the stock and used the prospectuses with all the well-known names, so that the company became a source of considerable revenue to the underworld.

To-day Interstate Mortgage is defunct, but even when Professor Origen B. Smith, the celebrated economist, gave his check for \$700 for seven shares, they were being hawked around the street for \$2 a share. To his great chagrin, the news leaked out just before he was to sail for Europe to deliver a speech on economics at an International Congress!

Before we dismiss from consideration the sub-species of confidence man who specializes in dealings with women, it might be of interest to mention the exploits of John H. Neville, another self-styled "Wizard of Wall Street." He began his business career as a Canadian barkeeper. There was a conviction against him in Toronto, but he came to New York and posed here as the son of Lord Neville. His woman partner called herself Lady Lee. He procured an introduction to a wealthy society woman, and convinced her that he was engaged in an important financial deal with a great international banking house. He was mysterious as to details, but, on the strength of his declaration that it was a marvellous opportunity for investment, he obtained \$50,000 from her. A few days later he returned \$25,000 of this money, explaining that the sum was her profits on the deal, and asking her if she could not persuade some of her friends to invest in his pooling operations. She could—since she reported profits of fifty per cent. From her and these friends he obtained, in all, between \$200,000 and \$300,000, which he pocketed. The woman's lawyer finally came to our Bureau, but unfortunately when the case was investigated the victims proved afraid of publicity and would not prosecute. They preferred cutting their losses to being laughed at. Neville, however, vanished and was last mentioned in a report from Scotland Yard.

When women are the operators instead of the victims of financial swindles they usually work in minor roles, under the direction of men.



For example, Estelle O'Brien, a charming and innocent-looking blonde, played one of the less important roles in the Home Deposits Company, a fully organized gang with a carefully worked out scheme to defraud, the brains of which was a lawyer. The scheme had a certain novelty, and was used in fleecing small corporations and business men in the small community. The names of such companies were obtained from advertisements inserted in the daily newspapers, advertisements offering financial assistance to meritorious enterprises. Then emissaries were sent to them, who offered to help put the struggling company on its feet by arranging wash sales of its stock on the Boston Curb Market.

If the president and directors of any small company listened with favor to this suggestion, they were then persuaded to write a letter advising the stockholders of the plan and recommending their co-operation. Next, salesmen were sent around to all the stockholders, each one of whom had to sign a contract agreeing to the scheme—which, it was explained, would vastly increase the value of individual holdings—and agreeing also to pay a certain sum as security that the stockholder himself would not take advantage of the rigged market to unload his stock. This contract constituted a conspiracy to commit a crime, and made the victims liable themselves to criminal prosecution. Here is a particularly interesting illustration of what I have called the "basic dishonesty of the sucker's aspiration to acquire a fortune by some smooth trick."

The Home Deposits Company did not even live up to its share of the illegal agreement. It merely collected from the officers and stockholders in the small companies every dollar these individuals could be made to contribute, and kept the money—a total of \$500,000, before we raided the office, subpoenaed the employees and ended the game.

Though women rarely, if ever, are

prime movers in the con man's schemes to acquire illegal profits, women get the ultimate share of these profits. This article has dwelt in some detail upon the motivation of the sucker; perhaps a brief analysis of the shyster should complete the picture. Toward his victims he appears completely ruthless, with a sneering laugh for their simplicity and the cynical catchword, "Never give a sucker an even break." In his own circle, on the other hand, he is a most affectionate person. He almost invariably appears to have a devoted wife and two or three adoring children, to say nothing of an assortment of less conventional ties.

Rarely have we undertaken to prosecute one of these men that his wife, sometimes accompanied by her baby, has not appeared at our Bureau, to explain with the utmost loyalty and with great grief that it was all a mistake and that her husband was the noblest of men. We have listened to almost those words from the charming daughter of a good family who married a particularly mean sneak. His *nom de guerre* was Hot-Stove Sammie, because of the fiery quality of his sales talk. Only twenty-six years old, square-shouldered and with large brown eyes, he had begun his career as a haberdasher's clerk but decided that there was easier money in selling Interstate Mortgage stock. He didn't dispose of very much before he was caught and, as he was so young and was ready to restore his victims' money, we arranged to have him let off on a suspended sentence, after the courts gave him from four to eight years. But though his wife was told that it would be better for her if he were sent up and if she got rid of him, she could not be convinced.

## VI

To conclude comment on the swindler, it may be noted that he possesses neither permanent prosperity nor any real intelligence. Many persons wonder

what he does with his easy money. Twenty-five per cent of it goes into the "squawk fund" by means of which those suspicious and grouchy investors who threaten to complain to district attorneys are paid up and—the swindler hopes—shut up. His lawyers get about fifty per cent of what he makes. Most of the other twenty-five per cent goes to the ladies, unless he himself falls for another swindler's crooked line—something that is perpetually happening. Here is the proof of his intellectual deficit. I have been amazed at the preposterous schemes through which stoolpigeons gain the confidence of the con man. He appears to be the easiest person to delude, he seems to swallow whatever he is told, probably because he deals so constantly in lies that he cannot distinguish the lie from the truth. His mental, as well as his moral, perspective is hopelessly blurred.

An honest man sometimes, at least, perceives crookedness afoot; but the answer to the question of how the inexperienced—or even the experienced—investor can always detect the purveyor of fraudulent investments is that he cannot, offhand. The point is that he should take his time, demand references, and investigate. When strangers try to sell him securities he must not be a victim of the one-call system. Let him ask some reliable person or firm, familiar with the character of the business in question, for an opinion of both the standing and the prospects of the company. Let him consult the local Chamber of Commerce, or Board of Trade, or Better Business Bureau. Let him inquire what his banker or his lawyer thinks of the proposition that has been presented to him.

The State does what it can for his protection. Forty-five states have blue-sky laws. In forty-two of them these are licensing acts which provide that the seller of securities must obtain a license and that the securities in which he deals must be licensed. In New York, New Jersey, and Maryland there are in-

vestigation acts which permit anybody to sell anything but call him to account if he is suspected of crooked selling. Both the licensing and the investigation acts in practice give about the same results. The former method of control is useful in states where there is not too much trading; but in a state like New York with a huge investment field the power of investigation by the State, as embodied in the Martin Act, presents fewer administrative difficulties.

According to an amendment to this Act, all New York issuers and dealers in any stock must publish their names and addresses in officially designated newspapers. Whenever we see a new name in the published list of such sellers we send him a searching questionnaire, which he must fill out and return to our office. The catechism is designed to smoke out the most designing crooks, and it at least shows them that our office is watching them. When we suspect a stock salesman of crooked work we investigate him carefully, and his picture is taken and sent to authorities throughout the country.

Since Attorney General Ottinger opened the Bureau for the Prevention of Frauds, two and a half years ago, it has conducted about 5,000 investigations. In a majority of cases the enterprises and individuals investigated proved above reproach; not infrequently these inquiries are started by jealous competitors. That is why the Martin Act makes it a misdemeanor for our office to give out the information which it obtains with its sweeping form of subpoena. No honest business need fear our questioning, but we have put fear into the specialists in fraud. Because we have obtained indictments against a considerable number of them, have sent some to jail and, through the Supreme Court, have enjoined others, the majority have become convinced that New York is too risky a field of operations. Many have left the state, while others, at our threat of prosecution, have set their houses in order.





# PORTRAIT OF A NEGLECTED STATESMAN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

**H**OMER tells us that Odysseus was insignificant in appearance. His stature was low, his aspect was common, his bearing was awkward. It was only when he spoke that men were swept away by the swift, enchanting magic of his words. The case was quite different with Daniel Webster. When he walked through the streets strangers paused to look at him, and his mere appearance seized and dominated before he spoke at all. He was a solidly built man, seeming larger than he actually was, and splendidly dignified in his largeness. His shoulders were broad, his chest was massive, his head was poised with an Olympian grandeur. He was very dark, dark hair, dark skin, dark eyes. His rugged features could and not infrequently did express genial kindness and even sympathetic tenderness. But when he wished to control, to conquer, to overcome, the stern intensity of his look was almost irresistible. Special stress is laid upon his eyes. They were deep set under craggy brows. The whites were unusually white and large, and this enhanced the blazing ardor of the dark iris and pupil, which seemed to fix and penetrate with a searching glare that struck right down to the heart of friend and enemy alike. Altogether, there have been few orators whose outward aspect so magnificently anticipated and reinforced their power of speech.

Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782. His parents were rugged, thrifty farming people, who gave their children everything they could, and especially education. As a boy, Daniel was not strong and preferred books to

farm work, though he lived much out of doors and always loved the fields and woods. He got the public-school teaching of his time, then went to Dartmouth College, and later studied law as it was studied in lawyers' offices in those days. He settled and practiced first in Portsmouth, then in Boston, and soon made himself prominent and successful. But he had a natural drift toward politics, from the day when he studied the Constitution as printed on a cotton handkerchief. He entered Congress, first as a strong Federal, opposed to the Madison administration and the War of 1812, and heartily in favor of free trade, a position which he gave up later, with much subsequent reproach. In 1830 he established his great reputation by his Senate speeches against Hayne in behalf of the Union. He supported Jackson against the Nullifiers of the Constitution but opposed him in the matter of the Bank. In 1842 he negotiated the Ashburton Treaty with England, as Secretary of State under Tyler. All through his earlier career he proclaimed his opposition to slavery, but in 1850 he supported Clay's Compromise, believing that it was needed to save the Union, and by his arguments for the Fugitive Slave Law he made himself obnoxious to the Abolitionists, who asserted that he had sacrificed his conscience for the hope of getting the presidency. He died in the autumn of 1852. Webster was twice married and had three sons and two daughters, of whom only one son survived him.

It will be well to begin by analyzing some of the most marked elements in

Webster's professional and political life. In the first place, it is clear that he had an enormous power of work. Senator Lodge insists that he was naturally indolent. In a sense this is true enough. Webster had one of those large, rich, self-indulgent natures which work only when there is an incentive, not for the pure pleasure of it. But he had the power of working vastly when he chose, and above all he could concentrate and direct his work so that every atom of it told. Webster was an early riser, and got a day's work out of the way before most men are ready to begin. The indolent are not apt to be acquainted with the first hours after a summer sunrise.

Something the same contradiction appears in another aspect of Webster's character, that of courage and independence. His whole physique implied energy, determination, a royal disregard of the dictation or domination of others. Yet, owing perhaps to the elements suggested above in connection with indolence, he sometimes allowed himself to be affected by considerations hardly compatible with complete independence.

On the other hand, the disposition to yield to others, or at any rate to learn from them, has its good side, and may be a source of power as well as of weakness. Webster is often accused of having what would now be called an "ear to the ground." He writes home to know what people think, what their judgment and opinion is. But surely no public man loses by this. The art of listening, especially in a great speaker, is of the utmost value, and Webster had it in perfection. He heard what others had to say, deferred to their judgment, and formed his own by it; and the use of intelligence in this fashion is in the highest degree profitable.

Again a curious contradiction in the elements of Webster's character appears in his larger practical dealings with men. He seems to have been generally cordial and friendly. He made it a rule not to say harsh things, either in

private or in public, and tried to eliminate all such speech from his printed works. He had few enemies and few serious quarrels. Yet, on the other hand, he had not the magnetic attraction which gives a leader an enthusiastic partisan following; and this lack of support kept him from attaining the object of his highest ambition, the presidency. When one compares him with such born leaders as Jefferson, Clay, Blaine, or Roosevelt one sees what the difference in the public attitude was. Men respected Webster, they admired him, they quoted him, they imitated him; but they voted for somebody else, often for those whom they knew to be his inferiors.

Even the critical John Quincy Adams speaks of Webster's "gigantic intellect," and the analysis of this intellect is especially interesting. As regards early education, indiscreet biographers would appear to exaggerate somewhat both the boy's aptitude and his industry. He learned what interested him with extraordinary rapidity, and especially with his singular faculty for getting what he wanted where he wanted it. His reading may not always have been very solid or systematic, but it was extensive and ranged in all sorts of fields. He read the great English writers, remembered them, and used them with astonishing aptness and efficacy for his purposes.

Perhaps Webster's chief intellectual quality was his extreme shrewdness and penetrative power. He was never at a loss, never disconcerted, never allowed his opponent to put him at a disadvantage, but on the contrary was quick to turn a difficult and what seemed a disastrous situation to his own benefit. In comparison with all the biographers' anecdotes about his virtuous youth, I much relish the story that Lincoln picked up, which may or may not be true, but is infinitely characteristic. When Webster was a boy in the district school he was not noted for tidiness. Finally the teacher in despair told him that if he appeared again with such dirty



hands she would thrash him. He did appear, in the same condition. "Daniel," she said, "hold out your hand." Daniel spat on his palm, rubbed it on the seat of his trousers, and held it out. The teacher surveyed it in disgust. "Daniel," she said, "if you can find me another hand in this school that is dirtier than that I will let you off." Daniel promptly held out the other hand, and she had to keep her word. That was Daniel Webster in school and in the Supreme Court and the Senate of the United States. He always produced the other hand when it was needed and won his case.

As Webster's intelligence was clear and penetrating so it was orderly, systematic, and cogent. He not only perceived points, he arranged them so that their full bearing and effect were instantly and overwhelmingly appreciated. On the other hand, while his thinking was always direct and forcible, it does not seem to me that he was inclined to general speculation, or very skilful in it. And this sterility as regards general philosophical matters affects even Webster's political thinking. His speeches analyze and elucidate special questions and received principles with admirable effect, but he rarely raises or suggests broad political speculation such as is so common in Burke.

In other words, we have in Webster, either by nature or by habit or both, the distinctly legal type of mind. The lawyer tends to take things as they are, and to maintain and defend them as they are. He is nurtured and firmly disciplined in the respect for tradition and precedent. In his earlier years Webster expressed some doubt as to his profession in various aspects. But as time went on, the legal habit became pretty thoroughly ingrained. He had extraordinary quickness and ingenuity of reasoning; but this was not so much devoted to the analysis of fundamental principles as to the interpretation of principles already accepted and established. In politics the American Con-

stitution was the highest type of political wisdom. It was not necessary to go behind or beyond it. And the great function of Daniel Webster's mind and of Daniel Webster's tongue was to make the Constitution clear, applicable, and enduring.

In a sense, of the tongue above all; for it is undeniable that it was Webster's power of speech that made his greatness, and it is interesting to reflect what he might have been without it. With his physique, with his intellectual grasp and power no doubt he would have made a mark in the world, even if he had been tongue-tied. But his supreme prominence, his extensive influence over men were necessarily bound up with his gift of oratory.

In Webster's equipment as an orator we have first the splendid physical appropriateness, which overwhelmed his auditories, and which we cannot recall or reproduce. We have also to realize the intellectual qualities which we have already analyzed. In building his speeches Webster was always simple and straightforward. He instinctively sought the effective logical arrangement and seemed to develop his theme with the energy and directness of nature herself. His power of statement was so impressive that it carried conviction, and surely no form of conviction is more enduring. His gift of narrative, of vividly portraying situations and characters was admirable and unsurpassed.

But when it comes to more purely literary qualities I feel some disappointment in reading Webster largely. He himself said at an early stage of his career, "I resolved that, whatever else should be said of my style, from that time forth there should be no *emptiness* in it." The public speaker who could achieve this would go a long way. Webster's age was peculiarly the period of emptiness in American oratory, and to say that few are more free from emptiness than he, is saying a good deal. As regards style, he had color and amplitude. Yet it seems to me that the highest

qualities of imagination, the qualities of Shakespeare and the great English poets and prose writers are not very evident in him. Again, as to rhythm. Good critics maintain that the rhythm and swing of his sentences are superlative. I do not always find them so. Sometimes he gets a rhythm that sweeps you off your feet. More often I find in the words, as printed, an effort at harmony which is not quite successful, a rhythmic inadequacy as compared with such masters as Milton and Landor.

Back of it all there remains this puzzling, inexplicable problem of the almost limitless power of spoken words, whether to afflict and bore or to inspire and carry away. In this, as in other things, I find in Webster little tendency to analyze his own gift, either its sources, or its glory, or the infinite intoxication of exercising it. But I know no more vivid exhibition of what the power was than Hone's account of its display and effect on a very abnormal occasion: "He rose at two o'clock in the morning, intending, in consequence of its being, as he said, *to-morrow*, to be very brief; but his auditors insisted upon his going on; they would not allow him to stop, and he, apparently 'nothing loath,' kept on in a strain of unwearied and unwearying eloquence until *four* o'clock. One hundred and fifty persons, most of them men of sober, steady habits, fathers of families, remained immovable in their seats, with no fatigue or inattention, until he finished."

## II

We can now watch the application of these elements of Webster's character in the chief points of his professional and political career. Less attention is usually paid to his technical activity as a lawyer; yet those who knew him well, like Choate, were of the opinion that his genius nowhere appeared more impressively or effectively than in his arguments before a jury. He was especially noted for his power over witnesses. Also, he had a startling, bare intensity of

horror in presenting the essentials of a dramatic situation, so that any jury would be impressed and convinced.

Webster's pleas before the Supreme Court in Washington, in broadly Constitutional cases, have of course a more permanent significance than these more private issues. The first of importance was the Dartmouth College case, in 1818, in which Webster introduced his own personal feelings so intensely and effectively as to impart his emotion to the Court and to all the auditory: "It is, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love it." The point in the case was to establish the validity of the original college charter as inviolable under the contract clause of the Constitution, and the further bearing of this, as of so many of Webster's later arguments, was to broaden and solidify the meaning, the significance, the national dignity of the American Union. Sometimes Webster used the firm, vigorous reasoning of John Marshall, sometimes Marshall embodied Webster's views in his own judicial opinions; but always they were working toward the same end—to strengthen and perpetuate the common interests and the common power of a common country.

The same love of the Union and passionate desire to maintain it appear in Webster's more general speeches delivered on public historical occasions. Portions of these speeches are probably the best-known popularly of any of Webster's work. How overwhelming the effect of them was when delivered may be appreciated from Ticknor's striking account of his experience at Plymouth: "I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood. . . . When I came out I was almost afraid to come near him. It seemed to me as if he was like the mount that might not be touched and that burned with fire. I was beside myself and am so still."

When we come to consider Webster's more particularly political career it is



evident that he was not a largely, or elaborately, or persistently constructive statesman. His name is associated with very little in the way of definite development or modification of the American government. But if he is to be regarded as one of the greatest builders and preservers of the Union perhaps other minor construction should not be required of him.

As regards political measures and movements, it may be urged that the circumstances of the times and Webster's party and personal connections led him to be often in opposition and, consequently, rather to thwart and criticize the activity of others than to develop fruitful conceptions of his own. At the same time it must be recognized that very often even his criticism was fruitful. His elucidation of difficult topics and problems was so clear, so intelligent, so masterly that when he was opposing he helped, and his exposition of all sorts of subjects is permanently valuable for its lucid presentation and suggestiveness.

This is especially true in regard to finance. He himself said, "The subject of currency, gentlemen, has been the study of my life." Whether he was discussing banks or bankruptcy, he had something of Peel's or Gladstone's power of making complex money questions interesting; and those who are learned in such matters praise not only the wise conservatism of his attitude, but his remarkable gift of analyzing and synthesizing the most difficult financial problems.

In the matter of the tariff his position is less generally commended, and here we run across the bugbear of inconsistency, so troublesome to most statesmen who have long and active careers. In early life Webster fought a high tariff, when the South wanted it. Later he shifted about, of course with ingenious argument, and favored protection for New England industries against the interests of the South. The course was not only inconsistent; in appearance, at any rate, it was sectional, and champions

of the Southern cause argue energetically that Webster and his industrial New England supporters really did more to split the Union than the advocates of slavery. To most of us this appears exaggerated, and it cannot be questioned that Webster, in intention at any rate, would have swept all New England industry into the dustbin rather than sacrifice the Union to maintain it. Or rather, he would have said that no industry and no prosperity anywhere were possible without the Union; for more and more his passion for a united country came to override his sectional interests and instincts of any kind whatever.

The first vigorous logical development of this love of the Union came in the speeches against Hayne, in 1830. Hayne's arguments for the Constitutional right of secession were able and forcible, as were those of his greater followers, Calhoun, Davis, and Stephens. In the mere matter of logical metaphysics Webster did not always have the better of his opponents. What gave overwhelming power to his insistence upon the absolute necessity of a strong, dominating central government for the future and the welfare of America was the irresistible force of common sense that lay behind it; and common sense always prevails over ingenious logic. Webster's position is identical with that of General Lee, as stated shortly before he drew his sword in support of secession: "Secession is nothing but revolution. . . . It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution." The magnificent phrases of Webster did more than anything else to fix this truth in the hearts of the North and West, and in many Southern hearts also.

From 1830 on Webster's ardor for the Union was never shaken; but the situation grew more and more difficult, with the development of the western country, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, and the violence of the Abolition-

ists arousing the energetic activity of the slave-holding South. Webster had always hated slavery and continued to hate it, but he believed that the natural movement of the modern world would destroy it in the end, and he held with Lincoln that the thing of paramount importance was to preserve the Union: sooner or later slavery must go anyway, but if the Union were once dissevered the chances were that it would never be restored.

In 1850 the condition of things was critical. Henry Clay brought forward his elaborate Compromise measures, and after long deliberation Webster made his Seventh of March speech in favor of them. The Abolitionists called him traitor and renegade and did all they could to blacken his memory forever. He may perhaps have shown some unnecessary irritation in his method of advocating the Fugitive Slave Law and in his comments on the Abolitionists, but his main influence was more than beneficent, it was vitally operative. From 1850 to 1860 the North far outstripped the South in growth, both as to numbers and as to wealth, and behind the North came in the growth and power of the West; yet even in 1860 the North and West had all they could do to overcome. It was owing to Clay, and most of all to Webster, that the Civil War was postponed for ten years, and, therefore, that we have one government of the United States of America instead of two or half a dozen, all tearing at one another, with the mutual jealousies and the constant conflicts, and the ruinous standing armies that have afflicted and imperiled Europe for centuries.

### III

When we turn to Webster's private and personal life the complications are quite as subtle as in his public, and certainly quite as interesting. In his family he always had singular charm. The deaths of four of his five children, all born of his first marriage, seemed to

pile up afflictions to a weight which no worldly prosperity or success could counterpoise, and everything shows that Webster felt these losses poignantly. At the same time, if we may draw a delicate distinction, it seems to me that in all his emotions I should mark rather vivacity than intensity. His superficial sensitiveness was quick and acute, easily aroused and perhaps also easily dissipated. It does not appear that any emotional experience took a profoundly permanent hold upon him.

In the larger relations he had the same charm and attractiveness as with his family. In general society he may have been a trifle too dignified for perfect ease. But with those who knew him well, he had extraordinary grace and power of sympathetic converse. Children turned to him, young people turned to him: he had in a high degree the valuable social gift of entering into others' lives.

All reporters tell us that Webster's talk was charming. He had his hours of depression and unresponsiveness. But when he liked his company he could discourse with infinite profit and entertainment on serious subjects and trivial alike. And he let others talk and made them talk. Also, he had a splendid supply of spirits and fun. Whether he had the deeper humor of Lincoln or Lamb—the humor which dissolves even oneself in insignificance—I greatly doubt: self was too big an object in Webster's universe to be dissolved under any circumstances. But he had always abundance of the kindly jest and laughter which can turn an awkward situation into an amusing one and can sometimes make even ugly things tolerable.

Webster's weaknesses have been largely amplified by his enemies and somewhat painfully minimized by his friends. One of the most marked and undeniable was personal finance. We have seen that he boasted of his thorough knowledge of currency in the abstract, but the current feature of money was the one that chiefly affected his own pocket. He liked to spend, he liked to give,



profusely, carelessly, and the money had to come from somewhere. His farms cost money, his entertaining cost money. As time went on, the difficulties and the indulgence increased. When he became important to his constituents the wealthy manufacturers and merchants contributed to his support. This gave ground for all sorts of harmful charges. It is not for one moment to be supposed that Webster deliberately violated his political conscience. The most that can be properly imputed is the confusion and disorder naturally incident to the finances of a man who "never kept regular accounts or had them kept." But it is a profound remark of Webster himself that "there are means of influence not generally esteemed positively corrupt, which are competent to produce great effects." And the chapter of personal finance is no more creditable to him than to some other public men of great influence and in the main high character.

Even better known than the money delinquencies are the charges against Webster's morals. He was constantly accused of intemperance. There is no doubt that he liked good living and was a connoisseur in wines and food. When a strong man dies of cirrhosis of the liver the suggestion of alcohol is apt to intrude itself. It was a drinking age, and Webster can certainly claim no special abstemiousness. But the charges that he appeared in public and spoke when drunk have never been proved and are just the sort most readily circulated and most easily believed, as with Edwin Booth. To me Webster's love of the sunrise and habit of five o'clock in the morning work are quite inconsistent with serious dissipation.

Mr. Rhodes and many others have accused Webster of loose relations with women. More recent investigation of this subject seems to bring back the stories mainly to Abolitionist slander and, at any rate, fails to discover definite evidence. That the somewhat Bohemian semi-bachelor life in Washington should have developed erratic tendencies in a

man of Webster's temperament would neither astonish nor greatly distress one who was mainly interested in his public achievements. The pleasantest part of the whole matter is Webster's making affidavit before a notary that he had not assaulted a lady in the State Department. To the extra-legal mind there is equal amusement in the idea that such a performance should be required and the idea that, if it were required, it would have any validity. But no doubt to the professional spirit it would all seem in the natural course of things.

I do not find anything in Webster's religion particularly discordant with his morals. He was a devout church member, frequently discoursed upon religious subjects, and always with gravity and infinite unction. I believe that he was perfectly sincere and that there was not a tinge of deliberate hypocrisy in all this. But I do not see the slightest evidence that religion ever took profound hold of him either as a matter of agony or as a matter of rapture. I have an irresistible desire to class his religion with his politics. God offered an excellent parallel to the Constitution, and the Bible took the place of the Supreme Court. The decrees of the one, when supported by the judicial rulings of the other, were to be accepted as final, beyond argument, and above dispute. It was neither politic nor decorous to do anything else. The Christian universe, like the Union, must be maintained: otherwise the consequences would be too horrible for contemplation.

One thing that helps out Webster from the moral point of view is the nature of his relaxations. He does not appear to have cared much for æsthetic interests. What he did above all enjoy, and what from early manhood till nearly seventy kept him in splendid physical vigor, was the life out of doors. He was an acute and careful observer. He loved to wander all day with rod or gun and was a passionate sportsman. He took the most intense interest in the development of his great farms at Franklin and at

Marshfield, in his stock, in his crops; and his letters to his farmers are among his most characteristic and attractive. These things ruined him financially, but they amused him. He liked all the large aspects of the natural world, the sky, the sweep of wide fields, above all, the sea. When he was worn and torn with public and private anxiety and care he would wander alone along the beach at Marshfield, and it seemed to make him a new man. And this does not sound to me like a debauchee or a reprobate.

Yet through all the farming and the shooting and the fishing, as well as through the indolent, tranquil social and domestic life, there was always present or latent the passionate desire to do and be something great in the world. It is amusing to see the usual effort of biographers to minimize Webster's ambition. He sacrificed his personal welfare and inclinations, they say, for the benefit of his country and mankind. We get a far truer vision in Plumer's evidently careful record of a conversation which took place of a moonlight night in the Capitol grounds, when Webster was forty years old: "He broke out into the most passionate aspirations after glory. Without it life, he said, was not worth possessing. The petty struggles of the day were without interest to him, except as they might furnish the opportunity for doing or saying something which would be remembered in after time. . . . 'I have done absolutely nothing. At thirty Alexander had conquered the world; and I am forty.' Observing that I smiled at his enthusiasm, he smiled too, and said, 'You laugh at me, Plumer! Your quiet way of looking at things may be the best, after all; but I have sometimes such glorious dreams! And sometimes, too, I half believe that they will one day wake into glorious realities.'"

The ambition of American statesmen usually bends toward the presidency, and there is no doubt that Webster's later years were filled with presidential dreams. His Abolitionist enemies as-

serted that he threw away his past and his conscience to conciliate presidential support in the South by the Seventh of March speech. This is absurd, and that speech is sufficiently justified by patriotic motives and patriotic results. But the hope of the presidency lingered to the very end, and Webster's disappointment at missing the Baltimore nomination in 1852 recalls the disappointment of Blaine forty years later.

And as the red thread of ambition runs through all the tissue of Webster's character, so I think we may discern also, more and more in later years, the tinge of the orator, the suggestion of pose, and a certain artificial dignity which had to be preserved always. Little touches significant of this could be gathered everywhere from Webster's own words and those of his biographers, but the most admirable illustration of it is the death scene, so faithfully recorded by Curtis, but strangely neglected by biographers since. When death seemed imminent Webster made sure that all his household were assembled, and Curtis, seeing that something impressive was coming, settled himself with ink and paper, so that not a word might be lost or inexact. The dying orator then delivered a senatorial address on general religious topics, of the rather futile and rhetorical order usual in his remarks on such subjects, though there is one superb touch, when he declares that the ancients had "crepuscular—twilight" intimations of immortality. How the dying nerves must have throbbed and thrilled at the felicitous hit of "crepuscular"! The effort of this speech was too much for him, and his eyes closed. When he came to himself again, he looked about eagerly, and exclaimed, "Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here?—have I, on this occasion, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?" I do not know many things in history that will beat that for concentrated human truth. Try to apply that speech to other notable men. Washington might have been capable of it. Chatham



might have been capable of it. Napoleon, just possibly, though with his tongue in his cheek. But who can imagine Lincoln staging such a performance, who can imagine Shakespeare? Shakespeare would have smiled and said, "Nothing human can be unworthy of William Shakespeare." In all the crepuscular utterances of mortality I know of none more magnificent, "Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here?—have I, on this occasion, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?" And then there comes the due wail of Greek choric response, "No, no, dear sir." "No, no, dear sir." And the drama is complete.

#### IV

As a whole, I think we may sum up Webster most effectively by emphasizing the Anglo Saxon, or the plain Englishman, in him. In many American types, even those directly derived from English stock, there seems to be marked variation, partly owing to a selected strain in the original immigrant, partly to climate, partly to surrounding conditions and circumstances. Take Franklin at the start, take Jefferson, take Emerson, take Mark Twain, take Lincoln preëminently, they all seem to have something in them which we call American as distinguished from the pure English. In Webster we do not note this: he was Anglo Saxon all over, which may account in part for the comparative indifference to him in recent years.

Consider the various manifestations of the impress of the Anglo Saxon in him. Take physique. Emerson, Mark Twain, Lincoln were distinctly American types. Webster's burly, sturdy, massive chest and shoulders were thoroughly English. Take his out-of-door life. He meant to be democratic and thought he was. He early and largely employed the cant about labor which has brought success to so many American politicians. But his farmers called him "Squire," and evidently he liked it. His instinctive ideal was the English country gentleman,

surrounded and looked up to by his tenants and dependants, not the simple American man among his fellows. It is the same with morals: respectability, decorum, propriety must be preserved, no matter what went on underneath. It was not deliberate hypocrisy, it was just wholesome convention. And the religion was convention in the same way: a conventional creed, a conventional church, a conventional God, as far removed from profound thinking on the one hand as from mystical rapture on the other. Above all, Webster was Anglo Saxon in politics, wisely, largely, intelligently, practically conservative. Things as they were were not so bad, and they should be kept as they were, or changed and modified only with extreme care and patient adjustment. Especially English is the insistence upon property. Property is prudence, character, respectability; it might almost be said that property is virtue. "It would seem, then, to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property." And in his most useful participation in the remodeling of the Massachusetts Constitution Webster insisted upon a property franchise, which was repealed only in later years.

So, in his rapturous visions of the future and the expansion and the power and the greatness of America, it was always an English America that he foresaw: "No, Gentlemen, I do not know what practical views or what practical results may take place from this great expansion of the power of the two branches of Old England. It is not for me to say. I only can see, that on this continent *all* is to be *Anglo-American* from Plymouth Rock to the Pacific seas, from the north pole to California." Liberty, prosperity, and futurity were bound up with English descent: "Human liberty may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and vigor of the Saxon race."

At the same time, it must not be for a moment supposed that Webster indulged in any cheap form of Anglomania—culti-

vated English speech, or dress, or manners, with any of the affectation that appears in even such genuine Americans as Sumner and Lowell. He was too big for that. He was born an American, he lived and died an American, and nothing else. It was simply that his America was wholly an English America, and in his wide imagination he saw its future as that of a magnified and glorified England. The vast complexity of stocks and ideals which has developed since his day, which knows little of English tradition and inclines to hold that little in contempt was out of his vision alto-

gether. Yet, for all that, he was American through and through, and would have been so under all circumstances and changing conditions. He kept the Stars and Stripes flying day and night at the masthead of his little yacht; while life was in his body, he kept them flying in his heart. And so long as these States hold together in a unified government, so long as the Stars and Stripes float over a great American Republic, so long should the citizens of that Republic, of whatsoever origin or creed, remember that few men did more to establish or maintain their country than Daniel Webster.

## IN MEMORIAM: S. C.

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*THE sea tugged at his heart with all its tides,  
Its colors and rhythms and tumults; and tall ships  
Passing at dawn or pausing at twilight were always  
In his eyes and his talk and at his fingertips.*

*He would show me drawings I only half-understood:  
Mechanical plans and charts of schooners and whalers,  
Brigs and brigantines, luggers and galleys and galleons—  
And salt was in his talk like the talk of sailors.*

*Beautiful, big eyed, with rebellious hair,  
I watch him in a stiff wind with his boat,  
Letting her have it; and I watch him roping her  
Down at the dock and the spray all over his coat.*

*And I watch him again at our sloshy old wharf with the rising  
Wind and water sucking him out to sea;  
And he gets in his boat and heads into the dawndrift  
To chat with a certain captain from Galilee.*

*To show Him his charts and plans as sailor to sailor,  
To speak as one seaman to another, observing  
The beauty of ships, the bravery of men, the terrible  
Glory of the gray gulls plunging and swerving.*

*Dead? This boy with the sea in his eyes and the morning  
Still great and new in his blood like a trumpet with tones  
Lavish and marvelous! Dead? With the sea birds crying  
And the wind and the water crying in his bones!*



# The Lion's Mouth



## SCENERY AND SIGNBOARDS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

PASSING through the tunnels and leaving behind us the surging metropolis of New York, we find ourselves traversing the flat marshy land of Eastern New Jersey where ONE HUNDRED ROOMS EACH WITH A BATH can be had from \$1.50 up. The scenery is not without its charm, the sunken valley of the Hackensack and the Passaic, the waving rushes and meandering streams suggest to the poetic mind why not try grip garters?

The ground rises, a varied growth of elm and oak replaces the lowland flats, and we find ourselves in the rich farm land of New Jersey filled with fluid beef which acts directly on the liver. Here HUMPO may be had for breakfast and, mixed with a little VITALIN, will probably prolong our life for twenty years. Nor need we do anything farther than—seated just where we are in our luxurious club car—merely remember the name HUMPO which in any case comes on every packet and without which the packet is not genuine. Indeed, a simple way is to ask the porter to be good enough to remember HUMPO.

But stop—in our absorption in the view of HUMPO we have lost an opportunity to BUILD OUR OWN HOME by merely paying a hundred dollars down.

We are passing now through historic country. We do not need our guidebook to tell us that it is through this beautiful farm district of New Jersey that Wash-

ington advanced, slowly driving the English before him. He made his way between a big condensed milk board and a unique radio set for \$238. He picked his steps with evident caution, avoiding coats and pants for men of all sizes, for his trained strategic eye detected an opening between Chow Chow Pickles and Malted Extract of Codfish. This gap had apparently been overlooked by General Howe, and Washington threw himself into it; a notice on a large board, erected evidently by some historical society, shows that he probably enabled himself to do this by taking exercises on the floor of his bedroom for not more than ten minutes every morning with the new Musselbild Apparatus which would have been sent to Washington by mail on receipt of an express order or which he could have secured from his local dealer. The interesting fact in this connection is that the British General Howe, had he known it, could also have secured a Musselbild from *his* local dealer as they are handled in *all* parts of the country. Had Howe done this and had they both used the SLIDE EASY SUSPENDERS which are on each side of the line of the American advance, the struggle of the Revolution might have moved up and down without the slightest friction and with no sense of fatigue.

But look, our train is moving into Trenton, one of the most historic spots in America, where we realize with a thrill by looking out of the window that if we need a slight laxative we can secure it from any local dealer for 19 cents. Our swiftly moving train is now rushing along the shores of the Delaware, and we can see the very spot where Washington and his men crossed in the rude December of 1776: we can shrewdly guess from

the notices that have been reared to mark the spot that they used NON-SKID CHAINS which prevented them from skidding or slipping and that they had at least an opportunity to reserve rooms with or without baths on the American plan.

We realize as our train rushes forward that we are approaching Philadelphia; rooms with baths, breakfast foods, laxatives, and grip-tight garters multiply on every hand. If we decide to buy a Complete Nobby Suit, with an extra pair of pants, we are going to have an opportunity to get it. Or should we need, in order to view the historic spots of interest connected with America's first capital, a SIT SOFT COLLAR, there are men here, local dealers, who will be glad to sell it to us.

We have rushed past the city of the great Franklin (inventor, no doubt, of the Franklin shoe, the Franklin underwear, and the Franklin adjustable monkey wrench for stout women) and are now speeding through the open country again. Here for a short time the scenery becomes somewhat monotonous: there is nothing on either hand but deep green woods, open meadows filled with hay (of what brand and whether good for breakfast we are not informed) and the rolling hills and shaded valleys of the Appalachian slope. Now and then in the distance we catch a glimpse of the sea, unadvertised, it appears, and put to no use whatever. We cross on an endless bridge the broad flood of the Susquehanna, a useless river, so far as we can judge, lying in the gloomy sunshine with no touch of color more brilliant than the mere blue of the sky or the poor green of the woods.

The scene improves as we go forward. The notices of the boards are at a little distance now and we cannot read the words but the pictures still appear. We are passing through a country of bulls. This is, this must be—Washington! With our faces eagerly set to the window

we draw near to the National Capital. The speed of the train somewhat confuses and blurs our vision and mixes the imagery of the scenery together. But we infer even from our hurried view of the outskirts of the capital that if any bull wants silk hosiery that neither rips nor tears he is exactly in the right place for seeing it; and that Washington is exactly in the center of the yeast district, the canned-soup area, that all the great modern medical inventions such as HUMPO, JUMPO, and ANTI-WHEEZE are sold there and that the place is evidently the headquarters for balloon tires, that if we know a schoolgirl we can get her all the soap we want—in short, look about us—here are Rooms with Bath at \$1.50! Meals à la carte, Suspenders, Garters, Ice Cream in the Block, Radios, Gramophones, Elixirs of Life, Funeral Directors Open All Night, Real Estate, Bungalows, Breakfast Foods—

In truth, this is America Indeed.



### THE FRUITS OF GRATITUDE

BY PERCY WAXMAN

CAN anybody let me have a second-hand tennis net for twelve jars of guava jelly? What have you got in exchange for a case of marmalade? And what am I offered for three dozen grapefruit direct from a grove in Florida? No, these are not samples from one of those "Question and Answer" contests which were agitating the commonwealth last winter; they are merely an attempt to solve an extraordinary problem that confronted my home recently. And if you'll only be patient with me and allow me to tell this strange story in my own way I feel sure that you will be glad to learn of my experience in case *the same weird complication should ever come into your life.*



As a rule I take the 5:39 train home, but one day last February—about the 18th I think it was—Madge telephoned my office at lunch time (when I was out) to be sure to come home on the 4:07 as there was something she wanted to see me about. I happened to be particularly busy at the time and I wondered why Madge should leave such a message for me when she knew how engaged I was with an unusually intricate legal tangle. However, I thought I had better do as she asked, so, closing my desk an hour earlier than usual, I took the subway to the Grand Central Station and caught the train for Scarsdale.

On arriving at my home I was met by a happily excited wife who after a dutiful peck at my cheek exclaimed:

"Edward, we've got a great big case of fruit from Florida."

"From Florida?" I echoed.

"Yes," said Madge, "it's from Palm Beach and it's simply *filled* with the loveliest lot of grapefruit, oranges, tangerines, and cumquats you ever saw in your life."

"Who's it from?" I asked.

"That's just what I can't make out," replied Madge, "and," she added, "that's why I wanted you to come home early. I couldn't wait to find out who sent it."

"Didn't a card come with it?" I inquired.

"No," she answered.

"No letter either?"

"No—nothing," said Madge, "and I don't recognize the handwriting on the label either."

"Let me see it," I said.

Madge thereupon led me into the butler's pantry (no swank intended. We don't keep one.) which looked like a toy wood yard in which a bomb had exploded. After a wild search among several varieties of citrus fruit, tissue paper, orange leaves, and bits of packing, I at last found the address label.

"Why, I know who sent the fruit," I announced with assurance as I read it.

"Who?" asked Madge.

"Jessie Arnold, of course," I said.

"How do you know?" Madge inquired with just a lingering note of wifely doubt.

"Because it's addressed to the two of us. Jessie always does that."

"Edward, I believe you're right, you clever old thing," said Madge, "and we *must* drop her a note of thanks right away."

That night our joint epistolary effort of gratitude went forth into the void, and before the week was out the following note fresh from the glories of the Sunny South reached our breakfast table:

Dear Madge and Edward:

Such a coincidence! The very day your letter reached me I had just made up my mind to send you a case of marmalade and I hope it reaches you safely. No, my dears, I did not send you the fruit. It must have been someone else. Having a grand time down here, etc., etc.

Jessie.

"Well, what do you know about that?" cried Madge. "It wasn't Jessie after all."

"Apparently not," I said.

"And I thought you knew her handwriting," Madge remarked meaningly.

"I thought so too," I confessed.

"Well, I must say," Madge went on, "you've got us into a nice embarrassing position through your knowledge of handwriting."

"Embarrassing?" I inquired, wondering.

"Yes, embarrassing," said Madge. "You know very well Jessie never intended sending us that case of marmalade until she got our letter thanking her for the fruit."

"Don't you think so?" I asked rather timidly.

"Of course not," said Madge with emphasis; "but what puzzles me is who *could* have sent that case if Jessie didn't?"

"By George! I've got it," I exclaimed, "it's Billy Groody. That's who it is. You remember I took him to lunch the day before he left for the South. I just remembered it. And all through

lunch he was talking a blue streak of the orange groves and the palms and all that sort of thing that they have down in Palm Beach."

"Well, if you're *sure* it was Mr. Groody, you'd better sit down right now and thank him," said Madge. "It's almost two weeks now since we received the fruit."

I then wrote my friend Groody a letter, explaining why my thanks for his thoughtful gift were somewhat belated. Before the week was out I received a letter from him and you can imagine how I felt when I read the following reply to my grateful outburst.

Dear Ed:

I'm darned glad you wrote to me because until you did I didn't know your home address and to-day I have ordered a case of guava jelly to be sent to you and Mrs. Ed as I didn't want to send it to your office. I didn't send the fruit but had intended doing so as soon as I got your address. Mighty glad I got your note.

Yours,

Billy.

With that letter the mystery deepened and, as I am known among my friends as a determined sort of man, I made up my mind to let no stone remain unturned in order to find out who sent the original case of fruit. Several days after receiving the case of jelly I ran into Alf Heywood at the Noonday Club, and he told me he had just had a letter from Fred Norris spreading the glad tidings that he had won a Golf Cup down in Florida.

"Florida," I yelled. "I didn't know Fred was in Florida."

"Sure he is," said Heywood, "he's been at Palm Beach since January 6th—the lucky dog."

That night I informed Madge that I had at last discovered the generous donor of our case of fruit and I sat down and wrote Fred what I considered a mighty graceful little acknowledgment of his thoughtfulness. Naturally, I was profuse in my apologies for not having written earlier and I explained in detail how it happened and I told him about the

various fruits and jellies I had received on account of my stupid mistake in the beginning. I wrote rather a good letter even if I do say so myself.

Well, if you have followed my blushful narrative thus far you hardly need me to tell you the frightfully embarrassing results of this particular effusion. Within the hour of the arrival of my letter in Palm Beach Fred Norris telegraphed the following:

Sending you barrel of cocoanuts. Strangely enough ordered them just before your letter arrived. Did not send fruit. Probably Harry Bristol.

But I'll be darned if I'm going to write him. . . .



### THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE

BY JOHN P. FORT

IT IS said that long, long ago there was once upon a time a certain foolish Mr. Grasshopper. Everyone knew that he was foolish, for he hopped around from one place to the other in such a disorganized way. He refused to take himself seriously and, as indicative of his habits, his wife complained that he came home with his feet all wet with dew, "tracking up the whole place."

He was, however, a pleasant soul and popular in society. More than all the other creatures of that particular part of the field, he was given to singing at the top of his legs, and no other grasshopper in the neighborhood, nor any other bug for that matter, was of such cheerful voice. It is true that the crickets were quite famous with the conservative element though they were dreadfully monotonous, always prating in sonnets about the virtues of their own firesides. Mr. Grasshopper frankly admitted that the crickets made him ill.

As for himself he was given to poetical



compositions in vers libre, and his music was not especially rhythmic. He would sit on a weed stem and gaze at a drop of crystalline dew, till his soul would pour forth in rapture. Perhaps to anyone, except the bugs, what he had to say might have been a trifle raucous, but it would have been simply because their ears were not attuned to the finer things of life. It is not every soul that can appreciate vers libre at that.

Unfortunately, it was whispered around amongst the conservatives that Mr. Grasshopper was given to late hours and wassail. He was prone to keep an eye on the grapes, and when they were a little overripe he sucked them with avidity, coming home at night with unsteady hops. Perhaps this was the reason why he was popular with the younger element and was considered to have dedicated his life to Art.

Yet the whole family were talked about and the ladies of her sewing circle criticized his wife. "My dear, she is too careless for words. She lets the children run around in the most dreadful fashion with their antennæ all unbrushed and their poor little thoraxes unbuttoned. And while I do think that dear Mr. Grasshopper is a musician and a poet, yet she neglects him dreadfully. It is no wonder he philanders."

If the truth were known, poor Mrs. Grasshopper had her hands full, what with the chickens and the small boys going fishing. There were so many in the family, and she simply didn't have time to call the roll any more. In fact she had given it up when she stopped counting the washing. Under the circumstances she was sure that she had done her part by the world. . . . But to go back to our tale.

It happened one day that, as Mr. Grasshopper was sitting on a rabbit-tobacco weed, meditatively chewing and spitting a flood of brown juice, part of which spattered on his waistcoat, behold there was a discreet cough and a large sober-sided ant made its appearance.

"I hope you are not busy," said Mr.

Ant, with the best of bows, "for I have come to talk over a matter of life insurance with you."

Mr. Grasshopper could not pretend that he was busy, for anyone could see that he was not. He fought for time with an irrelevant statement. "Have a bite of tobacco."

"Don't keer if I do," said Mr. Ant, trying to adjust himself to his prospect, although he loathed tobacco in any form, considering the habit useless and extravagant. He would have died before he would have admitted it, but he never had learned to spit. He took a tiny morsel of it, however, just to be sociable, turning a shade whiter around the mouth. He refused to be sidetracked from his purpose.

"You are a married man, I believe," he said, as if it was a most tragic matter indeed.

Mr. Grasshopper laughed immoderately. "Well, I suppose I am. One never can tell these days, for women are so fickle, and then there are always those chickens."

"And you have children," continued Mr. Ant, pinning him to his leaf with a hypnotic stare from each of his hundred or so eyes. Mr. Ant had learned this from a correspondence school.

"Well, I can't say definitely," answered Mr. Grasshopper, refusing to be serious. "You see, I am away from home so much. I am informed to this effect by Mrs. Grasshopper, and there are a thousand or more children around the house that call me Daddy." Mr. Ant hated this levity, but he continued with the same serious air.

"And may I ask if you ever consider dying?"

"Frequently, my dear sir, or madam," answered Mr. Grasshopper, "for I am not sure, and I beg your pardon if I mistake your sex. I considered my death a few moments ago when that damned thrush that lives in the plum tree nearly caught me. However, I should bother. What is death but a reincarnation? Perhaps as a beetle or a toad."

Mr. Ant disregarded this flight of metaphysical fancy and sought to hold him to facts. "My dear sir, you have a large family, and we must be serious about these things. If you should die—and you may at any minute, for I have observed the thrush out of one of my left eyes, and he looks hungry—I repeat, if you should die, what would happen to your wife and the precious children?"

"I really think that they would do very nicely," answered Mr. Grasshopper. "It is true that I have stored up nothing during these glorious days. Somehow there is so much singing to be done; so much food to be eaten, and I do love this tobacco weed so much. However, as far as the children are concerned I do teach them to jump a little, and ten or more of my sons bid fair to be good musicians. There is a very thin one who promises to be an excellent poet."

"But," interrupted Mr. Ant, "in the matter of food for these poor children of yours. Sir, I beg of you. If you should be caught one of these fine mornings by the boy who fishes? One never can tell these days. Think of the sufferings of your little ones. Their jaws are not strong enough yet for this tough world. It is monstrous not to make some provision for them."

Mr. Grasshopper at this point helped himself to a large bite of the tobacco weed and spat at least an inch. "You are wasting your time talking to me about the wife and the children. I started out in this world hopping for myself. My poor father was martyred by a group of high-school children studying biology who dissected him when I was a tiny thing. I had to hop. I hopped for myself and I chewed at this tough world. Look at me. It did me good. As for my wife, while I am really devoted to her, much more than these scandalmongers think, yet in the nature of things when I die she will get another husband. It is the custom of women these days. Why should I provide for him?"

Mr. Ant hereupon changed his tactics. "If you insist upon being selfish," he

pleaded, "I pray of you consider your own future, for there are some people in this world who can be moved by no other appeal. You will some of these days be getting old. I know that you are said to be one of these skeptics of the modern school who deny absolutely that there is any winter. But, sir, search the Scriptures. There must be winter. We have old people in our Hill who claim to have seen it. We believe them, and during all these pleasant days we are busy storing up grain. The time is coming when all this green grass will be gone." Mr. Ant saw that his prospect squirmed. He drew from his pocket a fountain pen and a formal-looking document.

"This policy," he said, "will protect you against the coming of winter. By its terms all you have to do is to pay a little premium each and every day. A grain of wheat that you will never miss. Then when your legs get weak and you can no longer hop, especially when winter comes, you will have a supply to last you. You will not have to beg on the streets and complain of frostbites. It will take only twenty days to get it paid up in full."

Mr. Grasshopper regarded the complicated document and frowned. "Sir, or madam," he said, "you are probably right, but we can never agree on any subject. This winter may come, though I deny it absolutely. I may be caught by that damned thrush this afternoon when I start home, for traffic is terribly dangerous these days. Yet I refuse to consider such gloomy things. It is my nature to live always in the present." (Here he spat with telling effect at an aphid.) "Furthermore, I have been studying psychoanalysis recently and I am of the opinion that I enjoy my improvidence and that without it I should be unable to sing. I should not flourish under prosperity and I am sure that if you came around here every day to collect your nasty premium it would drive me insane."

At the use of the word "nasty" Mr.



Ant began to gather himself up. "You have had your chance," he said spitefully. "You have refused to put your name on the dotted line so that the frosts of winter may be kept from your shins. I am giving you fair warning. If winter comes, as I believe it will, I am telling you right now, don't come around begging me for anything to eat. I'll see that you starve before I give you a mouthful."

Mr. Grasshopper by this time was so engrossed in what he termed the "inspirational beauty" of a grass seed all folded up in its green sheath, that he was too absorbed to be angry. "Hunger, my dear sir," he said, "is a great stimulator and I admit that under its influence we artists have been forced to give up our pride. I am enough of a philosopher to know that there may be a winter, although I do not see why a Creator would allow it. Yet I may be forced to come around and beg of you. But listen a moment, my dear sir, or madam—and I believe you to be the latter—just so long as the grass is green and tender, just so long I expect to be thoroughly happy and not bother my head about the matter. While I am here I will have a lot more fun than you do and even more than those damned crickets, for they are so conservative. In the present I expect to sing my heathenish and pagan songs of the beauty of the

world. You don't understand any of this but you can take it for my final answer and be damned to you."

Mr. Grasshopper thereupon commenced to sing a delightful and wicked song of the beauty of a tender-lipped, young maiden grasshopper whom he had loved in his youth. But it made Mr. Ant sick and he left.

Here should be a row of stars signifying a lapse of time. "Came the winter," as the cinemas say. Alas for Art, alas for it and poor Mr. Grasshopper! The tale is finished by Mr. Æsop who was present and overheard it.

A Grasshopper who had outlived the summer and was ready to starve with cold and hunger approached the Ants with great humility and begged that they would relieve his necessity with one grain of wheat or rye. One of the Ants asked him how he had disposed of his time in summer, why had he not taken pains and laid in stock as they had done. "Alas, gentlemen," says he, "I passed away the time merrily and pleasantly in drinking, singing and dancing, and never once thought of winter."

"If that is the case," replied the Ant laughing (the mean animal), "all I have to say is that they who drink, sing and dance in summer must starve in winter."

That's all Mr. Æsop had to say about it, but Mr. Grasshopper told Mr. Ant to go to Hell and went off and died like a gentleman and an artist.



## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### RE-DISCOVERING EUROPE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**I**T WAS a real fairy story, that story of Lindbergh—something between the Arabian Nights and Hans Andersen or Laboulaye: Prince Charming dropping out of the sky and allaying all the rows and making everybody happy. Even two months afterwards it may not be too late to talk about it, for really it is an astonishing subject.

The miracle of Lindbergh was not so much in his getting across to Paris as in the extraordinary effect that his exploit seemed to have had on the human race. The human race—hardly less—for when the newspapers and the radios and all the picture-taking machines and the movies and the loud speakers got through with Lindbergh's exploit, the bigger part of mankind must surely have heard of it. Here was a most individual feat, something done by that youth primarily out of his own head, with only so much consultation with others as was necessary to convert them to the idea that his thought was feasible and offered a good chance for success. Charles did the stunt himself but, of course, he had organization back of him and under him at every turn. It made his engine, it made his plane, it made the noise he started with, and amplified and distributed the resounding acclamation of his landing on Bourget Field.

There are at least two kinds of renown. That which proceeds from a great life, or an episode in a great life, and that which comes from a great

stunt. St. Paul, for example, is a very renowned person. His reputation grew out of the years of his ministry and especially from the deep impression made by his writings. But there was Leonidas, another deathless name, but his renown was due to one great exploit in which the leader and his companions finally perished. Leonidas certainly shot his bolt. So did St. Paul. One took half a week and the other, I suppose, half a lifetime. Yet the glory of Leonidas, and that of Lindbergh too, was more than mere stunt-fame. For both it was the fruit of long training and of reasoned and resolute purpose in minds that saw a task and accepted it, risks and all. And in both cases the end justified the risk.

Renown seems to depend upon the telling. Whoever told of Leonidas—Herodotus, Thucydides—whoever it was—did a thorough job. St. Paul in the main was his own biographer and good at it, certainly. But for Lindbergh there worked instantly and then for days together the whole apparatus of publicity of our contemporary world. Nine-day wonders are not common. Already at this writing Lindbergh has held the front-page headlines far longer than that. He has a monopoly of spotlight publicity ahead of him and wonders at it. My, my, how much is in the telling! Perhaps Dædalus did fly, but was inadequately reported. It is easier to believe in the knowledge and the exploits of our predecessors on this earth



than it used to be. Think of the pre-Columbian discoverers of America! A new one is uncovered every now and then. Apparently there were Europeans as well as Asiatics here long before Columbus. That is as good as known, but it was not known at the time. There was no machinery for getting the news about Norsemen, Icelanders, Greenlanders, fishermen who got to Brazil and other fishermen who caught cod on Newfoundland Banks, and got ashore. Whoever heard their stories? They say Columbus did read somebody's story. Nevertheless, it seems that things not known about avail not much more than things not done at all; and somewhere in this is to be found one of the great superiorities of our age to any other that we know of. It is the most published age that ever was. This is not all to the advantage of happiness, but it may considerably be to the profit of knowledge. The machine on which Charles Lindbergh rode to Paris was a good machine, it is true; but really it was nothing to the machine in which inevitably and unexpectedly he found himself embarked when he got there. Quite beyond his expectation, he sped aboard our current world's enormous mechanism of publicity and aboard it at this writing he still remains.

It is getting easier than it was to believe in inspiration; in our guidance by guardian angels and spiritual beings concerned to keep us on the right track if possible. Charles' behavior in the car of publicity favors the idea that he has a competent guardian angel who is very steady on the job. Never anybody behaved any better under upsetting circumstances nor bore being heroized with better humor or more disarming grace. We all say that he behaved "so naturally," and in so saying we pay a compliment to ourselves and to mankind in general. If to behave as simply as Charles did is natural, why, we must all be nice people in the making even though we may not all be developed yet. Think of all the elaborate efforts that

have been made to bring the inhabitants of earth, or at least what we call the Western nations, into agreement. Think of all the conferences, negotiations, exhortations, treaties, and entreaties all aimed to bring a better spirit into the world and get the nations out of the habit of snarling at one another. Then think of the opinion of the United States that has prevailed in Western Europe for many months past with Uncle Sam in the role of Uncle Shylock, and all that.

Then lo, over night comes Prince Charming in his car, and a vast roar rises from the Danube to the Atlantic—"This is a lovely man, so brave, so modest, so skillful, so unconcerned for money! Surely, after all, the Americans must be quite good people. *Vive the United States!*"

It reminds one of what William James said about the possible value of spiritualism to revive faith in Christianity, a revival which could hardly come, he thought, without a belief in new physical facts and possibilities, such as had attended the origin of all religions. "A glimpse," he said, "into a world of new phenomenal possibilities enveloping those of the present life would do in an instant what abstract considerations about the reality of the moral order would not do in a year." Some such glimpse as that Europe seems to have had when Lindbergh dropped down on Bourget Field.

**N**OW then, what may we hope that Charles will accomplish which will be worth all this immense noise made about him and which we do not wish to see go to waste?

He has taken us out from under the spell of the movie idols and the fisticuff champions, and lighted up our minds by contemplation of an achievement of a higher order. A newspaper writer, Mr. Garrett, has said (in the *World*) that he has lifted up men's respect for mankind as it has not been done since his predecessors died in war.

So he has, and it is a very great achievement and most timely.

In doing so he has acquired immense influence. How will he use that?

So far as one can judge, he will use it to quicken the development of aviation in these States.

And that may be immensely important, not primarily for commercial reasons, but to increase our efficiency in war, and so our influence and power as a factor in keeping the peace of the world and saying our say in international concerns at a time when great changes are making, and still greater ones impending.

My very accomplished friend Weston was talking the other day about the immediate future of the world and of wars to come, and doped it out something like this. "What I go by," he said, "is this: A nation that is ashamed of itself recovers its self-respect *through war*. The French had disgraced themselves by the Revolution and were very grateful to Napoleon for giving them *glory*. The Germans never got over the humiliation that Napoleon subjected them to through war. The Italians have never quite got over the humiliation of their centuries of division under Austria. They have had the inferiority complex. Mussolini relies on that. Russia for the same reason will follow." So he figured out that "Italy will make war in 1934 and Russia in 1950."

All that is interesting in a way. The year 1934 is only seven years ahead of us and some people now living may survive till 1950. But Lindbergh's hop and its astonishing emotional consequences, followed and intensified by the exploit of Chamberlin and Levine, is fit to remind betters that it is the unexpected that usually happens. Weston's forecasts seem to be based on conditions of life that existed before the Great War. There are now tremendous motives for the maintenance of peace and terrific objections to large-scale war of which humanity was certainly not so conscious before 1914. One can understand how an inferiority complex turns

to glory. One can also understand that it was a comfort to many minds who were tired of having debt collection the chief subject of discussion between their country and Europe to see that subject suddenly swept out of notice by the appearance in Paris of a young man in an airplane. As between Weston's calculations and those of the British-Israel people who start calamities in May of next year and carry them along till 1936, anyone can have his choice, or reject both if he prefers.

All the same, while interest in aviation in general has been wonderfully increased by these daring ventures of Lindbergh and Chamberlin, and while the commercial possibilities of air service to Europe are now actively discussed, a very lively detail—perhaps the predominant one—of the talk about these hopes is their relation to war—the next war, the thought of which no one is willing to countenance, but which few reflecting people can yet dismiss from their minds. The flights have made the world smaller. When Commander Byrd with a bigger airplane and several engines in it has succeeded—if he does succeed—in his demonstration, that effect will be carried still farther. It is a small world when you can go from New York to Paris on one load of gasoline in a day and a half, and these machines steadily progressing in efficiency and safety can be turned to missile-carriers if occasion calls for it. They can drop their bad bombs on far-off places. It has all made the people whose minds are on war think harder than ever on that subject.

**B**UT it has seemed to help to tie together Western Europe and the United States, and that is very valuable, even though the tie made seems no more than sentimental; for a sentimental tie may be very strong—indeed, the strongest kind.

When we think about war, another Great War, of course we think about Germany and whether she will tie up



with Russia to beat France and Britain, or tie up with Western Europe to stand off Muscovy and anything that might threaten in Asia. If there is a magic of conciliation in these visits of airmen, it was a particularly good thing to have Chamberlin and Levine land in Germany at the home of Luther, and make their first popular appearance in Berlin. Perhaps that will do good; and anything that promotes good-will between Germany and the nations whom she lately fought is very valuable indeed, and all the more so since the Soviet agents and representatives have been thrown out of London.

Mussolini's Italy is a political conundrum. Which way will that cat jump? Turkey is another. But the big one is Russia. There are very active minds in that great country nowadays and they seem to practice day and night for the realization of purposes that run constantly through them to produce extremely radical changes in this world. The changes they are concerned about are not the evolutionary ones that are going on everywhere, but changes, apparently, that are geared to a plan; a tremendous plan to make Russia off-hand the dominant political and economic influence in human life. If that plan ever runs strong enough to be recognized as an imminent world peril, what is the United States going to do about it? It has refused diplomatic relations with Russia. It has done that much already. Britain, who needed them and somewhat reluctantly accepted them, has had to give them up. That was evidence as far as it went of like-mindedness between the British government and ours. What should we do if we saw another irrepressible conflict, not merely between nations of Western Europe, but between Western Europe and those minds that plan at Moscow, and all the backing they could

gather? It is not necessary to say what the United States would do; but as one thinks about it, these airplane exploits take on a new significance that is quite comforting. For if there is another big disturbance in the world, the armies of the sky are going to count enormously, and the influence of the United States may be vitally increased by the reputation of its airmen and the provision of means on a large scale to make their proficiency effective.

Our country has seemed somewhat torpid since the Armistice about saving the world, albeit it has done far better than the world as a rule has given it credit for; for it has provided money, and it has furnished service at times which has been extremely valuable. But Lindbergh and Chamberlin will be taken as evidence that it is waking up. They have carried us back to Europe in an astonishing degree, in a fashion and to an extent that is altogether outside of calculation or foresight. It is almost as if they had discovered a new world, and in so far as it is that, the discovery is very, very timely. For how very unreal our present world is, particularly to the elders in it! The young who never knew a different one, probably do not feel this unreality, but the changes that have come in the twentieth century have been enormous, and minds that go back of them and to nineteenth-century habits and standards seem to themselves to be living in a sort of dreamland—much of it quite delectable, but a lot of it pretty well passing understanding. Does anyone, do you suppose, look upon our present world, our present life, with any sense of its permanency? Is everybody waiting for something to drop, or only meditating elders and international politicians? Most curious times, times apparently of preparation and subject evidently to unexpected thrills.



## Personal and Otherwise



**A**ldous Huxley, grandson of Thomas Huxley, is one of the most distinguished of the group of younger British writers. *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, and *Those Barren Leaves* are perhaps the most popular of his novels. Recently he has made a trip around the world, and his impressions of the Orient have been published under the title *Jesting Pilate*. HARPER readers will recall his stories, "Little Mexican" and "Half Holiday," which have appeared in this Magazine.

*Wilbur Daniel Steele's* stories have been a distinguished feature in HARPER's for many years, and have consistently won the highest critical commendation accorded to any American short-story writer. Our readers will recall his extraordinary story, "Bubbles," which was awarded the O. Henry Prize as the best short story of 1926. Mr. Steele is again making his home at Nantucket, where he is putting the finishing touches to a novel which is to begin serial publication in this Magazine during the autumn.

Most HARPER readers do not need to be reminded that *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* (Mrs. Gordon Hall Gerould, of Princeton) has a distinguished reputation not only as an essayist, but as a short-story writer and a novelist. Many of her observations upon subjects as diverse as prize-fighting and culture have appeared recently in HARPER's.

*Floyd H. Allport* has done notable work in psychology, particularly by his studies in personality. His book, *Social Psychology*, is one of the most interesting and authoritative works in its field.

*Bernard DeVoto* is a member of the faculty of Northwestern University. Some months ago in "College and the Exceptional Man" he discussed with refreshing candor the plight of the brilliant student in our American universities. We shall shortly publish another article by Mr. DeVoto which has some frank

and even flattering things to say about the young women "co-eds" of our universities as contrasted with their male classmates.

The distinguished British philosopher and mathematician, *Bertrand Russell*, gives in this issue concrete advice to parents about the early education of their children. In his insistence that the crucial time of training in the life of the child is the years under five he is in accord with the theories of Behaviorism which Dr. John B. Watson has been writing about in HARPER's during the past year.

*Joseph Collins*, the eminent neurologist, attempts to answer a question that everyone must have thought about at one time or another—"Should Doctors Tell the Truth?" In our issue of last February Dr. Collins had something to say about his own experience as a patient in the hands of various physicians ("A Doctor Looks at Doctors").

*Ruth Suckow*, born in Iowa, continues to make her home there. She is the author of *Country People* and *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl*, as well as many magazine stories of Iowan life.

*Charles Merz*, of the staff of the *New York World*, has been working upon a series of impressionistic studies of some conspicuous aspects of modern American life. Of these, there have appeared in HARPER's, "Sweet Land of Secrecy" and "The New American Bar." This month Mr. Merz considers recent sensational murder trials which have engaged the attention of the whole country.

*C. E. M. Joad*, a well known British writer, makes his first appearance in HARPER's MAGAZINE. A recent book of his, *The Babbitt Warren*, a criticism of present-day life in America, has evoked wide and forceful comment because of its brilliant and unconventional writing.

Among the essays in lighter vein which have latterly appeared in this Magazine



"The Professor Dines Out" by *George Boas* must linger in many memories. Mr. Boas, who is a member of the Department of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University, returns to this same theme in "Sonata Academica."

*Keyes Winter* ("Fools and Their Money") explains in his article who he is and what work he is at present engaged in.

It is a pleasure to have *Gamaliel Bradford* again in HARPER'S. For a dozen years, living quietly at Wellesley Hills, he has produced an extensive series of biographical studies. *Damaged Souls* and *Wives* are among his more recent volumes.

The Lion's Mouth is shared this month by *Stephen Leacock*, the Canadian humorist, *Percy Waxman*, the Scarsdale (N. Y.) wit, and *John P. Fort*, of the *Chattanooga News*, a newcomer to the Magazine.

The poets this month are all known to the readers of the Magazine. *Anne Atwood Dodge* (Mrs. F. F. Dodge) resides at Stonington, Conn. *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*, of Hingham, Massachusetts, is the author of *Fox Footprints* and *Atlas and Beyond*. *Joseph Auslander's* most recent work is contained in *Sunrise Trumpets* and *Cyclop's Eye*.



The editors anticipated that the anonymous leading article in the June issue, "Feminism and Jane Smith," would evoke replies from many readers, but they were hardly prepared for a veritable landslide of rejoinders. Many of these comments are almost as long as the article which provoked them. We can only pick here and there among them for pertinent paragraphs. The following, by way of introduction, from a New York reader makes a significant point in the last sentence.

The Jane Smiths owe such a debt of gratitude to the Editor for "expressing them" that it seems a moral duty to rally to his support and rescue him from the almost certain onslaughts of the Mary Joneses.

The dignity, distinction and logic of the author of the initial article in your June number are beyond compare. To the anonymous writer I give my hearty applause; and to the Editor my thanks for giving it first place in his Magazine.

A census to determine the number of Jane Smiths and Mary Joneses would be interesting. It is my belief that the former are in the majority; but the latter are more articulate, more lusty vocally.

Needless to say your correspondent is a

PLAIN JANE SMITH.

From the other side of the continent, Palo Alto, California:

Ah, ha! MESSRS. HARPER'S MONTHLY, I can see the storm breaking about your devoted head, in response to Jane Smith's endeavor to assign to woman her role in life. And I am one of the hail-stones!

On first reading, I thought slowly, "It's so, even if it isn't so—for a good woman has said it." All the same I am sure generations to come will disprove all Jane Smith's best points.

Where Jane Smith said "A child is begotten from the positive impulse—the overwhelming desire of the father," I crossed out "father" and wrote in the margin "parents." And I am sure the "necking" and "petting" young folks of the present day will bear me out in thus admitting that the sex impulse is quite as strong in the normal woman as in the man—though she is more fastidious in the choice of her mate.

Jane Smith says "Motherhood is humiliating"! Take a census of the good women the world over, and see if they are not proud beyond words of the honor God has conferred on them. Jane says: "Nature granted immunity to the sex which could use it best." But Nature knew man's fancy to be as unstable as water, and trusted the baby to the sex that would be faithful unto death.

Wherever the medieval woman "managed estates, held courts, and dealt in politics," believe me, her "personal submission to the male" was probably far from "complete"!

So Jane Smith "comes to the conclusion that the reins of government in any normal household can be held ultimately by only one person"—and it would seem to her indicated that the "superior person should prevail," and "he should have the final word."

Which blade of a pair of scissors is superior? For Heaven's sake let them be equal yoke-fellows, pulling together, deciding together all questions relative to the family, and affectionately ceding to one another priority in the points where he or she should be best posted.

SARAH WELLINGTON TREAT.

Many of those who are in disagreement with the anonymous author of the article in

question assert that "she" is a man, despite our editorial statement to the contrary. More than one reader has flatly declared John Macy to be the author of the article. (Mr. Macy, it will be remembered, "stirred up the animals" a few months ago with an article on the myth of feminine equality.) We can only repeat to our incredulous friends that the author of "Feminism and Jane Smith" is a woman *and* a mother. Moreover, in her particular field of activity, she is a woman of national reputation.

L. M. G. of Cleveland, Ohio, whose name must be familiar to many of our readers, but who prefers to withhold it, sends us a lengthy rebuttal. We quote in part:

It is true enough that Jane Smith will want to "complement the male role instead of usurping it," but is this not equally true of John, as regards the female role? Or can there be anyone left who believes that progressive and even "average" men in these days want to be regarded as omnipotent or even superior? Not the men and boys we know!

Why set up distinctions between "personal" and "impersonal," "superior" and "inferior," etc., and even glorify them, when *self-expression* is an adequate term, and *human* is more important than masculine or feminine? One can create inequalities by words, no doubt, even when they do not exist, but they apply to *all* human beings.

Again, leadership has no sex boundaries, and may be exercised in any field. Ability plus co-operation makes a fairly good equipment, and adequate leadership means satisfied led. "The final word" may be a matter of expedience, but successful leadership is measured not by it, but by the final outcome.

We who are or have been happy, satisfied wives and mothers object to being called "invalids" or "handicapped." We feel we have had equal opportunities, equal responsibilities, equal satisfactions.

Pittsburgh speaks up. Mrs. Frances Hickok Cretcher says:

A great astronomer once expressed the hope that if he were born again on another planet, he would be something more than an alimentary canal. He believed that human beings were slavishly limited in their powers by their need of food and their processes of digestion and excretion. And yet Henry Fairfield Osborn tells us that the intelli-

gence of man developed in his pursuit of food. Where food was plentiful superior intelligence was not demanded and the development of the race was retarded; where food was scarce mankind became more precocious. The alimentary tract and its needs caused the ancestor of civilized man to sharpen his wits and circumvent the obstacles presented by nature. Hence the very thing which seems to be a source of limitation has been, and no doubt continues to be, a chief source of development.

Childbearing has been just such a source of limitation and development to woman. It brings certain temporary physical handicaps, but it usually leaves permanent emotional and spiritual benefits. There is strong evidence that human sympathy and altruism have developed out of the experience of motherhood. To endure pain is to sharpen one's appreciation of pleasure and to widen one's sympathetic understanding. To be a mother and responsible for the care of another life means an opportunity to build greater capacity and greater soul.

East Orange, N. J., gives a glance toward the future:

All this theorizing about Jane Smith was probably quite true when Jane Smith was the mother of eight or ten children, but that was in the dark ages before birth control. Birth control may be against the law but, like prohibition, the law is observed more in the breaking than in the keeping in most civilized countries, and tomorrow it will be the practice of the whole world.

The world is beginning to awake to the fact that thousands of children of the greatest promise are ruined in the first five years of life by the ignorance of their loving, well-meaning mothers. Motherhood is the greatest profession in the world because all others are dependent upon it, yet it is gaily undertaken with no special training no matter how well educated the woman. The day is at hand when those women who want to train their own children must be as carefully prepared for their work as is the scientist. Those who have no vocation for motherhood—and there are vastly more of these than of the others—will place their children when two years old, or less, in nursery-schools under the direction of women especially gifted along this line, and not there as a makeshift until they marry. The child need not lose the love and supervision of his mother in the deepest sense of the word, but his development will no longer be dependent on hit-or-miss methods. We spend millions on raising corn and beans, to say nothing of pigs and potatoes, while we guess at the training



of our children. If we owned a Man o' War colt we would not put him in the hands of an inexperienced horseman even for a day. Is it any wonder that so many of us fall far short of what we might have been under more scientific methods?

All this will release Jane Smith from a very large part of the last quarter of her traditional duties, and she will then be ready to travel shoulder to shoulder with her mate. She will cease to be a parasite in any sense of the word, and no longer will races of men decay. The idea that it is possible for man to advance physically and mentally while woman takes no part in the active development of society aside from the passive fulfillment of her sex functions has always proved false.

GENEVIEVE MACLEAN SWITZ.



A month or two ago we printed a protest from one of our readers who felt that Mr. Roark Bradford's story, "A Child of God," contained passages that were irreverent to the point of blasphemy. It is worth pointing out that all the protests of this story come from readers north of Mason and Dixon's line. Our Southern readers, perhaps because of their familiarity with negro psychology and folk-ways, have found nothing in this story to stir their displeasure. Readers have risen up everywhere to take issue with the critics of this remarkable story. The following puts the case for the defense very tersely:

I cannot understand anyone of intelligence stating that "A Child of God" was irreverent. To me it was one of the *best* stories I ever read, and far from being irreverent it showed that if you were loving and forgiving and kind you were truly "A Child of God."

GERTRUDE PEARSON.

And now we make place for three Southern readers:

My enthusiasm over the story, "A Child of God," I did manage to suppress sufficiently to spare you a letter after its appearance in your Magazine. I had family and friends, including a parson, for outlet. The verdict was unanimous for the story's rare excellence. We agreed to watch at the year's end to see which prizes it might draw.

I am still sitting up and rubbing my eyes over the comment in the June Magazine. How a poor author must suffer over wasted toil when a supposed literary critic could find irreverence in that story.

I wish I had words to tell how that negro's vision of the Christ in Heaven quickened my religious sensibilities.

Believe me, it was a story where you laughed only as I imagine God laughing at times. Then, if people must have a moral, did one ever hear Darrow as eloquent against capital punishment?

The intense beauty of the story, of course, was the understanding of the Southern negro. It read to me like a sermon. From title to final word, the story is a gem.

MARY C. WERTS.

St. Louis, Mo.

The discussion in the June number of HARPER'S concerning "Child of God" interests me, as I have recommended the story whenever I could make an opportunity to do so. It is the most satisfying short story I have read. In it are the tragedy and some of the comedy of the race question—a question that presses heavily on the hearts of thoughtful Southerners. But the beautiful relation between Cap'm Archie and Willie Malone makes one hopeful in spite of the hangman and Mr. Reeve [whose protest was printed in these pages], both of whom, I think, have permitted life to conventionalize them.

MARGARET McLAUGHLIN.

New Orleans, La.

I am in the mood for the sort of denunciation men call hysterical—in women; in men, impassioned. And all along of those who protest against Mr. Roark Bradford's story, "Child of God." I hope I'm not too late.

Though unacquainted with him, I am proud to be a dweller in the same city with Mr. Bradford. Just as I am proud to inhabit the same state as Mrs. Snell (Ada Jack Carver), and for the same reason—because they "know their onions."

"Willie" is as typically true as "Red-Bone." The untrained negro mind is the most pictorially imaginative, yet worshipful, of any creature on earth, and his heaven must be to him literally what Mr. Bradford shows to us, or else it serves no earthly purpose for him!

So, for this rare tale and all of HARPER'S always, I am gratefully yours,

MARY H. ASHMAN.

In conclusion we may add that this story was made the subject of an editorial paragraph in a recent issue of *The Churchman*, a leading journal of the Episcopalian denomination in this country. The editor praises the story without qualification and urges his readers not to miss it.







*Arthur W. Heintzelman*

CHANTEUR POPULAIRE

By Arthur W. Heintzelman

*Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries*



# Harpers *Magazine*

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## OUR COURTS AND FREE SPEECH

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

**L**AWYERS are fond of saying that the defeated litigant has two courses open to him: he may take an appeal or go down to the tavern and swear at the court. But this, in fact, belongs to that class of legends known as legal fictions. For in practice the unfortunate litigant has but one of these courses—supposing he has the money—and that is to take his case to a higher court. Letting off critical steam in the tavern is a perilous form of relief. For the judge carries a big stick which is known as the process of contempt of court; and the rules of the game under which he may use this stick upon his detractors are forever broadening until now he has a pretty free hand with the weapon.

One may pitch into the President or Congress. One may lampoon a mere governor or belabor any great dignitary in the state. There is but one limitation and that is that he shall not commit a libel. And if he does, the charge against him must be heard before an impartial tribunal with the benefit of trial by jury. But if one lifts his voice

against a judge in the performance of his duties he gets short shrift. One need not be in the courtroom or before the face of the judge to be guilty of contempt. The judge no longer need be within ear-shot of his critics. His court need not be in actual session. For the purpose of suppressing his critics the court is always in session and the whole world is within his presence, and the lawyer or editor or publicist or public man who, thinking a judge fails in his duty as a public servant in some judicial proceeding, lets fly at his head, may expect to be called before the court where the injured jurist in the quadruple role of victim, prosecutor, judge, and jury, may bowl his enemy over with this deadly weapon of contempt.

We are all willing that the judge shall be free from insult or disturbance when he is presiding. Lawyers and their clients and spectators cannot be permitted to hurl things at the court as if it were nothing more than an umpire—though the thing has been done, and I myself have felt the urge to do so. The witness who will not testify must be



made to do so or suffer for his defiance, as Mr. Sinclair has done for snapping his fingers at a Congressional Committee. The Court must also be allowed the right to punish those who interfere with its lawful mandates. But there is another class of contempts which are not so obvious—constructive contempts or indirect contempts, as the lawyers call them. They are the acts of persons done out of the presence of the court, when the court is not in session, though they may be in reference to some cause pending or about to be tried. The Lady Gainsborough and the Countess of Shaftesbury put their heads together like two practical old ladies and arranged a marriage between the young Earl of Shaftesbury and Lady Gainsborough's daughter. This was a common enough practice. But in this case the young earl had a guardian and this guardian was an officer of the chancery court and this bit of matchmaking without his consent was deemed by the Lord Chancellor an invasion of his prerogatives, so the two conspiring ladies were fetched before his lordship and charged with contempt of court. That was an indirect contempt. Out in Indiana the decision of a learned judge met with the wrathful scorn of the anti-saloon league. Thereafter the officials of that body drawing up their annual report recorded this decision together with their interpretation of it. This interpretation was held by the judge who hatched it to be not only erroneous but contemptuous of his high-mightiness, and the three high priests of aridity in Indiana were lined up before his honor and sentenced for contempt of court. The Editor of the *New York Evening World* inveighed against the very bad practice of permitting professional criminals already free on bail and plying their trade to go free again on small bail and spoke of the practice of lawyers to hunt for the judges most lenient in this regard as "shopping for bail." This was an indefensible public abuse, but that did not save the editor from being brought before the offended judge who

declared that the editorial had caused him great pain and that he proposed to punish his critic. The editor, represented by Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, escaped punishment but he had a precarious time before getting off.

In Mississippi another judge notified newspapers that they must not print accounts of a criminal proceeding in his courtroom. And when a newspaper in distant New Orleans defied this order and printed the report of the trial the act was held by the court to be sufficiently near to his presence to justify an action of contempt. This seems extreme, but it has been done before, and many judges have asserted their right to silence newspapers. As things now stand, almost all criticism of a court in the newspapers, public speeches, pamphlets, or otherwise, especially if a case is actually pending, may be treated as a contempt of the court and an offense against its dignity and an interference with the even and sweet flow of the stream of justice; and he who indulges in it may expect to answer for his temerity in a summary proceeding before the offended judge.

## II

It is important that this solemn phrase "summary proceeding" should not be passed over lightly. It is a proceeding in which, very often, a judge stimulated by anger or intolerance may introduce haste into justice and dispense with its controversial character by limiting the proceeding to one side, and that side his own. Where a judge proceeds against an editor or orator or critic of any sort, the judge is very much in the position of the man who has been libelled. He is in reality a litigant as well as judge and jury. Now there is a much respected legal fiction—of which lawyers are very fond—that the contempt consists in the attack upon the court and not upon the person of the judge. But when the court is called a jackass, it is very difficult for the judge who impersonates the court not to feel a personal interest

in the charge. In the circumstances one must be prepared to see the judge taking sides with the court he ornaments. After all, judges are human. Indeed, some of them are so much so as to be frequently inhuman. If an editor says of President Roosevelt that he is a winebibber, it is within Mr. Roosevelt's right, as a citizen and not as President, to hale that editor before a court, as Mr. Roosevelt did, and make him answer in a proceeding for libel. There an impartial judge and jury in a deliberate judicial proceeding would explore the facts and render a judgment. But if Mr. Roosevelt had been a judge trying a case he might have had the offending editor dragged before him summarily and then, in the tripartite character of prosecutor, judge, and jury would have been at liberty to fling him into jail, leaving the suppressed journalist but meager relief in the way of appeal.

A gentleman in Iowa who ornamented the ermine in rendering a decision poured out the phials of his prejudice upon certain persons. He spoke of them as "those three yids" and as "the wise men from the East—the prehensile race." A writer in a Des Moines paper, filled with disgust at this judge's conduct, criticized him and said he "was temperamentally unfit for his high duties." The judge thereupon proceeded to give further proof of that charge by summoning the writer before him and committing him for contempt.

William J. Barnes called Roosevelt a liar. William J. Bryan denounced Cleveland and Morgan as conspirators. Senator Lodge said Woodrow Wilson was a "dishonest egotist." Another United States Senator has called President Coolidge a fool. None of these charges was true and none of these harsh expletives should have been uttered. But what should we say if Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Wilson or Mr. Coolidge had proposed a law to permit them to bring their traducers before them personally upon summary process and throw them into jail? This would

not be tolerated on this side the Rio Grande. But we permit any mediocre lawyer who sits upon a district bench to silence his critics with this deadly process.

Now I do not think that citizens should be permitted to bespatter the courts any more than they should be permitted to libel and slander other public officials. Indeed, I feel quite sure an even more rigorous protection should be thrown around judges. There seems little reason to deny them the right to deal summarily with those who actually resist their orders or who interrupt their proceedings. But when it comes to controlling critics, then it seems to me that at least the offense should be treated like any other offense and the offender should have the right to a fair and impartial trial before a disinterested judge and jury.

The tendency of the courts is to enlarge this practice. If I were a professional trembler and were looking out for something to tremble at I should select as a stimulant the federal judge. Jefferson's old fear of the federal judiciary comes back to us. He saw in it an "irrepressible body" assuming "a little to-day and a little more to-morrow." And one of our own federal judges to-day, dissenting in a notorious contempt case, said recently from the bench, "It is in small encroachments on the right of free criticism of all the acts of public officials that the real danger lies."

There is nothing new in this process of contempt. I dare say the very first judge saw the possibilities of this formidable weapon. In the early days of the English law it was used unsparingly. One might even be amerced for contempt of the bishop for disturbing his Grace in church. But as the English system, as we know it, began to develop its special genius, this dangerous judicial weapon was brought under control. Subjects were, indeed, not permitted to disturb the course of justice by unseemly denunciations of the judge. The heirs in that celebrated cause known



as the Tichborne case felt very much displeased with the judgment of the Lord Chancellor and so they moved about England in high dudgeon, hurling contumely and invective at the Chancellor's head very much in the same way that Editor Dale in Indiana did recently at the head of Judge Dearth. And for this the Tichborne heirs were brought into court and charged with contempt. But in Editor Dale's case he was tried and punished by the man he had denounced, while the Tichborne heirs were tried in a proceeding upon an indictment and before an impartial judge. It has been reserved for the judges in this enlightened age and in this country devoted to freedom to push out their power in every direction and to develop upon an alarming scale the fictions under cover of which they are making the most serious invasions. While others are held rigorously to old forms, the court itself knows how to invent new powers for itself. No judge likes work so little that he will deliberately deny his own jurisdiction. The laziest judge may like his job little but he loves his jurisdiction more. He likes to sit upon his bench and watch his power grow. Apparently the habit of listening to obsequious phrases and moving amidst bowing and scraping attendants is not good for the soul of the little man under the black robe. When some years ago Congress passed a law forcing judges to grant jury trials in contempt cases growing out of the violation of injunctions in labor disputes, the lower court denied the jury trial and asserted that Congress was powerless to limit this lordly power of a judge. And the circuit court of appeals agreed with these judges. Fortunately the Supreme Court saved us from that. A little earlier the President pardoned a litigant who had been sentenced to a long jail term for contempt. But the judge had the accused brought before him in the face of the President's pardon and ordered him to jail, declaring the President had no such power. To a raw layman this looks like a bad instrument to

put into the hands of officials so far removed from public scrutiny and criticism as judges.

### III

Now all that I have said here is true enough when we think of courts as courts of justice. But what shall we say when we perceive that to-day the administration of justice is but one of their functions and that, by a course of invasions and assumptions, they have gradually acquired an enormous administrative, regulatory, and quasi-executive jurisdiction? One of these is the management of large business corporations under the form of receiverships. In an earlier day the old equity courts invented the receivership as a means of winding up the affairs of a distressed corporation or of disposing of its assets for the benefit of its creditors. It is not so many years ago that a distinguished federal judge complained that it was not the business of a court to act as an expert rejuvenator of failing corporations and that the receiver was just a custodian of the corporation's property to care for it, keep it intact, and sell it as quickly as possible. This was well enough in another day when business was small, corporations few, and receiverships infrequent. But to-day business is great—vast; corporations are immense and numerous. They are forever getting into hot water. And slowly the courts, particularly the federal courts, have set up in business as reorganizers of crippled corporations. The judge is not merely jurist but physician as well. He combines within himself for the purpose of operating large business units the character of judge, banker, executive, efficiency engineer, and promoter. A big business in distress is thrown into the arms of the federal judge. That dignitary thereupon establishes himself as chairman of the board, president of the corporation and board of directors, and names the receiver as a sort of general superintendent under him. Then he goes forward to manage that concern for a year or two, or five



or ten or more, operating the business frequently in active competition with other concerns in the open fields of trade.

The extent of this is, I am sure, little understood by the average man of affairs. Mr. Paul Cravath, a very eminent lawyer, some years ago noted that in the course of twenty years not less than half the corporations in America had made their way through the courts in receiverships. At this moment there are forty-two railroads being operated by federal judges. In other words, these judges are managing some 17,000 miles of road with outstanding stocks and bonds of nearly a billion dollars. And some of them have managed them thus for ten and twelve years.

A few years ago an investigator examined the records of the federal courts in New York City and found that in seven years 233 corporations had come under the direction of the eight federal judges sitting in that district. This octet of judges managed business enterprises estimated at \$780,000,000 and with an annual turnover of \$60,000,000. During this period one of these judges, who earned a reputation for his wholesale operations in this field and whose methods were frequently criticized as highhanded, had had control of over \$300,000,000 in receiverships. Railroads, railways, power companies, manufacturing, financial, and trading companies doing business in every quarter of the globe were directed from the rostrum of a court which had been established as a tribunal of justice and never intended to be a directorate of trade.

Now upon the face of it, this does not seem a wise arrangement. Judges, at least in theory, are selected because of their learning in the law and not for their skill as industrial surgeons. There is much difference of opinion about government operation of business, but all will unite, I dare say, upon this point, that if business is to be operated by the government either permanently or temporarily, the judge is not the agent to be chosen for the job. There is a feeling

even among lawyers and judges that the system is not the most intelligent possible one. Many judges are frankly disturbed by this growth. Some are altogether against it, while others look upon it as badly in need of repair. As long ago as 1916 Judge Charles M. Hough, who handled many such proceedings, observed, "There is a good deal to be said in favor of a new scheme of law which would in some way confer upon an impartial and disinterested tribunal the entire supervision of corporate reorganization. . . . But no such system of legal procedure exists." Another—Hon. Robert T. Swain—said, "With no intention to disparage in the slightest the high caliber of the men who sit upon the federal bench, it is submitted that this is not a power with which they should be vested. The problems of reorganization are usually business problems rather than purely legal problems."

The results achieved are by no means happy ones. The judges do not make a great success of the business. No one needs to be told how a legal proceeding can waste the substance of an estate. Numerous and extravagantly paid receivers, attorneys for receivers, special masters, and appraisers fatten on the diseased corporation. Many a corporation perfectly solvent and merely in need of a little intelligent management and some refinancing has gone into the corporation hospital of the federal court only to be mishandled and bled to death. Out of more than two hundred corporations which went into the federal courts in New York in which the petitioners declared that the corporations were embarrassed but not bankrupt, only thirty-five emerged after the court's reorganizing magic able to pay general credits in full, and then not all in cash but in new stock with the hope of prosperity as collateral. The Supreme Court itself has had something to say about the efficiency of receiverships.

"He (the receiver)," observes that august critic, "takes the property out of the hands of the owner, operates the



road in his own way, with an occasional suggestion from the court, which he recognizes as a sort of partner in the business; sometimes, though very rarely, pays some money on the debts of the corporation, but quite as often adds to them and injures prior creditors on the property pledged to them."

But if the creditors suffer in most cases, this is by no means true of the lawyers. For in the receiverships referred to above the New York judges distributed among their lawyer receivers and attorneys for receivers some seven million dollars in fees. The truth is that it is preposterous to invoke the surgery of judges upon ailing corporations. One might as well declare a sick man physically bankrupt and turn him over to a court for treatment. What the sick corporation needs is a business doctor, financial management, and production experts to put it on its feet. The court merely puts it out of its misery. The importance of this cannot be overstated. In our present industrial civilization almost all business is passing into the ownership of thousands and scores of thousands of stockholders. These innumerable stockholders are quite powerless because of their remoteness from the actual management, their fractional interest, and their wide distribution to do anything to protect themselves. The very existence of our whole business structure is coming to be more and more dependent on the stability of investments. When a large corporation gets into difficulties the loss and embarrassment fall on thousands of stockholders and bondholders who are as much entitled to protection as the depositors in a savings bank. The nation will have to find some form of intelligent, expert assistance to which such organizations can turn in distress. Certainly a court—federal or state—is not the agency for such a job. Such an agency should be established and the courts left free to go their way as tribunals for the settlement of controverted questions of law and fact.

Now what has all this to do with this

business of contempt which I set out to discuss? I have gone over this ground to show the changing character of the tribunals which are wielding this exceedingly dangerous instrument. And as the courts have widened their powers and annexed new functions covering the management of business, they have also enlarged and sharpened the weapon of contempt; and in the last twenty years many of the complaints provoked by judicial intolerance have grown out of contempt proceedings employed in this new and questionable jurisdiction over business.

A railroad or a public utility is a quasi-public institution. The public has a deep interest in its existence and management, to say nothing of the interests of thousands of stockholders, bondholders, and creditors. To conceal the management of such a business behind the closed doors of a judge's chambers and thus withdraw the whole matter from public discussion is nothing short of a public menace. This is particularly true in view of the fact that such corporations remain in these hiding places for two, three, five, ten years, and more. In one state a federal judge ran for several years a railroad without a charter. In many states utility corporations are taken over by these courts, and the public regulatory commissions are told their authority will not be recognized. Almost always lawyers are named as receivers, big fees are paid, and the assets of the corporations wasted or at least impaired. While all of these things are being done newspapers, stockholders, directors, public officials must hold their peace lest an angry judge deem himself insulted and put them behind the bars for contempt. I do not think the officials operating reorganizing corporations ought to be subject to wanton abuse any more than other public officers. But I know of no reason why they should be clothed in a privilege which we deny to the men who run our armies, our navies, our post offices, and our state governments.



This is a very practical problem for the business man whose own interests may be involved to-morrow. So much of the discussion of this abuse of the contempt process has revolved around the activities of labor leaders and reds that the business man has not thought of his own stake in the matter. Of course it is all right so long as we are just knocking dangerous radicals over the head. This neat little bludgeon was invented for that purpose. But having been invented, it remains in the hands of the judge to use on any scone he feels disposed to rap. And now the cycle of progress is bringing not labor leaders but business executives into court. And there sits the judge in his big black robe and the old contempt bludgeon, still wet with the blood of the reds, in his hands. And already some very respectable heads have been hammered with it.

It is not long ago that the directors of a corporation in the hands of a receiver became very annoying to the judge. So he forbade them to meet. But these gentlemen thought, very properly, that they had property rights in the corporation and that they were within their rights when they met to talk about them. Perhaps they had read somewhere the Great Charter which guaranteed the right of peaceable assembly even against a tyrant king. But the judge soon convinced them that the right was at least questionable, for he hauled them before his court and sentenced them for contempt.

Down in Raleigh, North Carolina, a court named a receiver for a railway company. The editor of the local newspaper thought the whole proceeding indefensible and he said so in his paper. That editor happened to be no less a person than the Hon. Josephus Daniels, sometime Secretary of the Navy. But for all that, he was haled before the judge and committed for contempt. Now Mr. Daniels escaped through the more reasonable attitude of a higher court. But that decision is

chiefly valuable as bringing into relief how far the courts have traveled; for now, in most jurisdictions, he would not be so fortunate.

The most disturbing case is the one having to do with that irascible though able citizen, Mr. Charles Craig, while Comptroller of the City of New York. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, better known as the B. R. T., was in the hands of a receiver under the dominion of Judge Julius Mayer. The City of New York had an immense money interest in that corporation, which was anxious to have higher rates. Mr. Louis Nixon of the Transit Commission wrote a letter to Mr. Comptroller Craig, inviting him to a conference with the receiver to discuss the problems of the company. Mr. Comptroller Craig replied to that letter, refusing to enter such a conference and announcing that he would not meet the receivers or discuss anything with them so long as the Federal Court denied to the City of New York access to the books and accounts of the company. Other criticisms of the court were made, which to my humble mind seemed mild and reasonable enough. Mr. Nixon turned this letter over to Judge Julius Mayer who thereupon caused the U. S. Attorney to file an information, gave the Comptroller an opportunity to retract and, upon refusal, sentenced him to sixty days in jail. Immense pressure was brought to bear on the judge to withdraw from this position, and the upper court recognized that it was a serious matter to take the comptroller away from a city so large as New York whose financial affairs were so complicated as to need ceaseless supervision. But Judge Mayer was adamant. In fact, the Comptroller was packing up for his two months' sojourn in jail when the President pardoned him.

This act was an extreme assertion of judicial authority, and it is unfortunate that, because of the defective procedure employed by Mr. Craig to test it, the upper court did not get an opportunity to pass on it. The questions discussed



by the lawyers were for the most part matters of technical legal procedure. What was not discussed is the point I am now making that when that court entered the field of public utility management, it was not exercising purely judicial functions but administrative functions, and ought not be permitted to use the process of contempt in the same manner as in the trial of legal cases. And as the courts go on encroaching on the rights of citizens in this respect, the hopelessness of remedy at their hands seems doubtful. They have shown a tendency to insist that they cannot be deprived of the right to punish for contempt even by Congress, and many judges have asserted that even the President cannot pardon. The President may pardon a murderer who has repented or a thief who has reformed. But the citizen who has offended a judge, some of them think, is beyond the forgiveness of all but two persons—*Meinself und Gott*.

The danger which lies in the slow growth of this practice was apparent to at least one of the judges who reviewed the appeal in the Craig case. Judge Learned Hand dissented and, in an opinion breathing the fine spirit of the old English law, uttered a very solemn warning against the inconsiderate extension of this drastic limitation upon freedom of speech.

In another receivership case the employees of the receiver went on strike. The judge who was William Howard Taft, then a circuit judge in Cincinnati, held that the receivership was part of the administration of justice and the strike an offense against the dignity of the court sufficient to expose the strike leaders to the process of contempt.

#### IV

But this is not the whole story. A new and, in my judgment, more sinister invasion has been begun by the Federal Courts in the last few years. This is in the dangerous field of the

regulation of trade through the medium of the consent decree.

We are in the habit of growing irate over what we call restraints of trade and various restrictive arrangements between manufacturers or merchants to limit production, parcel out territory, and raise prices to that vast herd of helpless and exploited creatures known as the consumers.

However, the candid observer must concede that the growing demands of trade bring problems which sorely perplex the individual business man, and very often there has seemed no escape save in these trade agreements. There is a growing feeling that the anti-trust laws must, in some way, give way before the new processes of business. In the meantime the government has thought it necessary to submit interstate business of all sorts to the regulation by some authority. We have public utility commissions, interstate commerce commissions, and state and federal trade commissions charged with the observation and surveillance of business. At this moment, business is fairly well satisfied with the Federal Trade Commission. It is supposed to be reasonable. But it is not so long ago that it was thought to be almost the worst thing in the world this side of Soviet Russia. If one will look over the accounts of trade-association meetings about four years ago and the records of trade magazines, one will find a flood of caustic and even violent criticism and denunciation of the practices and judgments of the Federal Trade Commission. It is of no moment now that these may have been unfounded. They were certainly general and represented an honest and a very natural difference of opinion between men about the propriety of certain economic practices. The Trade Commission was, however, an administrative body; and the manufacturers and merchants and their mouthpieces felt themselves at liberty to criticize it. The criticism, what is more, was effective and resulted in an almost complete re-

versal of policy of the commission and a radical change in its personnel.

Now suppose that this business of regulation had been committed to the courts instead of to the trade commission. What would have happened to these trade-journal editors and these trade-convention orators? We should have had to build new jails to hold the culprits sentenced for contempt. In reality, however, this would not have been necessary because the critics would have held their peace. There would have been no discussion. And that is the crowning sin of permitting courts inviolate from criticism to deal with legislative and economic questions. The whole tide of discussion is dammed, and the course of progress suffers as a result.

Now the fact is that the courts have made a beginning in taking over this matter of trade regulation. They have not gone so far as yet. But they have taken some steps, and soon some other judge will venture a few more steps, and after a while business men will look up and be surprised at the distance the judge has traveled. These steps have been taken through the medium of the consent decree. Let us see how this has been done.

The manufacturers of Gypsum products maintained an association through which the members agreed upon certain practices which were in violation of the anti-trust laws. They were haled into court by the Attorney General. Now if their practices were found to be illegal the court could do several things: it could dissolve the association, or it could order a discontinuance of the illegal practice through a perpetual restraining order. Or certain criminal proceedings could be ordered with resulting penalties if the defendants were found guilty.

Now, in the Gypsum case, the association made an agreement with the Attorney General and the court to have a decree by consent entered against it. And under this decree the court held the practices of the Association illegal

and further ordered the Association dissolved and the members restrained from carrying out their illegal agreement. That, it would seem, settled the matter and was quite as far as the court might go. But this federal court ordered that, while this particular association was illegal and must be dissolved, the defendants might form another, and then it proceeded to write a constitution and by-laws for the new association by setting out what it might do and what it might not do. It named six things which the association might not do and then about fourteen things which it might do. It set up a trade code for the government of that trade, then announced that it would hold jurisdiction of the case for all time to see that the decree was carried out. In other words, it practically announced that it would maintain jurisdiction over an association not yet formed but which it authorized to be organized under a charter defined by it. And hereafter, therefore, if the association violates any provisions of that code, the members may be haled into court for contempt. And if the members are charged with violations and undertake to express themselves in free discussion, as they do about the Federal Trade Commission, they may be found conducting their business from jail cells. The court has held that as trade and business advance and change it may deem it proper to alter its opinion from time to time, and the members are permitted to apply for this boon. But if they discuss the matter out of court when they make such application, woe betide them if the language is a little violent.

A more dangerous extension of the powers of the court could hardly be imagined. These questions belong in the field of economics, not law. Economic conditions are constantly changing, and the changes are not quickly perceived or understood save through long and often impatient and bitter discussion. To permit the regulation of these serious problems to fall under the



dominion of a tribunal which makes for suppression and secrecy is not a step, but a leap, backward.

If all this has any meaning, it is that the time has come for a very serious examination of our federal judiciary. It is time to put this federal judge under the glass and deal with him before these delusions of grandeur infect him too savagely. It is, above all things, essential that our method of dealing with the pathology of big business be pitched upon a more intelligent plane; that the ramshackle system of receiverships be

overhauled and transferred to an authority better equipped to handle it; that this new function of regulating trade through the medium of the injunction and the contempt process be promptly amputated. But first of all, the weapon of the contempt process by summary proceeding—at least in the case of constructive contempts—should be withdrawn from the hands of the offended judge. Contempt of court through criticism should, so far as it is a crime, be treated like any other crime and be tried by an impartial judge and jury.

## FORFEIT

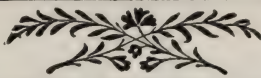
BY STANLEY KIDDER WILSON

**W***HY can we not remember arm-in-arm  
Always? We live as one breath; know the firm charm  
Of unison in pain; in joys conspire;  
Are claimed by the same moment of desire.*

*Yet you hold an imperishable day  
In heart: you resurrect its colors, say  
We whispered this, laughed that; and I, ah yes,  
With a dissembled kiss I acquiesce,  
Protest the memory quite as richly mine  
As yours, and even paint in a guarded line  
Of fuller measure; but alas, I've not  
A gleam; your day of all days is forgot.*

*And then I counter! Ay, there was a night  
You made as white for me as marble is white,  
Nor less enduring, an hour you ask me for  
From time to time, blandly, with nonchalance, or  
Half close perfidious eyes of bliss against!  
Thus is the guilt of lovers recompensed:  
For well I know, oh, by just little slips,  
Trifles of groping smiles, that these trapped lips,  
Patterned to fadeless truth, divinely lie—  
Sweet, you forget as utterly as I!*

*Posturers, both! But in the end what harm?  
Not always can we remember arm-in-arm.*



## NIGHT CLUB

A STORY

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

PROMPTLY at quarter of ten P.M. Mrs. Brady descended the steps of the Elevated. She purchased from the newsdealer in the cubbyhole beneath them a next month's magazine and a to-morrow morning's paper and, with these tucked under one plump arm, she walked. She walked two blocks north on Sixth Avenue; turned and went west. But not far west. Westward half a block only, to the place where the gay green awning marked Club Français paints a stripe of shade across the glimmering sidewalk. Under this awning Mrs. Brady halted briefly, to remark to the six-foot doorman that it looked like rain and to await his performance of his professional duty. When the small green door yawned open she sighed deeply and plodded in.

The foyer was a blackness, an airless velvet blackness like the inside of a jeweler's box. Four drum-shaped lamps of golden silk suspended from the ceiling gave it light (a very little) and formed the jewels: gold signets, those, or cuff-links for a giant. At the far end of the foyer there were black stairs, faintly dusty, rippling upward toward an amber radiance. Mrs. Brady approached and ponderously mounted the stairs, clinging with one fist to the mangy velvet rope that railed their edge.

From the top, Miss Lena Levin observed the ascent. Miss Levin was the checkroom girl. She had dark-at-the-roots blonde hair and slender hips upon which, in moments of leisure she

wore her hands, like buckles of ivory loosely attached. This was a moment of leisure. Miss Levin waited behind her counter. Row upon row of hooks, empty as yet, and seeming to beckon—wee curved fingers of iron—waited behind her.

"Late," said Miss Levin, "again."

"Go wan!" said Mrs. Brady. "It's only ten to ten. *Whew! Them stairs!*"

She leaned heavily, sideways, against Miss Levin's counter and, applying one palm to the region of her heart, appeared at once to listen and to count. "Feel!" she cried then in a pleased voice.

Miss Levin obediently felt.

"Them stairs," continued Mrs. Brady darkly, "with my bad heart, will be the death of me. *Whew! Well, dearie? What's the news?*"

"You got a paper," Miss Levin languidly reminded her.

"Yeah!" agreed Mrs. Brady with sudden vehemence. "I got a paper!" She slapped it upon the counter. "An' a lot of time I'll get to *read* my paper, won't I now? On a Saturday night!" She moaned. "Other nights is bad enough, dear knows—but *Saturday* nights! How I dread 'em! Every Saturday night I say to my daughter, I say, 'Geraldine, I can't,' I say, 'I can't go through it again, an' that's all there is to it,' I say. 'I'll *quit*,' I say. An' I *will*, too!" added Mrs. Brady firmly, if indefinitely.

Miss Levin, in defense of Saturday nights, mumbled some vague something about tips.



"Tips!" Mrs. Brady hissed it. She almost spat it. Plainly money was nothing, nothing at all, to this lady. "I just wish," said Mrs. Brady and glared at Miss Levin, "I just wish *you* had to spend one Saturday night, just one, in that dressing room! Bein' pushed an' stepped on and near knocked down by that gang of hussies, an' them orderin' an' bossin' you 'round like you was *black*, an' usin' your things an' then sayin' they're sorry, they got no change, they'll be back. Yah! They *never* come back!"

"There's Mr. Costello," whispered Miss Levin through lips that, like a ventriloquist's, scarcely stirred.

"An' as I was sayin'," Mrs. Brady said at once brightly, "I got to leave you. Ten to ten, time I was on the job."

She smirked at Miss Levin, nodded, and right-about-faced. There, indeed, Mr. Costello was. Mr. Billy Costello, manager, proprietor, monarch of all he surveyed. From the doorway of the big room, where the little tables herded in a ring around the waxen floor, he surveyed Mrs. Brady, and in such a way that Mrs. Brady, momentarily forgetting her bad heart, walked fast, scurried faster, almost ran.

The door of her domain was set politely in an alcove, beyond silken curtains looped up at the sides. Mrs. Brady reached it breathless, shouldered it open, and groped for the electric switch. Lights sprang up, a bright white blaze, intolerable for an instant to the eyes, like sun on snow. Blinking, Mrs. Brady shut the door.

The room was a spotless, white-tiled place, half beauty shop, half dressing room. Along one wall stood washstands, sturdy triplets in a row, with pale-green liquid soap in glass balloons afloat above them. Against the opposite wall there was a couch. A third wall backed an elongated glass-topped dressing table; and over the dressing table and over the washstands long rectangular sheets of mirror re-

flected lights, doors, glossy tiles, lights multiplied. . . .

Mrs. Brady moved across this glitter like a thick dark cloud in a hurry. At the dressing table she came to a halt, and upon it she laid her newspaper, her magazine, and her purse—a black purse worn gray with much clutching. She divested herself of a rusty black coat and a hat of the mushroom persuasion, and hung both up in a corner cupboard which she opened by means of one of a quite preposterous bunch of keys. From a nook in the cupboard she took down a lace-edged handkerchief with long streamers. She untied the streamers and tied them again around her chunky black alpaca waist. The handkerchief became an apron's baby cousin.

Mrs. Brady relocked the cupboard door, fumbled her key-ring over, and unlocked a capacious drawer of the dressing table. She spread a fresh towel on the plate-glass top, in the geometrical center, and upon the towel she arranged with care a procession of things fished from the drawer. Things for the hair. Things for the complexion. Things for the eyes, the lashes, the brows, the lips, and the finger nails. Things in boxes and things in jars and things in tubes and tins. Also, an ash tray, matches, pins, a tiny sewing kit, a pair of scissors. Last of all, a hand-printed sign, a nudging sort of sign:

#### NOTICE!

These articles, placed here for your convenience, are the property of the *maid*.

And directly beneath the sign, propping it up against the looking-glass, a china saucer, in which Mrs. Brady now slyly laid decoy money: two quarters and two dimes, in four-leaf-clover formation.

Another drawer of the dressing table yielded a bottle of bromo seltzer, a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, a tin of sodium bicarbonate, and a teaspoon. These were lined up on a shelf above the couch.

Mrs. Brady was now ready for anything. And (from the grim, thin pucker of her mouth) expecting it.

Music came to her ears. Rather, the beat of music, muffled, rhythmic, remote. *Umpa-um, umpa-um, umpa-um-mm—* Mr. "Fiddle" Baer and his band, hard at work on the first foxtrot of the night. It was teasing, foot-tapping music; but the large solemn feet of Mrs. Brady were still. She sat on the couch and opened her newspaper; and for some moments she read uninterruptedly, with special attention to the murders, the divorces, the breaches of promise, the funnies.

Then the door swung inward, admitting a blast of Mr. "Fiddle" Baer's best, a whiff of perfume, and a girl.

Mrs. Brady put her paper away.

The girl was *petite* and darkly beautiful; wrapped in fur and mounted on tall jeweled heels. She entered humming the ragtime song the orchestra was playing, and while she stood near the dressing table, stripping off her gloves, she continued to hum it softly to herself:

"Oh, I know my baby loves me,  
I can tell my baby loves me."

Here the dark little girl got the left glove off, and Mrs. Brady glimpsed a platinum wedding ring.

"'Cause there ain't no maybe  
In my baby's  
Eyes."

The right glove came off. The dark little girl sat down in one of the chairs that faced the dressing table. She doffed her wrap, casting it carelessly over the chair-back. It had a cloth-of-gold lining, and "Paris" was embroidered in curlicues on the label. Mrs. Brady hovered solicitously near.

The dark little girl, still humming, looked over the articles "placed here for your convenience," and picked up the scissors. Having cut off a very small hangnail with the air of one performing a perilous major operation, she seized and used the manicure buffer, and after that the eyebrow pencil. Mrs. Brady's

mind, hopefully calculating the tip, jumped and jumped again like a taximeter.

"Oh, I know my baby loves me—"

The dark little girl applied powder and lipstick belonging to herself. She examined the result searchingly in the mirror and sat back, satisfied. She cast some silver *Klink! Klink!* into Mrs. Brady's saucer, and half rose. Then, remembering something, she settled down again.

The ensuing thirty seconds were spent by her in pulling off her platinum wedding ring, tying it in a corner of a lace handkerchief, and tucking the handkerchief down the bodice of her tight white-velvet gown.

"There!" she said.

She swooped up her wrap and trotted toward the door, jeweled heels merrily twinkling.

"'Cause there ain't no maybe—"

The door fell shut.

Almost instantly it opened again, and another girl came in. A blonde, this. She was pretty in a round-eyed, babyish way; but Mrs. Brady, regarding her, mentally grabbed the spirits of ammonia bottle. For she looked terribly ill. The round eyes were dull, the pretty, silly little face was drawn. The thin hands, picking at the fastenings of a specious beaded bag, trembled and twitched.

Mrs. Brady cleared her throat. "Can I do something for you, Miss?"

Evidently the blonde girl had believed herself alone in the dressing room. She started violently, and glanced up, panic in her eyes. Panic, and something else. Something very like murderous hate—but for an instant only, so that Mrs. Brady, whose perceptions were never quick, missed it altogether.

"A glass of water?" suggested Mrs. Brady.

"No," said the girl, "no." She had one hand in the beaded bag now. Mrs. Brady could see it moving, causing the



bag to squirm like a live thing, and the fringe to shiver. "Yes!" she cried abruptly. "A glass of water—please—you get it for me."

She dropped onto the couch. Mrs. Brady scurried to the water cooler in the corner, pressed the spigot with a determined thumb. Water trickled out thinly. Mrs. Brady pressed harder, and scowled, and thought, "Something's wrong with this thing. I mustn't forget, next time I see Mr. Costello—"

When again she faced her patient, the patient was sitting erect. She was thrusting her clenched hand back into the beaded bag again.

She took only a sip of the water, but it seemed to help her quite miraculously. Almost at once color came to her cheeks, life to her eyes. She grew young again—as young as she was. She smiled up at Mrs. Brady.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "What do you know about that!" She shook her honey-colored head. "I can't imagine what came over me."

"Are you better now?" inquired Mrs. Brady.

"Yes. Oh, yes. I'm better now. You see," said the blonde girl confidentially, "we were at the theater, my boy friend and I, and it was hot and stuffy—I guess that must have been the trouble." She paused, and the ghost of her recent distress crossed her face. "God! I thought that last act *never* would end!" she said.

While she attended to her hair and complexion she chattered gayly to Mrs. Brady, chattered on with scarcely a stop for breath, and laughed much. She said, among other things, that she and her "boy friend" had not known one another very long, but that she was "ga-ga" about him. "He is about me, too," she confessed. "He thinks I'm grand."

She fell silent then, and in the looking-glass her eyes were shadowed, haunted. But Mrs. Brady, from where she stood, could not see the looking-glass; and half a minute later the blonde girl

laughed and began again. When she went out she seemed to dance out on little winged feet; and Mrs. Brady, sighing, thought it must be nice to be young . . . and happy like that.

The next arrivals were two. A tall, extremely smart young woman in black chiffon entered first, and held the door open for her companion; and the instant the door was shut, she said, as though it had been on the tip of her tongue for hours, "Amy, what under the sun *happened?*"

Amy, who was brown-eyed, brown-bobbed-haired, and patently annoyed about something, crossed to the dressing table and flopped into a chair before she made reply.

"Nothing," she said wearily then.

"That's nonsense!" snorted the other. "Tell me. Was it something she said? She's a tactless ass, of course. Always was."

"No, not anything she said. It was—" Amy bit her lip. "All right! I'll tell you. Before we left your apartment I just happened to notice that Tom had disappeared. So I went to look for him—I wanted to ask him if he'd remembered to tell the maid where we were going—Skippy's subject to croup, you know, and we always leave word. Well, so I went into the kitchen, thinking Tom might be there mixing cocktails—and there he was—and there *she* was!"

The full red mouth of the other young woman pursed itself slightly. Her arched brows lifted. "Well?"

Her matter-of-factness appeared to infuriate Amy. "He was *kissing* her!" she flung out.

"Well?" said the other again. She chuckled softly and patted Amy's shoulder, as if it were the shoulder of a child. "You're surely not going to let *that* spoil your whole evening? Amy dear! Kissing may once have been serious and significant—but it isn't nowadays. Nowadays, it's like shaking hands. It means nothing."

But Amy was not consoled. "I

hate her!" she cried desperately. "Red-headed *thing!* Calling me 'darling' and 'honey,' and s-sending me handkerchiefs for C-Christmas—and then sneaking off behind closed doors and k-kissing my h-h-husband . . ."

At this point Amy quite broke down, but she recovered herself sufficiently to add with venom, "I'd like to slap her!"

"Oh, oh, oh," smiled the tall young woman, "I wouldn't do that!"

Amy wiped her eyes with what might well have been one of the Christmas handkerchiefs, and confronted her friend. "Well, what *would* you do, Claire? If you were I?"

"I'd forget it," said Claire, "and have a good time. I'd kiss somebody myself. You've no idea how much better you'd feel!"

"I don't do—" Amy began indignantly; but as the door behind her opened and a third young woman—red-headed, earringed, exquisite—lilted in, she changed her tone. "Oh, hello!" she called sweetly, beaming at the newcomer via the mirror. "We were wondering what had become of you!"

The red-headed girl, smiling easily back, dropped her cigarette on the floor and crushed it out with a silver-shod toe. "Tom and I were talking to 'Fiddle' Baer," she explained. "He's going to play 'Clap Yo' Hands' next, because it's my favorite. Lend me a comb, will you, somebody?"

"There's a comb there," said Claire, indicating Mrs. Brady's business comb.

"But imagine using it!" murmured the red-headed girl. "Amy darling, haven't you one?"

Amy produced a tiny comb from her rhinestone purse. "Don't forget to bring it when you come," she said, and stood up. "I'm going on out, I want to tell Tom something."

She went.

The red-headed young woman and the tall black-chiffon one were alone, except for Mrs. Brady. The red-headed one beaded her incredible lashes. The tall

one, the one called Claire, sat watching her. Presently she said, "Sylvia, look here." And Sylvia looked. Anybody, addressed in that tone, would have.

"There is one thing," Claire went on quietly, holding the other's eyes, "that I want understood. And that is, '*Hands off!*' Do you hear me?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do know what I mean!"

The red-headed girl shrugged her shoulders. "Amy told you she saw us, I suppose."

"Precisely. And," went on Claire, gathering up her possessions and rising, "as I said before, you're to keep away." Her eyes blazed sudden white-hot rage. "Because, as you very well know, he belongs to *me*," she said and departed, slamming the door.

Between eleven o'clock and one Mrs. Brady was very busy indeed. Never for more than a moment during those two hours was the dressing room empty. Often it was jammed, full to overflowing with curled cropped heads, with ivory arms and shoulders, with silk and lace and chiffon, with legs. The door flapped in and back, in and back. The mirrors caught and held—and lost—a hundred different faces. Powder veiled the dressing table with a thin white dust; cigarette stubs, scarlet at the tips, choked the ash-receiver. Dimes and quarters clattered into Mrs. Brady's saucer—and were transferred to Mrs. Brady's purse. The original seventy cents remained. That much, and no more, would Mrs. Brady gamble on the integrity of womankind.

She earned her money. She threaded needles and took stitches. She powdered the backs of necks. She supplied towels for soapy, dripping hands. She removed a speck from a teary blue eye and pounded the heel on a slipper. She curled the straggling ends of a black bob and a gray bob, pinned a velvet flower on a lithe round waist, mixed three doses of bicarbonate of soda, took charge of a shed pink-satin girdle,



collected, on hands and knees, several dozen fake pearls that had wept from a broken string.

She served chorus girls and school girls, gay young matrons and gayer young mistresses, a lady who had divorced four husbands, and a lady who had poisoned one, the secret (more or less) sweetheart of a Most Distinguished Name, and the Brains of a bootleg gang. . . . She saw things. She saw a yellow check, with the ink hardly dry. She saw four tiny bruises, such as fingers might make, on an arm. She saw a girl strike another girl, not playfully. She saw a bundle of letters some man wished he had not written, safe and deep in a brocaded handbag.

About midnight the door flew open and at once was pushed shut, and a gray-eyed, lovely child stood backed against it, her palms flattened on the panels at her sides, the draperies of her white chiffon gown settling lightly to rest around her.

There were already five damsels of varying ages in the dressing room. The latest arrival marked their presence with a flick of her eyes and, standing just where she was, she called peremptorily, "Maid!"

Mrs. Brady, standing just where *she* was, said, "Yes, Miss?"

"Please come here," said the girl.

Mrs. Brady, as slowly as she dared, did so.

The girl lowered her voice to a tense half-whisper. "Listen! Is there any way I can get out of here except through this door I came in?"

Mrs. Brady stared at her stupidly.

"Any window?" persisted the girl. "Or anything?"

Here they were interrupted by the exodus of two of the damsels-of-varying-ages. Mrs. Brady opened the door for them—and in so doing caught a glimpse of a man who waited in the hall outside, a debonair, old-young man with a girl's furry wrap hung over his arm, and his hat in his hand.

The door clicked. The gray-eyed girl moved out from the wall, against which she had flattened herself—for all the world like one eluding pursuit in a cinema.

"What about that window?" she demanded, pointing.

"That's all the farther it opens," said Mrs. Brady.

"Oh! And it's the only one—isn't it?"

"It is."

"Damn," said the girl. "Then there's *no* way out?"

"No way but the door," said Mrs. Brady testily.

The girl looked at the door. She seemed to look *through* the door, and to despise and to fear what she saw. Then she looked at Mrs. Brady. "Well," she said, "then I s'pose the only thing to do is to stay in here."

She stayed. Minutes ticked by. Jazz crooned distantly, stopped, struck up again. Other girls came and went. Still the gray-eyed girl sat on the couch, with her back to the wall and her shapely legs crossed, smoking cigarettes, one from the stub of another.

After a long while she said, Maid "!"

"Yes, Miss?"

"Peek out that door, will you, and see if there's anyone standing there."

Mrs. Brady peeked, and reported that there was. There was a gentleman with a little bit of a black mustache standing there. The same gentleman, in fact, who was standing there "just after you come in."

"Oh, Lord," sighed the gray-eyed girl. "Well . . . I can't stay here all *night*, that's one sure thing."

She slid off the couch, and went listlessly to the dressing table. There she occupied herself for a minute or two. Suddenly, without a word, she darted out.

Thirty seconds later Mrs. Brady was elated to find two crumpled one-dollar bills lying in her saucer. Her joy, however, died a premature death. For she made an almost simultaneous second

discovery. A saddening one. Above all, a puzzling one.

"Now what for," marveled Mrs. Brady, "did she want to walk off with them *scissors*?"

This at twelve-twenty-five.

At twelve-thirty a quartette of excited young things burst in, babbling madly. All of them had their evening wraps with them; all talked at once. One of them, a Dresden-china girl with a heart-shaped face, was the center of attention. Around her the rest fluttered like monstrous butterflies; to her they addressed their shrill exclamatory cries. "Babe," they called her.

Mrs. Brady heard snatches: "Not in this state unless . . ." "Well, you can in Maryland, Jimmy says." "Oh, there must be some place nearer than . . ." "Isn't this *marvelous*?" "When did it happen, Babe? When did you decide?"

"Just now," the girl with the heart-shaped face sang softly, "when we were dancing."

The babble resumed, "But listen, Babe, what'll your mother and father? . . ." "Oh, never mind, let's hurry." "Shall we be warm enough with just these thin wraps, do you think? Babe, will you be warm enough? Sure?"

Powder flew and little pocket combs marched through bright marcel. Flushed cheeks were painted pinker still.

"My pearls," said Babe, "are *old*. And my dress and my slippers are *new*. Now let's see—what can I *borrow*?"

A lace handkerchief, a diamond bar-pin, a pair of earrings were proffered. She chose the bar-pin, and its owner unpinned it proudly, gladly.

"I've got blue garters!" exclaimed another girl.

"Give me one, then," directed Babe. "I'll trade with you. . . . There! That fixes that."

More babbling, "Hurry! Hurry up!" . . . "Listen, are you *sure* we'll be warm enough? Because we can stop at my

house, there's nobody home." "Give me that puff, Babe, I'll powder your back." "And just to think a week ago you'd never even met each other!" "Oh, hurry up, let's get *started*!" "I'm ready." "So'm I." "Ready, Babe? You look adorable." "Come on, everybody."

They were gone again, and the dressing room seemed twice as still and vacant as before.

A minute of grace, during which Mrs. Brady wiped the spilled powder away with a damp gray rag. Then the door jumped open again. Two evening gowns appeared and made for the dressing table in a bee line. Slim tubular gowns they were, one silver, one palest yellow. Yellow hair went with the silver gown, brown hair with the yellow. The silver-gowned, yellow-haired girl wore orchids on her shoulder, three of them, and a flashing bracelet on each fragile wrist. The other girl looked less prosperous; still, you would rather have looked at her.

Both ignored Mrs. Brady's cosmetic display as utterly as they ignored Mrs. Brady, producing full field equipment of their own.

"Well," said the girl with the orchids, rousing energetically, "how do you like him?"

"Oh-h—all right."

"Meaning, 'Not any, hmm? I suspected as much!'" The girl with the orchids turned in her chair and scanned her companion's profile with disapproval. "See here, Marilee," she drawled, "are you going to be a damn fool *all* your life?"

"He's fat," said Marilee dreamily. "Fat, and—greasy, sort of. I mean, greasy in his mind. Don't you know what I mean?"

"I know *one* thing," declared the girl with orchids. "I know Who He Is! And if I were you, that's all I'd need to know. *Under the circumstances.*"

The last three words, stressed meaningfully, affected the girl called Marilee curiously. She grew grave. Her lips



and lashes drooped. For some seconds she sat frowning a little, breaking a black-sheathed lipstick in two and fitting it together again.

"She's worse," she said finally, low.

"Worse?"

Marilee nodded.

"Well," said the girl with orchids, "there you are. It's the climate. She'll never be anything *but* worse, if she doesn't get away. Out West, or somewhere."

"I know," murmured Marilee.

The other girl opened a tin of eye shadow. "Of course," she said dryly, "suit yourself. She's not *my* sister."

Marilee said nothing. Quiet she sat, breaking the lipstick, mending it, breaking it.

"Oh, well," she breathed finally, wearily, and straightened up. She propped her elbows on the plate-glass dressing-table top and leaned toward the mirror, and with the lipstick she began to make her coral-pink mouth very red and gay and reckless and alluring.

Nightly at one o'clock Vane and Moreno dance for the Club Français. They dance a tango, they dance a waltz; then, by way of encore, they do a Black

Bottom, and a trick of their own called the Wheel. They dance for twenty, thirty minutes. And while they dance you do not leave your table—for this is what you came to see. Vane and Moreno. The new New York thrill. The sole justification for the five-dollar covert extorted by Billy Costello.

From one until half past, then, was Mrs. Brady's recess. She had been looking forward to it all the evening long. When it began—when the opening chords of the tango music sounded stirringly from the room outside—Mrs. Brady brightened. With a right good will she sped the parting guests.

Alone, she unlocked her cupboard and took out her magazine—the magazine she had bought three hours before. Heaving a great breath of relief and satisfaction, she plumped herself on the couch and fingered the pages. Immediately she was absorbed, her eyes drinking up printed lines, her lips moving soundlessly.

The magazine was Mrs. Brady's favorite. Its stories were true stories, taken from life (so the Editor said); and to Mrs. Brady they were live, vivid threads in the dull, drab pattern of her night.





# THE SICK DONKEY

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS FOR 1928

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I HAVE it on the highest authority that Governor Smith will be nominated in 1928 and elected. I have it also on the highest authority that he could be elected but that he cannot be nominated. I have as well the most positive information that the Southern Democrats are secretly asking the Western Democrats to nominate Smith. I hear he will carry the South. I hear he will lose the South. I am, as you can see, bursting with the best possible information. For I have read some if not all of the surveys, the reports, the highly confidential memoranda, the less highly confidential memoranda, and the memoranda which their authors would like to have printed on the front page. I have seen travelers returning from the South, from the West, and even from Massachusetts. I have conferred and been conferred with a little. I have had two or three remarkably good dinners with two or three candidates who are positively going to be nominated after Smith and McAdoo get through cutting each other's throats.

There is no doubt about all this being the inside dope. It is inside because it is what politicians say to one another in hotel rooms before releasing their statements for the Monday papers. And it is dope for the obvious reason that it gives the man who swallows it a temporary thrill followed by confusion of mind. The inside-dope addict is easily recognizable. "This country, I tell you, is Protestant and dry. . . . It is all nonsense that a Catholic can't be nominated

. . . religious liberty . . . the Pope . . . the real trouble is Tammany . . . hypocrisy . . . a lot of yokels and hillbillies. . . . Nothing but a bunch of cheap skates from the east side. . . . A fine, upstanding American, I tell you. . . . Yes, but his friends. . . . You know if Al would only . . . Only what? . . . Give his friends a vacation. . . . Desert his friends? . . . Come out for prohibition. . . . What, forget his principles? . . . Make a few great speeches on great issues. . . . What great issues, for example? . . . *The great issues, you know. . . .*"

As one who, for three years, has chewed over all this with the dogged determination of a girl in her third hour on the same piece of gum, above all, as one doomed to go on chewing for the next twelve months, I rise to a point of personal privilege, and add one more diagnosis to all the diagnoses which are being prepared for the Democratic Party. I claim for mine only moderate virtues; it is not based on the inside dope; it is not a prophecy of what the Democrats will do but a theory of what they ought to do. The donkey is sick. Whether he is worth saving is a question I shall not try to answer.

## II

The troubles of the Democratic Party go back to the election of Abraham Lincoln. Somehow, since that fateful day there have rarely been enough Democrats in the country to elect a President. Nearly sixty-eight years



have passed, and in all that time Cleveland and Wilson are the only Democrats who have reached the White House. But even these figures do not tell the whole story. For Wilson alone in the first six years of his office really had control of Congress. Cleveland in his first term had a Republican Senate on his hands, and in his second he had a Democratic Congress for two years which devoted itself largely to a row within the party. There has never been a time since 1860 when the Republicans have not governed the country or had the power to prevent the Democratic President from governing it, except for six years under Wilson. And for a good part of those six years the Kaiser kept the Democrats from being too Democratic.

There is no such thing as a normal Democratic majority. It does not exist. Now I have never met a professional Democratic politician who could deny this fact nor one who could remember it. When it comes to playing the game, to choosing candidates, to framing what are sometimes called the issues, your professional Democrat goes blandly ahead acting as if he could win with the same rules which the Republicans use. He can't. This meat on which the Republicans feed and grow fat simply makes the Democrats leaner and leaner. It does not take a prophet or a wizard to realize that there is no hope whatever for the donkey until his managers make it their business to realize that he is by nature considerably smaller than the elephant, that he has no tusks though there is solid ivory in his head, and that since his tail is not his trunk, he moves the other way if he moves at all. He has his own asinine nature which ought to be studied with the utmost care and loving-kindness.

The Republicans start knowing that normally there are enough Republicans to win. They do not have to convert anybody, but merely to prevent about ten per cent of their supporters from backsliding. This is the whole art

of Republican politics: to persuade a normal Republican majority to stick together. Since this majority would rather stick together than fly apart, the real job of the Republican bosses is to keep a few excitable insurgents or principled men in a state of harmony. This is done usually by breakfasts of apple sauce and maple syrup, by moonlight rides on the Potomac, two or three twelve-thousand-dollar jobs, a good sound spanking in the Republican press, and then a complete flattening out under the steam roller of negro delegates at the national convention.

All this works admirably for the Republicans. But for the Democrats it is absolutely useless. They can't unite and stand pat. If they do they generally carry the Confederate States. They have to raid the Republicans, divide the Republicans, seduce the Republicans. No use for a Democratic candidate to appeal to the Democrats; there are not enough of them. He has to talk to Republicans, to the independent Republicans, to the discontented Republicans, and win them if he can.

Mere harmony will give the Republicans victory. Mere harmony will give the Democrats a beating. A nice, gentlemanly convention, like the ordinary Republican convention, such as all good professional Democrats dream about having some day, will do them no good whatever. Being the minority, they are doomed to long, roaring, sweaty convulsions while the mountain labors and once in a blue moon brings forth a victor.

### III

The second important truth about the Democrats is that they are stronger in the states than they are in the nation. Mr. Coolidge in 1924 received 382 electoral votes to the 136 of Mr. Davis. Yet at this moment the Democrats have elected Governors in states which possess 269 electoral votes. This is a majority of the Electoral College. If every state which has a Democratic

Governor were to give its electoral vote to the Democratic candidate for President, he would be elected. The Democrats are much stronger when they fight under their local leaders than when they attempt to unite under a national leader. Separated, they often win; combined, they almost invariably lose.

The effect of this is to give us local Democratic organizations which are very powerful at home but not very powerful in the nation. Now just because the Democratic strength is local, the Democratic mind is local. Where your treasure is there will your heart be also. The normal thing in the life of a Republican politician is national victory; the normal thing in the life of the Democratic politician is local victory.

The Republican organization is made up of politicians most of whom hold or expect to hold federal offices. With very little interruption they have had the federal patronage for seventy years. The Democratic organization is composed largely of state and municipal office-holders who owe their places to their ability to win local elections. The delegates at a Republican convention are used to looking to the White House for their rewards; the delegates at a Democratic convention have their eyes on the State House and the City Hall.

So the Republicans have learned to be adepts at compromising to keep their national majority together, while the Democrats are always dying on the barricades, not for abstract principles, but for the things which have enabled them to win their local victories. Therefore, they are wetter than the Republicans and dryer than the Republicans; they are more fervently for the League and more fervently against it; they are stronger regulators of business and stronger opponents of the regulation of business. They are for everything in its uncompromised form for the simple reason that each faction caters wholly to its local following.

There are wet Republican politicians, but none so wet as Smith, Ritchie, and

Reed; dry Republicans, but none so dry as the late Mr. Bryan and the rather late Mr. McAdoo. Mr. Mellon is supposed to be a strong reducer of the income tax of the very rich, but he is almost a bolshevik compared with some of the Democratic Senators from the South. Mr. Coolidge likes to let business alone, but none wishes to let it so tremendously alone as Governor Ritchie of Maryland. There are Republicans who are in favor of no nonsense from Mexico, but they are no match for such outstanding Democrats as Messrs. Boylan and Gallivan. I venture to say you can hardly find an issue on which the noblest argument either way has not been made by a leading Democrat.

Having become accustomed to playing successfully to their own gallery at home, having nothing to gain and much to lose by being merely harmonious, the Democrats are what everybody knows them to be—masters in the art of quarrelling among themselves. Nationally their greatest battles are not with the Republicans but with other Democrats; the really thrilling events in their recent history are first the battle over Bryanism and now the battle over Al Smith. They remember 1924 not as the Coolidge-Davis contest but as the McAdoo-Smith contest. And they are looking forward to 1928 as the year of another great battle between the supporters of Smith and his Democratic opponents.

#### IV

I do not wish to imply, however, that these Democratic battles are sham battles. Far from it. They are real political conflicts: they are fought on the issues which really excite the voters. Nothing could have been more real in their importance than the early Bryan campaigns. They expressed a conflict of interest between the debtor and creditor classes which goes back to the original struggle over the Constitution. The Smith candidacy has an even deeper meaning. In Al Smith there is personi-



fied the challenge of our whole immigration policy during the last seventy-five years. Smith is the first child of the new immigration who might be President of the United States. He carries with him the hopes, the sense of self-respect, and the grievances of that great mass of newer Americans who feel that they have never been wholly accepted as part of the American community. Al Smith is much more than a successful politician and a competent Governor. He is the symbol of that whole great mass of people who have come from Ireland and from Italy and from Poland and Germany and Russia with a sense that they, or that their children, would at last be raised here in America out of that social inferiority which was their lot in Europe.

Many of them are Catholics, most of them are wet, most of them live in cities. Those are all comparatively superficial facts as against the fundamental fact that they are immigrants. Are Al Smith's people one hundred per cent Americans or are they not? That is the question, never wholly expressed, which gives such peculiar intensity to the conflict about him. If he were merely a Roman Catholiclike Carroll of Carrollton who signed the Declaration of Independence, or merely an opponent of Prohibition like Nicholas Murray Butler, or merely a New Yorker belonging to a political machine, there would be opposition, but not the kind of opposition there is. Each of his three disabilities, taken by itself, could be met and answered; American politicians are expert at this business. The difficulty in Al Smith's case is not merely that he is a Catholic plus wet plus Tammany, but that he comes from a class of citizens who are felt to be alien to the historic American ideal. They are felt to be so different that they arouse the ordinary human dread of the foreign, the strange, and the unknown. To those of us who know Governor Smith these apprehensions are rather absurd. But they are none the less the source of the opposition. They

animate the ordinary expressed objections to him with a force that is stronger than argument.

The thing that is deeply felt in this conflict has no name. The Ku Klux Klan is merely a somewhat absurd and often vicious exploitation of a sentiment that is more intimate and genuine and tragic than words can express. The anti-Smith feeling in the South and West is the most understandable thing in the world to anyone who has once felt it. The older life of America in villages and small towns, with its very special religious tradition, is a civilization which is quite distinct from that which is now developing in great metropolitan centers like New York. It is not surprising; for it is in the very nature of men themselves that they should resist instinctively the invasion of a culture which is so alien to all their habits and ideals.

If this issue could be settled by ordinary argument it would be easy enough to convince any reasonable man that the election of Governor Smith would not seriously affect the laws, the administration, or governmental policy. Things would be what they are going to be regardless of him. But the issue is not arguable in this way. This candidacy is the symbol of a way of life which the Americans of the Democratic strongholds think of as alien and evil. The President is not merely the Chief Executive. He is Head of the State, with some of the qualities of a king; he embodies a national ideal. The older Americans, especially those who are most remote from the big cities, shrink violently from certifying as genuinely American the kind of thing Al Smith comes out of.

The Democratic Party is the theater of this conflict because it is the minority party. In the North it has catered to the new immigrants for fifty years and has given them their first opportunity to exercise power. In the South the Party has catered precisely to those Americans who have shared least in the industrial development of the cities and suffered

most from them. As a result, the Democracy in the North is altogether citified and in the South it is up-country. Its leadership in one section has come from the sidewalks and has culminated in Smith; in the other section it is rural and Bryan was its prophet. The differences in outlook within the Democratic Party are the widest which exist in the American nation. A greater contrast is not possible in politics than that between the outlook of William Jennings Bryan and Alfred E. Smith.

Politically the Democratic factions have only this in common, that *locally* they are both opposed to the Republicans. Each faction fights the Republicans, but it fights for its own reasons and with its own local issues. Socially they have this in common, that they are both more or less outside that great combination of business interests which governs the country through the Republican Party. But this in itself is no basis of union on which to make a successful political campaign. For the grievances of the rural sections against big business are quite distinct from the grievances of the city people. The countryside wants to make food and raw materials dear, manufacture and transportation cheap; the city wants the reverse. A measure like the McNary-Haugen bill would, if it worked, cost the city people money. A reduction of the tariff in the interest of the farmer might cost many workingmen their jobs. So while both farmers and workingmen may denounce Big Business, they do not have a common interest and they do not mean the same thing.

## V

The men who nominate a President and write the platform are themselves candidates for office. Being human, they are really more interested in their own offices than in the Presidency. They will, therefore, try to find a candidate who will help them win the offices they are personally seeking. The best candidate is, of course, a sure winner

who will give them the patronage. But as between a sure winner who might hurt them in carrying their own districts, and a probable loser who is popular in their district, they will almost invariably prefer the probable loser. To a Democratic politician it is normal to lose the national election and win the local election. His overwhelming preoccupation is to win that local election.

The Democrats who do manage to be elected are the rulers of the party, and in the long run they are certain to rule the party in the interest of their local machines. Now if you count the strong Democratic Congressional districts—I mean those which are almost certain to elect Democrats—you find, according to Professor Holcombe of Harvard, that there are 155 of them. Two-thirds of these are rural. But what is more striking is that there are only 25 districts in the Al Smith cities which are strongly Democratic. Of the more or less permanent representation of the party in Congress, then, the Al Smith wing controls absolutely only about one-sixth of the seats. This means that, taking the party as it is, the urban Democrats of the North are a minority of a minority.

The permanent strength of the Democrats is in the rural districts. Moreover, it is plain that they have their best chance to gain new seats in the rural districts. There are about 117 districts which are really close. Only a quarter of these are in the cities. The great remainder are in the farming sections of the Middle West. There is no escaping the conclusion that in actual political strength the rural Democrats far outweigh the urban Democrats.

Why, then, do they not let the cities go hang, and make the Democratic Party the farmer's party of America? That would be a perfectly logical thing to do. Why go on trying to combine the urban East with the rural South? Why not frankly abandon the East and combine the rural South and the rural West? Why not make the Democratic Party the organ of the farm bloc and let the Re-



publican party be the organ of industry?

This is exactly what Bryan did in 1896 and what Mr. McAdoo and his friends have been trying to do since 1924. They have, I think, all the logic on their side. But they haven't the electoral votes. Bryan was beaten by 95 electoral votes in 1896, by 137 electoral votes in 1900, by 159 electoral votes in 1908. He made his best showing the first time he ran. But even then he lost six states with 57 electoral votes which theoretically belong with the South and West. That was enough to defeat him. No other Democrat has ever come so near to being elected by a straight appeal to the rural vote of the South and West. The one conceivable exception was Woodrow Wilson in his second election in 1916. But that is the exception which proves the rule. Wilson won with a margin of only 23 votes. But he had carried Ohio which has 24 votes, and California which has 13 votes. The loss of either of these states would have elected Hughes. Neither state belongs to the farm bloc and neither can be counted on, except under extremely freakish conditions, to vote for a rural Democrat. The Wilson victory of 1916 is the only one since the Civil War in which the Democrats have won by an appeal chiefly to the South and West. And in that election Wilson ran far ahead of his ticket in the Northwest and the Far West. Counting in Governors, Senators, Congressmen, 1916 was a personal victory for Woodrow Wilson but a defeat for the Democratic Party.

The unmistakable fact is that the election of a President is decided in the territory which lies East of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River. In the industrial states from New England to Illinois are to be found the greatest number of people, and the greatest number of electoral votes. These are the states in which the big cities predominate. Any plan of campaign which does not aim at the capture of some of these states is a plan of defeat. There is no way of winning without carrying some big indus-

trial states. It might be logical to make a purely sectional appeal. But there is no chance of victory in it. The only Democrats who have ever won were Cleveland and Wilson. The one was a Governor of New York. The other was a Governor of New Jersey. Both were elected because the Eastern Republicans were split.

## VI

This, then, is the problem of the Democratic Party: It is normally a minority party. It has great local strength in the rural South and in the urban East. It has no local strength, in fact almost no local existence, west of the Mississippi. Its two factions in the South and East are divided not only on most issues but on the deeper questions of culture. The logical Democratic combination is the South and the West. But this is a combination which cannot win. The illogical combination is the East and South. It might win. But it involves a sacrifice of principle and prejudice. The chief sacrifice in such a combination must be made by the South to the prejudices of the East because the Democratic South is "solid" whereas the Democratic East is "independent."

The question for 1928, therefore, is whether the South will follow its principles and accept defeat, or follow the Smith Democrats to a possible victory. There is no certainty that Smith can win. Far from it. But there is a certainty that a rural Democrat, a follower of Bryan, would lose. Barring some unforeseen calamity to the Republicans which would reproduce the conditions of 1912, the only Democrat with a fighting chance is a Democrat who is as strong or stronger than Al Smith in the Northern cities.

It is not a brilliant prospect for the Democrats, however they look at it. The best way for them to look at 1928 is to look beyond to 1932. They have to make up their minds what sort of party they mean to have in the future. If they mean to have a farm bloc party

there is no use compromising with the East; the intelligent thing to do is to nominate a dry, rural Democrat from the West and set to work in earnest to build up a Democratic organization in the farming districts. Some day they might with luck be strong enough to win in a great sectional controversy over the relative position of agriculture and industry. But if this is too thin a prospect, then the intelligent thing to do is to nominate Governor Smith, and go wholeheartedly at the business of uniting the Eastern and Southern Democrats. This might be done by abandoning national prohibition, and reforming the Southern Democracy around the new leaders who are bound to appear as the South becomes industrialized and develops large cities. Either program has a promise for the future, and the second, the Smith program, has this added inducement that if the Governor happened to be elected in 1928, the Democrats would have all the immense advantages in rebuilding their party which come from control of the federal government.

The one thing the Democrats ought not to do in 1928 is to aim at harmony by compromise. A colorless candidate on

a colorless platform will give them neither victory in 1928 nor strength for the future. He would merely deepen the local divisions within the party. Such a nomination would merely postpone to 1932 a decision which might just as well be made in 1928. The Democrats this year can do nothing better for themselves and for their party's future than to come to a final conclusion as to whether they mean to follow the strategy of Bryanism or the strategy of Al Smith.

They must make a definite decision one way or the other. If this diagnosis is correct all the well-meant efforts now on foot to avoid a decision, to ignore their differences, to find a candidate who is "acceptable" to everybody, can end in nothing but another Republican victory. The Democrats are in the minority. If they were all united, they would still lose. Unless the Republicans split themselves, their only hope is to take a bold line by raiding the Republican strength either in the farming constituencies or in the cities. If they try to do both, they will repeat the experience of Buridan's ass which stood so long hesitating between two equally attractive bales of hay that it starved to death.





## “PAX!”

BY FORD MADDOX FORD

I WAS sitting the night before last—this is the Mediterranean port in which, when Fate permits, I spend my working months—listening to some young fellows with open collars, displaying dark blue jumpers, and wearing queer white convict hats; at least in England those hats would have been worn by one class of convict and would not have been white. They were discussing the tenets of Confucius.

Moreover they were discussing the tenets of Confucius at the top of their voices in order—or at any rate so as to drown the balalaikas of the Russian orchestra that was playing a Hindu melody. The elderly French bourgeoisie were meanwhile hissing, that café being the evening haunt of the quiet, elderly French of the town who come to listen to the music. At any rate they sometimes listen to the music—or on that occasion they wanted to listen to that music. Or they certainly did not want to hear an incomprehensible discussion as to the tenets of Confucius.

Usually, I mean, we all sit and talk in lowish voices and, the balalaikas being very powerful, we can hear what is played or not as we like. . . . But, you see, a shiver of apprehension had gone through the town in the morning at beholding two white—or so light gray as to make no difference—war vessels glide into the pellucid blue waters of the inner harbor and come to moorings displaying a rather dreaded, bright flag on the staffs at their sterns. That that flag is dreaded when displayed behind warships in these ports is due to usually nocturnal feats performed by

the bluejackets, and still more by the warrant officers of those ships when they happen to visit these shores . . . to the appalling obscenity of their language and to the exceedingly loud nature of their voices.

Now I hate manifestations of dislike between nations or between individuals of nations, and this was a semi-organized display of international dislike. An enormous number—a whole fleet's crew—of our own bluejackets had been turned loose for a whole week just the week before in this town and they had leaned across those same tables talking in one another's ears in low tones, or had climbed up on to the music platform and played the balalaikas and the saxophones for the Russians, and had been received like the modest, rather rustic heroes that indeed they are. But for the bluejackets of this other power—let her remain nameless!—the native population was doing what we call laying out. They had decided, I think, that this particular brand of hero was to be excluded from their quieter cafés. . . . Well, I leaned across to the nearest of those young fellows and said that the French people wanted to listen to that particular piece of music, so would they be quiet.

They became instantly as quiet as a pondful of frogs over which there has fallen the shadow of an owl. And, indeed, I found, having entered into conversation with several of them after the song was over, that they were in fact every whit as gentle, modest, and anxious to avoid giving offense as ever my own brand of that trade could have been. And infinitely better instructed!

For I cannot imagine any British tar who should have heard of Confucius, let alone flinging extracts from the *Literary Digest* at his shipmates' heads in deafening tones. Yet that was what these fellows had been doing.

Ships, I suppose, are like regiments—and in this port most of the mischief for the ships of that unnamed nation has been caused by one particular cruiser that I do not name, for I see that she is now engaged in popping off shells into the continent of Asia. She was too long in these waters; her men—and particularly her warrant officers—were too old to have any shynesses left, so her scars are to be found in many, many places on the gentle bosom of France from Paris outwards. It is a pity, for as a rule seaports are the most international of places, refuges where the common amity of the sea unites men of all races in the cordiality of shared experience. It will perhaps pass over. No one could be gentler, less obtrusive, or more conciliatory than our present visitors. They hardly bulk more, except for their queer hats, than the other, smaller fellows who, with little red pompoms on *their* hats glide along the streets beneath the plane trees with the grace of gazelles and the voicelessness of shadows. Curiously enough, two of those last this afternoon passed me talking rather loudly . . . in German. They were Alsations: it seemed to me queer to find Alsations in the Navy; you might as well expect to find Swiss. And then immediately afterwards there passed me three fellows with the white head-coverings talking rather loudly in German. They were Pennsylvania Dutch. One of them had told me so the night before. It seemed almost as queer to me to find Pennsylvania Dutch following the sea. But I suppose it isn't.

At any rate it is very agreeable to me, for I begin more and more to lose all sense of the difference between nations and to hope more and more that those differences will appear negligible. For, indeed, the differences between

nations are all mostly as negligible as the differences between the queer white head-pieces of the one set of sailors, and the silly little red pompoms of the others. Consider either of them, indeed, as set against the dignified and appropriate—but upon my soul I cannot remember what sort of hats the British tars were wearing the other day! . . . Anyhow, if I wanted to go to war with anyone—and I am not in the least a pacifist—I would rather do it about that than about any other thing. For what is the sense of wearing the correctly idiotic, little boy's collar; the correct mourning for Nelson—though the French do not wear that; the correct, little boy's jerkin, the correct bags—if on the top of all you put that white pork-pie! It is against all decency! Let us, by all means, go to war—I am now speaking as a Briton—with both those nations until, having brought them to their knees and involved the universe, we force the one to abolish the red pompom and—yes, to wear the black silk kerchief that indicates grief for the death of the victor of Trafalgar. And the others shall wear—oh, whatever the correct little boy's sailor hat is.

## II

And that is what I am really getting at. I was asked the other day by a publisher—American—to write a book explaining why the United States has for the European almost exactly the same aspect that Prussia had before the war; the aspect of a Power so menacing that European activities are all as it were under a shadow. And not merely financially menacing!

After a good deal of reflection I did not write that book. It seemed to me that, if I could impress on the inhabitant of the United States the aspect that his publicists and politicians have contrived to give to the features of his nation, the inhabitant of the United States might be induced to . . . oh, to pay some attention to what his politicians and



publicists are doing. But I considered that I might do more harm than good. I might contrive to influence a few hundred Americans in the direction that I desired; on the other hand, I might provide millions of Europeans with material for flouts and jeers. It is perhaps a fact—I at least read it this morning, as you shall see, in an American daily—it is thus perhaps a fact that the United States has Europe pretty generally, if in varying degrees, arrayed against her—together with a slice of the Western Hemisphere, and a good deal of Asia. But that is to be cured by other means than pointing out the fact and, of necessity, pointing the fact with illustrations.

I will illustrate as concretely as I can what I mean, with two instances. Let me begin with the morals first. I have never, then, since the war heard any English person discuss Americans, as politically such, either in terms of favor or disfavor. On the other hand, I have myself felt temporarily offended at being styled an alien, or even a foreigner, when I was in the United States; and I have never met an Englishman there who did not feel more or less strongly the same emotions. And I have heard a great many Americans express exactly the same sentiments when in England; and I have felt unthinkingly outraged that in England the police should apply the same restrictions to Americans as to other aliens. I am bound to add that once when coming up the Thames on an American bottom I felt a certain pleasurable amusement at the consternation which struck my American fellow-passengers at discovering that they and no longer I were—aliens. They expressed, indeed, loud indignation when not they but I, exclaiming, “Do I look like an American!” walked past the Alien Immigration officer and stood unimpeded on the dock.

That, of course, is a touch of the old Adam. I have so often had to stand that sort of thing myself, in the inverse sense, that it may be permitted me. But the salient point was that *those*

aliens said they were going home and did not expect to be so treated. And indeed I agreed. They were going to the country of Dickens, and Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, The Old Curiosity Shop—Poet’s Corner—all so much more real to them than to me. For what do *we* care about such matters? (I do not by the bye make the mistake of thinking that all Americans consider what we mostly regard as old junk as their national birthright. But there are enough to make a beginning—and to make us ashamed.)

But let me get to my illustration in the contrary sense. I was then, until lately, puzzled at one recurrent accusation that I have heard uttered against Americans in Europe. It used to crop up oddly, usually as a conclusion to a tirade. “What,” the utterer would exclaim; “can you say for a people whose theaters smell of offal!” And this used to puzzle me until lately I went to Chicago and was asked by several of the inhabitants of that very sensitive city whether I had really smelled the stock-yards in their opera house. You see, they—I mean those sensitive individuals, not all the inhabitants of the city of the Fire and Loop—had been seriously hurt by some sort of foreigner who, coming to visit them, had gone away declaring that so sensitive was he that he had actually performed that olfactory feat. Even that person—I do not remember who he was: some sort of minor poet or major journalist—had only meant to display his own poetic intensity; he had meant to say that he had not been able to forget the stock-yards when in the foyer of the opera house. That, I daresay, is true. I have had a good deal to do with slaughtering beasts—mostly pigs—and I daresay, if I were really a poet, I might remember them, now and then, with regret; though I never do.

But that fellow had to put that record of his emotions picturesquely; and he put it so picturesquely that half the papers in Europe and, I daresay, all the

papers in America, quoted that passage, with the results which I have already adumbrated. *Every* American is, therefore, by certain Europeans regarded as the sort of insensible individual who can sit in a theater reeking of putrid meat. That does not help the cause of peace.

Nay, more: it is the sort of thing that causes wars.

I suppose myself to be the most determined foe to the ideal of Big Business that can be found; but it is necessary at times to look some facts in the face, and if the World is to make war on the United States it had better be because of, say, the shape of its bluejackets' hats, whatever that may be, than because of the smell in the Chicago Opera House. I have been in theaters in the country of the gentleman who said that Americans were barbarians because they sat in theaters that smelled—in theaters in comparison with which the Chicago Opera House is a scent laboratory on the Riviera in spring-blossom time.

Yet it is such allegations that cause, if not declarations, yet at least the cheerful prosecutions of wars. Obviously the boodlers, big business men, discount houses, and political caucuses that rule all our nations with practically no reference to the desires or ideals of our peoples (I am speaking of the comity of the nations that border on the North Atlantic)—obviously those suspect, deviously skilled personalities can at any moment involve any of our nations in war with any other of our nations, and by aid of our more venal journals, might even get up an enthusiasm for that war. But that last can only be assured by careful preparation of the ground.

By careful preparation of the ground by gentlemen of the kidney of our friend who smelled the stockyards in the opera house! Wars are declared for all sorts of reasons—because of fear more often than not. But they are not cheerfully prosecuted unless the peoples engaged are convinced that the individuals of the enemy nations are too brutish to be accorded the sympathies due to

human beings. Yet once that position has been established against the Enemy, we shall fight to the bitter end. We shall fight to the bitter end because if we are vanquished we shall have to endure the forcing on ourselves of the brutish habits of the conqueror. We shall have to eat black bread, rotten cabbage, and sausages . . . or sit in theaters that smell of putrid meat. Our theaters may smell already and our food be so badly cooked that we are a land of eternally depressed dyspeptics; that will make no odds; we desire to go to the grave by our own lack of sanitation, not the other fellow's!

### III

These are, of course, homely illustrations; the profound truths they adumbrate may be put more pompously. I will proceed to put them more pompously, since there are people who will not look at any truth unless polyphonetically proclaimed. The fact is, then, that if we human beings fight we fight more willingly to preserve our civilizations than for any other reason. If, then, a politician or publicist can be found to proclaim that I am—or in the alternative, that you are—the less civilized of the two, I will fight you or you me. I will fight against your Prohibition because you are of so low an order of humanity that you cannot be kept from making a beast of yourself without Federal enactments; moreover you sit in theaters that smell of offal and, for all we know, your bluejackets wear the wrong sort of little boys' hats. Possibly even white-linen ones. We, on the other hand, regard ourselves as God's chosen. We have nostrils so sensitive! Ours is God's Own Country, Eng. I assure you that my countrymen look at their country like that!

You, on the other hand—I am presuming you to belong to God's Own Country, U. S. A.—you then, the chosen of the Almighty, will fight me because I, the slave of tyrants, would force alcoholic liquors on your wives and children,



not to mention yourself; I would reduce your population to the condition of sudden brutishness that distinguishes me; I would force you to wear teeth five inches long, to ventilate your living rooms, drink tea, suppress your divorce reports . . . Who knows what?

It is in that way that populations regard each other, really. And it is time they gave it up. I am not a pacifist—at any rate I am not a professional pacifist. If anyone gets up a first-class war I should hope to be in it in one capacity or another, and of course on the right side. I mean that if there is any fun going I should like my share of it; but I do not mean that I want anyone to declare war on anyone else. The fun I want is that of seeing the arts and abstract thought knocking Big Business off the earth; with that any sort of war, anywhere, would seriously interfere. I should hate to see all Europe, half South America, half Asia, and all the rest of the world setting about the United States. I should hate it because I love New York, and New York would be the first to get it in the neck. Yet that is what the politicians' publicists' United States is asking for.

The rest of the nation probably does not know that it is what it is asking for—any more than those sailors in my café knew that they risked getting that place of repose put out of bounds for them by talking during the performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Chant Hindou." But they did. I do not mean to say that the war-risk is very imminent. It is about as imminent as the war of 1914 was in 1870—but that is near enough. And that is a nasty state of affairs which has been brought about not merely by American politicians and the smart Alecks that write for the American press, but by all the politicians and all the smart Alecks the world over. It is time our peoples turned their attentions to what is being done for us.

You may say that we can do nothing. But that is not so. I read, for instance, yesterday an editorial in an American

paper circulating largely in this country—a leading article that said complacently just what I have been saying above. (You have been thinking that I exaggerated.) But that editorial stated quite complacently that the United States was detested and feared by Europe, by nearly all the South American Republics, by at least one great Asiatic Empire. It dwelt on that fact with complacency and then concluded, "Let them hate as long as they fear." . . . Do you know what Bismarck said in 1888 when someone told him that the whole world hated and feared the nation of which he was Chancellor? He said, "*Oderint dum metuant*. Let them hate as long as they fear!"

Now I do not know much about the Ku Klux Klan. I have heard it very soundly abused in Europe. There is one English journal which has seriously advocated that we should take steps against the United States because she shelters that organization, just as several United States journals have seriously suggested that steps should be taken against the British Empire because she does not adopt Prohibition. On the other hand I have heard the Klan quite seriously commended in the United States by nice, old-fashioned, educated people. So no doubt it has its good points; if, then, it would extend its services to the extent of taking the writer and the commissioner of that leading article and putting them in honorary positions on the staff of a deaf, dumb, and blind asylum in the middle of the western alkali plains, it would deserve as well of the rest of Christendom as of the rural districts of the United States.

For that really was a very atrocious performance. It would have been bad enough if that editorial had decorated the columns of a small-town weekly lost somewhere in the Middle West. But here was a journal enjoying the hospitality of the power which it treated with the greatest contempt in that editorial; it addressed itself to enormous

bodies of its own nationals who were just then pouring into that contemned country. *What* influence is it going to have on that guileless and not immensely well-instructed crowd that, already not over-endowed with modesty, was about to pour itself abroad on a country not so friendly as all that? . . . I heard lately a boy of seventeen from one of your principal Eastern universities address the waiter in a European trans-continental dining car. The waiter said that they did not there serve *eau nature* but they had several kinds of mineral waters. Said that boy, “If you don’t give me ordinary drinking water I will take myself and my money out of your pauper country and where will you be then?” He had shortly before pointed out to me the report of one of Mr. Mellon’s speeches on international matters. But *what* would he have done if he had just been reading that editorial?

#### IV

I do not mean that American papers are any worse than French ones and, though the papers of my own country are in this respect better, it is rather because our journalists either cannot, or are not encouraged to, write incisively. And it is to be remembered that English newspapers are very much larger affairs as regards circulation—or at any rate as regards sales in proportion to population—than are either American or French papers. They have thus a greater sense of responsibility. They really have. A newspaper proprietor who knows that his paper will be read by three and a half million families will, however venal or irresponsible, think at least twice before commissioning the sort of pin-pricking stuff that is really what embitters nation against nation. I remember some years ago being in the proprietorial room of a great English paper, paying a call on the proprietor. A new leader-writer came in and asked for his day’s instructions. At that moment a deputation of the journalists of a Power with whom we

were none too friendly was visiting London. The newspaper-proprietor told his leader-writer to write about this visit of the foreign journalists. He started by resenting the visit and telling his henchman to resent it. But then he said, “No. Be polite, but not *too* polite.” And later he remarked to me on the enormous influence of his journal. . . . We were, nevertheless, shortly afterwards at war with the country those journalists represented.

Now I do not suppose that the editor of a small-town journal of the Middle West would feel the same hesitation if he thought that by writing an inflammatory article of the lion’s-tail-twisting order he could increase his circulation from two thousand daily to two thousand two hundred; nor would the editor of, say, the *Républicain Varois* with a circulation of two or three hundred feel any hesitation in recommending a pogrom of all the Anglo-Saxon visitors to his department if he thought it would be fun to do it. I remember sitting under the plane trees of a very remote, very ancient city far to the west of where I am writing and reading a Royalist journal. Its circulation could not have been more than two or three thousand weekly and it was edited and financed, though its appearance was very irregular, by a perfectly irresponsible Royalist marquis who wrote quite brilliantly—about as brilliantly as one could write. And the political recommendations of this organ, whether international or domestic, were of a kind that would have made both Torquemada and Bird o’ Freedom Sawin rub their eyes. And well written. So well written that as I sat in that old Place and read I thought I was mad.

Well, I happened to get into conversation with that newspaper-proprietor a little later. He was a very cultivated, good-humored, and indeed humorous sort of cosmopolitan. And when I remonstrated with him over his publication he asked me what it mattered. He said he had about three hundred readers a day. What would they do in a popu-



lation of thirty millions or so?—whereas they might turn a municipal election in that city! And, indeed, I have had much the same thing said to me by representatives of small journals in various parts of the Middle West—and once by a member of the staff of a very influential Boston paper. They all said they were writing only for home consumption, so what did it matter? I daresay the gentleman who smelled the stock-yards in the opera house compounded similarly with his conscience.

But it does matter terribly; in the first place because it is beastly, and then beastly, and then again beastly. And then still more, because each of those imbecile articles is the potential spark that may ignite all the arsenals in the world. For each of them has a potential, who knows how many, million readers? It suffices for any big News Agency, or any mischievous journalist of a widespread journal to get hold of the *Républicain Varois* or the *Dayton* (not necessarily Ohio) *Republican* and to reproduce its opinions as representing the settled convictions of France or the United States, and infinite mischief may be done, since there is no end to the possible reverberations.

And there is no end to the possible variations on this theme. Thus America suffers more, I think, than any other country from its organs that represent Uplift, whether of the hundred-per-cent brand or the, let us say, Bohemian variety. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that Americans, on which ever side of the blanket they may prefer to lie, are less able than the inhabitants of other countries to let one another alone. They interfere with one another's morals, drains, pursuits, beliefs, dances, clothes, and all the other things that go to color and make up the life of man, far more than the inhabitants of most other countries—and they do it far more in public and by communications to public organs. There are so many more of these in the United States than other nations are inclined to support. In England,

France, Germany, Italy—where you will in Europe—one lady in a village street on seeing another pass her by will remark, “Oo, ’er! She’s got a new feather in ’er ’at. *She* ain’t no better than she should be,” with the natural variations for the respective dialect. It will, however, end there. It seems to me, however, that in the United States she would not only feel moved to write to the papers lamenting the decay of the times, but that she would find a journal to print her opinions, a preacher to thunder in her sense from the pulpit, a kleagle to organize the tarring and feathering of the offender, a political boss to make the matter a plank in a program, and immense and unreasonably wealthy organizations to see that new feathers are not worn otherwise than in tar. And the press comments and the press anti-comments will cause reverberations that shall penetrate into the center of China, giving the strangest views of the barbarian nature of Occidental civilizations. Nor, on the whole, can one be certain that the proceedings of what I will call the hundred-per-cent press and organizations are not less deleterious from an international point of view than what again I will call the Bohemian factions and their activities. Each side aims at interfering with their fellow men, which is for me the most abhorrent of crimes. But the hundred-per-cent uplift people have for the foreigner at least the aspect of aiming at the improvement of their fellow-citizens; the others unveil the hypocrisies, weaknesses, bad English, and savageries of their opponents without much attempt at a constructive policy of liberation. The process is, I believe, called debunking; but the debunker is seldom more than the old presbyter inverted.

And, as I have said, the harm done abroad by these organs and publicists is very considerable since they supply in tabloid form ammunition for every enemy of the United States. We are by now so used to the lively fare supplied us by American journalists through their



News Agencies that we find it hard to be much interested in their projections of American life. If gunmen seized the President of the United States and held him for ransom we should say that it was merely what we had been led to anticipate—or if bootleggers seized all the Federal buildings and executives in New York. But when widespread debunking magazines expose the hypocrisies of the American clergy of all denominations, the brazen-lunged mental corruption of all the American great from Washington to P. T. Barnum, the imbecility of all state legislatures from Arkansas to Wyoming, the imbecility of all the American press from Wyoming to Arkansas, the insularity of Rhodes scholars, the fact that, according to the figures of the Woolworth and Kresge five-cent chain stores, the American people prefers bright colors to dull ones (and I am looking through only one copy of one such organ)—when widespread debunking magazines do that, not only are they displaying Pharisaism (which is a matter between themselves and their God), but they are supplying to the enemies of the United States exactly the materials which the enemies of the United States want. I have been following with attention the leaders of a particularly pestilential English weekly, and whenever that organ refers to the United States—which it invariably does with a sort of academic abhorrence—it ends its tirade with what amounts to, “But what can you expect from a people who . . .” and then a citation from the American debunker.

And it is all hypocrisy—the hypocrisy that consists in insisting on searching for the person of the sacred Emperor in a Coney Island dime show. The United States is a great wild country, like any other great wild country; it is inhabited by human beings much like any other human beings; it has strata of infinitely varying cultures, as is the case with every other nation. The clergy of all nations are distinguished by what appears hypocrisy to the non-sympathizer; all

public men are distinguished by brazen lungs and by their pouring out of banalities; all small local legislatures are apt to display imbecility; all natural peoples prefer to have their goods done up in bright-colored parcels. I do myself.

We are in the nineteen hundred and twenty-eighth year of the Christian era—then cannot we have done with silly nagging between nations? For myself I grow nearly frenzied when I hear a semi-imbecile Briton sneer at the United States, or a cheaply epigrammatic American condemn my own country, or a Frenchman too skilful of tongue pour vitriol over both. We are all decent nations with creditable records of varying intellectual value. Then why cannot we let one another alone—at least in the regions where it can be done. Politicians and Finance and Big Business and the Publicists must, I suppose, continue to do their best to embroil us; that is their game. But hatred between nations is not a necessary or inevitable growth; we are all in effect too forced to rely the one upon the other.

So I have called this article “Pax!” after the breathless ejaculation that, as schoolboys, we used to let out when we were too hard pressed in any running game. Let us have a cessation, let each of us do what he can to bring about a cessation, of this cruel and ignorant schoolboy’s sport of crying “Yah” and sticking out our tongues at each other over the fence. The Big International Interests appear very formidable and gigantic, but they have their vulnerable heels, and we quiet people seem more in their clutches than we actually are. You have only to look at what France has done to her politicians in the past year to see what a fairly awake nation can do in the way of putting the fear of God into caucuses and conventions. I am not a constructive politician, but it seems to me that what France could do Anglo-Saxondom also might accomplish in a different direction. We let our statesmen play old Harry with us for most of



the time, but in the end they are frightened of us. It is only really a matter of displaying our goodwill one to the other. I am trying herewith to begin.

# V

And do not believe that that goodwill does not exist. I began with an anecdote of this Mediterranean seaport. Let me finish with another. I was then in the theater here, attending a performance of a play called "*Pas sur la Bouche*." The chief character of this play is an American citizen who objects for hygienic reasons to being kissed on the mouth. And this character was played by a real American who was more American than any American you ever imagined. He must have been six foot seven high and leaner than any salmon you ever put back; he had a cheerful complexion, the cutest of elongated light-gray suits; no visible check book; and upon the charmers who surrounded him—and they were pretty things—he beamed with myopic eyes through horn-rimmed spectacles as large as motor headlights. Well, he was an American. And he was beloved. You should have heard the women of that simple audience cry out with delight when he said "Wal," and "I guess and calculate!" and "Put it there!" and smiled his lovely bland, imbecilely good-natured smile. And you should have heard them say, "*Pas mal chic, ce type là*." And, still more significantly, to their attendant swains, when that American had performed some act of generous sentimentality, "*Ah, les*

*Yenkis, ils sont comme ça!*" And when, on the approach of a charming young thing, he agitatedly extended his hands downwards in the attitude of a nymph surprised bathing and cried out, "Not on the mouth! . . . *A—oh! pas sur la bouche!*" Ah, then . . .

You see, even the men in the audience did not object to him. Men do not object to other men who do not want to be kissed. At least the French are like that.

In short, he was modest, inarticulate, friendly, generous, infectiously gay—the American of the old school as the French remember him. As in the case of my American friends who, at the thought of Dickens and the Poet's Corner considered that they were children come home, that earlier American tradition is a good foundation for friendship between nations. If only we could set a little more store by what lies beneath those flagstones at Westminster—for of what use is American enthusiasm when confronted with our own indifference to our own chief glories?—and if only you could muzzle Senator— Well, we are not talking politics. But tell him, if he has to say those things in order to ensure re-election, to say them, but differently. He may well be the elect of God's Own people; but we too, in Mediterranean and other ports, are accustomed to believe that we are the children of God—of a no doubt smaller God with fewer stars in his Milky Way, and less gold on the floors of his pavilions. But still . . . Have a try at it. Or get him to read Washington's last message to Congress. Yes, that, perhaps!



## RELIGION IN BUSINESS

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

MANY business men of my generation—executives whose business experience goes back twenty-five years or more—find a grave interest in the modern American tendency toward a *rapprochement* between the forces of commerce and emotional religion. Opinion is divided according to individual temperament. Some regard the phenomenon as a deplorable encroachment of business on sacred matters, that must in the end be disastrous to business and religion alike. Others consider it a most desirable state of affairs and one on which to base the most optimistic hopes for a much higher plane of morality in American life.

For the non-business reader perhaps it will be necessary to illustrate by a concrete example the phenomenon that so concerns these executives. The following may serve: Recently a body known as The National Association of Credit Men held its annual convention in New York City, with more than three thousand delegates in attendance. As the name implies, the Association is a purely business organization, and the advance notices stressed the fact that the convention was to be an eminently practical one; yet the following features were comprised in the six-day program:

Six sessions of community singing. A special devotional service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Five sessions of prayer conducted respectively by three Protestant clergymen, one priest of the Roman Catholic Church, one Jewish rabbi. An oration by a prominent Y.M.C.A. secretary. An address on the subject, "Lincoln as a Busi-

ness Man"; another on "The Statesman in Business." A sermon by the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LL.D., entitled, "Religion in Business."

To a person unacquainted with modern business procedure it might appear unusual that these purely inspirational and religious features should have been presented; yet the confirmed convention goer recognizes them as the rule rather than as the exception. At the last convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs, held in Philadelphia, the keynote address was given also by Doctor Cadman, who is president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, choosing as his title, "Imagination and Advertising." Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of the Chelsea M. E. Church of New York City, presided over the Church Advertising Department, and some of the subjects discussed were: "Spiritual Principles in Advertising," by Prof. Lee A. Wolfard, Marshall University, Huntington, West Virginia; "Advertising in Building a Bible Class," by H. V. Jamison, Advertising Manager, American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.; and "Advertising the Kingdom Through Press-Radio Service," by James Wright Brown, editor and publisher, New York.

Each night cabaret entertainment was furnished the convention delegates from half past eleven to two. Part of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant was also presented.

I have quoted from these two convention programs because of the size and importance of the organizations represented. But the same mingling of



business and emotional religious activities takes place at a large proportion of the fifteen thousand conventions held annually in the United States. The demand for inspirational entertainment at business gatherings has created a profitable profession followed by many nationally known religious speakers. Perhaps the best known of these is Mr. Fred B. Smith, former International Y.M.C.A. secretary, and now affiliated with the Committee of One Thousand, the Church Peace Union, and World Alliance. At Mr. Smith's New York offices it is stated that he addresses each year more than two hundred gatherings and that engagements are booked twelve months in advance.

A peculiar feature of this mingling of business and religious activity lies in the fact that it is a growth of the past twenty-odd years. It is, moreover, a distinctly American trend, with no counterpart in the business life of Great Britain or Continental countries.

The question naturally arises: Do these things presage a new era in American commercial affairs, a speeding of the time when business shall be conducted on a plane of such fairness that no law save that of the Golden Rule shall be necessary? Or are those executives more nearly right who profess to see in it a mere cynical use of religion by business for selfish ends, an unhealthy state of affairs that can end only in disrespect for religion and eventually for law itself? Perhaps a brief review of American business history may somewhat clarify the merits of these conflicting schools of thought.

## II

Up to the beginning of the present century American business was generally conducted along the lines that are still in vogue in Europe. There was little of what is known now as "high-powered salesmanship." The majority of our large enterprises were one-man-owned, or family-owned. We began definitely to break away from European tradition

only when large numbers of these enterprises were changed from individual ownership to corporate ownership—a movement that was general during the first decade of this century. For obvious reasons, corporate ownership of enterprises tended toward more active salesmanship. When a business was owned by a single individual or family there was no particular incentive to push sales beyond a normal volume. If a man's factory were earning half a million dollars a year, that sum was in all likelihood more than he could spend; and it was human nature that he should think more of his personal comfort than of increasing his profit to a million dollars a year if the latter could be attained only by exhausting effort. The average rich man in business—particularly if his riches are inherited—is content to let well enough alone.

But no such situation exists when the rich man retires from active direction of his factory and sells stock in his enterprise to a great number of people. It makes a great deal of difference to these people whether the factory earns a half million or a million dollars a year, because in one case it pays 4% dividend and in the other case 8% dividend. To the woman school teacher or to the retired bookkeeper owning ten thousand dollars' worth of stock it means the difference between an income of \$400 and \$800 per year. Because of the pressure of stockholders, if for no other reason, the corporation must be operated at high speed. It must fight for business in good times and bad, must meet competition of every sort.

In Europe the large enterprises are generally family-owned and operated in traditional feudal fashion, a fact to which may be traced much of the lack of business briskness noted by American observers. Our industry is much more democratic than that of Europe, and for that reason more aggressive.

Another cause that tended to speed up American industry during the late eighteen-nineties and the early nineteen-

hundreds was the general adoption of machine methods in manufacturing, that in turn led to what is termed mass production. Even yet Europe has not adopted mass production to any considerable degree; but with us the advantages of automatic machinery were eagerly seized upon as an added weapon in the intense competition that grew out of our general adoption of the corporate form of industry.

Early in the nineteen-hundreds, then, we reached a point in business development comparable to that of to-day. Automatic machinery had so simplified the manufacture of goods that the efforts of executives could more and more be centered on selling. Mass production, indeed, made more intensive selling necessary. The panic of 1907 brought out this fact sharply. That crisis was caused chiefly because mass production had piled up goods faster than the public bought goods. More compelling methods of salesmanship had to be devised if such depressions were to be avoided.

But what factor could be injected into salesmanship that would add to its effectiveness? The answer was, *Emotion*. Americans as a people are generously responsive to emotion of any kind, and particularly to religious emotion. People would buy more freely if convinced that buying was a moral duty. The purveyor of gold-plated andirons, for instance, made but slow progress when he merely announced that his andirons were cheap and durable. In such a case he interested only those householders who were already considering the purchase of andirons. A tremendous advance in salesmanship was made when the purveyor of gold-plated andirons announced that his andirons were not only cheap and durable, but also that andirons added to the spiritual atmosphere of the home, and that it was the duty of every American to endow his loved ones with the uplifting influence of a pair of beautiful gold-plated andirons in the latest mode. It is merely setting forth an historical fact to state that the em-

ployment of emotion as a sales weapon came about through the necessity for increasing sales, and the panic of 1907 gave it particular impetus.

There were, of course, some attempts to employ religious emotion in business prior to that time. Men whose memory goes back to the beginning of the century will recall an occasional individual who endeavored to advance his business through too patent self-advertising as teacher of a Sunday-school class, or some similar activity; but the temper of those times was such as to make these attempts of doubtful value. In my own early business experience in a small Western city I recall the dramatic bankruptcy of a local financier—the result, it was said, of an ill-starred attempt to use his church membership for publicity purposes. This occurred only a year or so previous to the 1907 panic; yet the idea of the employment of religious emotion made quick progress, and a year after that crisis the Chamber of Commerce of our city employed the newly discovered weapon on a quite extensive scale.

We had our first professional secretary; and this gentleman convinced his board of directors that our city should embark upon a campaign to bring in new factories. It was during this campaign, I recall distinctly, that I first heard the term “go-getter” used in its present accepted sense. In another part of the state there was a shoe factory whose owners had signified their willingness to move to our city if a suitable bonus were offered; and our live business men set to work to take this enterprise away from the sister community. Our new Chamber of Commerce secretary contrived to inject tremendous spiritual uplift into the campaign for subscriptions. The Y.M.C.A. hall was commandeered for booster meetings. Through pressure of influential business men communicants, several Protestant pastors were enlisted in the work; and these experienced speakers brought an emotional appeal to the project that



was of immense value in wringing subscriptions from unwilling prospects.

Had we taken thought, we should have realized, of course, that in attempting to wrest a manufacturing plant away from a sister city we were acting more or less piratically; but when the pastors to whom we looked for spiritual guidance told us how the addition of the shoe factory with its small army of skilled workers would give opportunity for increased service to humanity, our campaign took on the quality of a religious crusade. It was fine to realize that by bringing the new enterprise to our city we were placing its employees under the splendid influence of our churches, schools, and societies of social welfare, and at the same time were securing new customers for our stores, banks, and real estate offices. The community we were attempting to despoil was at the same time carrying on a desperate campaign to keep its factory; but our methods were evidently the more efficient, for we raised the necessary amount of money in an amazingly short time and the shoe factory was moved to our city. On the day of its formal inauguration a meeting of thanksgiving was held at the plant, presided over by a Protestant clergyman who had been especially active in the enterprise, and in the course of his opening prayer this well-meaning gentleman made the statement that it was the first time in the history of commercial America that a manufacturing plant had been opened by devotional exercises. He declared also that an enterprise thus begun must surely result in financial profit.

It does not matter that the clergyman's predictions turned out to be ill-founded and that within a year the factory went into bankruptcy, carrying with it the one hundred thousand dollars our citizens had so optimistically invested. In our zeal, it appeared, we had neglected to investigate the financial status of the shoe corporation and to consider whether or not the shoe-making

machinery might be obsolete. The important matter was the effect this mingling of business with religion had had on fallible human nature. No blame, certainly, can be placed on the clergymen who were induced to lend their influence to a purely business enterprise. It was merely that they did not know business or the business mind. In their own lives emotion played an important and uplifting part; and they could not realize how easily emotion might distort values in the minds of men who were immersed in gainful affairs and who needed but the slightest encouragement to push their commercial activities beyond the bounds of taste.

This enterprise, as I have said, took place shortly after the panic of 1907. The following years everywhere saw a tremendously increasing tendency toward the employment of emotionalism in business affairs. Magazines of national circulation began to publish the life stories of eminently successful executives who attributed their success to the practical application of Bible tenets. Trade journals printed articles describing the methods of corporations which established factory Y.M.C.A.'s and organized corps of professional social workers for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of their employees. In some well-known cases manufacturing corporations asked the public to purchase their products because of these benevolent activities.

By 1912 there had grown up a still more direct and open employment of religion by business, by which, in many communities, large employers of labor united with certain churches to employ revivalists of the Billy Sunday type. At this time, too, the Service Club movement had begun to make progress, built on the idea that the business man may best be led to righteousness by proving to him that righteousness pays financial dividends, and that codes of ethics have an inherent power for good. It is worthy of note that these were not

altogether small-town sentiments. In 1921 New York City officially changed the name of its penal colony from Blackwell's Island to Welfare Island. Our participation in the World War, it is hardly necessary to state, gave still further impetus, almost official sanction, to the general employment of religious emotion in business. Through the necessities of the time the Young Men's Christian Association was endowed with tremendous authority. Everywhere in Liberty Bond campaigns the Ministerial Alliance and the Chamber of Commerce worked shoulder to shoulder. At the end of hostilities many business men were so accustomed to seeing business and emotional religion working together that in their minds there was difficulty in disentangling the two.

### III

The foregoing gives sketchily, and in the baldest of business terms, a brief history of this peculiarly American phenomenon. It owes its origin to competition, to the need of business for a more potent weapon of salesmanship. If we bear this in mind it will go far toward helping to clear up the puzzle: Why, of the, approximately, fifteen thousand business conventions held annually in the United States the vast majority should present mixed programs of business and religious inspiration? It cannot be that the average delegate demands the inspirational features as the price of his attendance, for he might easily secure similar inspiration in the churches of his home community if he were so minded. According to news dispatches, the Committee of One Thousand, of which Mr. Fred B. Smith is general secretary, plans at least one address on Law Enforcement at each of six thousand conventions during the current year; yet the confirmed convention goer knows there are as many convivial drinking parties as ever between business sessions. It is to be noted that at the Philadelphia gathering, mentioned

at the beginning of this article, the Reverend Dr. Cadman's address and the Atlantic City Bathing Pageant were equally featured.

I offer the following as an explanation: Twenty years ago when the idea of using emotion as a sales weapon was first conceived, competition, while keen, was nowhere as keen as now. Local chambers of commerce and individual firms employed it to gain temporary advantage over direct competitors. Now competition is between entire industries. We may assume, for example, that the National Association of Aluminum Ash Tray Manufacturers plans its 1927 convention, and the committee in charge reasons somewhat this way, "We must do something to convince the public that it should buy our aluminum ash trays instead of brass, china, or silver ash trays. We'll engage some nationally known speaker who is connected with one of the big uplift organizations to make an address. We'll feature also a couple of popular preachers. These things will make a good impression when our convention proceedings are reported in the newspapers. Church people everywhere will get the idea that the Aluminum Ash Tray industry stands for morality, and they'll be that much more inclined to buy aluminum trays instead of brass, china, or silver trays. Of course, we'll have to have a little amusement for the delegates besides, something like a cabaret show or a beauty contest."

At the risk of possible criticism I will venture a bit of inside business information regarding the convention industry. Contrary to the arguments of earnest anti-prohibitionists, convention drinking parties and bathing-girl shows are not specific by-products of the Eighteenth Amendment, but logical results of a certain business evolution. Twenty-odd years ago the few business conventions held in the United States did not differ from the serious, thoughtful gatherings of European executives. The delegates were the owners of enterprises, too intent on the business in hand to waste time



in gay entertainment, and anxious to get back to their desks at home. In those days conventions rarely lasted three days, and, in many cases, one or two.

But with the growth of American industry and the more complex organization of business, the time has arrived when the president of the corporation can no longer afford to attend these gatherings. Instead, the fourth vice-president, or the advertising manager, or the assistant sales-manager, is sent to represent the firm. These are worthy young men, without doubt, but with no financial interest in the business and more inclined to gayety than their chiefs. The annual convention trip is an eagerly-looked-for vacation at the expense of the corporation; and it makes for their greater pleasure if the convention is extended from three days to five or six. There must be some justification for this, and what better justification than to be able to report to one's superior at the factory that one had increased one's efficiency, had become a better assistant sales-manager, by listening to the address of some nationally known inspirational orator or militant clergyman?

Does this seem an unduly cynical viewpoint? Not, I think, to the business man who has followed the course of American industry for two or more decades. There is hardly any industry, however important, whose problems may not be adequately discussed in a businesslike, intensive, two- or three-day conclave. Where such gatherings are made up mainly of responsible heads of businesses this is usually the time limit. An example may be cited in the Association of National Advertisers, a body composed largely of important manufacturers, men who actually pay the bills of advertising in the United States. Its most recent convention, held in Detroit, lasted three days, and on its program was listed no inspirational or religious feature. Each address was upon a sober business subject. There

was no mass song service, and no cabaret entertainment.

#### IV

Let us try to analyze dispassionately what has been accomplished by the employment of emotional religion in business. Only a few, I think, will deny that many church organizations have suffered a bit in dignity through contact with salesmanship activities. One can scarcely imagine, for example, that a body of clergymen twenty-five years ago would have listened with interest to an address recently made by Mr. Joseph A. Richards of New York before the Church Advertising Department and reproduced in the trade press:

If a church, large or small, should come to us for professional assistance in advertising spiritually, we would say to the pastor, or the committee that had the matter in hand, "You need a survey; you need to find out what the facts are about your church in its community; you need to know just what goods you have to advertise, just how they are packaged, just how you propose to deliver them, and a good many more things of that nature." A church or its pastor or its committee on advertising should make a clear estimation of the church itself, its present spiritual condition, should find out unflinchingly whether it has anything to sell worth having, whether its members are salesmen and saleswomen or drones. It should seek to face the facts of what the community market is for the particular brand of goods it has to offer.

Doubtless this address was delivered in all sincerity; yet invariably there are some who allow themselves to be unduly swayed by new ideas; and it is to this danger that the esteemed *Christian Advocate* calls attention in a recent editorial on the activities of a large Middle-West church which advertised the inauguration of its new pastor in the following words: "If you don't believe he is a real knockout come and see. Big Stuff and Hot Stuff."

This sort of advertising (the *Christian Advocate* writer says) and the type of church services that go with it may make a super-

ficial appeal for a while but the final balancing will show a big loss rather than a gain to the Kingdom of God. The effect which this kind of thing has on the average outsider is shown with terrible clearness.

It is evident that the cause of true religion has not been helped by its twenty-year alliance with business. Let us examine the records of business and see if it has gained or lost through this alliance.

Yes, emotional religion has helped to sell merchandise. Each year many well-meaning pastors are persuaded to preach Mother's Day sermons, and the florists, the greeting-card manufacturers, and the Western Union Telegraph Company make a great deal of money. It is likely that the devotional exercises of the National Association of Aluminum Ash Tray Manufacturers convince many pious people that they should purchase aluminum ash trays in preference to any other. Each service club or chamber of commerce in Dallas, in Kalamazoo, in Santa Barbara that takes in a pastor member adds a bit to the prestige of the shopkeeper members of the organization and smooths the way for added volume of sales. Even individual firms acting independently may profit by the employment of emotional religion if cunningly planned. It is, for example, against the policy of every New York City newspaper to sell advertising space on its front page; yet not long ago the astute management of the new Roosevelt Hotel secured front page publicity by carefully planned exploitation of the Holy Bible. I quote from Page 1 of the *New York World*:

To the rhythm of "Onward Christian Soldiers" 100 Boy Scouts marched through the streets yesterday to deliver 1000 Bibles to the guest rooms of the Roosevelt Hotel.

The boys, each carrying ten Bibles, the gift of the New York Bible Society, started their parade from the society's headquarters, No. 5 East 48th Street, marched down Madison Avenue to the hotel and then personally distributed in every room one of the new books.

With banners and flags the boys were escorted by a police squad, the Salvation Army Band, James Redding, manager of the hotel, Bishop Herbert Shipman, John C. West, president of the society, and Dr. William Carter.

Apparently, business has profited by the employment of high-powered emotional propaganda. Yet if the books were properly balanced I doubt if the profits would prove as great as has been supposed. There is no benefit to the country at large if by means of emotional propaganda one industry takes business from another industry. Propaganda of any sort is expensive; and during the past twenty years business costs in the United States have steadily risen. Constantly Government and private business surveys indicate that in many industries volume of sales is maintained at the expense of legitimate profits.

Business pays directly or indirectly the enormous annual crime bill, and many responsible agencies hold the belief that high-powered emotional sales methods are responsible for much crime. The New York City Conference of Charities and Corrections gives as the cause of much delinquency, "the effort of business men to make luxuries seem necessities." The Sub-Commission on Causes of the New York State Crime Commission points to "Money-madness caused by commercialism of all life activities." Whether or not these agencies are correct, the deplorable fact remains that American business is virtually in a state of siege. Insurance against theft and burglary has risen in many cases almost to prohibitive costs. To quote one example: In 1910 the manufacturer of jewelry could insure his traveling salesmen's sample trunks at an annual premium of two dollars for each thousand dollars of insurance. In 1927 the manufacturer pays twenty-seven dollars for a like amount of protection. Perhaps it is too much to blame this situation on the exploitation of emotion in selling; but it is a fact that the change has taken place during the



years that business has been most active in this exploitation. In London, where business and emotion are held sharply separate, the Bank of England transports bullion through the streets in open carts. In Paris employees of the Bank of France walk about unprotected, carrying their satchels of currency. In New York and other large American cities transfers of money are made in armored trucks manned by guards armed with rifles.

Human nature has an amazing faculty for confounding self-interest with righteousness. The Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company of New York has recently issued a handsome illustrated booklet entitled, *Moses Persuader of Men*, with an introduction written by S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LL.D. The work was published, it is stated, to inspire the Company's agents to greater achievements. The author writes that "Moses was one of the greatest salesmen and real estate promoters that ever lived." On occasions when the Israelites became discouraged and disillusioned, "metaphorically speaking, they gave Moses the Ha! Ha! and not infrequently gathered behind the main tent and set up various Gods and Golden Calves, all of which were nothing but studied efforts to avoid their responsibilities and cancel their contract." In the closing paragraph there is this advice: "... if you are engaged in the business of selling, whether it be ships or shoestrings, bridges or beads, incubators or *Insurance*, spend a little time once in a while thinking about Moses and the Faith and the Courage that made him a Dominant, Fearless and Successful Personality in one of the most magnificent selling campaigns that history ever placed upon its pages."

Though the author of this booklet and its sponsor, Doctor Cadman, were doubtless prompted by the sincerest of motives, yet I think the work must be set down on the debit side of business. By no stretch of the imagination can the writing of insurance policies on

pianos, automobiles, or plate glass be regarded as important as the work of the Hebrew lawgiver; yet the young salesman to whom the book is addressed will be encouraged so to believe; and it is quite possible that in some crisis requiring a delicate balancing of ethical values this sense of importance may have too great an influence in inclining the salesman to decide to his own advantage.

Human nature being what it is, and the task of earning a living what it is, there is always danger in too great glorification of the job. Not long ago a familiar sight to uptown New Yorkers was the advertising billboard of a certain church carrying this message: "Come to Church. Public Worship Increases Your Efficiency. Christian F. Reisner, Pastor." Very likely it was no more than a coincidence; but it was at about this time that the district attorney's office found it necessary to curb the activities of a young master of finance who was engaged in the sale of doubtful securities and who was so thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of public worship that he held each day at his headquarters a session of inspirational prayer, requiring his corps of stock salesmen to attend the gathering and to bring with them the people they were endeavoring to "sell."

One of the heaviest costs to business in the United States is the inordinate number of commercial failures. In 1900 our bankruptcies totaled about 6000, about the same number that occurred in England and France. During the past year we had more than 20,000 bankruptcies, more than twice as many as England and France combined. So many of our failures were so palpably of fraudulent intent that many Government and private agencies are engaged in attacking the problem.

All this appears the more surprising in view of the well-meant efforts of the past years during which such apparent progress has been made toward a *rap-prochement* of business and religion.

But is it really surprising? Let us probe the average business mind and see what may have occurred.

I am, let us say, proprietor of a shop selling gold-plated andirons. To an outsider it is merely a shop; but to me it is vastly more. It is an enterprise that supports my family, that makes it possible for me to send my son to college, to contribute to the church and to the Red Cross, and to pay my dues in my lodge and service club. Looked at in this way—and the average man does look at his business in this way—it is easy to see that I require no bolstering of sentiment to make me fight for it. The need, rather, is for constant reminder that my store is only an enterprise in which I take money from the public for my own gain. It has to be so. If my store does not make a profit it must cease to exist. There is nothing disgraceful about this, but certainly there is nothing noble about it. In my heart I know these things, and I am reasonably humble.

But let us see what happens when I go to the State Convention of Gold-Plated Andiron Dealers. There are several inspirational speakers on the program, each one with an uplifting message. They tell me that as an andiron merchant I perform a great service to my community when I sell honest goods of known brands. They say it is my duty to increase my trade and make money so that I may contribute more liberally to the worthwhile movements of my community. Perhaps one of the speakers quotes from the Bible: "Seest thou a man diligent in his Business, he shall stand before Kings."

I go home from the convention in an

exalted frame of mind. But perhaps there is a drouth in my section, or a flood, or a strike in the railway shops. My trade falls off. Eventually it gets to the point where I am hopelessly behind with my bills, and my creditors sternly demand an accounting. I am faced with one of two decisions. I can turn my business over to my creditors and walk out without a cent; or, I can conceal a portion of my assets and place my affairs in the hands of an obliging lawyer who will threaten my creditors with long-drawn-out litigation and effect a settlement at fifteen cents on the dollar.

My decision hangs in the balance. I am inclined to do the former, though it will be a sore blow to my family. But I recall that the inspirational speakers at the convention told me that I performed a great service to my community and that if I were diligent in business I might stand before Kings. Am I not justified in taking an unusual course in order to continue my splendid service? I decide that I am. I tell my lawyer to effect a settlement at fifteen cents on the dollar.

Does the foregoing appear a somewhat reasonable explanation of the rising number of fraudulent bankruptcies? The evidence would seem to point that way. The National Association of Credit Men has for the past year been engaged upon a project that has never before been deemed necessary in any country. While it was holding its New York convention with its inspirational sermons and speeches it was also raising a fund of two million dollars to assist the Government in searching out and prosecuting fraudulent bankrupts.





## WILD MUSIC

A STORY

BY SALLY MACDOUGALL

**A**LTHOUGH he lived alone on the ranch, Peter had evenings like this when he felt irresponsibly happy. Familiar farm sounds delighted him—strong streams of milk shooting down into the thick froth of white foam in his warm milking pail, the comfortable breathing of his ruminating cows, the stepping feet of the mules waiting to be watered, the generous gush of water from spout to trough as he wagged the pump-handle up and down, his animals drinking with noisy gusto.

He let down the bars between the barn lot and the sunburned inclosure where they would spend the night, threw great forkloads of fodder across the fence for their supper, and lingered to hear the crunching relish with which they ate. In the barnyard he picked up some tools he had been using.

With a coil of wire in one hand and an axe and spade in the other he stood in the door of the tool shed and looked back with approval at the stalwart fence of posts and barbed wire he had built that day around a high stack of sugar cane that shimmered in the sunset. It was a relief to know that his stack was no longer in danger of being commandeered as free feed by straggling range cattle that might break through the not very rugged defenses of fields and lane looking for a meal from the only pile of harvest he had wrested out of a summer of terrific toil.

His tools made flat sounds as he put them in their places in the shed. Noises that had been hidden within the latch

and the hinges were released on the dry air as he closed the door with a click. Some secret string in Peter's breast was set vibrating responsively to these homely sounds that stirred in him a feeling of outreaching friendship for his world of everyday things.

Into the stillness there came a song from the swaying tip of a silver spruce. This reminded Peter to put out a pan of water for the birds that would come serenading him at sunrise in return for a drink. After the streams went dry they found him out. Their dependence on him for baths and drink gave him a satisfying sense of importance. It had been a hard summer for all of them.

He rinsed the pans at the pump, filled them, and set them in their hollows. A flash of color shot through the air from the spruce tree. Again the song came, this time from the grubby leafage of the tallest of the cottonwood trees—a rich, rolling, plaintive call—to Peter the most penetrating sound he had heard on the plains. In measured cadences it came again and again, trembling on the evening air.

Peter pursed his lips and whistled back to the bird. The usual sunset duet was on. From Peter's point of view it was a duet, but so far as the bird was concerned the song was a solo. For, as on all other evenings, the red-bird ignored Peter's friendly absurdities and went on singing its lonesome little lay, interrupting and disregarding the shirt-sleeved rancher, keeping up a precise spacing of song and silence as

if in obedience to some secret baton in the sky.

He tried again, doing his best to imitate a certain mournful quality in the call. But a particularly haunting note eluded him while the crested creature on a bending bough proceeded with its plaintive good-night to the rancher and the world. Again Peter pursed his lips at what he supposed might be the proper angle for that elusive note of agony. But he couldn't quite get it. The redbird went on alone with its ceremony of celebrating the evening solitude.

Peter thought a lot about that bird, partly because it was the only redbird he had seen on his ranch. He would get to wondering why its song should be so sad when its coat was so colorful. He speculated on why the bright little creature was always alone, why no mate ever answered its evening anthem. Had his wife been killed? Had she gone away with some luckier and more provident bird? Doubtless certain birds, like certain men, got on better than others. He pondered why its pensive call should strike home so poignantly, interest him so intimately. Did everybody have some special sound, he wondered, some note that more than all other notes in the realm of sound was peculiarly his own? Was there something strange inside himself, something tuned to a particular pitch so that a certain note in the scale could stir him, set him throbbing, give him a comforting sense of kinship? He wished vaguely for a woman with music in her words, regretted that Alma's voice was what it was. He hoped it might improve.

The redbird was still at its solo. Once more Peter attempted the unattainable note. But at that moment his bright-crowned friend flew off to some lonely roost for the night.

He would turn in, too. He would have a wash, eat a bite, have a smoke, and go to bed early. No use sitting up alone to think. There had been enough of that—staring at the stars and think-

ing, enough of being alone. Life would be brighter after Alma came. He thought himself lucky because at last they could be married.

By some caprice of fortune he had the only good crop of cane in the countryside. The long drouth that was making men and animals and fields look tired and wrinkled and dismally dreary had burned the life out of all the other ranchers' crops. Feed being scarce, he could name his price for that burnished pile that towered inside his new fence. Reynolds, a neighbor with a hungry herd, had made him a good offer. That and his savings would be enough to get married on. He would drive to Vallery in the morning and talk it over with Alma. It would be nice to surprise her with the news of a good cash offer for his cane. Greedy creatures, women, beneath all their show of sympathy. Alma's eyes always glittered at the mere mention of money.

He sat and smoked and thought about his woman. Perhaps he shouldn't have written her all that stuff about the drouth. But when the writing mood was on he couldn't help seeing the amusing side of a rancher's life—corn coming up in a moist carpet of green curls that capriciously changed to a carpet of brown parchment under the quivering heat of a merciless sun, the wind prankishly picking up from his fields stretches of burned sprouts and scooting away toward the mountains, drab shreds of crackled dryness flying helter-skelter. That was an odd finish to his tremendous labor of plowing, harrowing, seeding those miles and miles of furrows.

He had described the way the coyotes went marauding among his melons, rolling them off toward their lairs like trained animals in a circus! What he had visioned as roly-poly grists to be carted off to the cars had gone instead to these thieves. Connoisseurs they were, taking his best and ripest and juiciest, and leaving as souvenirs of their selection a litter of spoiled cast-offs stamped as seconds with experimental incisions of



long, sharp teeth. Unless one saw it one couldn't believe that mountain beasts would be so disastrously methodical.

Alma had made it plain that there was no humor for her in all this nor in his story about staying out nights to frighten away the prairie dogs which followed his fresh footsteps along rows of newly planted corn. In their way they were as systematic as the coyotes, burrowing thoroughly into one hill after another, stealing his kernels as carefully as if they had counted them when he was planting.

"If only they'd leave an occasional one to encourage a fellow," he had complained, much too amiably she thought.

He sensed that for some inscrutable reason she had blamed him for that run of bad luck, for a losing fight to weather and wild beasts. It had been bad enough to endure the setback and chagrin of seeing his harvest effaced in its infancy. But he disliked the idea of letting it lower him in her eyes, and regretted her inability to see the odd fascination of it all—the gambling uncertainty of a fortune that depended on anything so uncertain as weather. Better days would come. He was sure of that. His shining furrows would give up good smells. They should have abundant crops, a fine house, a herd. People from town would come to stay with them.

Now that he was sure of a cash market for his harvest Alma would be amiable. He could have managed with a less practical and calculating mate. But she was the only unmarried woman in that part of the world whom he knew at all well. She had come on from Iowa to live with her sister, and on Saturdays was in the habit of helping her brother-in-law in his hardware store. In their occasional brief chats while she had sold him tools she impressed him as a jolly and capable helper for any man. One day when he found her alone she confided to him her discontent with what she described as a life of dependence on her

sister's husband. What she wanted was a home of her own near enough so she could see her sister sometimes. While she had talked he thought of how much he and his little home needed just such a woman. The thought had stayed with him. From time to time he sensed that she knew what was in his mind, though they had not definitely spoken of marriage. He had come very near it the last time they were out in his car.

In all his plans there was an undercurrent of her. There had been bad days that made her seem unattainable, good days that brought her nearer. To-night she seemed very near. He would be up at sunrise and get an early start for the long drive to see her. With the new fence around his stack, the ranch would be safe enough for a day. Thoughts like these moved through his mind as he finished his evening chores.

He put a rough towel back on its outdoor nail and examined his face in a mirror that hung almost hidden in the morning-glory vines arching his back door and trailing across and upward toward the eaves. It was no Adonis that looked back at him. Bushy auburn eyebrows which matched his eyes and hair and beard and freckles, and even his rusty overalls, were longer than eyebrows needed to be. Something in the climate seemed to encourage them to shoot out like wiry weeds at the edge of dry crags. He would let the barber trim them to-morrow. Something would have to be done about his hands. Kerosene might remove the stains about his nails and in the sunburned ridges of great knuckles. Alma couldn't expect him to be manicured like a lady.

The moon shone in on the lone rancher standing in his socks, arms and legs making grotesque shadows on a parquet of mellow light as he revived a program of squats and stretches of training-camp days in a sudden effort to straighten his shoulders and sleek down his stomach. His antics played magic with the room while tired joints creaked and stretching

muscles ached. He pictured himself and Alma going to the mountains on their honeymoon. They could make the trip in the car, sleep in cozy cabins among the trees, cook meals beside noisy streams. In the city he would watch his wife buy household things—curtains for the windows, white things for the bed, a lamp with a shade on it, dishes, bulbs and seeds for the garden. They could pile their purchases in the flivver and come rattling back home to the ranch.

The last sight he saw before he closed his eyes was a surprising aspect of beauty that lay on his homely acres. Sun-scorched spaces that had looked so parched by day were drenched in a silvery sheen which stretched off in every direction from his door, fantastic shadows of slow-moving clouds trailing across its surface. He fell asleep pleased with the panorama the night was making on his forlorn fields.

Tired though he was, some strange current of apprehension disturbed his deep dreams. Some sleepless sentinel of the mind had posted itself near the doorstep of Peter's consciousness and let alarming, vague sounds fall there. This sentinel kept calling, calling to the tired sleeper, telling him that all was not well.

He awoke with a sudden qualm and sat up in bed. There was a disturbing commotion in the air. He must have been hearing it for some time. The night had grown extraordinarily clear, moon and stars shining in showy splendor. Looking out his west window, he had a strange feeling that his place lay under some sudden and unholy enchantment.

As if they had risen out of nothing at the touch of a magic wand in that diaphanous light, hundreds of clamorous cattle were disturbing the stillness with a weird chorus of lowing bawls. It seemed to Peter that all the herds on the plains must be there. To his consciousness, jerked so suddenly into this clamor from the deep and far-away realm

of sleep, it appeared as if something strong and terrible had suddenly deposited these beasts on his place and held them there in that ghostly light.

In a moment, when he finally managed to be quite awake, it came to him with an agony of understanding that these were strange range cattle, that they were starving and out on a predatory rampage for food. In the background he could see a wreath of heads and craning necks stretched across his new fence in a desperate strain to get their mouths into the fragrant fodder that stood tempting, delectable, agonizing, just beyond their yearning reach. It appalled him to think how quickly these cattle could demolish his comparatively feeble fence if only they knew how to use their strength.

He had a swift feeling of pity for these scrawny creatures, sketchy bones sticking out all over them, not a blade of juicy grass within miles, and the rivers on the ranches dried down to dust. Roaming across outraged fields that had been ravaged of every vestige of fertility and food, these beasts had somehow got the scent of his stack. And here they were.

Peter could not afford to feed that conglomerate herd, but he could give them a drink—some of them, at any rate. He knew what it was to be thirsty, to see men dying of thirst. Memories of the dirt and drouth of war came from behind some curtain in his mind. Those half-forgotten nightmares seemed to belong to some other self, a different man from the lanky rancher who was pulling on his overalls and going out to the pump.

He adjusted a pipe that sent the water sloshing away down to the big trough in his barnyard. At the sound of running water four heifers were first to come hurrying to the trough, thrust thirsty mouths into the cool stream, and draw in long, refreshing draughts. They were peremptorily pushed and shouldered out of place by the superior strength of young steers.



Famished creatures came crowding. A long drink or two, or the wetting of a reaching, quivering muzzle in the cool water, and skeletonlike heads would be butted away from the front line. Two hundred cattle fought for the benefit of Peter's bounty. In the foreground of the disorderly pushing and crowding a few managed to keep their places and to continue the important occupation of sucking up in noisy gulps the meager supply of water.

Victory and drink went to the strong, while soft, frightened, bewildered eyes looked around at the indifferent night, and parching throats swelled the chorus of uncanny bawls.

Peter pumped and pumped while the cattle pushed and pawed and bawled and drank. He wished there might be some way of doling it out in rations. The dumb beasts were managing the problem of precedence according to nature's convention, without unnecessary delicacy about fair play. The rancher was doing what he could. But his trough had not been built as a bar to quench the thirst of the plains.

For an hour he pumped, hoping that the cattle whose thirst had been slaked would move on from his fields. Exultant gratitude welled up in him for the generous gift from some secret underground reservoir. Being custodian of that supply was like being a king doling out bounty. There was elation in it. Disregarding the aches in his arms and back he continued to lift the pump handle and push it down.

There came a moment of terror for the man at the pump. The stream from the spout declined to the merest trickle. Pump as he would there was no longer an abundant gush from the lavish spout. His well was going dry. He had panicky thoughts of his own and his animals' daytime needs. He trudged to the cabin and brought out pails and kettles. He filled them and carried them in, two and two, and placed them on a bench beside the stove.

A fledgling cow, uncertain on her feet,

one of the unfortunate weaklings on the fringe of the herd, ambled to the dooryard gate and stretched her nose toward a pail of water inside the fence. She was a scrawny skeleton of a young cow, all hollows and ridges, and with a meek, accusing, terrified look in her soft eyes. Peter lifted the pail over the fence and watched her drink it dry. Others, seeing this exhibition of hospitality, came stampeding toward the lone human figure in the moonlight. Peter went into his cabin and closed the door.

On his bed he lay wide-eyed, wondering what he should do. He was too tired to think. Perhaps the right idea would come to him. From where he lay he could look through a window and see that moving, turning, waving mass in whose very disorder there seemed to be a pattern and a plan as they passed among one another. Between hope and dismay he realized how easily his fence could collapse if they went at it with concentrated intention.

The chorus of lowing bawls increased in volume. He felt staggered by the sound, disturbed, devitalized of his remaining strength. In that ghostly light he could see more cattle coming across his enchanted acres, obviously in answer to some strange signal in the sounds which, though disturbing to him, must have carried a definite message to hungry and thirsty brutes—an announcement that there was plenty of food in sight if only they could get at it. On they came across the charred dryness of his fields that shimmered strangely in that spectral light, hurrying awkwardly toward some vague hope.

Pushing up through the feeling of resignation which had spread over his weariness when the well went dry, Peter felt some protesting part of himself stir into rebellion. Why should these strange animals be starving or die on the plains to leave gaunt skeletons looking up at an accusing sky? Why were the plains parched and sterile, that great expanse of earth so capable

of abundant fertility? Why had he and his neighbors such lack of reward for their toil—courageous, sunburned, stoop-shouldered men, with hands and faces and necks like parchment? Why had instinct directed these cattle to his harvest, disturbing his rest? Why didn't ranchers keep their cows herded at home?

The row of cottonwood trees, like lonely, brooding giants, seemed to second the questions, and the twin silver spruces he had hauled from the mountains gazed darkly and wisely into the cabin as if they knew all the answers. A procession of Whys came galloping across the lone rancher's mind as the unsatisfying span of his life unrolled like a scroll.

He saw himself a youth of twenty landing hopefully in New York with his patrimony of a few hundred pounds from the old family property in England, saw his money melting away in indiscreet investments, the variety of jobs he had tried, his roving life, his dissatisfaction with cities, his craving for land of his own where he could have crops, animals, a bit of a garden; the War, this ranch, the loneliness, his meeting with Alma. In the nightmare of his present dilemma he had almost forgotten her.

He hadn't too many delusions about Alma. She would hardly be a perfect companion. But she would be better than solitude. She could be jolly and gay and she was affectionate in a practical way. She, too, had known difficulties, and she was tired of towns. She wanted to live on a ranch, wanted a home of her own. He would do what he could to make her happy. Why were people and animals so miserable?

He was glad when morning came to scatter the spell that lay over his fields and farmyard. He watched the sun rise calmly across the sky rim as if this were a day like any other day. He looked at the clamorous congregation of cattle whose feet were tramping and churning his barn lot in their own wallow.

Deliberately he listened to them. He wondered if they meant to call all the cattle on the continent to their convention.

"M-m-m-m-m-m-aw!" they called, a tremendous chorus in every key of the cow-throat scale, lifting famished faces toward his harvest stack.

He closed windows and doors to keep out the sound. It occurred to him that coffee might help his dazed mind to work. He built a fire. The cabin grew fragrant with coffee and bacon. The homely smells restored his calm. He ate his breakfast at the end of the pine table, just out of reach of the sun.

This was the morning he had planned to go to Vallery, see Alma, and get her to decide on a day for their marriage. The cattle would have to be sent away before he could leave. He thought of driving to the store at the crossroads and telephoning Reynolds to come after his herd. He went out and tried to identify the beasts. Less than a quarter of them belonged to Reynolds. He had no idea who were the owners of the others.

He went to the pump. Good! There was water. Perhaps if they got all the drink they wanted they might go away. The water rolled down to the trough. A dozen thirsty mouths drank. The stream suddenly stopped. Again the well was dry.

Peter hurried to his cabin. He glanced at his reflection in the little mirror behind the morning glory vines. There looked out at him a caricature scarecrow of himself with scraggly beard and sleepless eyes. Leaving for Vallery would have to be put off until afternoon. Perhaps the cattle would wear themselves out and go away. As soon as he got rid of them he would change his clothes and start immediately. He might stay at the hotel all night. It would be good to see faces, hear other sounds.

Beneath all this undercurrent of thought Peter knew quite well that he would not go to town that day.



At noon he was standing in his doorway, framed by faded morning glories, watching a damp-nosed heifer that had deserted the herd at the harvest stack and stood gazing at him from the other side of the dooryard gate.

"M-m-mmmm!" the heifer murmured, gently.

Something in the sound and in the dumb appeal beneath the creature's meek and trustful eyes tore all the props from Peter's resistance. The animal was asking for food. He had the only food within miles. He estimated that his stack would be sufficient to satisfy the hunger of all the beasts in his barnyard. Up to that moment it had not occurred to him that he would voluntarily feed his year's harvest to these unwelcome raiders. It was settled quite suddenly between himself and the meek young delegate with the gentle voice and trusting eyes.

Stirred to action by this sudden and irresponsible impulse, he went to his tool shed, picked up his axe and pincers, and headed for the barnyard. He was puzzled to find an opening where he would have a chance to escape with his life, for he had no intention of letting the cattle kill him for his kindness. By making a detour through the lane and approaching the stack from the back of the barn, he came to a place where only a few steers were studying the situation. He picked his way safely between them and got to the fence. He knew that his position was anything but secure. He would have to work quickly. A lone man might be trampled easily and quickly to death beneath those plundering feet, and there would be no record of how or why it happened.

With these thoughts in his mind Peter gripped his pincers and snapped gaps in the barbed-wire barricade, working so swiftly that the guests about to rush in to his banquet had not time to observe that the dining room doors were open. He was about to cut another section between posts when he realized his danger. Three starving steers had

crashed through the opening and had their noses in his stack. At the first sound of crunching jaws on juicy cane a single urge came over the cattle. The fence was being trampled. Peter darted for an exit where he had entered. The way was blocked by a maddened approach of wild-eyed animals. The rancher tripped, grappled, and plunged in a tangle of hoofs, got to his feet, fought and dodged, and by some miracle found himself clear of the crush.

Not until he had staggered into his cabin and was gulping a dipper of water did Peter realize that something had happened to his right arm. A sleeve of his shirt was ripped from shoulder to cuff, and something warm was trickling down his arm and dripping from his fingers to the floor.

An ugly gash extended from shoulder to elbow.\* He washed the wound with dippers of water which made a red stain where he stood just outside the door. He took a clean shirt, wound it tightly about the arm, and made an improvised sling with a roller towel. He lighted his pipe in an effort to ease the awakening pain, sat in his doorway, and watched his year's harvest disappear into the hungry jaws of starving, strange brutes—watched it mutely as a spectacle, as something that scarcely concerned him at all.

At the stunned surface of his mind was the realization that this meal which was being gobbled by other men's cattle represented hundreds of hours of sweat and toil, anxiety, hope, hunger, thirst, fatigue which he had endured in all sorts of weather, hours and days and weeks of terrific labor under a merciless sun, aching bones, long nights of lonely sleep whose chief function was to restore a tired body so that it could get up and begin the same thing all over again. But he, the trembling man in the cabin door, cruelly torn by hoof or horn, seemed strangely unrelated to that solitary, toiling, hope-beguiled rancher.

He saw his stack shrink and disappear down hordes of hungry throats as greedy

mouths crunched and carved his proud mound into queer ledges and balconies. Great piles from above would fall on broad heads, get trampled in the *mêlée* and serve as crumbs for the less fortunate underlings that were unable to push themselves into front places.

He became fascinated by the sudden friskiness of a roan and white heifer that had edged its way out of the crush, emerging stuffed and satisfied, and went about celebrating the incident by kicking its heels in the air and heading in a direction that was probably home. When it had turned its face toward him Peter recognized with a leap of pleasure the cheeky and persuasive ambassador that had come pleading at his gate.

Hour after hour he sat there watching the strange show and speculating on what he should do about the increasingly maddening pain in his arm. He, the host at that expensive party, had not eaten since morning. He had thought of it, but food seemed scarcely worth the effort of preparing it. So he waited at his door under the fading vines, the only audience at his own drama, his thoughts walled within a world of baffled sensations, the throbbing pulses in his arm gradually making the outside tragedy seem less important.

He watched his harvest vanish until there was nothing left but a few scattered stubbles of straw, saw these being eaten by half-starved yearlings that had scarcely benefited from his bounty. Then he saw the invaders straggle away and disappear into clouds of dust across the plain, wobbly young cows destined to die of starvation, ambling uncertainly after the others.

Peter was aroused by the sound of a noisy car that had come along the road, turned into his place, and made a boisterous stop before his front door. Surprised and curious he went around the house, and was startled at seeing Alma Steele step briskly from a flivver.

"Alma!" he said, and leaned against a spruce tree for support.

"Hello, Peter," she called, bustling toward him, beaming, blonde, robust, confident. "Well, aren't you glad to see me?"

Instead of meeting her half way, he remained propped against the tree, and when she came up to him he extended his good arm with a gesture of defensive hospitality.

"This certainly is luck for me," he said, his thoughts leaping to the solace of a woman's hands. Then he became embarrassed, for he remembered the hollow-eyed and untidy scarecrow he had seen in the looking-glass. He saw her eyes examining his sling.

"What's the matter, Peter? Hurt your arm?"

"Nothing serious." He couldn't tell her right away.

He adjusted the clumsy, aching burden, placed his left arm about her shoulders with a quick, nervous, friendly pressure, and half leaning, half leading, he guided her around the house to the open door.

"Funny that you should come to-day," he said, trying to be casual. "I had been planning to go to town this morning and look you up. Couldn't manage to get away. Where did you acquire the buggy?"

"Borrowed," Alma explained.

"Quiet little thing, isn't it?" Inwardly he groaned, "I don't want to talk to her. Why did she come? I'd rather be alone until I can think things out."

When they paused at the doorstep she caught his free hand and held it with impulsive ardor. The raging torrent in his arm made Peter restless.

"You must be hungry," he remarked. "I'll make a fire and put the kettle on."

He banged the stove-lids with left-handed awkwardness, conscious that she was standing where she could survey his untidy barnyard, wishing she wouldn't ask questions.

"Sold your stack?" she inquired, a bright smile of expectancy in her eyes.

"The stack? Oh, that's gone," Peter replied nonchalantly, with an air of



being busy deciding which of the two frying pans should have the honor of warming their food. "Wouldn't you like some bacon?" he asked. "There's a can of beans on the shelf. Could you open it?"

"Did you get a good price?" Alma went on with devastating persistence, quickly cutting the tin open and dumping a brownish mass into a pan.

"I don't know what's the matter with this stove to-day," Peter complained. "It won't draw."

"Heard Reynolds made you an offer. He didn't buy it, did he?"

"No, he didn't buy it." Peter was carefully turning slices of bacon and was being elaborately aloof about it. He came out of his absorption to inquire:

"What do you know about the Reynolds ranch?"

"I know Reynolds," she said. "Quit fussin' and tell me the news."

"That was why I was going to Val-lery, to tell you the news, to have a talk."

"What about? You mean . . . ?"

The question was left floundering self-consciously while Peter gave his attention to the bacon. Some elemental rush of emotion, some desire to help him, sent her brusquely to his side. He stepped back defensively from her gesture of efficiency as she took the fork from his hand. He pushed two chairs to the table and carried dishes and victuals. When they were seated he moved a platter closer to her plate, smiled at her as she held the teapot, and with an offhand air of hospitality invited:

"Now, if you will help yourself to the steak and mushrooms."

They both laughed, and she began to eat. The food had the effect for which he had hoped. It kept her thoughts temporarily occupied. His own mind raced like a motor while his left hand moved slowly with its new duties. Again the girl became inquisitive. But he was managerial.

"Don't you want to pour the tea?" he suggested. "We'll eat first and talk afterwards."

"Can't you think about anything but food?" she asked. "You don't answer any of my questions. You won't tell me how you hurt your arm, how much you got for your cane. I don't know what's come over you. You haven't even kissed me."

"Oh!" Peter apologized, and without further comment on the omission he got up from his place, went to her chair, bent over and kissed her plump cheek, walked back to his place, and extended his hand for a cup of tea. He drank the hot liquid avidly, hoping it would help him to forget the torment in his arm. He tried to swallow his food, making an effort at eating until Alma had finished.

"First time I ever saw you drink three cups of tea," she said when he asked her to pour another.

"I'm going to let you look at my arm," he announced. "You know about bandages, don't you?"

"Surest thing in the world. Got any clean rags?"

From his trunk Peter brought a faded shirt and an old suit of underwear and laid them on a chair beside her.

"That stuff's too good to tear up," Alma protested.

"All I've got. It'll do."

He straddled a chair and let her remove the clumsy wrapping with which he had swathed the wound. She attacked the job with brisk confidence, her touch becoming increasingly cautious as she removed the last layer of cloth and exposed the raw flesh.

"I didn't know it was as bad as all this," she said, a new quality of tenderness in her voice. "It's an awful gash. Looks as if a steer hooked you. What you been doing?"

But the patient with bowed head and wincing nerves merely replied:

"Fix it, Alma, quick as you can."

"Got any iodine?" she asked.

He pointed to a shelf, closed his eyes, and left the dressing and talking to her.

The touch of her capable fingers on his bare flesh, the cool strength of her

strong hands sent a current of life and healing through his body. The increasing sense of comfort that came to him when the arm was bandaged had a relaxing effect on his lacerated nerves. He brushed the cuff of his other arm across his eyes and gasped through a smothered sob:

"God, but your hands feel good, Alma."

"There," she soothed. "You're healthy and you've got clean blood. In a couple of weeks you'll hardly know it happened. You better drive over and see the doctor to-morrow. Now, if you'll sit up I'll fix your sling."

He felt her cool palms caress his flaming cheeks, her strong, possessive fingers run through his unkempt hair, felt her maneuver herself to a seat on his lap and put her robust arms about his neck, careful not to hurt his wound.

"All that's the matter with you is that you need someone to look after you," she chided, while he breathed the fragrance of her head on his shoulder. "Say the word, and whenever you like . . ."

"That was why I was coming to see you," he said.

Here it was again, the old spell of the flesh, the magic of her body, these enlivening currents of comfort and companionship, all this bright, healthy warmth coming some day into his life. It was too good to be true. Of course he wanted her near him. He would do his best to make her happy. What he said was:

"I'd been counting on being brushed and combed before seeing you."

"You sure do look like a cave man," she said, appraising him amiably, laughing at his stubble of beard. "I wish you didn't have that bad arm. If I had been here it wouldn't have happened, now would it?"

"I wonder! No, perhaps not," said Peter.

The temporary lessening of pain in his arm and this enlivening stir of emotion brought calm to the thoughts that

had been spinning in his brain. He no longer felt any need of self-defense in her presence.

He told her the story from the beginning. Before he got to the hazy contact with hoofs and horns of hunger-maddened animals she was off his lap and staring at him from the opposite side of the table. She did not let him finish the story.

"You mean to tell me you chopped down your new fence and gave that feed to a mangy bunch of range cattle?" She almost screamed it at him.

"But, Alma, those infernal beasts were starving," he explained.

"They'd have been starved and their carcasses rotting on the ranches before I'd have given them a straw of it," she scolded. "They weren't your cattle."

"It came over me quite suddenly to let them have it," he said, as if no further explanation were necessary.

"And just where do I come in?" Alma demanded.

"And I?" Peter questioned.

They were silent, two strangers looking at each other across a gulf of misunderstanding, appraising each other by alien standards which neither understood.

Peter appeared more dejected than she had ever seen him. "I was so sure we were going to be married," he said, as if speaking of some far-away memory. "I thought we might go to the mountains and to Denver in the car, and you would buy things for the cabin, and then we should have come back home and next year we would build a new house. Now I can't ask you. I've got a little saved up, but not enough. You go ahead and have as good a time as you can. I must go it alone for another year."

"Another year?" Alma's voice slashed at him like a sharp blade. "You can go it alone for the rest of your life so far as I'm concerned."

With the slow reluctance of one who has been deeply offended she walked across the room to where her coat was



hanging, took it off its hook, bustled into it, put on her hat, picked up her bag and gloves, and started for the door.

"You're not going?" Peter protested. "You're not really angry, are you?"

"I'm through, Peter," he heard her say. "Lucky I found you out in time. Nice life I'd have had. Man who can't listen to a lot of cows bawling without turning into a big calf! Three years on this ranch, and what have you got for it? Luck was with you this summer, and what have you done with it? You had the only good crop of cane between here and Wiggins. I told Reynolds you'd hold out for a big price. It was his idea to come to-morrow and give you the cash, offer you anything, so his cattle wouldn't starve."

"I beat him to it. I fed his herd," said Peter.

"Reynold's herd was here? Well, I guess I ought to thank you for your kindness to our cattle. If it hadn't been for you they might have dropped dead before they got home."

"Your cattle?" He didn't understand.

"Well, anyway, they'll be mine before long. All these months I haven't been able to make up my mind which one of you I'd take. I liked you, Peter, and I wouldn't have minded being poor at first. He's pretty old, but he's got money. And I know now you never will have. A woman's got to think of herself and a home. I won't say good-by, for like as not we'll be driving over to see you sometimes."

"That won't be necessary." Peter was receding behind his lonely defenses. "I didn't know you were so friendly with Reynolds."

"You asked me where I picked up the noisy buggy. Well, it's his. I must be getting back. You'd better go in to the doctor to-morrow with that arm."

"The old arm will be all right," he defended. It was his arm and he didn't want her to talk about it any more. He followed her out to the car.

"We're going to be neighbors. Might

as well be sensible," she suggested. "I thought you might like to see us sometimes."

The last Peter saw of her was an expanse of white knee frankly exposed between short skirt and rolled stocking as she edged into the seat, her strong hands at the wheel.

"Good-by!" he said.

"So long," Alma called back above the din.

The car hesitated, sounded volleys of backfire and rumbled away noisily.

Peter went back to his place at the door under the morning glory vines. For a long time he sat there, huddled in himself, nursing the hot wound. Except for the thumping pulses in his painful arm his world was a vast emptiness smothered in stillness. The vacancy in his cabin loomed ominously at him, clutching at his heart. There were chores to be done but nothing seemed worth doing.

After a while familiar sounds came to him out of the quiet. His cows were ambling home, their meager bags tossing from side to side as they approached with patient, slow movements. Their heads were at the fence, soft eyes looking into his dooryard, soft muzzles demanding food and drink.

"Mmmmm!" they called gently, asking him to milk them, water them, feed them.

A thin stream of milk poured down but no foam came up in Peter's pail. His head propped against a cow's thigh, he worked laboriously with one hand, missing the pleasant, everyday rhythm of milking time. Finally it was finished, fresh milk put away in shining pans, sour milk fed to screaming pigs.

From a mow in the barn he brought skimpy forkloads of fodder and dropped them painfully over the fence. The animals ate the feed with eager appetites and looked for more, not regarding the agonizing handicap against which he toiled.

He took his pincers and went tramping

in the soggy untidiness of his littered barnyard. He gathered lengths of wire and carried them to the tool shed. Looking back at the scarred yard where the banquet had been he remembered the happy heifer that had gone away capering friskily across his acres.

Seated in his doorway he lighted his pipe and watched the sun sink like a great red ball. Evening was closing in on him. Across the fence his cows were chewing their cud, all their wants satisfied. His own want stretched itself vaguely into the future, to some undefined time when the something he was reaching for would be there to soothe him.

Into the stillness there came a call from a cottonwood tree. The redbird had come to say good-night. Peter

could see his bright visitor in the faded leafage, its crested head poised high in lonely dignity as it recited its evening orison, an appealing little song about being aloof and alone with a secret no one shared. He summoned enough energy to whistle back to the bird. The success of that effort brought him suddenly to his feet. He had caught the elusive note! He whistled again. Again he got it. The bird was acknowledging his call. They kept it up for several minutes, call and answer piercing the quiet like some secret rune which only the initiate could understand.

The bird flew away. Evening unfolded the lonely cabin and the brooding cottonwood trees. Far away lightning flashes played bright patterns on the sky.

## EFFIGY

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

**Y**OU had not thought that she was dead,  
 So quietly she lay asleep,  
 Tall candles at her feet and head,  
 And none to weep.

*The devious smiling ways of pain  
 Were all too subtly intricate;  
 That year the cooling summer rain  
 Fell very late.*

*Now is there frost upon the leaf,  
 A white-rimmed silence in the wood;  
 The maple strips her crimson grief  
 For calmer mood.*





# THE CO-ED: THE HOPE OF LIBERAL EDUCATION

WITH SOME REFLECTIONS UPON HER MALE CLASSMATES

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

NOT long ago a man with whom I had roomed at college came to visit me and during his stay expressed a desire to observe me perform as a teacher. The motive that prompted him was no doubt malicious, but it was quite forgotten before he had sat through his first class. For he and I had gone to one of those monastic Eastern colleges where few women ever get past the visitors' gallery at the commons, and now for the first time he was seeing co-education. I expected him to say something appropriate about the lecture I delivered, for I had talked about Coleridge, and Professor Lowes's book was hot from the press; but he seemed to have forgotten that I had been any part of the hour's diversion. As we strolled across the campus he tried vigorously to reduce to order the confusion that his experience had brought him.

The first coherent idea that he voiced was, "Good Lord! I was expecting a college, not a sample room. That front row! It looked like the hosiery window at a spring opening or the finale of a Vanities first act. What do you teach 'em, dancing?"

A moment later, "Educational patter from the little ash-blonde: 'Does a poet know what he is writing or does he just tap the subconscious?' That's what happens when you expose a predestinate chocolate-dipper to Psych A."

And then, "How can a man teach with a roomful of beautiful girls listen-

ing to him? Do you expect the men to keep their minds on Coleridge? And you can't be ass enough to want girls who look like that to handicap themselves with an education."

Later still he settled matters to his satisfaction. "Don't tell me you even try to teach 'em anything. You've got a living to make, and you merely elect to make it talking about Coleridge to a chorus of ravishing girls who all their life long will continue to associate Coleridge with henna and *Narcisse Noir*, and who merely use your classroom as a convenient place to pry luncheon-dates out of susceptible males. It's an old delusion that you can educate women. You're not fool enough to think that even one of that ballet has any idea that Coleridge wrote poetry, or what poetry is, or gives a damn, anyway. Sure! I saw 'em putting down pages of notes. You'll give them A when they come back to you on the final."

It was all very amusing. It reminded me forcibly of the day, some five years before, when I faced my first co-educational class. The offer of the position had reached me on a desert ranch, where I was working for my board and where even the pittance the Dean offered me seemed munificent. I traveled two thousand miles and bolted from the train-shed directly to a room containing thirty-five freshmen who were waiting to be told what to do for their first college assignment. I was on the rostrum before I fully realized that Atlantis was,

after all, a co-educational university; and the sight of "that front row," crammed with new fall creations and shiny with French-nude stockings, appalled me. For the moment I wished myself back in the Idaho desert, untempted by an instructor's salary fully half as large as a milkman's, eating mutton three times a day, and rejoicing in the only beard I have ever owned. I was not long from that Eastern college, you see, and I knew all about the higher education of women. I knew that Middle-Western universities were contemptible from the point of view of scholarship (the knowledge had been confirmed by my being hired to teach at one). I knew that girls went to such places primarily to find husbands who didn't live in the old home town. I knew furthermore that women didn't belong to the class of *educabilia*, which included in fact only a distressingly small percentage of males. And I knew, finally, that most women didn't pretend to take education seriously and that the few who did were not only æsthetic atrocities but also the most saddening numbskulls to be encountered anywhere by a vigorous mind.

To be sure, several of the graduate schools of my own university admitted women; and there was a regulation whereby students of a neighboring women's college might very occasionally enter an undergraduate course. That I had been in a philosophy course which one of these rare specimens attended probably contributed to my idea of her sex's mentality. She was so homely that we called her "The Pure Reason," and she was eternally interrupting the professor's lecture, no matter what it concerned, with the stern question, "Is that reconcilable with Kant?" She was miserable whenever his language descended to intelligibility, and her distress at his mild, unworldly witticisms so saddened him that he gave them up altogether.

I could not see, after a desperate glance, anything corresponding to The

Pure Reason in my first class. Quite the contrary. There were fully as many men as women in that class, but I was not aware of them. I could see only women, and they were all staggeringly beautiful. It could not be possible that such stunning girls would even pretend to take an interest in intellectual matters. They were undoubtedly a frivolous and giddy crew who would ogle me out of passing grades and coax me into letting them go free of assignments, and chatter and make up their faces during my most solemn flights. The room seemed oppressive with femininity, and I was quite sure that such an atmosphere, however favorable it might be to nature's designs for the perpetuation of the race, was frost and blight and mildew to that orderly discipline of the mind which I considered education.

Well, one learns, and I wonder now that in the moment of shock I did not recall the empirical fact that nine-tenths of the truly wise people I had known were women. Even if I had, at that stage I should doubtless have contended that wisdom was something apart from education, some derivative from the nebulous function which is called intuition.

Before long, however, I began to realize that not all my pupils were beautiful, and with that first discrimination began a series of readjustments which quite reversed most of my preconceptions. The whole point of this article, which is a recantation, is my discovery that the greater part of the education which the modern college manages to achieve, in the intervals between endowment campaigns, football championships, and psychological surveys, is appropriated by the very sex who presumably do not belong to the *educabilia* at all.

The women, these scatterbrained co-eds, are better material for education than the men and readier at acquiring it, and are also the chief hope for the preservation of the values which were long declared to be the ideals of liberal education.



## II

Here I must make one or two stipulations. It must be understood that I speak entirely in generalizations, having no space to take account of exceptions, and that I generalize about the average student, not the exceptional one. To judge the colleges on the basis of the superior student—two per cent of the enrollment—would be foolish, and to attempt a differentiation between superior men and superior women would be more foolish still. Above a certain level of intelligence there seems to be little fundamental difference between the sexes, so far as their work in college is concerned. The tendencies with which I am now concerned are those of the mass, the undistinguished young folk who are the backbone of the colleges; and I am speaking of the tendency, not of any given individual who may oppose it. It must also be understood that I am generalizing from my own experience. I have checked it so far as possible by the experience of others, but without much finality on either side. A publicly expressed opinion on this subject is rare, since it exposes one to the headlines and editorials of the press, the recriminations of a dean who is harassed by officious associations, and an avalanche of letters from the nation's cranks. It is easier to get a privately expressed opinion but it is also more likely to be conditioned by the accidents of the week. The Kappa Alpha weeper may have cried Professor Smith out of a passing mark for a sister half an hour before he defies the whole University Club to find him one co-ed who ever did a lick of work. Or Professor Smith may have married his brightest senior and so wedded an idea that the co-eds, as a sex, comprise the upper three-fourths of the intellectual scale, to the complete exclusion of the men.

The first observation is that the old debate is over, and the old problem of what aim a college education should have, if not solved, is at least settled

forevermore. Even ten years ago the battle between the humanists on the one hand and the vocationalists on the other was still vigorous. Its outcome though unmistakable was not yet achieved, and the dwindling but vigorous defenders of liberal education showed no signs of panic. To-day, after ten years that have telescoped a century of evolution and have left the American colleges completely bewildered, hardly even the tradition survives. Not eight colleges in the country even pretend to champion the old ideals or to adapt them to post-war problems; and of those that do pretend, the loudest-voiced has done more to injure the cause than any dozen of its most Rotarian rivals.

By and large, the American college is now a training-school. It is engaged in preparing its students for their vocations. It is a feeder for the professional schools, on the one hand, and for business, on the other. Primarily it provides training for salesmanship. In the mass, young men come to college to learn how to sell. In the mass, they are not interested in the kind of education that is generally called liberal—or humanistic or cultural or intellectual. The man who comes to college to-day is not there to grow in wisdom, or to invite the truth to make him free, to realize his fullest intellectual possibilities, to learn the best that has been said and thought, or to fit himself to any other of the mottoes carved above his college gates. He is there to get through the prerequisites of a professional school or of business. In either case he is righteously intolerant of all flapdoodle whatsoever that does not contribute directly to the foreseen end. Anything which undertakes to make him more efficient he will embrace with as much enthusiasm as he has left over from "activities" which are the organized hokum of college life. Anything else—be it anthropology or zoölogy or any elective in between—he will resent and actively condemn. He'll be damned if he's got time to waste on wisdom—or knowledge



—or truth and beauty—or cultural development—or individuality—or any of the other matters with which the colleges used to be concerned.

One who speaks to the college man of a different kind of education meets not the derision his opponents might have cast on him before the War, but an incomprehension, a complete failure to understand his language that is a thousand times more conclusive. Such an outcome was inevitable from the moment that the higher education became democratic, and its original momentum dates from the establishment of State-supported universities. But whereas, in spite of its democratic power, the really powerful authorities were opposed to the development as late as 1917, those same authorities have been since then its most enthusiastic leaders. Where the ideals of liberal education still survive they are cherished by aging and solitary men who can never head an educational body or sit on a president's throne. The administrations have gone over wholly to the popular cause. Recently the President of one of our largest universities said flatly to his faculty, "The students are our customers and we must give them what they want." His language was more forthright than that of most of his peers, who adopt the terminology of Service, but unquestionably he expressed the philosophy of most of them. With this policy in the throne-room the faculties in general whoop up the process. Ask any college teacher which departments have their budgets ratified without a murmur of complaint. Ask any department-head what courses he must stress to the trustees who guard the purse-strings. Ask anyone what the dominant ideas of his campus are and what professors are picked for the key-positions in the faculty committees. The colleges have gone out to give the student what he wants. And what he wants may be defined as courses that are thought to provide training in efficient salesmanship.

This is, however, education from the

point of view of men. The women—those lovely co-eds whose stockings so disturbed my friend—are another matter. In the mass, they see no need to prepare themselves for law or dentistry and feel no call to become expert at selling. Their lives still have room for the qualities that education once dealt with. They have time for wisdom—and knowledge—and truth and beauty—and cultural development—and individuality. That is why they are so significant for the future if society has any use for liberal education and expects the colleges to have anything to do with it.

### III

The canons of liberal education—if I correctly interpret its champions—may be summarized as receptiveness to new ideas, freedom from prejudice or other emotional bias, insistence on factual or logical demonstration of everything presented as truth, ability to distinguish between appearance and reality developed somewhat beyond the naïve faith of the uneducated, refusal to accept authority or tradition as final, and skepticism of the fads, propagandas, and panaceas that may be called the patent medicines of the mind. To abbreviate some centuries of definition still farther, the liberally educated man is supposed to possess an intelligently discriminating mind. The avenues by which this desirable possession may be acquired need not be scrutinized here. It suffices to remember what attributes have been considered the desiderata of liberal education and to estimate their relative distribution between the sexes in the colleges of to-day.

According to ancient theory, women's judgment is swayed by emotional considerations to a far greater extent than that of men. The daily routine in the colleges quite controverts the theory. It is the men, for instance, who die for dear old Rutgers. Here at Atlantis we have just emerged from a period of athletic failure which has given me an excel-



lent chance to observe the passions in their natural state. I have seen many men in tears because the football employees of Utopia, that university of poltroons, had walloped our own; but I have never seen a co-ed leaving the stadium other than dry-eyed. The bales of themes that have rolled in upon me demanding a sterner athletic policy, bigger salaries for bigger fullbacks, in order to vindicate Atlantis as the best college in the world, have been without exception the work of men. The idea that the worth of a college is to be judged by the success of its football team is a man's idea. So is the idea that Atlantis is the best college in the world. A man is not satisfied, it seems, unless he can assure himself and the world at large that the college he attends is clearly superior to all others: a co-ed does not bother her mind with such infantile rationalizations.

As with football and world-leadership, so with the other functions of the college. Some years ago a newspaper, during a dearth of excitement, discovered the foul taproot of Bolshevism and the dead hand of Lenin (its own phrases) in an Epworth League at Atlantis. The organization that promptly had itself photographed kissing the Stars and Stripes, to prove Atlantis free of that moral plague, was a fraternity, not a sorority. The parade of patriotic youth carrying posters that damned all Bolsheviks to the American Legion was entirely male. Male, too, were the petitions praying the President to redeem Atlantis before the world by expelling the Epworth League—they originated and circulated among the fraternities. So jingoism widens out: the co-eds think, the men throb. It is not enough that Atlantis is the world's-champion university with the loveliest campus and the most modern gadgets from the school of education. America, as the nation that is graced by Atlantis, must necessarily be immaculate, inimitable, and in all ways supreme.

Every year passionate organizations

in the colleges pass hundreds or resolutions condemning the un-American conduct of some hapless professor who has suggested that the English plan of government is better than the American plan, that the Germans have a better civic policy, that the French eat better cooking, that a Japanese has thus far done the best research in this or that, that a Portuguese preceded a native Bostonian in sailing round Africa, or that the Mona Lisa is clearly superior to a fire-insurance calendar. Everyone who knows the colleges will recognize the phenomenon as one of the weariest bores of campus life. How many of these resolutions come from co-ed organizations? I have yet to observe one. It was a man, I remember, who refused to find any literary value in the Old Testament—obviously there couldn't be, he said, for it was written by a bunch of kikes.

In my survey of contemporary literature I deal perforce with much fiction and poetry of the day that, in method, is Freudian, and with much that is behavioristic. In general, the men are antagonistic to it. They object to both Freud and the behaviorists, partly on the ground that they are new, but mostly on the ground that they are unpleasant. The young male is affronted by the public discussion of sex-motives though he is a whale at discussing them in private, and he is much more deeply affronted by behaviorism. Consequently, he does not consider whether they are true, but merely loathes them. Now this is proverbially a feminine response, and it exhibits with admirable clarity one of the crucial functions of intelligence. The person who says, for instance, "I'd hate to think that Freud is right" betrays an essentially ignorant attitude of mind; the seeker after truth has nothing to do with liking or hating and the only intelligent question is, Is Freud right? But this ignorant, or proverbially feminine, response in my advanced class is confined to the men. The dispassionate point of view is inva-

riably that of the co-eds. They do not unthinkingly accept the new literature. They welcome it as an interesting phenomenon, something to be analyzed and appraised without preconceptions. That, I submit, is the intelligent, the educated attitude.

Perhaps a few examples are relevant. It was a man who rejected *Elmer Gantry* because it must be bad art since Sinclair Lewis could not possibly be sincere in such a biased and contemptible book. The tangle of fallacies displayed by this earnest senior was the kind traditionally ascribed to the feminine mind which cannot think impersonally; yet it was a co-ed who in class informed him that a man who differed from him was not necessarily insincere, asked him what an author's sincerity had to do with his art, and criticized *Elmer Gantry* from an intelligent point of view. It was another man who in amazement and disgust pronounced Mr. Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* an utterly untrue book, the phantasm of a diseased mind. It was a co-ed who checked off on her fingers the analogues of Anderson's characters whom she had observed in her own home town and named a number of Russian and French novelists who, though respectable in her opponent's eyes, used precisely the same method. It was a man who called Katherine Mansfield "nasty-minded" and found no moral teaching in her work: it was a co-ed who put him in his place. Finally, after we had read *Ulysses* it was the men who pretended to understand it and, without pretense, condemned it utterly—but the co-eds who admitted that they could not understand it but found occasional passages of magnificent prose and tentatively accepted the method as valid.

This, however, is all literary criticism. I am, perhaps, betrayed by the limitations of my subject? Not if I correctly observe the adventures of my colleagues. Is the campus stirred by a protest against the atheistical teachings of the zoölogy department? Then the howl is sure to be traced to some embryo re-

vivalist from the Red-Flannels Belt—someone whose sister is not in the least appalled. Does the Dean have to listen for some hours to complaints against Mr. Dash of the history department, who has suggested that economic considerations somewhat influenced the wisdom of the Fathers in 1787, and so is patently subsidized from Leningrad? Then the complainant is Bill Juicy, the pride of Sigma Sigma, who would die the death rather than hear Hamilton traduced. At that very moment Alice Apple, with whom Bill has a heavy date to-night, is writing a report for Mr. Dash's class and adding in a postscript that Mr. Dash must be wrong about Jefferson, for Alice cannot believe that even Jefferson could be so consistently high minded as Mr. Dash maintains. Or the large class files out of University Hall where Mr. Circle has been lecturing on Watson's theory of conditioned response. Bill Juicy lights a cigarette and ponders the lecture briefly. It's all a bunch of hooey, for if Watson is right then Bill can't think for himself. And that, in the face of Sigma Sigma's united stand for compulsory military training, is absurd. Bill dismisses Watson—whom he will thereafter associate with a brand of shock-absorbers—and goes to the fraternity house to find out whom to vote for in the class elections. But Alice, who also lights a cigarette as soon as she is screened from the Dean of Women, is also pondering. If Watson can establish his thesis; if those experiments Circle talks about are exhaustive, then—well, it's going to chase Mr. Dot of the Ethics course and Mr. Starr of the Social Progress course into a corner they'll never escape from. H'm—it rather knocks old Dot's idea of the Moral Will into a cocked hat.

#### IV

In various courses I have taught the wide expanse of English literature from Chaucer to James Joyce, but, apart from the tittering bromides of Polonius, I



have found only one sentiment that appealed irresistibly to the male students in the class. That is the declaration in which Pope plumbed the depths of Bolingbroke and dredged up the assurance that whatever is, is right. It is the hoariest and most awesome conviction of the Babbitt mind, and its acceptance by the college youth of to-day is a broadly farcical commentary on our times. Here, I realize, I run counter to the shibboleths of the newspapers, which intermittently grow hydrophobic over a rebellious generation. It would be delightful and encouraging if the newspapers were right, but they are not. The wave of revolution that Mr. Coolidge discerned from afar when Vice-President never broke among our classic halls. How should salesmen-to-be revolt against anything? If whatever is, isn't right to the last electron, then the future is unsure and efficiency is imperilled. It must be right, and the bozo that says it isn't must be extinguished with the full police power of undergraduate taboos. There need be no apprehension about college men among those shadowy personages who are assumed to be interested in the preservation of the established order, for college men are sound to the core. Beside the conservatism of a fraternity, a Director's meeting of United States Steel would have a pronounced Bolshevik tinge. A caucus of the Republican Old Guard is distinctly radical in comparison with the men of a normal American college. They are not only instinctively reactionary, but even consciously so—and with an unctiousness that would appall the editor of the *Wall Street Journal*.

I have just said that this condition is farcical, and to my low, pedagogical mind, which studies the American scene without rancor, it is precisely that. But from another point of view it is pitiful and, indeed, tragic. For youth is the gallant season when the milk bill is of less consequence than certain spears and the glory of dashing oneself against

them. Youth satisfied with anything is youth curdled with the hope of selling bonds. There is a time for the slaying of dragons and the pursuit of Utopias. I must maintain, even, that a fair share of revolutionary thought is essential for the full development of intelligence; for soil is made fruitful by plowing, and dynamite in deep-blast charges is acknowledged to be the best means of breaking up the clods and setting free the chemistry of creation. Ideally, college should give young minds four years of splendid intoxication. Made drunk with the freedom of ideas, college students should charge destructively against all the institutions of a faulty world and all the conventions of a silly one. I need not say that they do not.

My courses in advanced composition are an outlet for the ideas of the students who take them. In five years I have had a number of dissenters. I have had themes that inveighed against war and against marriage, themes that advocated an immediate proletarian revolution in the United States, themes that spoke highly of free-love or anarchy or communism, compulsory education in birth-control or the unionization of the farmers, military despotism or the creation of American soviets. One might focus on these themes—the work of some fifteen or twenty persons—and feel gratefully sure that all was well with the colleges, that such bright if momentary enthusiasms were evidence that college youth remained generous and undiscouraged. I might not dissent from such a judgment, but I must add that of the fifteen or twenty only one was a man.

I do not mean to suggest that the co-eds as a group are radical, but only that the college radical is more apt to appear among them. And I do insist that, as a group, they are more liberal than the men, less terrified by the prospect of social or intellectual change, and less suspicious of novelty. They seem to take for granted that in whatever is there must be, *ipso facto*, a great deal of nonsense. They are willing to ex-

amine what is proposed in place of it. The men merely set up a yell for the police or what, intellectually, corresponds to the police.

Above all, they are interested. The college man lives up to the type that has been created for him by the humorous magazines in that he seems perpetually bored. His is not the boredom of cynicism, not even of the callow cynicism of the cartoons, but the boredom that is usually called Philistine. Show him that the principles of Mr. Blank's course in "Business Psychology" will enable him hereafter to close a sale, and he will cast off his lethargy and dig; but through courses in the Greek thought of the Fourth Century or the social institutions of Medieval Spain he wanders somnolent and pathetic, a weary, grumbling low-brow who has been cruelly betrayed into registering for what rumor held to be a snap course. The excitements and the ecstasies of the intellectual life are not for him. He has no hunger for those impractical, breathless, dizzying wisdoms that add stature to the soul. But the co-eds, whether self-consciously or not, are really interested in living by the higher centers of the brain. Education retains, for them, something of its old adventurousness; and, for them, there is still some delight to be had in the pursuit of intellectual ends which can never, by any conceivable means, be turned into commissions. The sex is proverbially curious—and curiosity is no poor synonym for intelligence. And no doubt another proverbial attribute, stubbornness, is responsible for the other virtue that remains to be dealt with. Skepticism seems to be indispensable for education, but the college man neither possesses it nor respects its possession in others. He relies on the commercial honesty of the institution that accepts his tuition: surely no professor would accept money for saying something that was not true. A textbook cannot lie, and a professor will not.

Logic, evidence, experimentation, and verification are all very well, no doubt, but an uneconomic waste of time. In a pinch, I would undertake to convince a class of men of nearly anything, merely by repeating many times that it was so because I said it was so. One does not teach women in that way. One painstakingly examines all the facts, goes over the evidence, caulks the seams of one's logic, and in every way prepares oneself for intelligent opposition. It may be the devilish obstinacy of the sex. No doubt it is, but also, whatever its place in the ultimate synthesis of wisdom, it is the beginning of knowledge.

All this narrows down to one very simple thing. Democracy has swamped the colleges and, under its impetus, college men tend more and more to reverse evolution and to develop from heterogeneity to homogeneity. They tend to become a type, and, our civilization providing the mold, the type is that of the salesman. The attributes that distinguish it are shrewdness, craftiness, alertness, high-pressure affability and, above all, efficiency. There seems to me little reason to believe that the tendency will change in any way. I have not, indeed, any reason to believe that for the Republic any change is desirable. The mass-production of salesmen, we may be sure, will not and cannot stop. But, at least, there is one force that moves counter to this one. The co-eds, in general, develop into individuals; and, in general, they oppose and dissent from the trend of college education. I do not pretend to say whether their opposition is conscious or merely instinctive, nor can I hazard any prophecy about its possible influence on our national life. But if, hereafter, our colleges are to preserve any of the spirit that was lovely and admirable in their past, I am disposed to believe that the co-eds, those irresponsible and over-dressed young nitwits, will save it unassisted.





# THE FAR-EAST'S REACTION TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION

BY ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

**I**N OUR Western World almost all intelligent observers of international affairs are now alive to a problem which, for want of a better name, we call the problem of "East and West." The name is inadequate because there is no reason to suppose that the Chinese and the Hindus, for example, have much in common beyond the fact that they both differ from Americans or English peoples. It may well be that Chinese and Hindus, Muslims and Russians all have fewer positive points of contact with one another than each has with our Western civilization. It is certainly true that we class them all together under the common name of "Orientals" because, in our present mood of self-confidence, we "Occidentals" inwardly believe that our civilization is the only civilization that counts in the modern world, and that the division between those who are and those who are not within the pale of Western society is the most important division to-day in the ranks of mankind.

Historically, it is very possible that we may be mistaken. When seen in the perspective of many centuries (that perspective in which we ourselves can see the histories of Ancient Greece or Ancient Egypt), our own history, which to us seems the culmination of human evolution, may present itself as one incident, and that not the most important incident, in the long tale of human endeavor. However, we are not concerned very deeply with this rather speculative question of the figure which we are likely

to cut in the eyes of our remote successors. Our first concern is to understand, and make the best of the actual world in which we find ourselves; and, from this more practical point of view, our rule-of-thumb division of our world into "West" and "Non-West" is probably the right one. For, after all, the ascendancy of the West in the world—though it may date only from yesterday and may be destined to pass away to-morrow—is a potent fact to-day, a fact which at this moment is dominating the lives of all other societies that have come within range of us. Confronted, as they all are, with this identical and most urgent problem, it is not surprising to find that a number of non-Western peoples who differ widely from one another are, nevertheless, reacting to the West in similar ways.

We become aware of this as soon as we turn our attention from distant horizons to the foreground of current events.

At this moment, for instance, to most English people—and probably to most Americans likewise—the words "East and West" call up the picture of an upheaval (turbulent, dangerous, and obscure) in China. This Chinese crisis is so acute that the foreigners who are actually involved in it find it difficult to see it in perspective at all. The onslaught of the Chinese Nationalists upon treaty rights which have been in force for more than eighty years has aggrieved and bewildered local foreign opinion. On the strength of these treaties, foreigners have settled in China, invested capital there,

and given every kind of hostage to fortune. In the third and fourth generation they have come to take the treaty basis of all this for granted, and have assumed that the Chinese were taking it for granted on their side. "What has happened to these good Chinese?" the foreign resident in China is asking. Somebody must have come by stealth and poisoned their minds. The foreigner in China looks about for the enemy who has sown the tares, and thinks he has discovered him in the Bolshevik.

Now there is no reasonable doubt that the Bolsheviks (or, more accurately, one wing of the Russian Communist Party) are doing their best to add fuel to the flames wherever they find a conflagration—not only in China, but in other non-Western countries and indeed in any part of the world. There is even less doubt that they feel flattered and exhilarated when Westerners take their mischief-making seriously; but when we consider that the present regime in Russia is only ten years old, we must admit that, in denouncing it as the cause of all the trouble, we are taking it too nearly at its own valuation. Ten years of even the most consummate Bolshevik propaganda cannot account for the anti-Western movements in China or elsewhere, because, so soon as we begin to examine the history of these movements, we generally find that we can trace back their antecedents for the best part of a century. And what, after all, is the secret of the Bolsheviks' undoubted power to captivate the minds of other Orientals? In the first place, they find the soil already prepared; and in the second place, their preaching appeals to Oriental audiences because the Russians themselves are an Oriental people who have been longer and more deeply involved with the West than most of their fellows and, therefore, possess the prestige of being pioneers on a road on which the rest are finding themselves constrained to follow. In other words, Bolshevism—so far from being a diabolical external

cause of the anti-Western movement in the contemporary world—is simply one manifestation of that movement itself; and if it appeals, say, to the Chinese, that is because there is a kind of "pre-established harmony" between the Russian and the Chinese states of mind under the common pressure of Western civilization.

## II

This similarity of reaction towards the West, as between peoples far removed from one another in space and widely differing in their social heritages, is very striking. The present writer first approached the modern problem of "East and West" by making a first-hand study of Turkey in 1921. As he follows current events in China with this background in his mind, he finds himself perpetually astonished at the way in which recent history in Turkey is repeating itself in China now. All the leading characters and the decisive situations seem to be the same in the two dramas. In both we find the conflict between the militant Nationalist and the "Old Turk" (or "Old Chinese"). The Nationalist, intoxicated with the new wine of Western doctrine, makes war upon his own Oriental social heritage, in the name of liberty, equality, fraternity, the rights of man, and other Western slogans, as vigorously as he makes war, in the same cause, upon "Western Imperialism." As for the "Old Turk," he has been chastised, poor fellow, for a century past with the whips of Western criticism and has gradually accustomed himself to take his daily thrashing more or less stoically. But even the worm will turn; and so your "Old Turk" shows fight when the younger generation of his own countrymen begin to chastise him with scorpions. The result is civil war: in the one case, Mustafa Kemal and his "Defense of Rights" Party at Angora against the Ottoman Sultan-Caliph at Constantinople; in the other case the Kuomintang at Canton against the Chinese Northern "War Lords."



In either case, the unlucky foreign residents in the distracted Oriental country suffer severely from the chaos which interrupts their trade and threatens to sweep away their treaty-rights. In their natural agitation they are tempted to take sides—at heart, if not avowedly—with that one of the two contending parties which is the less truculent in its denunciation of foreign privileges. On this principle, the party which finds favor with the foreign community is, of course, the old-fashioned faction, which is now so busy fighting its losing battle against the youthful forces of Nationalism that it has no energy to spare for a crusade against foreign privileges. In the fond hope of securing the foreigner's support in the civil war, the "Old Turk" even resigns himself to the final humiliation of stooping to conciliate the powerful "barbarian" whom he has always secretly despised as well as feared. He lets it be known that if God and Fortune and the Foreigner assist him to conquer his presumptuous Nationalist rival, the foreign community need have no fear that its established rights will be challenged by the victorious champions of the old order. And the foreign community, in their indignation and alarm at the militancy of the new Nationalism, actually take the professions of the "Old Turk" at their face value (a mistake against which they should have been forewarned by all their past experience of the country). They take the "Old Turk" under their patronage (just when he is on the point of going under); they exert themselves to discover hitherto unsuspected virtues in his character; and, after persuading themselves, they seek to persuade their home public and their home government, not only that the "Old Turk" is "not such a bad fellow after all," but that in backing him they will be backing a winner. For at this critical juncture the foreign community, in its alarm and bewilderment in a situation where all its old landmarks seem to have disappeared, develops an extraordinary "will to believe" and an almost un-

canny faculty for "backing the wrong horse."

The result of all this is apt to be a cruel disillusionment for both these ill-assorted eleventh-hour allies. The "Old Turk," now fighting with his back to the wall, finds the foreigner a broken reed. The Nationalist, conquering in the sign of a new and invincible idea, sweeps the old order away, and the chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh come not to the "Old Turk's" rescue. The "Old Turk" despairs and disappears, and then the foreign community suddenly find themselves confronted with the accomplished fact of a Nationalist victory—the very calamity which, up to the last moment, they had been declaring impossible. On the other side the Nationalist, flushed with his triumph over the enemy in his own household, feels no inclination to deal gently with the foreign community, who had been abusing him and prophesying his defeat so long as the issue of the civil war appeared to hang in the balance. When he was in a tight place the foreigners had shown no friendliness towards him. Why should he show consideration towards them now that the positions have suddenly been reversed? At this stage, the foreign governments overseas may find themselves called upon to take a hand in the game by providing protection for the lives and property of their nationals in the particular Oriental country in question.

This is the plot of the play as the present writer has seen it acted in Turkey; but for "Turkey" write "China"; for "Old Turk" write "Old Chinese," and you have the drama which is unfolding itself in the Far East at this moment; or for "China" write "Russia," and for "Nationalist" write "Bolshevik," and you have the Russian tragedy as it unfolded itself from 1917 to 1920. An American observer of international affairs will probably discern the same plot and the same characters, under another list of dramatis personæ, in Mexico and in more than one republic in Central America. Among non-West-



ern peoples all over the world the reaction to the West seems to be developing along parallel lines.

In this perspective Chinese Nationalism reveals itself, not as an artificial product of Russian propaganda during the last ten years, but as part of a wider movement with deeper roots and a longer history. In the same perspective, incidentally, the foreign treaty rights appear, not as a self-evident and permanent part of the order of nature, but as an essentially transitory regime—no more than a single chapter (though a chapter which could hardly, perhaps, have been dispensed with) in the history of the contact between the West and China or the West and Turkey.

### III

This analysis, however, may not pass without criticism from students of Far Eastern affairs. "Your generalizations," they may object, "are much too sweeping. With the extraordinary contrast, under our very eyes, between the reaction of China and the reaction of Japan, we can hardly be expected to accept the proposition that the reactions of the non-Western peoples to Western pressure obey any identical law." Such criticism would be to the point; and an examination of the likenesses and differences in the history of Chinese and Japanese relations with the West offers a promising line of advance for penetrating deeper into the general problem.

Down to the first half of the nineteenth century the history of these relations ran parallel. During the first four centuries of intercourse, both the Chinese and the Japanese Governments remained masters of the situation. They regarded the Western seafarers as just another swarm of "barbarians from the Southern Sea"—uncouth, ingenious, demoniacally energetic and, therefore, potentially formidable, though actually rendered innocuous by their small numbers, the extreme remoteness of their homelands, and their inveterate habit of fighting

among themselves on account of trivial and incomprehensible differences of religion and nationality. No doubt these perverse barbarians had something to teach the civilized world. A Japanese feudal lord might profitably set his armorer to make a reproduction of a Portuguese matchlock; a Japanese ship-captain might profitably adapt to his own craft the rig of a Dutch East-Indiaman; and Chinese literati, including the cultivated Son of Heaven himself, might deign to show an enlightened interest in the curious astronomical apparatus constructed for them by the Jesuit Fathers. All these, however, were superfluities, with which Far Eastern society could readily dispense at need; and Far Eastern governments had no use for the South Sea barbarian if he showed an inclination to give trouble. Accordingly, the Chinese and Japanese authorities, during those first four centuries, were careful to keep the intercourse between their own peoples and the Western seafarers at a minimum; and they had no hesitation in terminating it abruptly and completely in the interests of high policy.

The Japanese Government, for instance, after it had admitted the new barbarians for about a century and had sent more than one mission to Europe in order to investigate how these barbarians lived at home, eventually arrived at the conclusion that the bad outweighed the good in Western culture, and that it would be a misfortune for Japan if this dubious and exotic way of life gained a permanent foothold in the land. Thereupon the Japanese Government gave all Japanese converts to Roman Catholicism the choice between recantation and martyrdom, and expelled all European missionaries and merchants from the country, under pain of death if they attempted to break the ordinance of exclusion. Only a handful of Dutch merchants were allowed to keep up a restricted and carefully regulated trade; and these Dutchmen had to submit to being segregated, like pariahs, on a tiny island, where they were subjected



to most humiliating conditions. The Chinese Government, animated by the sense of security and habit of tolerance which are apt to become traditional in ancient world-empires, was slower to act and less drastic in the action which it finally took; but it was too much for the Emperor's patience when a special emissary of the Pope arrived in China in order to censure the tactful Jesuit missionaries for having taken up the position that the Roman Catholic faith was not incompatible with the Confucian rites. What would civilization come to if the Confucian foundations of morality and culture were to be assailed in the name of a preposterous barbarian superstition? The "Battle of the Rites" sealed the fate of the Jesuit Mission in China; and all the efforts of the unfortunate Fathers to repair the mischief only staved off for a quarter of a century the final official veto upon the continuance of Christian propaganda in the Celestial Kingdom. By the opening of the nineteenth century the position of Westerners in China had become little less unfavorable than their position in Japan. Broadly speaking, the principle established in both countries at that time was exclusion, tempered by precarious and restricted admission on terms which no spirited barbarian could be expected permanently to endure if ever he had a prospect of forcing the Chinese and Japanese Governments to revise them. The English—into whose hands the lion's share of the restricted foreign trade at Canton had passed by this date—happened to be spirited barbarians, and they did resort to force in the so-called "Opium War" of 1839-1842. The results of this trial of strength confounded the Chinese and possibly astonished the English themselves. From that moment onwards the relations of China and Japan with the West began to develop on divergent lines.

#### IV

The War of 1839-1842 was a sign that the Chinese Government had lost con-

trol of the situation. In reality, no doubt, it had potentially lost control long before, by failing to face the fact that the "South Sea barbarians" had developed a genuine, if outlandish, civilization of their own and, therefore, could not, with impunity, be treated forever as though they were still uncivilized beings. Had the Chinese Government recognized this betimes and revised its policy towards the Western merchants accordingly, it is probable that the War of 1839-1842 would never have been fought; for while it is perfectly true that there were grave faults on the English as well as on the Chinese side, the situation could have been put right by friendly co-operation between the two Governments if the Chinese Government had persuaded itself to deal with the British Government on equal terms. As things turned out, the Chinese paid a tragic but inevitable price for their delay in adjusting themselves to new realities. Because they had persisted too long in assuming a superiority which had lost its justification, they were suddenly cast down by force into a position of inferiority which was equally unsuited for providing a permanent basis of relations between Far Eastern and Western Society.

The War of 1839-1842 was only the first of a rapid series of blows—wars followed by dictated treaties followed by further wars followed by harsher peace terms—which, in less than a quarter of a century, transformed the relations between China and the West almost beyond recognition. In 1839 the Chinese had still been looking down upon the Westerner as a "barbarian" admitted on sufferance to the outer courts of the Temple; by 1861 the Western resident in China, entrenched behind his new system of treaty rights, was looking down upon the Chinese as a mere "native" in a China where the privileged foreigner had become the lord of creation. It has been suggested above that these so-called "unequal treaties" were a necessary chapter in the history of the contact



between the West and China. They were necessary because the Chinese authorities had failed to remain masters of the situation created by contact; and the inevitable penalty of this failure was that they ceased, for the time being, to remain masters even in their own house. The forcible ascendancy of the Western Powers over China continued to increase throughout the nineteenth century, until, in the last decade, it looked as though the territory of the Chinese Empire might actually be partitioned—not, perhaps, between all the Powers concerned, since the United States held aloof altogether from the scramble for leased territories and zones of influence, while Great Britain and France only followed reluctantly in the wake of their more land-hungry peers—but between Russia, Germany, and Japan. This danger was averted, not so much by the efforts of the Chinese themselves as by the working of the balance of power. Russia's expansion in China was brought to an end by the Russo-Japanese War; Germany, as an imperial Power, was eliminated from the Far East by the Great War; Japan was induced to renounce her ambitions of further political expansion at China's expense by these post-war changes in the general system of international relations which were registered in the acts of the Washington Conference.

Meanwhile the Chinese reaction to the West had begun, at the moment when China's political prospects seemed darkest, with the misguided activities of the Boxer Movement—a movement which addressed itself, blindly and fanatically, to the impossible enterprise of casting out force by force, without attempting to understand the West or to discover why Western physical power, when measured against Chinese physical power, had proved irresistible. During the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the suppression of the Boxer Rising by the joint military action of the Powers the Chinese reaction has taken a more promising turn.

Mere negative anti-Westernism has given place to a more constructive Nationalism, which recognizes that China can only hope to shake off the external yoke of Western "Imperialism" in proportion as she acquires the inward discipline of Western civilization. To an outside observer this would appear to be the right aim for the Chinese to set themselves; and much ground has been gained if they have learned to hold that aim steadily in view. It is obvious, however, that they are still far from the goal; and their natural human impatience to get rid of the "unequal treaties" before they have completed the laborious training required if they are to raise themselves to a true equality with the Western peoples, has evoked among the foreign residents in China an equally natural human intransigence towards the demand that they shall relinquish their privileges before the Chinese have demonstrated by deeds that these privileges are no longer necessary for the foreign residents' well-being. Thus in China—though a glimmer of daylight is beginning to show again—we are still very far from being out of the wood. The same drama that in Turkey ended on a note of catastrophe is being played, at this very moment, on the Chinese stage; and we can only hope devoutly that the outcome may not prove so catastrophic as the Turkish precedent portends.

## V

When we turn to the modern relations between the West and Japan, it is certainly true that, at first sight, no greater contrast to the modern relations between the West and China could well be conceivable. Up to the present moment the Japanese Government appears not only to have retained its mastery over the situation created by contact with the West—a mastery which the Chinese Government lost nearly a century ago—but to have taken permanent rank among the Great Powers of the Western World.



The Japanese have reaped the reward of avoiding the error of statesmanship into which the Chinese permitted themselves to fall. Treated by the Chinese as virtual barbarians themselves, the Japanese governing class found it less difficult than the Confucian literati of the Celestial Empire to look upon the "South Sea barbarians" with unprejudiced eyes. Accordingly, the nineteenth century had barely entered upon the second half of its course before the Japanese began to perceive that these fellow-barbarians of theirs had suffered a sea change, and that the policy of exclusion, which had worked well enough when first applied in the seventeenth century, could not be maintained with impunity now. Their quickness of perception was extraordinary. It sufficed that an American squadron should cast anchor in a Japanese harbor and that an international flotilla should knock to pieces some forts, belonging to recalcitrant feudal clans which had been guilty of firing upon foreign shipping, for the Japanese governing class to realize that if their country was to retain her mastery of the situation, she must be prepared to alter her relations with the West completely, and that, in order to do this, she must further be prepared to make a thoroughgoing revolution in her own national life.

Accordingly, the Japanese governing class began deliberately to "Westernize" the life of the Japanese people before the Western Powers had time to take Japan by storm, as they had taken China by storm between 1839 and 1861. They could not, it is true, avoid the unpleasant transition-phase of "unequal treaties" altogether, since Japan, too, had to open her gates to foreigners prematurely by yielding to diplomatic pressure if she did not wish to see those gates burst open by cannon balls. In Japan, however, the "unequal treaties"—originally imposed, as they were, by a diplomatic pressure which was at any rate less humiliating than the employment of military force—were got rid of, again not by force but by

agreement, before they had had time to push their roots deep down into the life of the country. In Japan, the yoke of the "unequal treaties" had no sooner been accepted than the Japanese set themselves laboriously to reform their administration, their law, and their judicial procedure; and they carried through their reforms with such effect—producing not only new rules and regulations but men with a new standard of education and probity to make these regulations a living reality—that the foreigners were compelled by the logic of the facts to admit that the Japanese, through their own exertions, had rendered foreign treaty privileges no longer necessary. Hence, in Japan, the difficult transition from hostile isolation to free and friendly intercourse on equal terms was successfully accomplished in less than half a century, whereas in China it has already been in progress for the best part of a century and the end is not yet in sight.

These facts give the measure of the difference between the Japanese and the Chinese reactions in recent times. It remains to consider how the difference came about; and, in considering this question, we shall find ourselves led to remember that the history of the relations between the Far East and the West is not yet at an end. Just as, during the first phase of intercourse with the West, the reactions in Japan and China proceeded on more or less parallel lines, it is possible that in the final phase the present contrast may disappear or else that, if it persists, the respective positions of the two parties may be reversed.

Why, during the present phase, has Japan handled the situation with such brilliant success, while China, up to date, has made on the whole such a dismal failure of it? The most obvious explanation is offered by the difference in the nature of the Japanese and the Chinese governing class. At the time when Japan had to meet the impact of the modern West she was under the rule of a hereditary aristocracy with a tradition

of fortitude and loyalty, an experience of statecraft, and a habit of command which were more enduring, and more important, than their cultural heritage or their technical training. Hence, the Japanese governing class were able to exchange the Confucian and Buddhist cultures for Western culture, and to adopt industrialized methods of warfare in lieu of the methods of the medieval men-at-arms without ceasing to be the Japanese governing class. They were able to adapt themselves to the changes required by a new international situation without forfeiting their authority over the Japanese people. Hence, the Japanese Revolution, deliberately inaugurated by the Japanese governing class in the eighteen-sixties, has hitherto been a carefully ordered and controlled revolution from above downwards. In the strict sense, it has been no revolution at all, but a rapid, systematic transformation of every element in the national life except the ruling element at the top, which has continued to direct this deliberate process of change, as it had directed the deliberate state of suspended animation in which it had chosen to keep the Japanese people during the preceding two and a half centuries. The true Japanese Revolution has not yet occurred. It will come, if it ever does come (and there are now certain portents of heavy weather in the air) on the day when the Japanese governing class ceases—not to wear two swords and study the Chinese classics—but ceases to govern the Japanese people.

In China the governing class which had to meet the impact of the modern West was of an entirely different character. It was not a hereditary aristocracy with an inherited class tradition. It was a professional civil service, recruited—in the most democratic manner conceivable—by a system of competitive examinations in a classical culture which was accessible to any boy with the talent to excel in it, however poor or humble his parents might be. *Prima facie*, this

Chinese system of government was a much more advanced and enlightened system than the Japanese. It would be surprising if it were not so, for China was the fountainhead of Far Eastern civilization from which Japan had drawn in comparatively recent times. On the other hand, it is evident that when the phase of isolation was drawing to an end, and when the most important political question for both China and Japan was ceasing to be "What is the ideal type of governing class from the standpoint of the internal life of a country?" and was coming to be "What is the best type of governing class for meeting the impact of a formidable alien civilization?" then the Chinese civil service was at a considerable disadvantage as compared with the Japanese aristocracy. The Japanese aristocracy could change its cultural and technical environment without losing its identity; but the corporate identity of the Chinese civil service was founded not on descent and family tradition but on a cultural heritage; and it could not renounce its Confucian background without committing suicide. Hence, at the critical moment, when the Japanese governing class was able to take the path of salvation, the Chinese governing class was confronted with the hard choice between two alternative paths of destruction: to perish by accepting Western civilization or to perish by rejecting it. It was only human that the Chinese governing class should choose the second of these alternatives, under which its doom was not immediate. Yet, though not immediate, it was inevitable for all that; and the Chinese Revolution of 1911 was the direct consequence of the loss of mastery which first became patent in the war of 1839-1842. The Revolution of 1911 overthrew much more than the Chinese Empire; it overthrew the whole Confucian way of life, in which the civil service that had governed that empire for more than two thousand years had lived and moved and had its being.



We can now state the cause of the difference between the Chinese and the Japanese reaction to the modern West in a few words. While Japan has been adjusting herself to the West by a revolution from above downwards, China has been compelled to attempt the same adjustment by the far more difficult process of a revolution from below upwards. The Chinese governing class was incapable, by its nature, of taking the initiative in the ordeal of "Westernization." Therefore, the Chinese governing class was bound to lose control over the situation created by contact; and, therefore, also, the Chinese people was bound to sweep the traditional Chinese system of government away before it could begin to take the necessary initiative on its own account. It was for this reason that the Chinese Revolution started nearly half a century later than the Japanese, and that during the sixteen years that have passed since 1911 it has been so chaotic, while the first half-century of the Japanese Revolution has been so orderly.

In this phase Japan, thanks to an accidental harmony between her own historical evolution and the problem set her by the advent of the West, has been confronted with a far easier task. The Japanese Revolution has so far been conducted by a governing class with an unbroken tradition of political experience in a country in which there are no deeply rooted foreign treaty rights to complicate the situation. The Chinese Revolution has so far been conducted, like the old Chinese Government, by students who are men of the people; but

nowadays these students are inspired by Western ideas and not by the Confucian culture, and instead of navigating inland waters that had been explored by two thousand years of Confucian political practice, they have had to launch their new ship of state, without experience, upon a dangerous and uncharted sea. In the course of working out the adjustment between China and the West they are having to improvise a new system of government; and they are confronted with a system of treaty rights which has grown with time until it now overshadows the national life of the country.

Thus, the fact that the Chinese Revolution is being carried out from below upwards, and not from above downwards like the Revolution in Japan, appears to be the key to the critical situation in China to-day. It makes the present phase more difficult because it makes temporary chaos inevitable; but it also makes the more distant outlook more hopeful because, if the belated attempt at "Westernization" in China does, after all, succeed, the new order is likely to rest upon broader foundations there than the adjustment which has been imposed on Japan from above by her Elder Statesmen.

China is in the middle of troubles which Japan has so far managed to avoid. It is possible, however, that the troubles of Japan have been postponed rather than averted altogether. The Chinese and the Japanese reactions to the West, when they have both run their full course, may turn out to have been less different from each other than they now appear.



# A NEW ADVENTURE FOR MILLIONAIRES

THE DUTY OF WEALTH TO PUBLIC SERVICE

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHEN the voters of the State of New York retired United States Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., to private life in November, 1926, they interrupted a most striking example of long service by one family in our public life. General James S. Wadsworth fell at the Battle of the Wilderness—one of the best of the volunteer generals from civil life. He had been nominated for Governor of New York in 1862 when in the field. His son, James W. Wadsworth, was a Congressman for sixteen years, representing the Genesee Valley district in which his family for generations has lived as landed squires in exactly the English style, with thousands of acres in their possession. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., was a soldier in 1898, served for six years in the New York Legislature, and for twelve years as Senator.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Wadsworth's defeat is anything but a temporary interruption of the public service of this remarkable family. But the fact that it is one of the few with a record covering three successive generations in public life brings up the question anew: Does wealth oblige in the United States? Does it bring with it a sense of responsibility to the State and a readiness to serve the public? Are our families of an elder wealth or the numerous possessors of newly won millions as eager to find satisfaction in entering public life or devoting themselves to causes affecting the public weal as those similarly situated, let us say, in the English motherland?

These questions suggest themselves as one travels through the land and sees on every hand evidences of great wealth. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco are no longer the exclusive habitat of the millionaire. The eleven thousand men and women of this financial class reported to the income-tax authorities for 1925, reside in many portions of the country; no less than two hundred and seven of them had each an *annual income* of one or more millions of dollars. Doubtless many others who are not thus listed because of skillful arrangement of their fortunes and investments, belong in the millionaire class. When one considers the magnitude of this group and studies it as a whole, despite a number of praiseworthy exceptions, the verdict must be that the bulk of its members utilize their wealth primarily to amass more, or for the purpose of getting as much pleasure as possible out of life. They flit from New York, or some other city, to Florida or California for the winter months, spend spring and fall on their farms, and put in the remaining months at the seashore, or in the mountains, or in wandering about Europe. Of all nomads they are the most nomadic; if they occupy one of their many houses for three months consecutively it is an event. But their very restlessness and instability prove that after a certain amount of money has been acquired the limitations on the life of pleasure are insuperable. There is certainly a limit to the number of polo ponies,



yachts, automobiles, and homes one person can use in the course of a twelve-month.

Most of these wanderers of wealth consider their duty to the country discharged if they order their secretaries to send checks to some churches, the newest cathedral, or the community chests, or the special charities they favor with their patronage. The agencies which they believe insure public peace and the maintenance of the existing social order do not, of course, appeal in vain—one of our richest women has collected all the radical journals she can obtain for the purpose of horrifying herself and her friends by this evidence of the spread of the red menace and bolshevism. The great new system of military training in colleges and summer camps wins their support not because they know whether it has or has not military value, but because as members of the Detroit Board of Commerce recently put it, "adequate preparation for war is the bulwark against revolution"—recent Russian history to the contrary notwithstanding. When checks have gone to these and to our security leagues, the annual hegira from home to home or hotel to hotel can be taken up with the satisfying conviction that one has done everything which can rightly be expected of a good and loyal American citizen.

But the public service languishes and so do the deeper causes which have to do with other things than superficial prosperity and keeping the workers and their unions in their proper places. Infinite are the opportunities for great and useful public service in and out of office; usually the appeal goes unnoticed by the rich. By that is not meant, of course, that any vision of a progressive America contemplates a government by, for, and with rich men any more than it spells a government exclusively by, for, and with manual laborers. Nor is it intended to suggest that a Congress and an administration filled with men of means, bearing historic names, with enough wealth to put them beyond reach of

that pecuniary temptation to which members of the Harding Cabinet yielded more or less criminally, would be the ideal organization of our public life. Nor does it assume that the scion of a house which has amassed its millions through the sale of automobiles, or chewing-gum, or a new drink, or the movies, or by fortunate "flyers" in Steel Common or General Motors is thereby equipped with the attributes of a statesman. A well-rounded democracy demands representation of all groups. The mere sudden possession of great wealth often turns the head and raises personal selfishness to the *n*th degree. But it is a fact that there are now plenty of families who, like the Wadsworths, have inherited and possessed wealth for generations whose members apparently place the achieving of more riches, or a social success at Palm Beach above all other pursuits in life. If they have time to give thought to our public affairs, that time is spent in abuse of Congress and the devout wish that America beget a Mussolini to give us a one hundred per cent efficient despotism so that we might have a perfect officialdom entirely obsequious to wealth, keeping its hands entirely off private business, and ready to relieve every American of the fatigue of giving a single thought to politics, or government, or the relation of either to the economics of the day.

## II

But there are exceptions? Of course. There are a number of men of inherited wealth in our diplomatic service where private means are, generally, essential if one would be a minister or an ambassador. There is still a Hamilton Fish in Washington—one of the third generation of that distinguished family. The new Assistant Secretary of War for aviation is the son of an admired and popular former member of the firm of Morgan—the late Henry P. Davison, and the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy is a

nephew of Theodore Roosevelt. The son of the late Robert Bacon, once Secretary of State, is a Congressman from Long Island. United States Senator Robert L. Gerry, of Rhode Island, is of the lineage of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He has recently inherited additional millions from his father, who gave his life to the aiding of the child victims of the social system of the metropolis. There are still millionaires enough in the Senate and House, though their presence there is more often due to a desire to protect vested interests and advance their welfare, or to safeguard special privileges, than for any other purpose. Yet even when one recalls the superb public service of Gifford Pinchot, of George D. Pratt as Forestry and Game Commissioner in New York, of Stephen T. Mather, the devoted and able head of our national parks, of Thomas Ewing as Patent Commissioner, and other men of wealth and family tradition, the list remains discouragingly short.

For this, it is true, certain defects of our political system are in part responsible. The great school of statesmanship in England is the House of Commons. No Englishman has to go hat in hand to a political boss to obtain a nomination; nor does he, if elected, have to pay an annual contribution, sometimes in excess of his salary, to the treasurer of Tammany Hall, or some similar organization. Because most men will not thus demean themselves, the representation of the greatest American city in Congress comprises nothing but political and civic mediocrities—the average New Yorker cannot to-day mention the name of a single Congressman from his city. Some years ago the descendant of a distinguished Virginia family, Francis Burton Harrison, bitterly resented a journalistic criticism of him for taking a seat in Congress. Had his family not been in public life for years—generations? Must he give up thought of further service because he was a Democrat, lived in New York, and

Boss Murphy picked the Congressmen? Murphy, he swore, had never given him orders. But he could not deny, when taxed with it, that his annual check of five figures went into the Tammany war chest alongside the toll paid by the prostitute, the gambler, the drug-peddler, the law-violating liquor dealer, and all the rest who at that time, at least, supplied Tammany with the sinews of war.

Again, when a young Englishman enters the House of Commons, it is within his power to make a name for himself with his maiden speech—provided he has the requisite talents. Pitt entered the House at twenty-one, Charles James Fox at seventeen. Winston Churchill, who ranks as the ablest debater in Parliament to-day, made his mark quickly enough. It was not merely family prestige which made him a member of the Government at twenty-six, but his own talents. In the United States a young man may enter the House as soon as he reaches the legal age, but even if he had the eloquence of Wendell Phillips he could not command the attention of the country. Nor could he rise to a position of influence in Congress except by long service—it has taken Nicholas Longworth, a man of means and family, twenty-three years to achieve the Speakership; and he could not have risen to that position under our committee system if he had not stood in with the ruling Ohio political machine and come from a safe Republican district. The American custom of choosing a Representative only from the district in which he lives makes against long and useful political careers; in England a constituency may ask any British citizen, irrespective of his residence, to represent it in Parliament. Actually the American House no longer attracts much talent; whereas the Senate, for which any resident of a State may offer himself at the primaries, appeals to-day to men who desire to serve their State and their country. There they can quickly make their mark—and one reason is the very rule of unlimited debate which Vice-



President Dawes seeks to have abrogated. With the State legislatures no longer of any interest, the Senate is the only remaining legislative body where men can freely measure their abilities and their talents with one another, and win a national reputation.

As for the public service as a whole, outside of the diplomatic service, the army and navy, and some of the scientific bureaus, there is as yet no great appeal to the young American of independent means. One of the merits of President Roosevelt's administration was that the charm and power of his personality and his interest in public service drew into public life a group of young men who enlisted under his personal banner. That group has largely disappeared with the lapse of years. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, was too shy, too self-centered, too suspicious, and too cold to draw around him a group of acolytes. When he did unbend he could be the most entertaining and charming of men. Had his career not ended in disaster and the wreck of all his hopes for the peace and for those domestic reforms for which he contended until compelled to devote all his time to the War, he would still have left no body of young men in the public service inspired to work on in his spirit—the Democratic Party remains extraordinarily destitute of fine political timber in House, Senate, the federal service, or the various States. The extent of the desire to serve the government should not, of course, depend upon the personality and personal attributes of a leader or leaders. In a community of ideals the youth of the land should, as is the case in England, offer itself of its own volition for the legislature, the government, the colonial service, and all the rest.

Not with us is this the case, so far as those favored by fortune are concerned. Our tremendous industrial expansion, the extraordinary fascination of the money-making power, the possibilities of continent-wide—yes, world-wide—

business conquests, the economic winning of the West, these have all turned the favored youth of the land—whether favored by fortune or by the possession of fine family traditions of public service—into business fields. So the wonderful Adams family of Massachusetts has disappeared from public or semi-public life with the deaths of Charles Francis, Henry, and Brooks Adams. Only one Roosevelt son seeks a public career; as yet in our public life there is no family successor to Henry Cabot Lodge, or Elihu Root, or Joseph H. Choate, or Charles E. Hughes—as Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., has bravely, and promisingly, succeeded his father. The Vanderbilts have never contributed a member of their family to public life, with the exception of one military man. Neither have the Astors, nor the Goelets, nor many other families. Many of their members have taken life seriously and worked hard. Some, like Archer M. Huntington, through their public benefactions to arts and the sciences, have rendered most estimable service. Others, like the members of the Dodge and Osborn families in New York, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have largely devoted themselves and their means to educational and social welfare undertakings which illustrate their generosity, their sense of social responsibility, and their ability to subordinate wealth to its proper place in a man's or woman's life. But the roll of those who go in for political service remains amazingly small, even in Massachusetts, so full of the Puritan traditions and the descendants of the Pilgrims. When Harvard or Yale can report the appointment or election of four or five Harvard or Yale Senators or Ambassadors, the alumni weeklies of those great institutions are almost moved to the publication of extra editions.

### III

Public office itself is not, of course, the only test. Endless are the opportunities for those who can afford to take



small salaries and devote themselves to the betterment of society and the State through those ever-increasing organizations which we Americans are compelled to create in order to keep our public machinery functioning clearly in some degree and in order to mop up the wreckage of our social system. No sooner do we create a new situation such, let us say, as probation in the courts, than there must be created a private society to see that the probation system is properly carried out, that the judges do their duty, that the cause is properly presented and not maligned in the press. In innumerable instances private initiative has to fill a vacuum deliberately left by the State. So Miss Lillian Wald and her Henry Street Settlement have created that extraordinary system of public nursing which would plainly be monopolized by any State primarily concerned with the health and welfare of the individual citizen—has not Governor "Al" Smith officially urged New York to begin the socialization of the nursing and medical professions and to take over the supplying of milk to the cities upon the ground that it is as much the duty of the State to see that each child gets clean milk as to provide pure water?

Endless are the philanthropic organizations—and yet their support is nothing like what it should be. Take the great work of the late Thomas Mott Osborne. A man of large means, he threw himself into the political life of the State only to find himself baffled. Then he found in his crusades for the prisons great opportunity and complete personal satisfaction. The abuses he uncovered cried to high Heaven for redress. Everybody who has ever come into touch with our prisons knows that they are the antithesis of what they ought to be; that they breed crime but do not cure it. Were there recruits in number to hold up Mr. Osborne's hands? Did young men of wealth and family, free from the necessity of earning their living, rush to his support? They did not; aid, pitifully

small and inadequate, came from other sources. Then there are our Indians and our Negroes. The Indians continue to be robbed, maltreated, denied the rights of citizens such as a fair trial in court, or the right to will away their property, or to say where and how their children shall be educated. The plight of our colored people still calls for the bestowal upon them of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Here, again, are unlimited opportunities for unofficial public service. Who responds? Even the descendants of the Abolitionists have largely fallen away.

The scions of wealth, the inheritors of family traditions, surely see no patriotic call in causes like these. Patriotism has come to mean for them—where it exists at all—a singing of the National Anthem; a demand that everybody support the Administration in power whether right or wrong—as to that they will not undergo the mental effort necessary to an inquiry; a belief that the Constitution is inviolable—except where one chooses to violate it because of a personal appetite or desire; and the comfortable feeling that loyalty is synonymous with upholding the army and navy at all times and places.

Study old social conditions and new political theories? By no means. The rest of the world may be in flux and in a deadly grapple with economic conditions that change over night, but ours is a perfect form of government, better administered than any other country—save only the Italy of Mussolini. The young men of this type cannot understand why Bertrand Russell, the heir apparent to a great British title, or Oswald Moseley, husband of so distinguished and rich and titled a wife as Lady Cynthia, or Lord De La Warr, direct descendant of the Lord De La Warr who founded Delaware, or Commander Kenworthy, who some day will be Lord de Strabolgi, or Lord Thomson, or the son of Stanley Baldwin, and so many others of wealth, position, and rank should be giving themselves to making



over radically the society in which their lives are lived so happily and so richly. Englishmen like these, and many similar ones in the Conservative camp, feel the call of duty, often to humanity when not to the State alone. With them nobility does oblige. With them wealth connotes social responsibility and duty. With them family tradition indicates public service as the ideal career.

With us, as a whole, the similar class, I repeat, feels no obligation in peace time save to minister to its pleasure and salve its conscience with its doles to charity. Even from their own point of view this is folly; they ought at least to detail one in every ten among them to devote himself to public life. If they could but fix their eyes upon anything else than the social columns, the stock market, the great villas in Florida, the palaces on our northern seacoasts, it might occur to them that no society will in the long run permit the piling up of riches by the fortunate few at the rate and to the extent which is happening

to-day; that the huge Juggernauts of industrialism, built up in this and other countries, are becoming economic super-governments which already challenge the powers of the State and bid fair to dwarf them. Were these multi-millionaires to care and to ponder they would not be content with endowing colleges—often in exchange for honorary degrees—nor with establishing such great foundations as are banishing epidemic disease from the face of the earth, or making the life of the professor less of a poverty-stricken career, or rewarding and stimulating research. These Americans might also ask themselves why the masses of people everywhere are dissatisfied with their government and their social conditions. If they then set themselves to seeking really to discover the answers to that question they might find that they had embarked upon an adventure which would pay them far richer dividends in content and happiness than flirting in Florida, or dancing at Deauville, or yachting in the Mediterranean.





## HOME FIRE

A STORY

BY MARGARET AYER BARNES

**H**OW did she manage to do it on the alimony? That was Philip Mayne's first thought on re-entering Marion's little drawing-room and taking his familiar stand before the smoldering fire. Nine years since he'd seen it. It wasn't the same drawing-room, of course. Very different, this little apartment parlor, in all essential respects, from their old suburban living room. Then, he'd had his job in the bank. Now, her slender share of his fluctuating income as an erratic journalist and critic couldn't take her very far.

But Marion had always been thrifty; and the atmosphere of the two rooms was strangely alike. There were the books, hers and her father's, lining the walls from floor to ceiling, their red and brown, their green and gold bindings decorating the room like the warm, blended tints of some old tapestry. There were the nine daffodils—Marion would have nine, of course, neither six nor an even dozen—in the glass bowl on the piano. He knew where the other three were. He knew as well as if he'd seen them—in Marion's bedroom, on her dressing table, in the little silver vase he'd given her the Christmas they were first engaged. The idea, then, had been that he would always keep it filled with one perfect rose. He hadn't long, of course, but Marion had nearly always managed to find a posy for it. Yes, the other three would be there.

There was the old Arundel print over the fireplace, Botticelli's wistful Aph-

rodite on her fluted shell, drifting uncertainly ashore from her cold, green sea to meet unknown, unsought desire in the leafy woods. Not his idea of Venus. Never had been. But Marion had always loved her. She said that the newborn goddess would have looked like that. She had as much to learn from men as they from her. A wistful Aphrodite, thought Philip with a little twisted smile, was a more appropriate patron to preside over the interview before him than any more urgent goddess. He felt old and wise and infinitely disillusioned. Wistfulness exactly described the quality of his feeling toward Marion. A timid, tender yearning toward belated reunion that was practically untouched by passion. He had put the illusion that was love behind him forever.

"Mrs. Mayne asks you to wait," said the maid on the threshold. Philip sank nervously into his old armchair and suppressed a restless gesture toward his waistcoat pocket. He'd like a cigarette. Perhaps a Lucky'd bring him luck. But no—one didn't smoke a casual fag at a moment like this, waiting to see one's former wife after an interval of nine long years. Not in her very parlor. Waiting . . . and hoping that she'd take him back.

Yes, everything was surprisingly the same. But it wasn't just the objects in the room, vaguely familiar as they all were to him. It wasn't even the faint breath of Marion's favorite perfume that hung reminiscently in the circumambient



air. It was something much less tangible than any of these things. A manner of drawing the armchairs cosily around the tiny hearth, of placing the lamps on tables just where you'd want the light, of planting cigarettes where they came easily to hand, of setting the little scene for comfort and intimacy and confidential talk—that was somehow his former wife in its very essence.

Nice, it would be, to have a home again. A home—like this. The nostalgia born of the haphazard years spent casually in impersonal club bedrooms and barren bachelor flats welled up in Philip's heart. Why had he wearied of it all before?

He hadn't wearied, really, of his home, but of the dull routine on which it all depended. Leaving the bank each day at half-past four, catching the five-fifteen, reading *The Evening Star*, with other bankers. The bankers' train, it was. Lucky to get it. Lawyers and business men caught the fifty-five. No one but he had thought it was absurd. Coming in again on the eight-nine. Reading *The Morning Sun*, with other bankers. Lawyers and business men on the seven-fifty. Good Lord, what a life! Bar the ten months in Oklahoma that had been his war, he had endured it for five mortal years—because of Marion. It had seemed heaven when he took it on at twenty-four, unwitting victim of the biologic urge toward marriage!

What hadn't he hoped for when Marion said she'd marry him? Her great brown eyes, her scarlet petal of a mouth, her slender, tremulous hands had seemed to promise all the heart of man could desire. He'd been so sure that he could teach her love. He had, of course. She'd loved him, in her way—that he knew. She'd brought two babies into the world. What had gone wrong between them? Was it just that marriage couldn't be romance? Illusion vanished when dreams became reality?

Well—he'd try to make it go, this time, if she would take him back. Perhaps he could. Hope sprang eternal, thought Philip, the critic, with a

detached smile for the riddles of the human heart. Somehow, in ceasing to be reality, Marion had become once more a dream. Couldn't he persuade her to let him try again?

It wouldn't be too easy. For Marion was an uncompromising idealist. The last woman in the world to understand how man could slip and fall. Mistress of her emotions, always. His happy-go-lucky attitude toward life had always startled her. She had to stop and think and talk things out. He was content to feel. On the road to emotional fulfillment they had always tripped and stumbled over differences in thought. With all her humor she was essentially serious. Full of illusions on human conduct, but unsustained, when it came to the personal pinch, by his cynical sympathy for the foolish frailties of poor mortality, wandering, always, in a world of dreams, pathetic, too, with the childlike pathos of all idealists caught in a world of compromise. Not happy, he was sure.

But happiness, as viewed at twenty-four, was more than one asked of life at thirty-seven. The glow of romance had faded, but surely he could kindle the flame of sentiment on the domestic hearth. The serenity of a Darby and Joan existence together with the children was theirs for the taking. The children were his talking point. Surely she'd think of them. They must have meant a lot to her, of course; since her father's death, especially. Curious he'd thought of them so seldom. Well—he'd been a busy man. Babies they were that day he went away, so little thinking that he'd not come back. Big children now. Philip glanced eagerly about the room, rising once more to his feet on the hearth rug. She must have pictures of them, somewhere about.

There was the boy in the gold frame beside the daffodils. Philip approached the picture with a flutter beneath the waistcoat that surprised his disillusioned self. Attractive lad—but like his mother's people. His grandfather, the old professor, all over again. At sixty-



five the dear old gentleman had kept just that look of childlike candor. The boy liked his boarding school. Marion had written that, in thanking him for his offer to take over the payment of the child's tuition. Curious to think that was his son. He'd never thought of how he'd look—a boy in tweeds, with freckles and a wide disarming grin.

No pictures of the girl about. She was at home, of course. She would be ten in April. A little girl, with fluttering petticoats above bare knees. In pig-tails or in curls or with the sleek, cropped head that children now affected. A small daughter. Appealing thought! Philip checked his tender speculation with a derisive smile, checked also, a second time, that instinctive gesture toward his waistcoat pocket, and moved again toward the fire. Moodily he kicked the crumbling log. It fell asunder in a shower of sparks. Was he turning sentimentalist after all these years? Well, it was a sentimental situation. You couldn't get away from that, though his own approach to it had been practical enough.

Stupid to stay apart—that had been his thought. Just stupid, when the flame which had separated them had so long ago died down to feathery ashes. Even the ashes no longer remained between them. The various winds of doctrine, blowing through his breezy life, had long since whirled away the last of them. What had it been but a blaze of excelsior at best? Hot and brilliant enough for the moment it lasted, more exciting than the smoldering embers on a domestic hearthstone, but not a conflagration, in retrospect, to be taken seriously.

Well, he'd never done that. Not even at the time. He could reassure Marion on that point. Letty's place in the scheme of things had always been quite clear to him. But he had been a fool. Plenty of other men would have managed the whole affair more quietly, would have had their cake and eaten it too. It was a phase he had passed

through, but he might have passed through it with less uproar. He saw that now quite clearly.

Letty was but a symbol of the general revolt of the period. He had gone in for Letty in the giddy intoxication of having escaped the bank, of having discovered a new world, his world, the one he was made for. If it hadn't been for that play he'd written he might have been a vice-president of the Midland Loan and Trust Company that minute! After nine years the sense of escape was still vividly with him. God, how he'd hated that bank! And then—his play! The key to freedom! A fluke! Tossed off in a summer holiday! He'd never done another which had run a week. But that one had sufficed. It had unlocked the door of the Midland's vault; it had carried him to New York to supervise rehearsals, and thanks to Letty, bewitching little actress that she was, it had run for three delirious years while he found firm footing in journalistic circles and acquired recognition among the *intelligentsia* of his generation.

Letty had just happened, as it were, on the side—effulgent Letty, so blonde and so beautiful, picked from the chorus by that inspired Jew, his manager, to play his glittering heroine, with what unerring witchery and distinction! Before the rehearsals were half underway he had fallen a victim to her childlike charm. He had been young and careless. By the time his play had run a month they were notorious on Broadway, where such notoriety is not too easy to achieve. Well, if he'd made her a star, she'd made him a journalist, burned the last bridges between him and the return to the bank. Notorious rakes are not the stuff of which vice-presidents are made! Letty had literally ferried him across the Rubicon, and he was correspondingly grateful. She was playing Juliet, now, in London—the divorced wife of a British peer. He'd plucked her from the chorus, but she'd saved him from the Midland Loan and Trust Company. The affair was long over, and the



obligations, thought Philip with a grin, were mutual.

Marion had never argued, but she had divorced him. Discreetly and decently, with every possible consideration for his feelings and his reputation. She'd gone back with the babies to her old father, the astronomer, on the university campus, and waited those two years required by Illinois law to prove desertion.

He had stayed in New York. At first for Letty and then for fun and, finally, because it was the place to stay if you were interested in writing. It was the place, preëminently, where things happened. Things of the mind, at least. It had seemed to him, fresh from the mental stagnation of the Midland Loan and Trust Company, a great adventure of the intellect to live there. He had never quite lost that early sense of glitter that was really gold, of careless, lavish luxury all around him, and freedom to think unquestioned the thoughts which popped up unbidden in the mind. That was what New York had always meant to him—ideas rampant, on a field d'or! Of course, to be fair, there *were* bankers on Wall Street. But, thank God, he didn't know them!

Marion would like New York . . . if she'd consent to live with him again. She loved ideas, generated her own, too, and clung to them a trifle tenaciously. But very good ones they always were. Would she consent? She must be thinking of it, since she let him come. Why *didn't* she show up? Nervous work—this waiting. Marion was never late. Could she be nervous, too? Good sign or bad? Surely she would at least consider what he had to say. What would he say? He hadn't thought it out. Discuss the children soberly, of course—she'd have them on her mind. And tell her, honestly enough, thank God, she was the only woman that he'd really loved. That was, of course, what she would want to hear.

A footfall in the passage whirled him about on the hearth rug. And there she was in the doorway. Marion! But how

different! Really, how very different! Not any older. Younger, in fact, but not at all the same. It was the style of course, absurdly suited to her slender figure. He hadn't thought that she would change like that. That cropped brown head, that awkward, boyish grace, the short red frock, long ear-rings, cordial smile! She stepped to the hearth rug and held out her hand.

"Sit down, Phil dear, and have a cigarette. Don't look so scared!" Her voice was just the same. He had forgotten it—that soft contralto note which faltered to a laugh. She sat, herself, beneath the golden lamp. "Put on another log. Tea'll soon be here. Or will you have a drink? I'm sure you've lots to say."

He had. But somehow nothing would come out. He gazed, as in a spell. This, then, was what he'd thrown away. His wife. She must be thirty-six. She didn't look within ten years as old. Younger than when he'd left her. But it was the style. With a devastating sense of his own gray hairs and a total forgetfulness of his lean, cadaverous charm, Philip clung desperately to that assuaging thought. And yes—it *was*. For even in the mellow glow of golden lamplight, her face, itself, was older. The great brown eyes a tiny shade more gaunt. The mouth a scarlet petal no longer. Emphasized with a stroke of artificial red, that cleverly matched the wine shade of her gown, it seemed a quivering wound, now that she'd ceased to smile. It *did* quiver. Marion was nervous, too. She passed the cigarettes across the hearth rug. The slender, tremulous hands were unchanged. She wore his wedding ring. His heart leaped up as he noticed it.

"You're—looking well." She broke the little pause.

"I'm awfully gray."

"What's the odds, since you're a man? It's most becoming. You look distinguished, Phil. You *are* distinguished. I should congratulate you. I always read your stuff."

"Does it amuse you?"

"Yes. It's so like you. It's kept me—well—in touch."

She had the advantage of him there, he thought. In touch was just what he wasn't! How little he knew about her life! Pleasant, it must have been. She'd stayed so young and pretty. Full of—experience. Other men, of course. He hadn't thought of them. All her old campus beaux. And new ones, too. That fellow in the archaeology department who taught for the love of it. He was quite a boy! A packer's son, with leisure on his hands. He'd always hung about Marion's tea table. She must have had her adventures. Absurd of him to think he'd find her as he was himself, bored with a life emotionally void, still intrigued with the past. But yet, she'd never married. He'd take a plunge.

"You know, of course, you're prettier than ever?"

"Now, that's disarming of you, Phil! Of course I don't believe it!"

"How could you stay so young?"

She lighted her cigarette before she spoke, quite calmly. But her voice was faintly shaken with emotion.

"It's living makes us old. I haven't—lived much."

"You haven't—lived?"

"Not really, Phil. Not lived a life like yours. I've existed in a state of suspended animation, rather like Snow White in her glass casket. Father was the seven little dwarfs rolled into one. He took beautiful care of me. But the campus was very like the enchanted forest. It wasn't life."

"The prince never entered?"

"Well—he never broke the casket!" She laughed a little unsteadily. "Princes can't be what they once were! I've never found them all they're cracked up to be."

"And yet you let me in?"

"Perhaps I didn't understand your role. Have you come," she asked, naïvely, her gravity belied by a latent twinkle, "in the capacity of Prince Charming?"

"Marion," he said, "I've come to make amends. I've come in all humility to ask you to forgive me. Do you think you can?"

She looked at him quite gravely before she spoke.

"I think there's nothing, really, to forgive."

"You mean—you *have* forgiven?"

At this she went to the heart of the matter at once, with characteristic candor. No beating about the bush.

"One can't help love. It strikes one. Or it doesn't. Like lightning."

"Yes," said Philip doubtfully, determined to match her generosity with his own. "But one needn't court the thunderbolt by walking abroad in the storm." Facing her wide, attentive eyes, he felt a slight embarrassment. He smiled disarmingly and took refuge in a note of levity. "I rather forsook my lightning rod, you know. I might have been more particular about my—insulation."

"I don't think that," said Marion quite firmly. "When we love, we love. Some of us more than once. And we can't help it. Here comes your tea. You won't have a cocktail?"

"Thanks, no," said Philip. Though perhaps he needed one. He felt strangely shaken.

"You take your tea the same?" He nodded gravely. The maid had left the room. Marion laughed up at him over the poised sugar tongs. "Oh, Phil, my dear! Can't you smile? It is a little funny! Dropping in the same three lumps after all the years!"

He laughed at that and resumed his seat in the armchair.

"More things than the three lumps are just the same," he said.

"But some are very different. I'm very different, Phil. I hope I've come to understand. I've thought a lot, and suffered. As you have yourself."

Stirring his tea, Philip discreetly reviewed his past for signs of suffering. His few Byronic moments in the throes of the Letty incident seemed in retro-



spect hardly worthy of the name. Aside from them he had passed nine busy, interesting, if latterly somewhat lonely, years. He felt a bit ashamed. It was a man-made world. Women always drew the short straw in the lottery of the emotions. Marion *had* suffered. You could see it in her eyes and in that different mouth.

"My dear," he said, "I haven't suffered as you think. My suffering is still ahead of me. It's waiting for me around the corner in case you turn me down."

She was looking at him steadily.

"Just what have you come to ask of me?" she said.

She seemed terribly self-possessed—mistress of herself and the situation, disconcertingly adequate, somehow withdrawn into her brittle, brilliant shell of modern fashion. But she intrigued him as never before. He looked long into her wide brown eyes, glimpsed there, he thought, for a moment, before her gaze fell before his own, the faltering ghost of the old Marion, softened, victimized, delivered into his hands, perhaps, by the potent spell of their mutual memories.

"Remarriage," he answered gently.

"Aren't you a bit—abrupt?"

"It seems abrupt to you. Impertinent, perhaps. But not to me. I've thought of it so long." He rose and tossed his half-smoked Lucky in the fire. He was in for it now. He stood looking down at her from the hearth rug. The battle was on. He'd stand or fall by what he'd find to say. He'd fire his big gun at the start.

"Marion," he said, "You are the only woman that I've ever loved."

She frowned and put her teacup down.

"Oh, Phil! You needn't say that to me! Really, you needn't! I'd rather you didn't. You can be quite honest. I'm sure I'll understand."

"I *am* honest," he protested eagerly. "You know I loved you."

"Yes. In a way." Her voice was slightly shaken. "There are so many ways of loving."

He dropped down beside her on the little sofa.

"Marion, you know what's been between us! But I won't deceive you. Until I saw you now I didn't know how much I loved you still. You—you are enchanting me all over again. If you really understand—you must know that."

"Yes," she said softly, smiling back into his eyes, a faint flush rising in her cheeks. "Yes. I know that."

He seized her hands.

"Marion—no other woman has ever counted!"

"Don't say that, Phil. You don't have to, really."

"I want to say it."

"No, you mustn't. Don't deny the past. You must keep faith with—everyone."

"With whom—but you?" he asked. Her eyes were bright with happiness. But she answered steadily:

"With her, my dear. With—Letty."

He gave a great start of astonishment.

"Letty? Do we have to speak of her?"

"I think we do. Unless you'd rather not."

He drew back, a little chilled with amazement.

"Just as you like. She wasn't in my thought."

"She must be always there. In her own corner."

"Dear, you don't understand."

"Indeed, I do." She drew her hands away. "Listen to me, Phil, while I explain. Just for this once. Then if it hurts I'll never mention it again. But you must know my thoughts. I couldn't live with you, unless you did."

He caught rapturously at the phrase.

"You *will* live with me? But . . ."

"Wait," she said. "For I do understand."

What if she did, he thought. A small thing, understanding. Of so remote a past. Here was Marion again, stumbling over thought. Why not be content to feel? Succumb to the intoxication

of the moment. Let explanations go! They would come later in the intimate and tender confidence that was a part of every human passion. He'd tell her about his life, of course, and learn all hers. But now—why talk? Why resurrect the past?

"Philip," she said, and took his hand again, "Philip, I wasn't the right wife for you. There's something in me that restrains expression. It checks me now. I'm just—a little person to whom nothing much can ever happen. I'm not up to the great roles. I know you felt that lack. But I know—I know there's a world of the emotions that I never entered. A world well lost for love. You tried to take me there, but I hung back. And so you went with her. And she became the woman of your life. You were right to take that happiness. I don't begrudge it to you."

The woman of his life—light, laughing Letty! Dwarfed by the perspective of the years, to what insignificant proportions had her lovely little figure dwindled! But Marion was going on, her face alight with sympathy:

"There's an Olympian stage, Phil, that I've never known, with heroic figures moving about on it, motivated by tragic passions. In books—in history—I've recognized them always. You took your place among them. She did, too. I wasn't up to it."

"Marion—she didn't."

"Oh, my dear—she did! She loved you."

"And she left me."

"That was my fault."

"Your fault?"

"You know it was. If I had given you freedom right away, you could have kept her—saved her—married her, Phil, and been happy. But I couldn't, though I knew I should. At first I was too angry to be generous, and then it was too late. When you were free—she'd left you."

Fortunately, reflected Philip wisely. The timing of his divorce had always seemed to him a signal example of God's

mercy. He might have been—rash. For the moment of Letty's departure had had its pangs. Ephemeral ones, however. His hatred for the young actor-manager with whom she'd gone had long since faded to a tacit sympathy. He'd had to deal with Letty, too. Adventure with Letty could have but one ending. Married her? Good Lord! If he had he'd now be in the ignominious position of that British peer! What hadn't that ingenuous lordling been through while the ancestral coronet crowned Letty's golden curls? And even after?

"I knew I was wrong, Phil. And father told me so. He said you should be free. He thought me most unwise."

He would, thought Philip, with a tender smile for the old astronomer, standing with his silvery head in the stars, remote, withdrawn from every practical issue of this mundane world. A precious pair of visionaries both! Touching to think of them, secure in their domestic corner, thinking they understood, trying to be fair, talking of him and Letty as of Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Paolo and Francesca! Touching—but absurd!

"I was angry and humiliated and very resentful. I was furious, Phil. Nothing more exalted. A dog in the manger for two long years. I spoiled your life. You're very generous to forgive me."

"Dear heart," he said, "there's nothing to forgive. If you'll condone the fact that I was untrue to you, you needn't think of Letty."

"I want to think of her," she answered. "I want to share your thought. Oh, Phil, you can trust me to think kindly! I've schooled myself to that."

"Don't think of her at all. She's nothing to me, now."

"She's nothing to you—now?"

"And nothing then—but brief intoxication and delight. The madness of an hour."

"An hour?"

"Well—a year, if you'll be literal." A note of irritation crept into his voice.



He felt a trifle badgered. He had long preferred to underestimate that madness. He was a clever man, but Letty had made a fool of him, of course. A public spectacle. And the role of fan-carrier was not, in retrospect, a grateful one. He liked to think of Letty now as a moment's ornament.

"Philip, don't be bitter. Letty had her trials, too, I'm sure. If she was false—"

"She wasn't false, but she was fickle," he quoted lightly. "Letty meant well, my dear, and indubitably she had a way with her. But she wasn't serious, except where her own career was concerned. Letty was an artist. She made my play. For that I'm eternally grateful. She made my winter, also, my first one in New York. My second, too, with a difference. I'll always think tenderly of Letty, but she was not an experience to be taken too gravely."

"Philip—she loved you."

"As you just said yourself," said Philip, with a smile, "there are so many ways of loving! Letty was a practical little party at bottom . . . though she didn't look it. She loved herself best. And why not? Don't we all, in the last analysis? I was a rung in her ladder. So was the young producer she decamped with. Such affairs wear themselves out, Marion. I wasn't too considerate. We were thoroughly irritated with each other long before she left me."

This was, he felt, a just and generous statement of the facts, and one to which Letty, to do her justice, would be the first to subscribe. It ought to close the subject forever. But Marion was looking at him strangely.

"We were thoroughly irritated with each other," she said, and her voice was troubled, "before you left *me*. Do you mean to say that this—this second—experiment wasn't any more successful?"

"It was certainly less important," he protested, lightly.

"Oh," she said. And the monosyllable spoke volumes. "Then just

why *did* you leave me? If not for love?"

"My dear—I was twenty-eight. Please do remember that. I was young. I was foolish. And I thought myself the devil of a fellow. I succumbed to temptation and I went for excitement. I'm not proud of the incident. But better men than I had done the same before me. You must never think that a Letty takes the place of a wife."

"I don't know why not," said Marion with spirit, and rose as she spoke. "Lots of Lettys have in the past. But, as you say, better men than you may have run off with them."

This was disconcerting. This was unbelievable. It had the splendid insanity of a nightmare. Meticulous Marion, standing on her own domestic hearthstone, waving the brilliant bedraggled banner of loose, lovely Letty before his incredulous eyes. But surely he could explain her mistake.

"My dear," he said, rising in his turn, and walking the length of the room before he could decide just what to say. "My dear, Letty isn't worth all this rumpus. She didn't deserve the devotion of a lifetime. And she didn't want it. Nothing would have bored her more. Behind the footlights Letty is an actress of parts, with her eye on the future. Elsewhere—she lives for the moment."

"We can leave Letty's character out of this discussion," said Marion hotly. "I'm thinking of yours."

"My dear—I apologized. And you said you forgave me."

"I didn't know what I was forgiving! I thought—I thought we were discussing the grand passion. Something beyond forgiveness. Something serious and precious and eternal. Something nobody's business but your own."

"Marion," he said practically, taking his stand by the piano, "Marion, what is a grand passion? I've never seen one."

"Obviously," she retorted, "if you could wreck my life and warp your own for—excitement."

"It was *very* exciting," he pleaded disarmingly. And again in extenuation, "I was twenty-eight."

"What a fool I've been about you," she commented briefly, "for nine long years."

How pretty she looked, tense and erect in the firelight!

"Please be a fool about me still," he said. But she disregarded utterly this engaging appeal.

"My dream of an Olympian stage," she went on bitterly, "with you stalking about on it, an heroic figure of romance! The paradise in which I pictured you! With the world beyond its gates, well lost for love! How I've envied you, Phil, and envied her the fulfilment of that experience, and conquered that envy at last, through passion and prayer and tearful nights and sheer force of character! What a fool I've been!"

"Marion," he said, "I've never seen an Olympian stage nor met heroic figures of romance. The world is much alike, everywhere. There is no paradise. Or a very ephemeral one, at best. We're not fit for it long. Poor human nature is the angel with the fiery sword that drives us out into the streets again, and locks the door against our return."

"With the same Eve," she commented with cynicism. "Aren't you beckoning me to paradise, now?" She had him there. He was. And himself as well. The disillusion of a lifetime was dissolving in the magic solution of her charm. Curious the hold that this passionate little Puritan had upon him. She was so pretty. And she was his wife—or had been.

"Marion," he said, returning to her side by the fire, "don't quarrel. We could be so happy."

She shook her head.

"Impossible," she said.

"Why did you see me, then? Why did you let me come?"

"I thought I understood your point of view. I thought of us as fellow-victims, Phil, devastated by the great emotional experience that had overtaken you,

unaware. I thought it had justified itself through sincerity and passion. My life has been drab and dreary enough because of it; but I thought yours, at least, had proved a splendid disaster."

He was looking at her very tenderly.

"Life isn't like that," he said soberly.

"Some lives are. I pictured you all these years tossing desolately on the high seas of romance. I always hoped you would come back to me. To a tranquil harbor, Phil, after the storm of living. And now you have come—only to say that it was just—a squall, that it didn't even rock the boat. You shock me, Phil. You really shock me!"

"But it *was* a squall, my dear. That's all that happened. One can't control the winds of heaven."

"There's nothing either good or bad," she quoted earnestly, "'but thinking makes it so.' It *should* have been a tempest. You should have felt it one. How *could* you take it lightly? How could you leave me without loving her? Or, having loved her, how could you forget her? Phil—you're a trivial person."

He felt he wasn't. But how could he explain? Anger rose in his heart, but mainly against himself. How had he bungled this interview? There stood Marion, angry and desolate and infinitely pathetic, as he was himself. Loving him still, he thought. But how could he be sure? Like a lost child, she was, bewildered by the infinite complexity of life, yet looking at him with hard and angry eyes, refusing his hand, as that of a stranger offering to guide her home.

"Marion, no woman ever yet refused to take her husband back because he didn't love his mistress."

"Well, I'm refusing now. You're not the man I thought you."

"Then I must go?"

"I think you must."

"Marion—we could be happy."

"We might have been," she said. "But never now."

"Marion, you are a fool!"

Tears glittered in her eyes.



"I know that, Phil. I know that now."

"Marion, I want to kiss you."

She shook her head.

"Just once, before I go."

She shook her head again.

"Marion, I'm coming back. You're *such* a fool! I'll never give you up."

The tears rolled down her cheeks, but she ignored them.

"Please go," she said. "I find this—very hard."

"I find it—devastating," he replied. His face was strained, but with the word a smile flickered once more across his lips. "*This* is my tempest. There's one ahead in every life, I fancy. For me, at last, all the storm signals are flying. I'm coming back, Marion, and if all you want is a shipwrecked mariner crawling up to you out of the breakers—"

"Phil—don't be—funny."

"I was never more serious. I'm coming back. In more romantic guise."

She shook her head.

"It's no use, Phil. I couldn't give you what you want."

"Well—you could give me tea," he said.

She smiled wanly at that, over their clasped hands. But her despairing eyes did not relent. And so he left her.

It was only when he was on the street

again that it occurred to Philip that he had never mentioned the children, nor thought of them, after the dazzling apparition of the new Marion had flashed upon his sight. The children! His argument. His talking point. His son and daughter! He stood quite still on the windy Chicago corner, overcome with shame. What sort of father was he? What must Marion think of him? But an amazing, immediate realization brought instant comfort. For, come to think of it, she hadn't mentioned them herself. Nor thought of them, he'd swear, after she'd looked at him. Philip's spirits rose, mercurially, at a bound. The children were a secondary consideration, ignored, forgotten, in the stark emotion of their personal reunion. Only two lovers could have felt like that.

Marion was strange, incalculable, beyond all reckoning, wandering, disconsolate, in her world of dreams. But still—disconsolate. He'd have to fight. Perhaps he couldn't win. But he'd go back. And she would give him tea. And he would tell her all he hadn't said that afternoon. And she . . .

Incredibly less old and wise than just an hour ago, Philip, the disillusioned, with quickened step and lightened heart, pursued his way in exaltation. He was in love again, thank God!





# THE ART OF BALLYHOO

BY SILAS BENT

**I**T IS common newspaper shop talk that big news is bigger now than ever before. This depends, of course, on what one means by bigness. On any basis of authentic valuation the sinking of the *Titanic* was a bigger story than the Snyder-Gray murder trial in New York; the World War Armistice a bigger story than a transoceanic flight; yet neither got so big a "play" in the press. The news is no bigger now, but the headlines are; and the volume of space accorded to outstanding events, even though of minor social consequence, is greater.

News standards, like conventions of morality, are subject to change. Styles as well as standards change. We have fashion in news. The saxophone of sex is as characteristic of the journalistic orchestra as the short skirt of feminine attire, and it is a jazz theme. Psychologists assert that sex should occupy the center of attention only during adolescence. If that is so, the preoccupation of the American newspaper with this topic may account in part for a sort of perpetual adolescence found characteristic of its readers. The trait is manifested not only in the avidity with which pornographic detail is devoured but in the glorification of short-lived newspaper idols. The truth is that the press has developed this characteristic while developing a new technique of salesmanship and showmanship. It has evolved new methods of display. Just as a shop may devote its entire show window to a single enchanting fur, so the press concentrates public attention on a single thrilling news event, even

at the expense of other more important happenings.

Not always is this discreditable. Everyone must have observed during recent years an outcropping of stories dealing with the world's scientific advance. Television and "osiso" have supplied first-page material; a short while ago they would have been delegated to the weekly and monthly magazines. Radio telephony is but an extension of electrical principles and appliances with which the public has been made familiar; but the first transatlantic conversations got more newspaper space, easily by one-hundred-fold, than the discovery of radium in 1898, although that discovery shook the scientific world, and upset forever the "law" that matter was inert. The circulation manager of one great New York newspaper has asserted with confidence that scientific news sells more papers than a good crime mystery.

The reason for this is not far to seek. The people of this country, having vanquished the last frontier and having achieved a commanding eminence as a world power, politically and financially, have turned in upon themselves. The extravert is manifesting some of the attributes of the introvert, if I may venture to employ what Dr. Ira S. Wile (himself a psychologist) has called "the transcendental nomenclature" of warring psychological sects. In the recognition of this change of base, newspaper publishers have been far tardier than the publishers of books. Long before scientific news (excepting possibly eclipses of the sun) had a fair showing in our newspapers, the Homeric musings



of Henri Fabre on the insect world were being translated and greedily devoured on this side of the water. Outlines of history, of literature, and of philosophy, biographies, and popularized expositions of technical subjects sold on a comparatively large scale long before the daily press awoke to this new appetite.

Even then the awakening was partly due to the skillful prodding of press agents, who enabled the man of science to meet the newspaper reporter on a common ground, without fear on one side of being made to look ridiculous, on the other side of having the heart cut out of any story submitted for a visé. The publicity man, familiar with news values and familiar from intensive study with the scientist's work, proved in this instance a valuable intermediary. Employed as a rule by a college, university, or research laboratory, he acted as a necessary reportorial auxiliary. It is about the best thing that can be said for him. The practices of the guild as a whole have been of such doubtful character that there has been a movement to professionalize it and establish a code of ethics: that is, to put upon a higher plane what newspaper men are wont to call space-grabbing, and to sanctify the ballyhoo of commercial commodities.

## II

Never do the events and policies and possibilities and movements with which the press concerns itself represent a cross-section of existence at one moment, or for one day. William James has put before us in a vivid passage the disjointed order of the world. "While I talk and the flies buzz," he said, "a sea-gull catches a fish at the mouth of the Amazon, a tree falls in the Adirondack wilderness, a man sneezes in Germany, a horse dies in Tartary, and twins are born in France." He was making the point that mere contemporaneity of events forms no rational bond between them, and that we are forced to break them into definite sequences

and tendencies: into histories, into arts, into sciences. Newspapers break them also—these chaotic happenings of the world—into certain patterns. None of the incidents James thought worth mentioning is newspaper news, excepting that the birth of twins might have been chronicled in a French provincial journal. If the twins had been born to the Queen of Spain the news would have been put upon the cable. Evidently the newspaper man is governed by certain codes and standards which, although gradually variable, are potent while in effect. Owing to this, one notes day after day a certain sameness in the press: a sameness not of content but of effect.

The elder Joseph Pulitzer once dictated for a subordinate a memorandum which dealt acutely with the kind of news he thought a metropolitan daily should print:

What is original, distinctive, dramatic, romantic, thrilling, unique, curious, quaint, humorous, odd, apt to be talked about, without shocking good taste or lowering the general tone, good tone, and above all without impairing the confidence of the people in the truth of the stories and the character of the paper for reliability and scrupulous cleanness.

That was not all Pulitzer thought a newspaper should print. He was a great crusader. He told his men never to be satisfied with the mere news, and he was capable of directing the preparation of a full-page editorial which in itself would be distinguished news. So far as his memorandum defining or describing news is concerned, the cat is now out of the bag. I beg you to note that nowhere in this memorandum did Pulitzer designate social importance or economic or historical magnitude as a factor in the news. The paper which follows his prescription—and most of them do—need not instruct or inform us. The elder James Gordon Bennett, father of yellow journalism in this country (although his offspring was not christened until the Hearst-Pulitzer war gave it new vitality), was fond of saying

that the newspaper's function was not to instruct but to startle. If he had added that a part of its function was to entertain, he would have covered his ground. The favorite Bennett-Pulitzer-Hearst brand of trivia has the quality of firecrackers. It both surprises and amuses. It is pyrotechnic, and sometimes, like a Roman candle or a rocket, arouses naïve wonder and delight.

This is news in lighter vein. The heavier stuff must deal with sex, violence, conflict, mystery, or suspense: one of these, or a combination of them. Such newspapers need not contain a line of useful information. Only casually do they make us aware of the unseen world. A member of the Pulitzer staff, on the basis of a questionnaire sent to editors of national reputation, selected the ten biggest stories of 1926 (all of which fitted neatly into the Pulitzer formula), and noted the significant fact that only four of the ten stories was of any real social or historical consequence: the general strike in England, Mexico's attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church, and two transpolar flights. This gave an authentic informational value of forty per cent to the big news of a year. But observe, if you please, that the polar expeditions had the thrill of romance, suspense, and danger; that the Mexican story involved religious strife, which is always good newspaper-selling stuff; and that the strike in England had to a high degree the dramatic quality of conflict. Readers of the daily press must jump for joy at such crumbs of significant information about their invisible environment as come their way.

### III

We need not consider here the newspaper as an avenue of advertising ballyhoo. It is enough to say that automobile manufacturers have gravely discussed the need of a "tzar" for their industry, to set a mete and a bound on their claims. Sales managers, for instance, complained that the boasts of

mounting production had caused prospective purchasers to pause, in the hope of heavy inventories and lower prices. Advertisements intended to convince the public that this or that car was becoming immensely popular tended to defeat themselves. Ballyhoo often has this boomerang reaction. Editorial soul-searchings sometimes take the form of doubt as to whether this or that story has been overplayed, and downright despair at the protest of the Constant Reader.

Before we go farther we may look for a moment at the reported "suicide wave" among school and college students. This did not run to such great lengths as were threatened before a damper was applied from an unexpected quarter; but while it ran the going was fine, from the newspaper standpoint. It will serve very well as an illustration of the origin and development of a fortuitous ballyhoo.

Two students, sons of men nationally known, destroyed themselves within a brief period. This was enough to set the press casting about for an epidemic of such suicides. Obscure cases at a distance, which would have been ignored in ordinary circumstances, suddenly assumed first-page importance. Each new instance was blazoned as an addition to the "suicide wave" among students.

"We have waves of news," says William Lewis Butcher of the New York State Crime Commission, "and we think we are having waves of crime." This passage of the report of his sub-commission, which studied the relation of the daily press to crime and the administration of justice, is worth quoting more at length, as bearing on the wave of news about student suicides.

The average person is always unduly impressed by that which is prominently displayed and which has unusual attendant circumstances or which has been brought vividly to his attention in some other way. Consequently, the average reader of newspapers is oftentimes led to the belief that a crime wave is in progress because he has been reading an



unusual amount of crime news. This distributive tendency is largely the result of the exigencies of the newspaper business. Crime news is an ever present source of newspaper "copy." It can be used when other sorts of news are not readily available. It is probable that if careful compilation should be made of the actual number of crimes committed over a period of weeks and months, and if this should be compared with the amount of crime news published during the same period, it would be found that the amount of news bore no direct relation at all to the actual amount of crime.

Such a comparison is precisely what was made in regard to the so-called "suicide wave" among students. A statistician for a life insurance company stepped forward coolly with the facts, showing that in truth the percentage of suicides among persons under twenty years of age had been falling off quite steadily for sixteen years, the period covered by his investigation. Instead of a "wave" there was a subsidence!

No newspaper had the good grace to display this significant utterance as prominently as it had displayed student suicides, so far as my extended observation went. Some of them printed it as a "shirt-tail" to a current suicide. Meanwhile the editors of Sunday supplements had been interviewing psychoanalysts, preachers, deans of colleges, physicians, and professors about the "wave." Was it a post-war neurosis? Was the break-up of the home to blame? Was prohibition, mayhap, at the bottom of it? If not, what have you? All this pother, mark you, about a phenomenon which was no phenomenon because it did not exist, as any newspaper could have informed itself had it been more concerned with the truth than with preying upon the fears of a multitude of parents, and suggesting self-destruction to an extremely suggestible part of the population. A thirteen-year-old school boy hanged himself and a physician who investigated the case said that clearly it was imitative. The boy had succumbed to newspaper suggestion; and a part of

the press was so callous as to headline the tragedy as "imitative" suicide.

The statistician's statement had the effect, at the height of this hysteria, of a bucket of cold water. But the press could not with dignity, or would not, stop discussion of student suicides. The more self-respecting newspapers stopped speaking of them as an epidemic or wave. Had the ballyhoo been permitted to continue, there would indeed have been a wave. And it would have come as the result of a circulation-building stunt.

#### IV

The "suicide wave" was fortuitous, as I have said. Newspaper publishers count such incidents as windfalls in their trafficking for mass attention. There are certain kinds of news which are a stand-by of the circulation go-getters; sports rank in the forefront of these.

M. W. Bingay, managing editor of the *Detroit News*, once said that the press created the Frankenstein monster of public interest in sports and then worshipped their handiwork. Will Owen Jones, editor of the *Lincoln, Nebraska, State Journal*, as chairman of a committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, reported recently that a fair standard of pay for sport writers would do much to eliminate venality. His committee had investigated more than one hundred newspapers, showing that an average of ten columns daily was devoted to sports, with twice or thrice as much on Sundays. One-half of these papers were giving more than fifteen per cent of their reader space to this sort of matter, and the percentages ran as high as forty and fifty. "Some have 'no limit' to the space devoted to sports," the report said, "while the editors of other papers admit that they try to prevent their sporting departments from 'going hog wild' but are quite worn out with the process."

The amazing efflorescence of free publicity for paid sports has come within the last fifteen years. The



sporting editor has extended his domain from a column or two through whole pages and whole sections. I confess a weakness for prize fights, baseball, and racing *as spectacles*; as subjects of newspaper reading matter I can do without them. Yet in any catalogue of news this sort of stuff ranks second. Only business overtops it—and not even business in many papers. Business may be the first spontaneous interest of the American people; but I venture to dispute that measurements of biceps and dope on selling platers is the second. This is quite obviously a cultivated, an artificial appetite. The newspapers have bred a sport fandom to build circulation. There are at least one hundred and sixty-six morning dailies in this country, praise be, which do not print odds on horse races nor guesses as to which will win this race or that. Those which continue to do so must pay a price in the loss of public respect. *Editor and Publisher*, a weekly paper about newspapers, has spoken its mind freely on this subject. Let me quote from an editorial:

Is a newspaper in any wise justified in publishing "selections," which in effect means that a dopest in the employ of the paper is attempting to "sell" horses to readers?

Is the circulation gained worth the expense of the wire service, composition and first-page displays, crowding legitimate news from the best editions of the evening papers?

Is this good circulation? . . .

Is horse racing, as at present constituted in this country, a huge bunk of a gullible public? . . . Does race news pay?

This house organ of the press has been no less candid in its condemnation of the methods by which newspapers whip up interest in prize fights, and give acres of free space to commercial enterprises of dubious character. Dempsey the Mauler—never better than a second-rate pugilist because he never learned how to defend himself—is apotheosized in a *World* editorial as "a sort of legend with us, a superhuman colossus of brawn"; as "likeable" and

"picturesque," although he maintained his title for years chiefly by a studious avoidance of the prize ring. The *New York Times* asserts editorially that Babe Ruth "wears the laurel amid the deafening plaudits of the American nation" because he knocked three home runs in a World Series game.

For certain screen stars the ballyhoo has been almost as loud. Much comment was caused by the difference in space accorded by the press to the concurrent death and funeral of Rudolph Valentino and Dr. Charles W. Eliot. The President Emeritus of Harvard, commonly called our first citizen, got perhaps one line to the movie sheik's column in the newspapers. But how, newspaper men may ask you, is the press to megaphone the death of a former college President? How many newspaper readers know Dr. Eliot? How ballyhoo an intellect? For Valentino there were mobs, riots and a press agent. Q. E. D.

So many letters of protest flowed in on the press during the Valentino vociferation that one newspaper felt moved to offer editorial justification of the space accorded to the occasion; and its justification (precisely as in the later furor over a transatlantic flight) was that the behavior of the crowd afforded a remarkable insight into mob psychology. The picture thus conjured up, of metropolitan news editors poring over the pages of Le Bon, Trotter, Horace M. Kallen, and Everett Dean Martin, in order to determine the precise significance and, therefore, the number of columns to be allotted to the rioting and smashing of a plate glass window by sorrowers for Valentino at an undertaker's "parlor" is illuminating. Who shall say now that journalism is not a profession? Newspapers, be it understood, do not pander to the crowd, but afford an opportunity for study of its psychology.

Incidents such as this are reminiscent of the "compassionate superiority" noted by Matthew Arnold as character-



istic of the London *Times*. What he said may be repeated here as applying to our most eminent American journals. We may well compare the daily press to "a gigantic Sancho Panza, following by an attraction he cannot resist that poor, mad, scorned, suffering, sublime enthusiast, the modern spirit; following it, indeed, with constant grumblings, expostulation, and opposition, with airs of protection, of compassionate superiority, with an incessant by-play of nods, shrugs and winks addressed to the spectators; following it, in short, with all the incurable recalcitrancy of a lower nature, but still following it."

Following, not leading; following with winks and grimaces (in order to study its psychology), whether the path be to the bier of a movie sheik or the murder trial of a corset salesman.

## V

Charles A. Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris, and the subsequent flight to Berlin of Clarence Chamberlin with Charles A. Levine as passenger, provoked a still more striking journalistic demonstration. Lindbergh was young, good-looking, and modest. He went it alone, and he set a new distance record until Chamberlin surpassed it two weeks later. Neither was the first to make a transatlantic flight in a heavier-than-air machine. The palm for that had gone eight years earlier, June 15-16, 1919, to Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown. Their flight, an historic occasion, unquestionably merited a great deal of newspaper attention; but it was not so momentous, to my notion, as Louis Bleriot's hop across the English Channel in 1909, when flying was still in its pinfeathers. To get off the ground in an airplane in that day was an adventure. Improvements in the motor and the machine, and the hazardous exploits of World War aces, took the edge off the spectacle. Aviation ceased to astound the sophisticated.

Yet even before Lindbergh accomplished his goal, when he had merely set out from Long Island, the newspapers of this country set up such a combination as might greet a world-shaking event. For weeks the press had been whetting the public appetite for this thrill, whether Lindbergh or some other supplied it. The appetite grew by what it fed on. This much, at least, of mass psychology the newspaper man knew. To the mere hop-off the *New York Times* gave a front-page headline of three eight-column streamers, and thirty-seven columns of space, including more than a page of pictures, while it could spare but one column to a jail sentence for Harry F. Sinclair, multimillionaire prime mover in the Teapot Dome scandal, who had resorted to every delay and evasion his wealth could command. The successful completion of the flight moved the Cincinnati *Post* to a two-line first-page block-letter headline five and one-half inches in height.

The return of the aviator to this country provoked even more surprising typographical and photographic orgies. In a single Sunday issue of one paper there were one hundred columns of text and pictures about this flyer. In reporting his welcome by New York City the *Times* used fifteen pages, the *American* ten, the *Herald Tribune* nine, the *World* eight, the *Mirror* and *News* (which are tabloids), twenty-three and sixteen pages respectively. The *Times*, which had devoted three pages of its Sunday rotogravure section to the double Armistice celebration (the celebration of the premature and of the correct report that the World War was ended) devoted that number on two different occasions to Lindbergh, and to his homecoming gave five pages!

The *Evening World* called this flight "the greatest feat of a solitary man in the records of the human race," and the *Ohio State Journal* ranked the aviator, who had followed a watery path well blazed by other fliers, "among the great pioneers of history." "He has exalted

the race of men," shrieked the *Baltimore Sun*. And the *New York Times* was moved to ask editorially, "What was the greatest story of all time? Adam eating the apple?" (Readers of the Bible may have recalled that this story was told in less than seven hundred words.) "The landing of the ark on Ararat?" (Amplly reported in less than four hundred words!) "The discovery of Moses in the bulrushes?" (Fully covered in less than three hundred words.) . . . "But Lindbergh's flight," the editor concluded, "the suspense of it, the daring of it, the triumph and glory of it—these are the stuff that makes immortal news."

Suspense, daring, triumph, glory: here we have an abbreviation of the Pulitzerian formula. Lindbergh would have been the last to assert that he had done anything to compare in reckless daring with the feats of World War aviators; he had taken no new chances, and even the distance of his journey was quickly surpassed. His modest and attractive personality, however, was a Golconda for newspaper exploitation. How profitably they worked the mine may be guessed from a glance at some figures. On the day the flight was completed the *Washington Star* sold 16,000 extra copies, the *Washington Post* many thousands above its average. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* reported that it was "cleaned out early." The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, which had helped finance the flight and was entitled alone of them all to financial reward, gained 27,000 circulation. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* sold 40,000 extra copies the day the flight was completed, and the *San Francisco Call* doubled its street sales. Similar results were noted in Denver, Oklahoma City, Seattle, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, and Minneapolis. In New York City the *Evening World* increased its sale, its circulation manager said, by 114,000 copies in a single day, and the *Telegram* announced that its total of 380,000 papers was a clean 100,000 ahead of the

sales at the time of the Gray-Snyder murder verdict. The *Times* sold from thirty-five to forty thousand extra copies daily while the excitement continued, and the *World* reported that on the Monday after the flight its sale was 68,000 above the corresponding day a year before.

A clipping bureau, reporting on the whole country, estimated that in the first four days more than 27,000 columns had been given to the flier, which makes conservative a guess that in all enough words were printed about him to fill four volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

In the first four days 220,000 more stories, according to the clipping bureau, were printed about the Lindbergh flight than about the death of Woodrow Wilson, which had set a previous high record for peace times. It may be supposed that the public's purchases of papers bearing the tidings of the former President's death arose from genuine respect and affection. But it would be absurd to suppose that the excitement over Lindbergh was entirely spontaneous. "Newspaper talk," according to the *Times*, was "the sole cause of the vast assemblage" to welcome the flyer. The effect of the newspaper talk on a suggestible population was varied. Thousands took their pens in hand to write letters to the editor. "A great modern fairy tale" one of these volunteers called the story. Preachers took Lindbergh as their topic, and commercial commodities as well as zoölogical exhibits were named for him. A former Justice of the Supreme Court united with the Secretary of War and the Governor of New York State in dithyrambic pæons. Time and again his flight was compared in importance with the Armistice; and vastly greater space was devoted to it.

The Government of the United States took advantage of the fanfare to victimize this somewhat shrinking young commercial air-mail carrier. When newspaper men interviewed him in Paris, Ambassador Myron T. Herrick was



present to signify by a nod or a shake of the head whether he should answer this question or that. He was brought back across the Atlantic in a naval vessel, the *Memphis*, flagship of Vice Admiral Burrage. Among the newspaper men aboard was the *New York Times* reporter who was writing the aviator's "signed" stories. (The stories were printed in thirty-odd newspapers, and presumably were accepted as coming from Lindbergh himself.) This reporter, and the others aboard, found that their material was censored. Even a bulletin must have the O.K. of Commander Bagley. Not since the end of the World War had any American newspaper man submitted to censorship. What was the Navy's interest in this story? Lindbergh was not consulted as to what should be deleted. The Commander of the *Memphis* took it upon himself to say what should and should not be made known to the American public.

The Navy's interest in the Lindbergh dispatches, of course, was that some of its officers had belittled transoceanic flying, and wished now to draw a red herring across the trail. The Army's interest, and the administration's, was a patriotic predilection for the spotlight.

Lindbergh's father had denounced the World War, had declared that "we have been dragged into the war by the intrigue of speculators," and had written a book, *Why Is Your Country at War?* The *New York Times* had counted him fortunate not to be under indictment for sedition. The son refused to wear a colonel's uniform sent out to him on the *Memphis*; but he was taken first to Washington, nevertheless, that the Government might identify itself with him, and him with the Unknown Soldier. He found his flight made the occasion for a demand for more flyers and better preparedness; he even found himself echoing these phrases! Willy-nilly, he was made a colonel in the Air Corps Reserve of the United States Army. Addressing this modest young man at St. Louis, the Secretary of War said:

You have almost alone reunited in spirit and soul nations whose sons shed their blood in a common cause, peoples who through mutual misunderstandings seemed to be drifting apart when the world most needed a recrudescence of the valorous spirit of comradeship which sent men of different tongues and different races into the hell of battle. With common purpose and common courage, you flew from the night as a harbinger of international good will.

And the press, which had exploited and victimized the young man to fatten its circulation figures, lent its cordial co-operation to his exploitation for the praiseworthy purposes of diplomacy and militarism.

During all this time Lindbergh signed no commercial contracts, although vaudeville and motion picture promoters were eager to make him and themselves rich. At the crest of the newspaper-bred hysteria about him he failed to reap a harvest of millions. He had witnessed the sudden economic inflation of other personalities; he had seen how the journalistic deification of "Trudy" Ederle and "Red" Grange and "Babe" Ruth and various prize fighters had thrown tangential fortunes into their laps. If the newspapers profited, in higher milline advertising rates, how much more did these temporary idols of a gullible and suggestible populace profit! Compared to their annual earnings at the height of their pulp-wood acclaim, the President of the United States drew a meager wage. It was true that with the waning of the paroxysm earnings fell off. Ours is a restless populace, and ever a-tiptoe for another thrill. In a channel swimmer, a bathing beauty, a tennis star, a pugilist, a motion-picture actor, it may find vicarious triumph and an escape from the commonplace of machinery; and the newspaper undertakes profitably to provide the escape.

## VI

The organized ballyhoo which I have been describing had its real beginnings



in the last decade of the last century. We may trace its trends by glancing at the results of two surveys, one made in 1899, the other in 1923. In each there was set down the space allotted by sixty-three leading American newspapers to various types of news. During this twenty-four-year period, there was a decline of 77 per cent in editorials, a decline of 180 per cent in letters to the editor, and a decline of 275 per cent in society items. Let us look now at the figures for certain categories of news, for advertising and illustrations.

General and political news, each increased 1 per cent—no ballyhoo there; business news increased 4 per cent; foreign, 9; sports, 47; crime, 58!

Meanwhile advertising was increasing 47 per cent, and illustrations 84 per cent.

Three years before the first of these surveys was made, at the time of the St. Louis cyclone, the *Globe-Democrat* had never—even on an occasion so important as a Presidential election—printed a headline more than two columns wide, in type which would be considered inconspicuous in these days. The paper had become powerful and famous under the management of J. B. McCullagh; but on the day of the storm (of all days!) he was unable to get to his office. The duty of getting out the paper thus fell to a youngish assistant. The cyclone was a story of importance anywhere in the United States. In St. Louis, what with the great property loss, the death toll, the narrow escapes, and heroic rescues, and the freakishness of the cyclone itself, it was by all odds the greatest story of a generation. The young assistant rose to the occasion. In the composing room he found some huge wooden type, intended for use in posters and handbills, and out of it he constructed a headline calculated to shock the most phlegmatic.

When McCullagh reached the office the next day the young man, so the story goes, spread the paper before him with unaffected pride. How did he like that headline? The Managing Editor

gazed at it for some seconds in silence. Then, "It's a good head," he said; "it tells the story; but that type—I was saving that type for the Second Coming!"

For convenience this headline may be accepted as marking a mile-stone in American journalism. Other newspapers had used type as big and black, but no newspaper so conservative as the *Globe-Democrat*. This was in 1896; and it was not long until the press, which before had merely cried its wares, learned to shriek them. There was a riot of type and a bedlam of layouts. The Spanish-American War period witnessed the height of that fanfare. There came subsequently a stretch of comparative quiescence, until the World War so completely deranged all standards of news value and methods of news display that the American press seemed unable to recover a normal and sound judgment.

These happenings cover less than the span of a generation. Let us move back something more than a century, that we may have the advantage of better perspective, and see what happened when the Battle of Waterloo was fought. The London *Times* announced Wellington's victory in less than a quarter of a column. No one will pretend that this was adequate from the modern viewpoint of enormous headlines and floods of poppycock, but the *Times* had no apologies to offer: indeed, it put the news of one of the world's decisive battles at the *bottom* of a column. In the fall of 1926, and again in the spring of 1927, it was nothing unusual to see, in New York newspapers, as much as twenty columns devoted to a single day's proceedings in two second-rate murder trials. The first was second-rate because the victims were an obscure clergyman and a janitor's wife; the other because, even from the newspaper slant, there was never any real mystery in it, and but little suspense as to the outcome. Napoleon's defeat in 1815 was announced to a triumphant nation in about three hundred words; whereas to report the Hall-Mills case a single newspaper required twice as many



words as Will Durant needed to tell *The Story of Philosophy*.

On the very day of the signing of the Armistice which ended the World War, the German Empire was overthrown and the Kaiser fled from the Fatherland into Holland. I do not believe the press has ever been asked to lift into public view on any other day so great a load of news. The *New York Times* met the emergency, so far as first-page display went, by the use of four eight-column "streamer" headlines. Eight years later, when Tunney defeated Dempsey, it headlined the event with three eight-column "streamers." This was not news perspective. If the Dempsey-Tunney prize fight were put into proper perspective with the events of Armistice Day it would become invisible to the naked eye. Already its details have faded from the memory of all but sport fans. Not news perspective, this ballyhoo of the "cauliflower trade," but a development in the exploitation of a suggestible people.

James Melvin Lee, head of the School of Journalism at New York University,

thinks news of informational value, instead of concentration on paid sports, screen stars, aviators and channel swimmers, could be made to pay. "Crowded as is the New York field," he writes (and surely what he says would prove true in less crowded fields), "it would, in my opinion, support a newspaper which adopted as its motto, 'All the news that's important.' The experiment of producing a paper living up to that motto has never been made in the United States. Some of the foreign newspapers which feature not 'what's interesting,' but 'what's important' more than break even from their sales."

But news of genuinely instructive and informative character remains of a clearly casual nature. The inflation of matter appealing to unconscious passions and hungers continues. The news which startles, thrills, and entertains is still blown up as vigorously as the toy balloon of Queen Marie's visit. Thus does the American press exemplify day by day the grandiose, the brobdingnagian art of ballyhoo.





## ILLUSION: 1915

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

THE French house I sought was seen, as I turned a corner, remote in a diminishing avenue of noble trees. Below the hush of midsummer was the vibration of many wings. The bees were in the limes. I could smell the nectar of that tree; it is full summer when the limes are flowering and the bees get drunk. I found that a pleasant confirmation of the season, for to me that summer was hardly authentic. The house was set deeply in a long perspective of foliage, as though I stood in the June of one year and saw distantly the pale ghost of the old chateau in a silent June of the past. I wanted to reach that house, but it looked as though I could get no nearer to it than the murmuring summer in which I stood. I could only look back to where it was secluded in the silence of a forgotten year.

A confusing idea, but then it was a confusing summer—a summer doubtful with its aspect of immemorial continuity, yet suggesting bleakly a subtle yet disastrous interruption in the life of the earth, as though everything appeared to be the same, but we were being cheated with only the bright illusion of familiar things. What had been always behind them had gone. It was June, 1915. If in one of the arbors about me, where stood white statues pensive with ancient secrets they would never disclose, I had surprised a furbelowed lady who ought to have been living only in a picture by Watteau, she might have been more startled than myself. I should have felt that I was the intruder, and should have withdrawn at once from a June

which did not belong to me. Not my June. Not a lady for me, but only for a gentleman in satin breeches and a brocaded coat. And from one of those arbors, in a scene which was still and haunted, a figure did suddenly emerge. It came out briskly, gave me a direct but not a startled look, and turned towards the chateau. It had a Cockney face, and its khaki dress was unrelieved by any ornament except the blue-and-white armlet of a British signaller. It seemed to have no doubt about its year.

So I judged that, after all, I might not be lost in another age. Anyhow, others were lost there with me; or perhaps in a celestial dreaminess the gods had become careless and had muddled the sunlights and affairs of far different times. For a Sikh, with a rifle which was only a toy in his giant's grasp—a giant in a black beard—was patrolling the balustrade of that French house above a moat in which waterlilies floated. The Indian sentry reached the limit of his beat and paused to regard the figure of Aphrodite, who stood below him with a foot coyly poised over the water she had been about to enter since Louis Soleil was king. War? Not even though a bearded Sikh was contemplating Aphrodite. There was no war. There was but an occasional and inexplicable flutter of the air. The air sometimes shook; the summer day was quite peaceful, but it was not accurately fitted to the earth, it was not quite firm on its base. There was a sense of insecurity in it, as though it might be withdrawn from us because it was a mistake, being the summer of another age and place.



Nor did the interior of the chateau reassure. The frail old furniture was understandable, and the ormolu, the crystal candelabra hanging from a painted ceiling, and the tapestries—they gave the right suggestion, for a summer noon, of the serene continuity of pleasant human things. The ladies of the house looked down into the room from their frames of heavy gilt, which hung on the walls, and one of them, the portrait near me, of a girl of 1779, seemed as surprised as myself to observe soldiers below intent upon typewriters, and the coming and going of British officers.

One of the officers came to me. He knew my name, and met me as if I were one of that household, though I had never seen him before. "They telephoned from headquarters about you this morning. We were beginning to think you were lost. The battalion you want is somewhere near Neuve Chapelle, but you'd never find it. It's rather altered up there, since the attack, and it's an unattractive corner. But we've got a guide for you—here he is, too. Lieutenant Jones . . ."

The lieutenant was boyish, and had the awkward candor of shyness. He smiled, and said, "I offered to take you before I knew where you wanted to go. Shall we start at once? It's fairly quiet there now, so we'd better get it over."

We had a brief run by car through an uninhabited country, and then, for no reason that I could see—but perhaps reason was not there—the officer hid the car by a hedge and said we must walk. We took a straight road through an avenue of poplar trees. There was a stagnant ditch on either side of it and limited views of level meadows. The hot sun was there, but if his light had been green, and so the land had had that sinister complexion of the spectral vistas we may see through colored glass, it could not have been more forbidding. It was an earth changed in nature. We were alone in it. There was enchantment here, and we had no clue. We approached a large pool of blood and

separated to walk round it. Its extent alarmed me, but, except that my guide must have seen it to have avoided it, he gave no other sign that he admitted its existence. It lay in front of an estaminet. The door of the inn was open, and beside the door was a chair; but nobody was in the chair; nobody sat in it contemplating that mystery in the middle of the road. The estaminet was deserted. There were houses and sunlight but no people.

The distance was thudding heavily. The horizon was loose perhaps, and was bumping on the earth. Ahead of us, almost lost in a clump of trees, were the red roofs of secretive farm buildings. There were ragged gaps in the tiles. As we neared the farm there was a crash, as though a boiler plate had fallen from a great height onto paving stones and was at once inert. Two columns of black smoke, which had not been there before, stood over the farm. The road, which was scattered with holes, continued straight on with indifference, though a tree had been lifted by its roots athwart it. There was a row of trees that were bundles of white splinters, and beyond them we came upon the first men. Six were lying on the ground, and two other men were bent over them. The faces of the men on the ground were averted and their eyes closed. They did not want to look at us or at anything else.

The ugly but intermittent sounds were not so distant as they had been when we reached another group of farm buildings, scattered among plantations near a road crossing. The trees about them were motionless in the sleeping afternoon, as though guarding a secret. The walls of one of the old barns, a structure so weathered that its rufous brickwork had the surface of dusty gray stone, were riven, and the edges of the new gaps were bright red. From somewhere not so far away there came a noise which might have been of an idle boy rattling a stick along a fence. An officer, to my surprise, came to a door of a barn which I had thought was empty. "Come in," he



cried. "They spray that road with a machine gun. Can't you hear it?"

Under the rafters of that partially dismantled building was a man who laughed when he saw me, though we had not met for years. His amusement was caused, most likely, by my unexpected appearance, which he accepted as another absurd feature of the common phantasy. He himself, an Oriental scholar, in that place, as a soldier, was not easily believable; but I took him in as one of the irrelevances which are quite consistent anyhow in prolonged and vivid nightmares. It was the last place where one would have expected to see him, yet there he was; and he laughed again, as he came forward, because his quizzical temper thoroughly relished the waywardness of this resort and this coincidence. His blue eyes were merry.

"Have you gone mad, too?" he asked. "What brings you here?" He gossiped, presently, about our circumstances. "There's a war on up here, but who's making it, except ourselves, beats me. I think it is between us and the spooks. You haven't noticed any so-called Germans about, have you? I haven't seen one yet"—he flinched and grimaced at an explosion outside—"but that sort of thing all day long has to be accounted for."

We set off together for his own place, which he said was near, though long before we reached it—mainly through a serpentine trench—my sense of direction became dizzy and was restricted merely to up and down. The earth was decrepitating in the heat; that was rifle fire. The deep drain meandered aimlessly, with yellow charlock and scarlet poppies vivid overhead against the blue sky. We climbed out to hurry across a road, and entered another drain, which traversed the foundations of extensive ruins, and there we waited, on our hands and knees, while the ruin ahead of us was smashed a little more. When the dust and smoke had settled a little we hurried along, and soon emerged into a village.

Nobody else was in it. It seemed

proper to find it was deserted. It was acrid with damp mortar and smoldering fires. Some of the houses lay piled across the street. That village had come to its end, and the only proof that life had ever known it was a child's doll stretched out on its back in an attitude of abandoned grief near the mummied carcass of a cow. We went across the churchyard—just one vacant Gothic arch of the church was standing—and strode over gray rubble, splintered coffin boards, and a few disinterred sleepers in nightgowns who had come to the surface again indifferent as to how they slept. As we got through that square a spasmodic growling sped at us through the silence and burst in violence by the Gothic arch. We descended hurriedly a long flight of stone steps to a cellar. My friend Reynolds then sat on a soap box and laughed once more, a little too long. "This is my home," he said. "I share it with a surgeon. I think he'll lend you a bed for the night." Reynolds pointed to a stretcher in the corner.

The cellar was immense and gloomy, and our privacy was a corner of it, screened by some sacking from the battalion aid post, which was the remainder of the cellar. Just then we had the place to ourselves. Reynolds was eager for news; yet as I began to speak the cellar shook in a series of spasms, and a tin bowl on the floor trembled and whined. We waited, and soon the cellar became deep in the still earth again.

"We're all right here," Reynolds speculated, "because if that stairway goes there's another way out. Perhaps I'd better show you where it is."

We had a look round, and saw the other stairway, a pile of bandages, and a wine-bin in which there was nothing but a cat which was glad to meet us. Then there was no more to do but to return to the kitchen table. That was loaded with documents, neatly piled under shell-noses. Reynolds took his tunic off, inspected the topmost documents, and filled his pipe.



"Now you've seen this place, perhaps you'd hardly believe the trouble I took to get from India to it," he said. "They said men were badly wanted, so I supposed I ought to be quick. The results surprised me. My patience had to mount a lot of monuments—it was patience which sat on a monument, wasn't it?—well, I was kept waiting a devil of a time on each one I came to. Authority is a funny old dear, and tried to keep me from the delights of this hole as long as possible. But one day I got as near to this as Marseilles, and I was despondent because I thought all would be over before I could have some. Orderly!"

"Sir!"

"Bring two drinks. I say, have you seen Major Weston to-day?"

"No, sir. He was killed last night, sir."

Reynolds rose and stared at me. Then he sat down again. "Bring the drinks, Richard," he said.

He sat, while waiting the return of the orderly, playing a tattoo on the table. Then he spoke to himself. "There it is," he said. He murmured across to me in doubt. "I tell you I *spoke* to him last night. I *spoke* to him." He looked at me as though I ought to confirm that a little conversation with another man might sometimes fail to render him invulnerable.

The orderly returned, methodical as at a London counter, and then silently vanished as though he had passed through a wall.

"Well, here we are," said Reynolds, in a subdued way. "I was telling you how I got here, in a hurry, to join in the war before it was over. They shunted me in trains and lorries about France for weeks. I began to believe they had attached me to a battalion which didn't exist. Everybody knew promptly where it was, but it was never there, though sometimes it had been. I did find it at last, though, and reported myself. The adjutant said, 'But where's your sword? You can't parade without

a sword.' So I went to a farm, and sent to London for a sword, and slept in an out-house under some fowls while waiting for it. At length it came, and I reported myself again. 'You've got a sword,' said the adjutant. 'You cannot parade with a sword. The order is that all swords must be returned.'

"It is all like that," Reynolds assured me. "The only thing to do here is to shut off your intelligence and hope that the next thing to happen won't be as idiotic as everything which has happened before. I got into frightful difficulties at first through trying to be reasonable. One day some headquarters or another sent a stern demand to know why we were using so much chloride of lime. I suppose they thought we were stealing it. I don't know. Anyhow, a divisional headquarters has no reason to use chloride of lime. So I told them what we did with it. That made matters worse. That made them suspicious. The colonel told me I'd better send an officer up to the latrines just to satisfy them with a report. The young officer was gone so long that when I remembered the chloride of lime again, because the report had to be made, I got nervous, and went to look for him. There had been a bit of shelling. I found him. He was in a crater. We had to waste some more chloride of lime."

Here Reynolds' narrative was interrupted. There was a shuffling on the stairs, and a whispering, "Take 'is legs." "I got 'im." A little group of soldiers moved across the cellar and laid one of their number on a bench. The others arranged themselves along the same form in various attitudes of lassitude and weary indifference. They were muddy, gaunt, and unshaven; all that was clean and bright about them was some bandages. Several attempted cigarettes with a slowness which allowed a match to burn out before it was used. They paid no attention to us and, after a steady glance at that array of cripples who seemed resigned to anything that could happen, Reynolds called out to

them that the medical officer was expected in at once. They did not answer. Some of them turned reproachful eyes on us, but they neither spoke nor moved. Other footsteps sounded on the stairs, hard and deliberate, and the M. O. and two assistants entered. Reynolds watched the scene for a while, called out that if help were wanted we could give a hand, and readjusted more privily the canvas screen.

"That goes on all day, off and on, if it's only a quiet day. When they're busy I clear out—I can't stand being looked at like that, when I can't do anything. We haven't had as many to-day. But I don't like the look of that fellow on his back, do you? His feet are too loose. Sometimes the feet tell you more than a man's face."

There was groaning in the far corner, and Reynolds waited. He began his tattoo on the table. We sat, looking at the floor.

"No." (It was the voice of the M. O.) "No. Leave that man. You other fellows all right now? Better make your way to the transport while it's quiet. You'll do, till you get to the hospital. Lucky beggars. Hop it. Off you go."

The shuffling began again, and when that had ceased we heard the Medical Officer instructing his men where to put the soldier who remained. The doctor came over for a gossip with Reynolds before venturing out, and then once more we had the gloom to ourselves.

"Can you make anything of it?" asked Reynolds, with an inconsequence which was not altogether innocent.

"I find it a bit bewildering."

"There's no sense in it, none at all. Those fellows who have just gone out to hobble through shell-bursts in the hope of finding salvation—I wonder what they make of it? They never say a word about it. You might as well ask the horses—but some of the horses sweat through funk. It's very queer. Once a horse has had a dose of it, he trembles whenever he hears a gun. Trembles and

sweats. But he goes into it when told, all of a lather, and so do we—all of a lather."

"It seemed to me when on my way here," I told him, "that the whole thing was just an illusion. The country didn't look real. Sometimes I wondered whether it was there, or whether I was there."

"I know. Most of the fellows feel that way. But don't be fooled by it. It's as real as stupidity. At first you think it's all rather an imbecile joke. That's why some of the best of the young 'uns die too soon. They go about showing it no respect, just as though the silly business was only pretending to be there. But there it is, all right. It is fatuous moonshine stuff, but it has got us in irons, and so you'll jolly well find. Here comes its Hermes—one of its envoys."

A despatch rider entered, saluted, handed over his token out of the blue, and went. Reynolds read the message, sighed, and placed it on one of the piles. "You get the notion, too, that you are lost in it, that nobody knows where you are, and could never find you. But the gods have got us taped. They know all about us, and if they told you to put your head in a bag you'd have to do it. You can get killed for two reasons—for being an idiot, and for refusing to be an idiot."

"One day, when we were just back in some particularly unpleasing rest billets—most of our rest, by the way, was shelled to hell—the colonel came to me. 'Look here,' he said, 'the general has sent a message that a French colonel is to visit us on urgent business, though I don't know what he wants, and we are to treat him mighty fine. But there's no food fit to eat. He'll be here to-night. Just scout around for something tasty, will you? Luckily we can make him drunk, if he's that way inclined. And, I say, I wish you'd let him have your bed. His A. D. C. may have mine, as yours is the best.'

"We blessed those Frenchmen for nuisances, but we made ready for them,



and our mess cook made a really presentable table of the stuff we had. Then we waited, wondering what these fellows were going to be like, for we'd seen nothing of the French, but had a huge respect for their military qualities. Most of us were only civilians turned soldiers. I think even our colonel had been a solicitor, in another life. Only the adjutant was a regular. So we were a bit nervous about it.

"At length he came, this French colonel—a tall portly man in a blue uniform and brown bulging gaiters, accompanied by a slender young officer, very stiff and correct. The French colonel had one of those hunting horns round his shoulder—you know the sort of thing—you see the curly instrument in comic prints of French sportsmen out after partridges. He didn't take that trumpet off. Only his cap. His bald head was pale, but his big round face was red and very hearty, with lots of chin, and a long grizzled mustache which would have been straight and fierce if he hadn't laughed so much. He laughed, and stamped with one foot, or patted his sides with both hands, very free and friendly, and then pulled out his mustache. A cheery card. But his pale young A. D. C. was prim. Prim and silent. Never said a word. Smiled faintly and ironically when spoken to. 'Yes?' he would say. Only that. Seemed to think that it was all rather a bore.

"Not a word about the business of their visit. Only rich laughter about nothing in particular. We began dinner. The French colonel wore his hunting horn. We pretended not to see the thing—we sort of behaved as though a hunting horn at dinner was the custom of the country, especially in war, and we didn't want our curiosity to betray our ignorance. The young French officer hardly looked up, and if he did it was to stare at the wall over the head of the man opposite. I suppose he found the crudities of a British table unentertaining, but that duty was duty.

"His colonel was different. He was enjoying himself—we happened to have a Burgundy of a good year—and our young fellows played up to him on behalf of the regiment and the good name of England. After one bout of merriment, which was so happy that we all joined in, that stout Frenchman rose, put one foot on his chair, and blew a tantara on the horn. Then he sat down again and went on.

"Of course we took no notice of the fanfare. Pretended we had heard nothing. The French colonel's A. D. C. paid no attention to it either. We thought perhaps it might be the custom of the Frenchman's regiment, some ancient right won in battle. Now it was the proper thing for the colonel of that regiment to do—to wind the horn at intervals during dinner. Maintain a link with the glorious past.

"That lusty colonel was full of funny stories, and at the end of a good one, when he'd got us all going, he'd rise from his chair and give a fanfare solemnly. I noticed our orderlies looked a bit surprised, but they didn't laugh. As for our own colonel, he was so polite that he appeared to have been as deaf to it as the young French officer.

"The fun got very lively after dinner, and I must say our youngsters thoroughly enjoyed this Gascon, who was certainly enjoying himself. He loudly approved our whiskey. Then, in a sentimental mood, he mentioned his wife. Ah! He would show why France would fight, but yes, till not a German was this side of the Rhine; that or death. He was very grave. Gentlemen, you shall regard this. Then he put his hand inside his tunic, and pulled out what might have been a pack of cards. But he tugged at the pack too hard. The cards shot across the table. I was a little shocked. Photographs of women. The scatter showed a collection of heads and busts, and not a few legs. But the fine old fellow was entirely unembarrassed. The sort of thing which might happen to any man, you know. He began sorting

them out, quite coolly and indifferently, and was evidently looking for a particular photograph.

"For the first time that evening the severe young Frenchman condescended to take an interest in what was going on. He rose and leaned over the table, and intently inspected the varied collection of ladies. His curiosity was genuine. Suddenly he pointed an accusatory finger at a portrait. He spoke at last. 'That is my wife,' he said to his colonel.

"Without a pause he struck his colonel in the face. The big fellow collided with a chair behind him, and over it went, and so did he, with a great banging of brassware on the stone floor of that farmhouse. Our colonel was horrified. We were all alarmed. We stared at one another. What happened when a French officer hit his colonel in the eye? What ought we to do when they were guests? Nothing in the King's Regulations about that.

"Somebody was assisting the French colonel to his feet, but he rose lightly, shook with laughter as he pulled his tunic straight, and went through a door into the night. Outside, we heard him play a bold tantara on his horn, a salute to all stags, I suppose. Presently he came back.

"As he entered he was met by his junior. They embraced each other and kissed. I looked away at our colonel. I didn't know where to look. Our superior seemed to be bemused. He was, I thought, tottering on the verge of lunacy. He stood by the fireplace, looking at our guests, and fumbling at his mouth in wonder. We all acted, I must say, as though we had witnessed nothing unusual. Nothing had happened but what might have occurred in any well-regulated mess in wartime. We were jolly well controlled, I think.

"A little later we conducted them to their rooms. But when they had gone none of us said a word about the evening's performance. We affected casually a pretense that we were now im-

mune to surprises. Well, a subaltern did speak. He said to our colonel, 'Do you think he plays that trumpet at night, sir?' But our colonel did not answer. We put the lights out.

"Next morning at breakfast we were very moody. The Frenchmen were late but nobody remarked it. I think we were all in doubt. Had anything happened the night before? After a bit our colonel called across the table to me, 'Look here, Reynolds. I am right, am I not? There were two Frenchmen with us last night?'

"'Yes, sir. I think so. I had the impression myself, but as nobody else seemed to remember it I thought I might have been mistaken, and so kept quiet.'

"'All right,' said the colonel. 'That settles it. I was wondering myself whether I'd been dreaming, but as you've got the same idea there may be something in it. If they were here last night, they're here now. You and I will go and greet them. Come along.'

"We went up to our colonel's room first. The bed had been slept in, but no French A. D. C. was there. So off we went to my room. And no French colonel either. My bed had been used, but there was no other evidence, except a hunting horn hanging over the knob at the head of the bed. 'Well, I'm damned,' said our colonel.

"'Funny thing was, none of the orderlies had seen those fellows go. Nobody had seen them go. And we never heard another word about it. Never knew why they called. What do you make of that?'

I didn't attempt to make anything of it. As an episode of the world of war it was as meet and proper as an Oriental scholar making British reports on chloride of lime in the cellar of a French farm. While Reynolds and I sat smiling at each other, filling our pipes, the tin bowl on the floor began to complain again. It trembled and whined. The cellar began to be convulsive. Somebody fell headlong down the stairway.





# THE MYTH OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

A BEHAVIORISTIC EXPLANATION

BY JOHN B. WATSON

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WHY is the "unconscious" so popular to-day with psychoanalysts and certain psychiatrists? They have written so much about it that even the layman, if he lost his unconscious, would feel as disturbed about it as did Peter Schlemihl when his faithful shadow departed in the keeping of the devil.

The physicians popularized the "unconscious" because they needed something to help them explain so-called "mental" diseases. If we had asked a psychiatrist of the eighties to tell us about "mental" diseases, he would have declared them to be the result of degenerative changes taking place in the brain. Whether these changes were due to an infection of some kind, to the growth of invading tissue, to faulty metabolism, to chemical deposits in arteries and veins, or to some destructive chemical process possibly instigated by the body itself ("auto-intoxication"), he might not have cared to venture an opinion. Dementia præcox and paranoia were diseases similar in some ways to typhoid fever and malaria. One of the difficulties in holding this view was the stubborn fact that pathologists were unable, when the patient was examined after death, to find where and how the brain was diseased. Nothing seemed to be wrong with the body or with the brain.

At first Bleuler, and then more completely Freud, introduced the idea of a *diseased mind in a healthy body*. Freud had been trained in the mysticism of

mind then current—of mind as a thing or entity distinct from the body. He had been trained too as a physician, and that meant he had to think in terms of *disease entities*. Since there was nothing wrong with the brain in these "mentally" sick individuals, then there must be something wrong with the mind. There must be a true pathology of mind. There must be *some festering spot*, some deteriorating agent present, eating into the tissue of the mind. Since the physician could not locate the festering spot in the so-called "conscious mind" of the patient, Freud invented a substratum to mind in which he could safely place all "mental" troubles. This substratum he called the *unconscious*.

Just why Freud should have resorted to voodooism instead of falling back upon his early scientific training is not clear. He was particularly well versed in the Old Testament and widely read in folklore. One cannot help but accuse him of having been much influenced in his youth by the fable of the devils who took flight into the Gadarene swine at the command of the great master therapist with a few mystic words. With his religious and medical background, is it so strange after all that he gave us the kind of unconscious he did? Just as a sharp object when swallowed gets lodged in the stomach and goes on creating organic disturbance until cut out or thoroughly encrusted over, just so at times "sharp perceptions" or "ideas" (those we can't "bear to entertain")

sink into the stomach of the mind—the unconscious. There the foreign body stirs up trouble until removed by the scissors and scalpel of the analyst (psycho-analysis). If the body can be infected, so can the mind.

Since the advent of behaviorism in 1913, with its emphasis on the genesis and growth of behavior, analysts have sought to claim that Freud was a *geneticist*. Nothing was farther from the truth. Freud's early writings do not mention the words "habit-formation" or "conditioning," and yet he was familiar with the work of the Russians and of the animal psychologists throughout the time he was maturing his own theories. *His theory of the unconscious is a theory paralleling completely the old concept of disease entity.*

Behaviorism when it appeared could find no mind-body problem, because it takes no account of anything which cannot actually be observed. The behaviorist finds no "mind" in his laboratory, sees it nowhere in his subjects. Would he not be unscientific if he lingered by the wayside and idly speculated upon it? Just as unscientific as the biologists if they were to linger over the contemplation of entelechies, engrams, and the like. Their world and the world of the behaviorist are filled only with facts—with data which can be accumulated and verified by observation—with phenomena which can be predicted and controlled.

If the behaviorists are right in their contention that there is no observable mind-body problem and no observable separate entity called mind, then there can be no such thing as consciousness or its substratum, the unconscious. Freud's concept borrowed from mysticism and the nature of bodily discord breaks down. There can be no festering spot in the substratum of the mind—in the unconscious—because there is so far no evidence that mind exists.

If there is no mental infection—no unconscious to be infected—what can the behaviorist find in natural science to

account for the objective behavior facts observed by Freud?

## II

In the place of the Freudian unconscious the behaviorist substitutes the *unverbalized*. He has a contrasting term, too—the *verbalized*. This substitution of the unverbalized for the unconscious is not just another wild speculation. Let us prove this by examining human behavior.

The child at twelve months of age is given a new world—a world of words. He masters this world slowly. Every object he plays with is named. Even objects heard and seen but not touched are named—the sun, the moon, the stars. The process by which we *build in words* is called "verbal conditioning." Each word comes finally to call out the same response that the appropriate object itself would call out. It matters not at all what the object is called. A group of children could form a wholly new and fantastic language just as quickly and just as easily as they can learn the language of their parents. We must dislodge the age-old belief that there is some peculiar essence in words as such. A word is just an explosive clutter of sound made by expelling the breath over the tongue, teeth, and lips whenever we get around objects. We condition our children to make the same explosive sounds when they get around the same objects.

The natural course of events from the second year onward is to learn the object and the spoken word together, then the object and the printed word, and next the object and the written word. Words in any of these forms become substitutable each for the other and for the object around which this verbal conditioning was originally built.

But does this process continue until the word-world shows a point for point correspondence with the object-world? Not at all; and why? Because our teachers—that is, our parents, nurses,



and adult companions—haven't themselves a word-world as large as their object-world. Just as they are limited in this respect just so do they limit the children. And why are the parents limited? Because in the status in which they live there has been no necessity—from the standpoint of obtaining food, shelter, and sex—for *building in* a larger number of words than they have. Doctor Rivers showed years ago that many of the primitive tribes have no words for certain parts of the spectrum which we constantly name. Again the Chinese musical scale leaves out certain notes we include in ours. Their notes and intervals consequently are different. Yet a stretched string vibrates in China just as it does in the West.

We may call that part of the individual's object-world which he constantly manipulates with his hands, feet, and body but does not name or attach a word to, his *world of situations*; and his own responses to them which he does not name, his "unconscious" world, or, in the behaviorist's terminology, his *unverbalized world*.

Consider for a moment what people mean or at least should mean when they say they are *conscious* or have *consciousness*. They mean in the words of the behaviorist that they can carry on some kind of brief sub-vocal talk with "themselves" behind the closed doors of the lips. We get into the habit of using "ourselves" as an audience very early in life. It begins immediately after words, phrases, and sentences are first learned and continues for a considerable period thereafter. All children, according to our observation, at first think aloud. Thinking aloud disturbs society. The child who does it is considered unsocial and in need of subduing. The subduing process ends in sub-vocalization. This robs us of our audience, and to compensate for that we build up a *verbal fiction*, a *straw man*, and put him up in front of "us" to talk to—which is what the child does when he talks to his doll. The fiction of

"ourselves" is equivalent to our doll playmate—and still many of the introspective psychologists go on writing books about the "self"! If this does represent the thing psychologists call consciousness, it is clear that it is always a *completely verbalized affair*.

We must then draw the inference that while a large part of our world is *verbalized*, a still larger part remains possibly forever *unverbalized*. What are the unverbalized components of human behavior? We have (1) the unverbalized world of the man who was trained to be a *silent* man. The child brought up in isolation or among taciturn parents or in groups where verbalization is frowned upon never even as an adult learns to verbalize his world or his acts. He cannot tell you in words what he can do. He can act only when brought face to face with objects in their appropriate settings. This is typical of the behavior of animals. It is typical of the behavior of many primitive peoples; of men like Jack Dempsey, Calvin Coolidge; of a great many athletes and acrobats. They could not tell you if their lives depended upon it how they do certain things—their word-world just does not correspond to their object-world.

Next there is (2) the unverbalized world of each of us made up of the activity of the unstriped muscular and glandular parts of our body (intestines, lungs, blood vessels, the viscera generally) and of the stimuli which call forth the activity in these parts. The happenings and goings-on in our body, and the mechanical, chemical, and glandular stimuli which call forth these happenings, are probably as great a world as that made up of objects (named, of course) which call out visual, auditory, olfactory, and gustatory responses in us. Yet this whole world remains unverbalized even in the adult. We do not know how to start to name these acts or the stimuli which call them forth. Words for them have not been built up. Society makes no demand upon us to



name them. This whole world we may call the un verbalized world of the emotions.

Then we have (3) the world of infancy which is totally un verbalized for the first year and remains practically un verbalized until the end of the second year. This is the period when many thousands of reactions are built in, both manual and emotional. The general patterns of reactions to mother, father, sister, brother, nurses, to his own body and to other people are built in. It is the period when temper, tantrums, fears, rages, dependencies are all established. This two-year period is probably both somatically and behavioristically the most important part of the child's life.

If all of this sounds reasonable—as it does to many—may we not say that the *un verbalized* of the behaviorist is a scientific substitute for the *unconscious* of the psycho-analyst? If so, the mystery of the unconscious would straightway disappear. Many of our acts—possibly most of our acts—and the stimuli which call them forth have no verbal correlates because the social environment of the individual has offered no possibilities for conditioning word responses—or at best faulty and inexact methods. To understand the lack of verbalization we must study how the individual is built up from the *squirmings* we see in the child at birth.

This can be made clearer by examining how the infant builds up its nest habits. In observing the two-year-old only child brought up by an unscientific mother we find that the child cries unless held in the lap of the mother, will not eat unless fed by the mother, will not play with its toys unless in the room with the mother, cries when the mother leaves the room. It will not be bathed except by the mother. It will sleep only when in bed with the mother. It will cease crying when slightly injured only when the mother binds up its wound and kisses and fondles it. Up to two years of age there has been no verbalization beyond a few dozen nouns

and pronouns. Verbalization begins; it clusters around the mother just as its manual and bodily activity clusters around the mother. In a similar way the gut reactions (emotions) have their center of reference in the mother. Manual, verbal, and emotional reactions are tied together by this one, all-exciting stimulus (she is really a complex situation at all times).

Here we have a rough picture of the genesis of a mother fixation. We will suppose this unwise mother continues to rear her child. She gives her little organization about sex—the mother has heard nothing of mental hygiene. The unwise training is continued. It hardens, becomes set. Under social pressure the girl gets married to a man who knows little about the art and science of marriage. After the honeymoon she begins to use every device to be constantly under her mother's roof and in her mother's presence. Married life means nothing—the girl cannot break her nest habits. The mother dies, the husband leaves her, and she goes into the hands of the analyst. The assumption here is that this whole realm of her relationship to her mother has remained *un verbalized*. The genesis of her behavior is clear to the behaviorist—it has been a genetic process built in by her environment. No mystery need be made of it, no hypothesis of the unconscious need be assumed, no hypothetical factor such as suppression or repression need be lugged in. Talking to her in terms of the "unconscious," of "repressions," "limitation of libido," of "incest complex," and the like, leaves her cold. She has no words to correspond with her behavior towards her mother except the conventional ones tolerated and extolled by society under the guise of the beauty of mother love. She did not and could not have ever conversed with herself about all this. Hence she was never "conscious" of her behavior as being incestuous. Hence her conscience never hurt her (unless some analyst disturbed her by telling her about it). Hence



there was no dropping of a thought—too bitter to entertain at the “conscious” level—into the cesspool of the unconscious.

The behaviorist would say that in such cases straight *unconditioning* was indicated, then *retraining*. He would say farther that the process of retraining must be comparable, to some extent at least, with the time it took to wind the patient up in this way. When the analyst begins to talk of such cases in terms of psycho-analysis, when he puts the patient on a couch day in and day out and lets her wander over miles of barren verbal territory in an effort to reach her unconscious and to straighten it out, I am strongly reminded of practices in the ancient art of white magic.

The behaviorist's un verbalized is throughout a scientific concept. It has a common sense origin and growth. We know that most fears in man and animal are developed in the simplest kind of way long before verbalization begins. Starting with loud, sharp sounds and loss of support as the unconditioned stimuli, we build in fear of furry animals—fur-cotton wool—hair of the human body—of water—of moving trains—high places, bridges, trestle work—enclosed and open spaces, and the like (many of these by hypothesis!). Along with the actually conditioned responses we have the transferred fears about which there need be no mystery since such “transferences” are always obtained in every experiment where the animal is being taught to respond differentially. Again—and here at first sight the process seems more obscure—we have conditioned fear responses of the first, second, and succeeding orders. Conditions become so complex that the original genetic source of these types of responses—from the two unconditioned stimuli—can with difficulty be traced.

From equally simple beginnings love and rage responses grow—and long before words are put on.

Finally we have the still more complicated types of response where the indi-

vidual has been successively conditioned to respond emotionally in more than one way to the same stimulus or situation—*e.g.* where the daughter responds to the caresses and kisses of the mother, to her noisy behavior when drunk or quarreling, and to her as a hampering, restraining stimulus. Love—fear—hate responses to the one stimulus. Surely we do not need the “bivalence” and “multivalence” theory of the analysts here or any unconscious to understand the reactions of the individual who does not respond to group-behavior patterns.

Not one of our hypothetical subjects in whom such un verbalized organization has taken place can *talk it out* until the analyst *talks it in*. There is nothing to talk out—no unconscious to be reached. Our belief is that the analyst should talk it out only long enough to get the main features of the patient's biography, part of which he can get from associates. Nor is he by talking it out or analyzing dreams approaching any traumatic injury or festering spot in the unconscious. He is or should be watching and noting verbal behavior objectively. His attitude should not be different from what it would be if he were watching and recording her movements as she goes about the room, her eating habits, and sex habits. When observation is complete enough the physician can make a diagnosis of the genetic factors which have been operative in producing the deviations he observes in her behavior. Then his prescription, couched in the terms of the steps she should take for retraining, should come next. It is this unconditioning and retraining that should take time—not the analysis. At present the analyst, at least for an astonishingly long time, re-educates her or attempts to re-educate her only or mainly along verbal lines. He won't even admit that he himself is re-educating her. Her re-education according to the behaviorist's belief must be along manual, verbal, and visceral lines. She must be given a new manual life with a new verbal life and a new visceral life. Her old sets of

habits will not work. But talking by itself will never give her this needed new equipment.

### III

It seems unfair to the developing child not to bring his *word-world* up to a higher state of usefulness than is now done in schools. Every time I question young children, or even college graduates, I am struck by their dumbness—by their inability to tell how they do things and to manipulate verbally their material and social world. Why can't we teach the child from the beginning to verbalize his manual activity? Why not throw away textbooks—give brief verbal or written problems—then let the child work out his problem in chemistry, physics, agriculture with his hands and write and talk out his technic as he goes along.

Talking without being able to translate into manual behavior, or acting manually without being able to translate into words, does not give complete integration. Here is an example. In front of me are the complete parts of a pendulum clock. One child can glibly talk at great length about this or any other clock, but at a superficial level, slipping almost immediately into the æsthetic values of the clock, history of clocks, etc. But he cannot put the parts together. He knows clocks in terms of words only. In contrast, another child of the same age, deft with his hands, can take these cogs, escapement, wheels, pendulum, and springs, and put them together. But when I cover the clock up and ask him about the inside of the clock and how the parts are put together, I get no response. He is dumb. He has no words. I have a third child in front of me, equally deft with his hands and with his words. He puts the clock together. Again I cover it with the cloth. He tells me correctly about every part—how they are put together and how they function when put together. In other words, he builds me a perfectly good verbal clock.

In my opinion the third child—by

nature no better fitted than either of the other two—has outstripped them by a distance comparable in some respects with the span that separates man from the orang. With a word-world adequately substitutable for the object-world, he is to some extent master of his own destiny, independent of the world of sights, sounds, smells, and tastes.

Is it too unattainable a social ideal to believe that every man, woman, and child should be trained about his own organism as thoroughly as the last boy was trained about the clock? We could very quickly teach them enough anatomy to give them a thorough working notion of the body, nervous system, heart, lungs, liver, kidney, glands, sex apparatus. Then we could teach them enough physiology for them to grasp what the function of each main part is and how the various parts function together. Shouldn't we do this early and so thoroughly that no old wives' tales can ever again find a lodging place? Isn't it more important for them to get this early—this exploration of themselves—than to get their literature, geography, history, chemistry, and physics, important as these subjects are?

Next we should teach the rudiments of hygiene (what many call "mental hygiene"); show them in the simplest terms how infantile un verbalized behavior arises and how it is carried over into adult life; teach them about fear, love, and anger reactions; work out with them how the individual behaves in depressions. We should teach them what exhibition-behavior is like; how easily seclusion-behavior develops; we should explain invalidism and other nascent psychoses. We should teach them first how to recognize these reaction patterns in others and then, most important of all, how to recognize them in themselves by watching and tabulating their own behavior.

A boy or girl taught in this way could check his own behavior three or four times a month. "For days I have fought with my parents. Two or three times



in the last week I have been depressed and have tried to find excuses for not going to school and doing my other work." Or, to change the picture, "I have been getting entirely too boisterous and loud—too excited—driving the automobile too fast—taking too many risks and dangers in swimming and diving." Or again, "I find I am avoiding people more than I used to. I like to get in a corner and read. I don't go out on the streets very much." Or once more, "I find that I am going with girls very much less than I used to and that I have begun to chum with boys in the neighborhood."

Having taught them to observe their own behavior in this way as they observe the behavior of others, can't we next teach them what to do when their records show that they are getting into jams? In other words, give them the essentials of corrective hygiene. For example, "All my work has slowed down. I am lacking in pep, don't care whether I go to see anybody or not. I have been leading a humdrum existence. Things haven't gone right at home. I guess I'll talk to my physician. He will probably tell me I had better pack up and go for a week's fishing or hunting and that when I come back I'd better change things around a bit, try to find more interesting jobs, get some hobbies going that I have been flirting with for a long time, and try to reach some satisfactory decision about my sex life which has been bothering me lately."

I would give this training before the fourteenth year, since at this age the great mass of our population gives up

its schooling. Can young children get all this? I am hopeful of it. My business experience has opened my eyes to how simply things can be put to the public, how nearly all the worth-while truths of science can be set forth in homely words.

Unless the child has a word organization—a word for every situation, and unless the stimulus can arouse a verbal reaction simultaneously with the manual, which in turn acting as a stimulus can arouse a substitutive manual reaction, how can the larynx (and its related musculature) ever become dominant? To-day we are predominantly a verbally-reacting animal. This means that the laryngeal segment is the repository of most of our social and ethical training. Now if the stimulus does not activate this segment, "precepts," "shalls," and "shall-nots" can never arouse socially acceptable substitutive reactions. It seems to me that almost the whole of ethics hinges upon the extent to which the child can be verbally organized.

You can see the behaviorist's goal: every boy and girl by the age of fourteen to know his own organism and its reactions as, in my example, the boy knew his clock. This would lead the organism to be *behavioristically self-correcting*, just as the body unaided (unless too pronounced an infection sets in) heals its own wounds. The youth of fourteen trained in this way may not know as much literature, history, and mathematics as the youth of fourteen to-day, but he need fear neither the psycho-analyst's unconscious nor the behaviorist's un verbalized.



## ON MAKING LOW PEOPLE INTERESTING

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

HAVING lived of late in a part of Europe where there is very little doing in the way of English, I went for many months without reading a word in my own tongue. By working in a different set of sequences so long, my mind got a bit away from the familiar ones; it rather slacked off on the English-reading habit, as I suppose any mind that has any flexibility is bound to do. But not thinking about this, I was not conscious of the change while it was going on, and when at the end of a long period I fell heir to a dozen cast-off English novels, I was surprised to find that I approached them a good deal like a stranger. On this account, I suppose, certain features of them seemed more odd and unusual than they would have seemed if I had not so completely broken with the English-reading habit, and broken also so largely with the life which they represented.

Some of these novels were British, some American, and all were recent, several being of the current crop, and none more than a couple of years old, I think. They were all good sellers, and had been much talked about. One feature common to them all was that they dealt with low people. I cannot recall a single character out of the whole lot whom one would not rate as pretty distinctly low. This was all to the good, for low people are a great asset to an artist. He can do more with them than with any other kind, because their lives give him a larger range, being lived in a freer fashion, less subject to external directions and restraints. But what impressed me most was that not

one of these low people was interesting. Not one of them had anything which touched off the waiting fancy and imagination of the reader. I take it that an interesting person in literature is just what he is in life. He is the kind of person who powerfully stirs your fancy and imagination, so that you want to go back to him and see him again and again, and keep on seeing him as much as you can. None of these people was like that. Bring one of them to life, and you would not cross the street to meet him or give a button to get acquainted with him. They were all so colorless, in fact, so unsubstantial for literary purposes, that the authors had to be continually helping them out, finding something lively for them to do, creating one striking situation after another, to keep them going. This threw over the story a general air of fictitiousness and unreality which was dissatisfying. One novel, for instance, which dealt with the progress of a hard-fisted, bull-headed English farmer-girl on her way to prosperity, culminated in her acquisition of an illegitimate child. This episode had a touch of embarrassment about it, as of something which did not belong there but had been lugged in by the ears. One might say at first sight that it was put in at a publisher's suggestion, as a gratuitous handful of incense to what Matthew Arnold called "the great goddess Aselgeia." Still, as one thought it over, there was little else for the poor girl to do, little else that was within her competence. If she had been an interesting character she need not have done it. Someone



once asked Thackeray whether Becky Sharp actually did or did not "go wrong," and Thackeray replied that, for the life of him, he didn't know.

The only interest that I could discover in these stories, therefore, was in virtue of various literary devices, some legitimate, ingenious, and workmanlike, and others rather ramshackle. There was not a vestige of character-portrayal that was anywhere near above par; no vestige of the art that creates a character interesting in itself, irrespective of plot and dramatic action, powerfully stimulating the reader's fancy and imagination, like the forty Flemish types in Old Breughel's sketch-book—just faces, studies in feature and expression, nothing more—but what faces! Still, as I said, I had been long away from my native life and letters, and did not feel sure of my judgment; so I rummaged around for something to true up by, and finally emerged with a copy of the *Pickwick Papers*.

There are eighty-two characters in that book, not counting those in the inserted stories, which come to sixteen more, I think; say about a hundred, all told. Regarded as folks, nearly all of them are low; and those whom one might not class precisely as low are middling ordinary. Even the virtues of *Pickwick* himself are prosaic. None of these people would ever set the river afire with his genius or make one's head swim with the elevation of his spirit. The great majority, I think, would be put down at once as the very riddlings of creation. But how *interesting*!—why, one would walk miles unending to meet one of them and, having met him, would haunt him and delightedly follow him up and down the earth. Not especially the major characters, either, but those who appear and disappear in the course of half a page, whose personalities are so clearly and vividly struck out in a single paragraph that the reader's fancy and imagination instantly get their whole measure for life by a kind of flashlight photography. Think of

Mr. Smangle, Pott, Mr. Peter Magnus, Grummer, Pell, Dowler, Mr. Leo Hunter, Bantam; think of Bob Sawyer, and of his landlady, Mrs. Raddle! It is conceded that Dickens did little with female character and did not seem interested in it, and this has led some critics to say that he was not able to do much with it. I suggest that this assumption runs hard aground on Mrs. Raddle. But there those people are, low as they can be, mostly the sheer scum of the earth, none of them really doing anything in particular—the book has hardly any literary machinery even at the outset, and promptly drops what little it starts with. There they are—that is practically all one can say about them, and since they are what they are, it is all one need say.

The *Pickwick Papers*, however, are rather a special kind of literary product. The preface tells us that they are not meant to be the conventional type of novel, but a loosely organized aggregation of individual characters run together on a weak thread of commonplace adventure. So, as well as I could without having the book at hand, I revived my recollections of Dickens's next story, which is in all respects quite the regular thing. *Nicholas Nickleby* has a formal plot, well worked out in plenty of dramatic action, for whatever these devices amount to; other authors have done as well with both, and some better. There, again, it is character, mostly of the very lowest, that gives this book its hold upon the reader's fancy and imagination. Mantalini, Gride, Crummles and his barnstormers, the Kenwigses, Squeers, Noggs, Lillyvick—surely the rarest assortment of utter riff-raff, of sheer human sculch, that was ever raked together between two covers, but *interesting* beyond expression. The plot of *Nicholas Nickleby* might be what it liked, the dramatic action might go this way or that way, and no one would give a penny for the difference. So long as these people are what they are, who cares what they do?



Let them stand out and mark time, if they choose, like the characters in *Pickwick*, for all the odds it would make. Imagine some go-getting publisher telling Charles Dickens that to "sustain the human interest," and really to "put the book over with a bang," he ought to get Kate Nickleby in the family way by Sir Mulberry Hawk and fork in all the biological details of the episode that the law allows!

## II

But Dickens is Dickens, and one may not expect the average run of authorship to match him, and certainly one would not wish it to imitate him. One might reasonably expect it to emulate him, however, if indeed character-portrayal be any longer regarded as part of authorship's job. The samples I had been assaying did not show traces of any such effort, so I resolved to look farther into the matter. When I came back into the English-speaking world, therefore, I began to persecute my whole literary acquaintance for points on the status of character-portrayal. Was it by way of becoming a lost art, and if so, why? There seemed to be a complete consensus of opinion that it was. Cultivated amateurs and those whose connection with literature is professional told me that character in current English fiction was becoming standardized into a very few types, and that even those few were vague and vapid. As for my second question, I got various answers which I think may be susceptible of synthesis.

To begin with a rather extreme view, a brisk young acquaintance of mine, who is fond of drawing distinctions in favor of "this generation" and "the modern spirit in art" (probably noticing that I am getting on in years and my critical guns a little honeycombed) tells me that no one cares any more for character-portrayal. This shift in taste is due to "the new psychology"—whatever that is—and the thing nowadays is to produce a kind of literary chart or graph of "what goes on in a person's mind."

The acme of achievement in the new art is reached, I believe, when one succeeds in showing by what seems a pretty strictly journalistic method "how he got that way." I speak cautiously about these matters, for I feel uncertain about them, not sure that I understand them very well. Like Artemus Ward, I skurcely kno what those air. As well as I can judge, however, one of the novels in my original exhibit would seem to come somewhere near filling my young friend's bill.

It was rather literally the inside story of the development, if one may call it that, of a young girl of the period, a flapper. This flapper was a filthy little trollop—which I hasten to say is no objection to her, for many great characters in fiction are shocking trollops. A trollop is a first-rate literary property, plenty good enough for anybody as far as she goes; but *qua* trollop, she does not go very far, and a good artist knows it. His literary instinct warns him that in this capacity alone she is worth only about a stickful, nonpareil, on the eighth page, last column. If he wants her to be a real headliner, he must freight her up with something more substantial for literary purposes.

But this young woman was a trollop all the time, twenty-four hours a day, being apparently devoid of any other faculty. She was good for nothing else. This gave the story a pathological turn—a turn of very special and extremely limited interest, quite ludicrously inadequate to the amount of space employed to tell it. I was reminded by contrast, though the stories have essentially something in common, of Bill Nye's story of an omnivorous dog that he once had, named Entomologist, who ate some liquid plaster-of-Paris one day, and did not survive the experiment. Bill held an autopsy and salvaged the plaster for a memento, using it as a paper-weight, with the inscription, "Plaster cast of Entomologist, taken by himself—interior view." This was as much of a story as these humble



literary properties were worth, and Bill was enough of a literary artist to refrain from trying to stretch it. Consequently, as far as he goes, *Entomologist* is an interesting figure; he stirs one's fancy and imagination in a small way, but an agreeable way, and sets them at work reconstructing the circumstances and filling in the details for oneself. A good artist is one who prods up one's fancy and imagination to do all this sort of work. If the creator of this flapper had been anything of an artist, her annals would have amounted to a paragraph. I think I know what went on in Mr. Jingle's mind most of the time, quite as well as if Dickens had psychologized and analyzed him and delivered long-winded disquisitions on how he got that way.

This may be the logical place to comment on one general tendency common to the dozen novels that formed my *corpus vile* for dissection. They all dealt largely with sex-relations, usually irregular. Complaint of this tendency is common enough, but the ground of complaint never seemed to me well taken, and I always wondered why so much should be made of bad reasons for complaining of it when it is just as easy to propose a good one. Sexual irregularities are in themselves unobjectionable for literary purposes, as far as I can see, and I think it is simply silly to pretend a "moral issue" in their treatment. The real trouble is with the author's own relation to his subject. An author's own obvious preoccupation with sexual affairs, regular or irregular—I say obvious, because one can discern it instantly—is objectionable, for the reason that the amount of actual literary material which these affairs provide is never enough to satisfy this preoccupation. It will not go far in the construction of a novel; and his preoccupation keeps him trying to make it go farther than it will go.

For instance, one of the novels in my exhibit propounded a curious prairie-dog's nest of unwholesome mortals,

whose whole existence seemed to be made up of pigging together in joyous squalor through three hundred solid pages. This was the total impression conveyed by the story, and it was most unpleasantly dull. Not a character in the book had the slightest pretension to interest—one listlessly wished they would all go off together down a steep place into the sea and get drowned, like their lineal forefathers of Gadara. A very good story can be made of the antecedents and consequences of any mode or form of concubinage, from marriage up and down, but the actual technic of concubinage itself is not diversified enough to permit a writer to do anything with it worth speaking of. It is too undifferentiated, except for subjective conditions which are not reproducible upon a reader. Except for these conditions, which are potent enough but quite unreproducible upon a third person, living with one woman is almost precisely like living with another—even the standard jokes and cartoons on the subject show that; and if it be so in life, which brings into play all the small interest-provoking accidents of social contact and entourage, the general effect of which also is quite unreproducible, how much more so in literature!

To make the case clearer, let us introduce a couple of parallels from one, by the way, who is the unquestioned master in the art of showing "what goes on in a person's mind"—from Turgueniev. *First Love*, to begin with, is a story of low people; only one person in it, the narrator, is anything but a very poor affair. The heroine, Zinaïda, is a flapper of seventeen or so. Here you have the real thing in flappers and the real thing in trollops. *Qua* flapper and *qua* trollop, Zinaïda makes the candidates put forward by our contemporary literature look like Confederate money. The bare story is squalid and repulsive; a journalistic report of it would be unreadable. But as Turgueniev unfolds it, the great goddess Lubricity gets not a single grain



of incense. Not one detail is propounded for the satisfaction of prurience. The people, dreadful as they are, and the drama, weighted as it is with all that is unnatural and shocking in Zinaïda and her paramour, are more than interesting; they are profoundly moving, they release a flow of sympathy that effaces all other emotions, and one lays down the book with a sense of being really humanized and bettered by having read it. Let the reader get it in Mrs. Garnett's excellent translation, and experiment for himself. Then let him go even farther, and try *Torrents of Spring*. This is a story of the antecedents and consequences of adultery plus seduction brought about under inconceivably loathsome circumstances. The three principal characters are detestably low. The foremost among them, Maria Nikolaevna, in my judgment the most interesting woman in the whole range of fiction—what would one not give to see her and talk with her for an hour?—is the world's prize slut, if ever there were one. But the author has not the slightest preoccupation with her sluttishness, and hence he communicates none to the reader, and the great goddess Aselgeia goes begging again.

### III

Some of my literary acquaintances whom I have questioned tell me that authors write too fast. Eager to satisfy the market, they do not take time to portray character. I doubt the force of this. Dickens wrote furiously against time all his life. Haste drove him into some pretty indifferent grammar sometimes, and often loosened his constructions. But it never switched him off from a straight drive at the essential features of character. If he sketched an individual in seven strokes, you "get" that individual—you get him all. Those seven are the essential strokes, and you can fill in the rest for yourself without any trouble. In this power of instant penetration to the essential he is like Old Breughel. Haste should not interfere

with this power in the modern artist, if he has it. It might make him a little slovenly in his technical expression of the essentials after he has caught them, but it should not impair his ability to catch them. It seems to me, therefore, that this explanation will not wash.

Another said that authorship nowadays did not compose with its eye on the object. Its vision wavered about, sometimes on the object, sometimes on arbitrary formulas of interpretation set by publishing policy, sometimes on possible liberties to be taken with the reader's mind, and so on. But if an artist's eye wanders, he is aware of it; he tears up his sketch, curses himself once or twice, and starts all over again. He knows at once where the trouble is. If he did not he would be no artist, and should be advised to give up literature and take to something else. This criticism, therefore, amounts to saying that we have no artists, or the chance of any, which I doubt. I doubt it on the strength of collateral evidence presented by some of the novels that I am discussing. Another said that current authorship did not know enough about human beings; its experience was superficial and journalistic, not going deep enough to provide a mature, objective, but kindly insight. There is no doubt something in this, but if so, I suggest that it only moves the problem one step backward. Granted that the author has not enough depth of experience, why does not the instinct of an artist make him bestir himself and get it?

My notion is that the author is not altogether at fault. It takes more than the man to make an artist; it takes the combination of the man and the moment, the man and the *milieu*. An artist must have models, and for him to have them, the civilization around him must produce them. Old Breughel sketched marvellously interesting faces, but the faces were there for him to sketch; the civilization of Brussels produced them, as it still does—you can see a hundred an hour there, any day.



British literature, up to a half-century ago, has been peculiarly rich in interesting character—well, British life was peculiarly rich in it. By all accounts, the London of 1827 was swarming with models for Dickens.

No doubt the modern author might do better than he does, since we all might well do that, but I suggest that he cannot be expected to do inordinately better than the civilization around him provides him the technical means of doing. A physician once told me that smallpox had been so far subdued that a whole generation of physicians had come on who had never seen a case; and if one of them by chance did encounter a stray case, he had nothing but book-learning to meet it with. If an author does not reproduce a character of interesting distinction, it is fair to ask how many such characters he ever saw. If his insight into character is superficial, it is fair to ask how much opportunity his civilization ever gave him for deepening it. If his people—especially his low people, his flappers and trollops, his ragamuffins and adventurers—lack savor and individuality, how many such people has he ever known who actually had more? If his types are few and standardized, how about his practicable models? It is rather significant, I think, that the best work, the most artistic work, in character-portrayal done in America is done upon models furnished by encysted cultures, by people who cleave with obstinate tenacity to their traditional bent, and maintain it against the levelling force of the civilization around them—the Irish, for example, and the Jews. Potash and Perlmutter, their bloodthirsty competitors, their operators and finishers, their wives' relations, are all really pretty dreadful people, but what profoundly interesting characters they are, how vivid, brilliant and individual are their qualities! In actual life, too, they are pretty dreadful people. I sometimes think there will be a record-breaking pogrom in New York some day, and there are occasions

even now when the most peace-loving person among us wishes he could send over for a couple of *sotnias* of Cossacks to floor-manage the subway rush. But if one can get on an isle of safety somewhere and survey them, how absorbingly *interesting* they are. Think of Mr. Goldblatt and his son-in-law, of Henry Feigenbaum and, above all, of Uncle Mosha Kronberg!—there is an interesting individual for you, as full of fascinations as a cucumber is of seeds.

I once asked an American portrait painter, a very good one, how many faces had ever turned up in the day's work that really challenged his artistic insight and penetration, like the innumerable great faces put on the canvas by Maes, Hals, Steen, Rembrandt, Fabritius, Koninck, de Backer, and a host of others. He said perhaps two or three. I know that on my return to America after a long sojourn among Belgian types, the most striking impression made upon me was of the curiously uniform, undistinguished, characterless quality of the faces about me. There were perhaps half a hundred Americans on the ship with me, and for two days after we landed, while I was getting my sea-legs off and becoming used to my surroundings, I kept seeing those people all over New York. It was an extremely odd experience. Of course it was not the same person in any case, but each one of the whole series of resemblances was strong enough to take me in for several minutes. What can a portrait painter do? Similarly, what can a literary artist do?

Moreover, the freemasonry of *was uns alle bündigt, das Gemeine* affects the reading public, as well as the artist, in an unfavorable way. No one can make much out of Dickens without some knowledge of the economic and social life of his day. The appreciation of his power of character-portrayal is largely a matter of the interest bred by general information and general culture. When I saw the play "Potash and Perlmutter" some years ago, I seemed to be the only person in the house who was not a Jew.

I saw it twice more, and remarked the same phenomenon. I wondered how its power of character-portrayal, much better felt in the stories than in the play, of course, affected the average of the Goyim; whether their general level of culture was high enough to enable them disinterestedly to appraise it for what it was worth. Several times, at a period when I was in a position to do so, I have experimented with promising young sprigs of the hire learning who had "specialized in English literature," *Gott soll hüten*, by noting what signs they showed of sparking up over great examples of character-portrayal. I never got my investment back. If I got a net of three cents on the dollar I was as elated as if I had found it in the street. Since those days, when I have seen my countrymen pausing before portraits done by the old Flemish masters, I have wondered what impression was made upon them by the faces themselves, as indexes of character.

#### IV

I, therefore, suggest with all possible delicacy, that hopes of "the great American novel" are extravagant. This art requires great subjects; and the life about us does not provide them. It requires a very special order of correspondence between the artist and his environment; and the life about us does not promote this or even permit it. Our civilization, rich and varied as it may be, is not *interesting*; its general level falls too far below the standard set by the collective experience of mankind. If one points with pride to our endless multiplication of the mechanics of existence, and our incessant unintelligent preoccupation with them, the artist replies that with all this he can do nothing. What he demands is great and interesting character, character that powerfully stirs the fancy and im-

agination, and a civilization in which such interests are dominant cannot supply it.

To-day's newspapers carry an item from one of our Mid-Western towns, saying that in a raid on some swindling charlatan the police discovered hundreds of letters from people who were burdened with intolerable tedium, which they declared they would do anything in the world to escape "if only he would advise them how." Yet these people had an available apparatus of comfort and of enjoyment surpassing anything ever seen in the world. No doubt they had movies handy, and money enough to patronize them, since the submerged tenth does not write to fakers. Probably many of them had Ford cars, and radio sets yielding jazz to dance by; probably they were better dressed and fed, and more comfortably housed, than people of a station corresponding to theirs have ever been! But all this did not make for an interesting life; and they knew so little what such a life consisted in, and the terms on which it was to be had, that they turned to this wretched fellow's nostrum, whatever it was, in pathetic and ignorant hope. Their case is common; everyone knows that it is, let him pretend as he chooses. Everyone is aware that the failure of our civilization is precisely this failure in *interest*, for which nothing can make up. Our collective life is not "lived from a great depth of being," but from the surface; and the mark of the collective life is on the individual.

Perhaps our civilization knows how to transform itself; if so, the artist may ultimately have his chance. Perhaps, again, it is permissible to see a kind of allegory in the story of the man who fed his horse on shavings. For some reason, he said, just about as the horse began really to like them, it up and died on him.



## The Lion's Mouth



SAVE ME FROM THE MAN WHO  
HAS A SPEECH TO MAKE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

"THEY'VE invited me to attend this darned banquet next month," said Robinson, "they want me to propose the toast to Our Country. I suppose it's easy enough, eh?"

He spoke with an affectation of indifference but I knew what he was feeling underneath.

"I suppose," he went on, "all I have to do is to get up and jolly them along for fifteen minutes, eh?"

"That's all," I answered, "just jolly them along."

I met him again a week later.

"They've got me down for this banquet on the twelfth," he said. "They want me to propose Our Country."

"Do they?" I said.

"Yes, and I was thinking that perhaps a good idea might be to say something about the history of the country, don't you think?"

So then I knew that Robinson had got to the stage of looking up the encyclopedia.

"A good idea," I answered.

"I thought," he continued, "that I'd trace it down from early times and show the way it has come on. How do you think that would go?"

"I think," I said, "that that would go as far as you like."

"Don't you think," asked Robinson, a few days later, "that it might be a good idea to work in Christopher Columbus—something about Columbus having been the first to dine on this continent? Something about his dining *à la carte*, or *à la chart*, you see—" *carte*," and "*chart*"—if I can just work it in. Don't you think?"

"I think," I told him, "that if you can only work it in, it will make a tremendous hit."

That afternoon I saw him in the Public Library taking out the *Life of Christopher Columbus*.

I happened to meet Robinson a few days later out in the country on a Sunday walk.

"They've got me down to speak at this big dinner on the twelfth," he said.

"Oh, yes."

"I don't suppose there's any difficulty about doing a thing of that sort, is there?"

"None whatever," I answered.

From the look of his face I could realize the stage of anxiety he had reached.

"I didn't know," I said, "that you were in the habit of walking out here?"

"I don't," he answered, "not usually. But I thought, with this speech to make next Tuesday week, I'd take long walks so as to be able to think over a few ideas. Don't you think that's a good plan?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "fine! How far do you walk each time?"

"Oh, about ten to twelve miles."

"Yes," I said, "that ought to do it."

I watched him disappear a little later along the side of a meadow, seeing neither the dandelions nor the daisies but with his mind riveted on Christopher Columbus, and murmuring in his

fancy, "Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen—"

Such shipwreck does the prospect of a "Pleasant Evening" make of the human mind.

"I was thinking," he said on the following Saturday, "that a fellow might get off something about the future of the country, eh?"

"An excellent idea!" I assured him.

"You weren't at church," I said to Robinson, "on Sunday—"

"No," he answered, "I have been working on this damn speech for this damn banquet; I've got to follow right after the damn toastmaster. I've got to think up some damn thing or other to say between now and Tuesday."

On Monday Robinson was not at his office. I understood that he was working at his speech. I saw the banquet announced in the newspapers that day and noticed that there were to be fifteen speakers.

On Tuesday morning I called up Robinson on the 'phone. "No," he said, "I'm not coming downtown. They got me stung to speak at this damn banquet to-night on Our Country. Gad, I don't know what to say. I've had no time to study it up."

"Too bad," I said.

"Yes, and what I think I'll do is, I'll write the damn thing out. It's more certain that way, isn't it?"

"Dead certain."

That evening I called Robinson up again about seven-thirty to wish him success.

His voice sounded muffled.

"I'm not going," he said, "I've caught a sort of a nasty chill. . . . I think it's perhaps a touch of bronchitis (here he coughed) or else it's just a touch of lumbago or sciatica: in fact I'm in pretty poor shape, I guess I'd better not go out to-night. My wife says I'd be crazy to go."

"What about your speech?"

"I sent it over," he answered, "Billy Jones is going to read it to the boys."

Next day I naturally supposed that the episode of Robinson and his speech was all over.

It soon appeared that it was only beginning.

"Great heavens," he said to me when we met that morning, "did you see the morning paper?"

"The Chinese massacres?" I asked.

"No, my speech. My God, these reporters! They've got it all bashed up. They hardly put in any of it at all, and left out all the best parts, and what they did put in was all bashed up."

"Bashed up?"

"Yes, look at this—where I said 'This country has a great destiny in front of it,' they've put it, 'this country has a great destitution in front of it.' How the devil Billy Jones could have—"

I didn't stop to hear any more.

Robinson is still talking, even after the lapse of months, of what he *would* have said if he had been able to go, of other ideas that came to him later, of jokes that he thought would have gone down well, of gags that he would have had half a mind to put in.

And he really thinks—or tries to—that his wife wouldn't let him go to the banquet.



### THE GUEST TOWEL

BY STANLEY M. MOFFAT

GUEST towels, like Eve's apple, should be seen, not touched. They are *objets d'art*, akin to the Colport china which is never brought out of the corner closet.

Our guest towels are rather narrow,



dainty affairs, with roses embroidered on the ends. One would as soon think of crushing underfoot the first anemone of spring as to pluck one of them from the rack. Loving hands have laid them out just now, and the meaning is clear—we are to have friends with us to-night and over Sunday.

In the interim between the ceremonial placing of the sacred objects and the time of our guests' arrival the ordinary hand towels are allowed to remain on the hooks behind the bathroom door. By four o'clock, however, these mysteriously disappear, and there is nothing for it but to fish behind the radiator for the old Turkish. It may have been used recently to polish up the children's school shoes, but it is soft—and not *verboten*.

The guests arrive, are shown to their room. Next, the dust of travel must be removed. Jones retires to wash up. He emerges shortly, thoroughly cleansed and dry. Mrs. Jones follows suit. She also joins us soon, radiantly freshened—and dry. I have been gardening and must clean up too. I enter the bathroom. There they hang—the half-dozen damask beauties, unrumpled and unsoiled! On the edge of the tub, carefully spread out, is one exceedingly limp and disheartened bath towel. Our guests have been well trained. In brief—they know their visiting oats!

Aside from the trivialities of the weekend, which passed off pleasantly enough, with the towels still inviolate on Monday morning, the historical phases of the matter merit further discussion. So far as I have been able to discover, the guest towel stems directly from the old-fashioned needlework piece or cross-stitched sampler, the sort of thing that was always mounted and framed, and hung in a conspicuous place just under the daguerreotype of your great-grandmother. (She probably bought it at a county fair but, be that as it may, her reputation as a needlewoman is now firmly established among her descendants.) The first era of the transition period commenced when samplers were hung

in bedrooms, the second when it became customary to place them under the shaving mirror, and the third and final phase when in a little farmhouse in Dedham, Massachusetts, one hundred and fifty years ago, Elsbeth Goss observed one morning that the aged wooden frame had fallen from her sampler, leaving tacked to the wall above the wash basin—the first American guest towel! The effect was so pleasing to her that with her own hands she cross-stitched five companion pieces and fastened them up with the original. On Thanksgiving Day of that year, when the Winthrop family came to dinner, she threw the ordinary towels into the cupboard beneath the washstand, and Governor Winthrop dried his hands on the bed quilt!

Thus began the reign of the guest towel. When will it end? Sometimes I think I hear the first menacing rumbles of a revolt of mankind against this immaculate tyranny. Sometimes there have even been moments when I myself have considered using a guest towel—never in someone else's house, for that would be unspeakable—but in my own home. But I confess myself weak: I have wavered and failed. Someone of stronger fiber, some man of courage and vision, must rise to show us the way. It will be an historic day when at last, goaded to a splendid fury, he tramples with his dusty golf shoes upon the guest towels which he has soiled and thrown to the floor in a glorious gesture of freedom.



### ARE YOU CONVINCING?

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

**L**ONG ago, when I first began writing articles and stories, I frequently met that word "convincing." An editor would return my work with something like this comment: "It is good

work, and I like it, but it is not quite convincing." As I progressed one editor even underlined "*quite*" and another underlined "*convincing*."

I used to sit with my head in my hands wondering how and by what means I could be, or my writing could be made, convincing. I studied the classics, as well as current literature of all kinds; but I could not find out how it was done.

Ah, yes; but that was some years ago. Any writer who wishes to know how to be convincing nowadays, need not waste time on Dante or Cervantes, much less on current literature; nor need he take a correspondence course on "How to Become a Writer, in Ten Lessons"; nor need he wander in volumes which promise to tell him ten thousand places where he may sell his manuscripts.

It is all far simpler than this. He has only to go sleepily (at least I usually go sleepily) to his door of a morning, and haul in the sheaf of advertising circulars which the postman has left there. He has only to take these and open them and read and ponder. There, revealed for him to contemplate and study, he will find the art of being convincing.

I open the first one of my own sheaf. It bears the coat of arms of a most swagger tailor-shop which abides just off Fifth Avenue. This is the outstanding paragraph:

The first thing you will want to do on your return from your countryseat is to order the proper uniforms for your chauffeur. Of course, as you know, he needs three. And of course no one knows as we do just the nicety of your own refined taste, and the detail of your chauffeur's needs.

There are accompanying this (and much more) pictures of my chauffeur who, now that I have just returned from my countryseat, must be properly outfitted—of course! He is very manly and attractive in the three different uniforms, pictured there with his hand to his cap, and rather more respectful and grand than my own chauffeur yet dreams of being; but very, very fine, I

assure you, and very convincing; so convincing, indeed, that it isn't until later, when I sip my coffee, and wonder if I have enough money in bank to pay my laundry bill, that it comes to me that I haven't a countryseat, nor a chauffeur—not an automobile, even. I was so well convinced, you see, by that bit of masterly writing that the first thing I wanted to do, now I had returned from my countryseat that doesn't exist, was to order the proper uniforms for my chauffeur who isn't mine.

The next circular that I open starts off just as convincingly:

As a person important to the activities of your community—important to the family and social circle surrounding you—*can* you afford not to take advantage of every reasonable safeguard against accidents?

A considerable portion of your life is spent in motor cars.

The convincing advertisement then assures you (as if you needed to be assured!) that a person as important as yourself can only afford (of course! of course! why does he waste his time, this man!) to ride in "the safest automobile built." You are then assured that a certain senator, campaigning in a car of ordinary construction, struck another car, and was in the hospital for weeks, during an important part of his campaign. (It is not *said*, you understand, but it is subtly inferred, that when you are engaged in an equally important campaign of your own, a similar calamity just *might* . . . ) And then it concludes:

"Only his great popularity elected him."

Nothing is said about *your* great popularity; but it is there, nevertheless, in the writer's mind, and yours, delicately, delicately implied.

You are then further told that Prince Nicolas and Princess Ileana of Roumania had a like accident. They, too, ran into another vehicle. But thanks to shatter-proof glass, low center of gravity, side bumpers of a certain kind, the total damage was extremely slight.



Then follows the most convincing touch of all:

"Can you afford to have less protection?"

You see what is implied! You who are of equal importance with Prince Nicolas and Princess Ileana of Roumania . . . So, as you read you marvel, simply marvel that you ever bought any other kind of car.

And so it goes. I still have no automobile. I spend very little indeed of my life in motor cars—even taxis are generally beyond me. I have a literal horror of campaigns of any sort, and a mortal dread of the kind of popularity that elects one to office. As for Prince Nicolas and Princess Ileana of Roumania I have never dreamed—I who am of a wise and sober and dignified sort—of classing myself on the level of their awful and youthful notoriety. But that advertisement has me so convinced!

The next advertisement that I open assures me that now that I am again going to sunny Africa for the winter, I will not fail to admit that a certain hotel in Algiers is the only one for me.

The next tells me that when a social leader like myself has generously devoted too much time to the entertainment of her distinguished friends, those little tiny wrinkles that *will* come—and so forth.

Heavens! I who live nearly like a hermit, and defend myself against my undistinguished and my few distinguished friends; who haven't to a certainty got *my* wrinkles in the manner named! Nevertheless, so convincingly is that advertisement written that I pity myself for being so generous a social leader.

The next one tells me that the only shop that a careful mother like myself will allow to clothe her children suitably and as they should be clothed . . .

The next starts out startlingly:

If you turn over the page you will see what happened to the family of the man who didn't insure his life. Is your husband insured?

I cannot bear to turn the page. (A weeping widow, starving children!) I'd rather not. I put it away.

The next one says:

Is that insurance of yours big enough?

(I don't think it is!)

Do you know what happens to nine trustees out of ten? Let us make your will.

The next assures me that it isn't safe to keep such valuable diamonds and emeralds and tiaras as mine in any but one safe deposit vault in town.

The next says, pointing a finger at me:

Are you one of the people who haven't the right kind of bones? Let us tell you what happens if you neglect Vitamin D!


Again I don't want to know. But I am utterly persuaded that I *haven't* the right kind of bones.

The next . . .

But why go on? They are convincing. They are indeed. It takes me quite a little while to right myself, and to admit miserably that I haven't a chauffeur, and very likely never shall have one, that I have no automobile, that I even economize on taxis, that I am not a person in the least important to my community, that I shall never be elected to public office by reason of my great popularity, that I am certainly not going abroad, have never been to Africa, have not a chick or child—though I greatly wish I had—have never got my wrinkles through being a too generous social leader, and so on, and so on.

But this—let young aspirants in fiction and other branches of the writer's art note and take heed—is convincing writing. Let them observe and learn. If convincing writing has largely gone out of the hands of the novelists of to-day, as I sometimes hear it said, I know at least where it has gone. I know where to look for it. I know where to find it.


It is almost time for the postman. There will be another batch soon. . . . And I think my writing is improving.



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## *Editor's Easy Chair*

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### CHURCHMEN WRESTLE AT LAUSANNE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WITH fair luck these words will get to readers (if there should be some) almost precisely at the end of the World Conference on Faith and Order which, at this writing, is expected to sit at Lausanne from August 3rd to 21st. Some of the most interesting contributions to the news in the last quarter of June were made by bishops taking ship from the port of New York to attend this conference. Bishop Brent left an interview behind him, very interesting, in which he seemed to show himself a worldwide Christian without much concern for either time or place. He thought Asia was going to change the world so far as its religion went. All conceptions of ecclesiastical government, he said, which have been jealously guarded by Western Christians for centuries must face scrutiny and doubt in the coming deliberations on the future unity of the Church of God. He found the question of authority and organization in the new unity the biggest problem probably with which the scattered forces of the Church will have to grapple. All the systems of government in the Church to-day are Western, he said, in conception. "The same types of mind which have worked out our political systems have worked out the ecclesiastical." Fascism, the great political phenomenon of the age, has its counterpart, he said, in the autocracy of one of our great Western communions. Democratic individualism shows up in the reaction of ecclesiastical autocracy in

many Protestant bodies, and "constitutional monarchy is the form of another worldwide communion." Then he asks if the East is likely to accept any of these forms of government, for it is to the East that he looks for new ideas about the Christian religion and the Church. China, he says, as the spokesman for New Asia, has made it plain that any plans for the universal Church must take account of the Far East. China, Japan, and India will have something to say. Will they accept Christianity as arranged and interpreted by Western minds? Bishop Brent thinks not. The Founder of Christianity, he reminds us, was an Oriental. "He must be interpreted by his own group." Bishop Brent is enormously interested in that prospective interpretation. The revolt of Asia against Western civilization includes, as he sees it, the revolt against Western Christianity; and that seems to delight him, for he says, "the revolt in China is one of the happiest things for the universal Church."

Bishop Manning's farewell words in New York were mainly devoted to a lively remonstrance against new suggestions about marriage. He found even in his own Church an advocacy of unmarried unions and sex experiments that he denounced as "not only shameful but damnable." He spoke of a questionnaire sent out by a male professor in one of our best-known women's colleges to the young women of that institution



in which he not only definitely suggested so-called "companionate marriage," but asked questions of the girls which were, the Bishop said, of such a nature that it would be improper for him to quote them. He spoke of a "prominent preacher" in New York who, preaching to a body of women students, talked of the idea of "trying to send the new generation into the world with a definite code of right and wrong, and told these young people that the old ideas of right and wrong had been dropped and that the criterion of behavior is simply what we happen to regard as beautiful or ugly." The preacher so quoted was Doctor Fosdick. What Doctor Fosdick said to the graduating class of Smith College at Northampton included these observations:

You are going out into a generation which is witnessing the breaking down of the old well-defined codes of right and wrong by which your fathers lived, into a generation which is rapidly coming to recognize as a criterion for behavior, standards of good taste in all realms and situations, both old and new.

To try to send a new generation into the world with a definite code of right and wrong is to behave like the mother who said she was bringing her daughter up to think all the thoughts she wanted her to think until she was eighteen years old, and after that the girl could think for herself.

There is plenty that is rotten and hypocritical in the old codes concerning love and the relationship of the sexes. Surely they can be changed and the simple standard can be substituted. Whatever debases personality is wrong and ugly; whatever elevates personality is right and beautiful.

Finally, the standard of good taste is not a negative thing, merely keeping us from wrong. It is a creative thing. That is why your generation is so fine, so much cleaner, healthier, more promising than my generation. For when a generation discovers that the old codes cannot be used and they set up for themselves high standards of their own, they have much firmer ground on which to proceed.

The difference between this generation and former ones is the substitution of a high in-

dividual standard for the compulsion of an external force.

**BISHOP MANNING**, in the hurry of his departure, may have failed to give Doctor Fosdick's words the careful consideration that was due them. Nevertheless, he and Doctor Fosdick seem to base their hopes of the improvement of human conduct on different things, Doctor Manning inclining to the maintenance by the Church of strict rules and standards, Doctor Fosdick leaning to the improvement in individual standards. Doctor Fosdick is closely associated in his ministry with the facts of life as it is now lived. Undoubtedly he has as much concern for morals as anybody and he is the leading preacher of his day in the United States. Bishop Manning says that if he thought the Church would listen with an open mind to such a proposal as companionate marriage he "would not lift another finger for the building of the Cathedral or for any other cause in the Church," but he knows the Church will not listen to it. Doctor Fosdick has also a church a-building, a large one, and in close vicinity to Doctor Manning's Cathedral, and if he really has different ideas about marriage from those of Doctor Manning he will have a commodious place in which to put them forth, and they may be overheard by Doctor Manning's parishioners. Probably, however, these two reverend gentlemen have the same idea of marriage and differ only in their conjectures about the way to realize it.

As for Judge Lindsey and his companionate marriage Doctor Manning probably does him also some injustice. Judge Lindsey sees morals pretty loose, a lot of divorce going on, bad marriages abounding. He does not like the situation. He is for better marriages. He objects to trial marriages: probably objects to so much divorce. If one can get hold of his pamphlet he will probably discover that the fault Judge Lindsey finds with current marriage is not that it is too tight, but that it is entirely too loose.

One trouble with the Church marriages nowadays is that the Church, having sentenced people to marriage for life, cannot enforce its sentence. If they want to quit they can usually quit, and the Church cannot do much about it.

Bishop Manning and Bishop Brent both preached on July 3rd in York Minster, England, at services which were part of the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of that Cathedral. Both of them heartily praised York Minster and talked about its history and its beauties. Both of them also discussed Church unity, Bishop Manning asserting that the Church of England was the one Church on earth which held the balance of truth between Catholicism and Protestantism. He thought it was the mission of that Church to bring all the churches together.

Bishop Brent spoke again of the prospective interpretation of Christianity by Eastern Christians.

Now, then, how do we laymen feel about all of these matters? In Alfred Smith's letter to Mr. Marshall there was striking evidence of the different attitudes of the lay and the clerical minds in the Roman Catholic Church towards matters of polity. There are differences in the Protestant Churches. Do we laymen want Church Unity, or is it quite agreeable to us to have the Churches worry along as they are? If Church Unity should mean more secular power to the Churches and increased control of marriage, of morals, of the stage, of literature, of life in general, we do not want it. We have got the Methodist Board of Morals as it is. We do not want any more compulsory regulation of life by clergymen. As between different schools of clergy, we have not a great deal of choice, but as between different individuals we have a great deal; for individuals in all the denominations get to see the light, whereas organizations are much more difficult to illuminate. The clergy have done us a mischief by contributing so considerably to put over

on us a stupid prohibition law. We certainly do not want them to organize for any more regulation of behavior with the assistance of the police; but in so far as they can reach agreement on doctrine, fellowship, spiritual co-operation, we wish them good luck in the name of the Lord.

READERS of these lines will know, if they are attentive to the newspapers, what the World Conference on Faith and Order has been able to accomplish at Lausanne. There seem to have been delegates from all the Churches except the Roman Catholic. The Church of Rome is apparently satisfied, so far as itself is concerned, with things as they are. Moreover, as Bishop Brent suggested, in its government it is an autocracy based on Divine Right and not responsible to anyone on earth for what it does. Church Unity without the Roman Catholic Church would be comparable with the League of Nations without the United States. Nevertheless, if all the other Churches could come into closer agreement about what they think and what they ought to do, it might be a great step towards an intelligent co-operation between all the different brethren. Progress in that direction has undoubtedly been made of late years and is going on all the time. All sorts of religious people, if they are really religious, get on together nowadays. That appeared in the war, where Jewish, Protestant and Catholic ministers worked harmoniously in many cases in a great emergency employment. Unity in belief is likely to be aided by increase of knowledge. When Bishop Brent talks about the prospective influence of Asia upon the Christian religion he speaks of a great reservoir of belief in the Invisible World. India and China have that certainly; presumably Japan also.

As for unity of organization, if that is desirable, it might come as a consequence of some enormous jolt to all of Christendom. The Great War was such a jolt. It dissolved three empires. One of its



fruits was the League of Nations, as yet an imperfect agency but which stands as evidence of a great need intensely appreciated. If the nations of the world can organize even to a limited extent for purposes of peace and order, no doubt the Churches of the world can eventually organize to a limited extent in the interest of faith and co-operation.


What seems important to a great many people is to keep religion fluid in its rules and definitions. Life is constantly changing. Knowledge is constantly increasing nowadays in a marvelous measure. New knowledge affects the understanding of life and incidentally the understanding of religion. That seems to be the idea that Doctor Fosdick had in his discourse at Northampton. Life will not be denied. It insists upon going on, insists upon developing. Revelation is not complete. It is going on all the time now. No Church is going to regulate life or cramp the style of Nature.

The disturbance and distress about marriage is curious and interesting. One would think the Almighty made rules about marriage first, and then invented men and women and turned them loose on the rules. But that is not what happened at all. Men and women were invented and endowed with an inclination for one another which is one of the strongest forces in nature, perhaps the strongest, and on that inclination life itself depends. That much being done, it became necessary, as civilization advanced, to regulate the relations of the sexes, and marriage stands for that regulation as it has come down to us. It still works pretty well. A great many people live happily and profitably inside of it, but if life has changed so much that marriage needs tinkering to fit it, no doubt the tinkering will be done. Just as the bootleggers may be useful in perfecting liquor laws, so people that break out of marriage by divorce or however else they can, may be


useful in the end in improving the marriage laws. What the bishops think about marriage is not so important as it might be if they could have open minds on the subject; but they cannot very well have them, being tied up to the opinions on that subject by their predecessors who lived in a world by no means identical with ours.

Mr. Louis Wiley of the *New York Times*, writing to the *New Republic* to correct what he considered an error of statement about the tabloids and their effect upon the standard newspapers of the country, declared that they had not been hurtful to the first-class newspapers. Some of the tabloids had enormous circulations, but Mr. Wiley found that they were not drawn from the circulations of such papers as the *Times*. In so far as they were in competition with newspapers already established it was with newspapers of a sensational character. The bulk of the tabloid readers, he thought, had not been newspaper readers until the tabloids came along and seized on their attention. So he thought the tabloids might be doing a useful service in teaching more people to read newspapers, and those people, Mr. Wiley believed, having got the habit, would presently reach out for better papers. So he did not complain of the tabloids, but rather approved of them.

Perhaps there is something useful in his attitude for people who complain of divorce. The large current experiment with divorce may in the end be profitable to marriage, for divorce, though it probably helps a good many cases, is in itself a troublesome and expensive nuisance. It is a confession of failure in an important matter. People will always want marriage for the sake of marriage, but they will never want divorce for the sake of divorce. It is mere medicine and by no means good to take. The more you read of it, the less you want it.



## Personal and Otherwise



AS managing editor of the New York *Globe* before its extinction by the late Mr. Munsey, **John T. Flynn** became interested in the immunity of the courts from criticism by newspapers; and more recently, as a student of economic conditions who has been writing a daily syndicated business article for a large group of papers, he has had ample opportunity to study the relation of the federal judges to business enterprises. In the leading article of the month he now sets forth the extraordinary development of judicial power in this country. Mr. Flynn has written two previous HARPER papers, "Who Owns America?" (May, 1926) and "Luck in Business" (May, 1927).

The condensed and ironic study of night-club life as seen through the eyes of a maid in the women's dressing room is the work of a new contributor, **Katharine Brush**. Daughter of the headmaster of Dummer Academy, a famous old preparatory school for boys in Massachusetts, Mrs. Brush has had experience in newspaper work with the Boston *Herald* and *Traveler*, and although only twenty-five years of age has published several magazine stories and two novels, *Glitter* and *Little Sins*.

**Walter Lippmann** has long been a penetrating writer upon political theory and the formation of public opinion, and was for some years one of the editors of the *New Republic*. Being now in charge of the editorial page of the New York *World*, the leading Democratic organ of the country, he is in an unusually favorable position to observe the practical workings of politics. As discussion of the outlook for 1928 increases in warmth, Mr. Lippmann tells the HARPER audience exactly how he believes the Democratic party stands and what its chances of victory are. His most recent HARPER article was "Our Predicament Under Prohibition," published last December.

Having regaled us with his impressions of traveling in America and of cooking as a fine art, **Ford Madox Ford**, the distinguished English novelist who wrote *Some Do Not, No More Parades*, and *A Man Could Stand Up*, now unburdens himself on the subject of national prejudices.

**Jesse Rainsford Sprague** used to be in retail business in San Antonio and Newport News, Virginia. He is now devoting himself to writing, and in particular to examining some of the dubious policies in which American business has been indulging during its present period of prosperity. In "Big Business on Trial" (December, 1926), Mr. Sprague questioned the far-sightedness of the sales-quota as a means of forcing sales; in "The Go-Getter Abroad" (March, 1927) he analyzed our deficiencies as salesmen in foreign markets; in "Confessions of a Ford Dealer" (June) he gave a detailed case-study of the results which sometimes follow when salesmen are compelled to unload their goods upon the public. This month he studies the new alliance between business and emotional religion, an American phenomenon which has no counterpart elsewhere.

Another new contributor, **Sally MacDougall** of the staff of the New York *Sunday World*, is responsible for the second story of the month.

Born at Ogden, Utah, and educated at Harvard, **Bernard DeVoto** has been for several years instructor in English at Northwestern University, and has now been appointed assistant professor there. He is also the author of a novel, *The Crooked Mile*, and of many a magazine essay. Last January we published his article on "College and the Exceptional Man," and last month, his story "In Search of Bergamot." What he has to say about co-eds and their male classmates will provoke mingled enthusiasm and rage among undergraduates and parents.



The article on China, Japan, and the Orient generally in their present peculiar relation to Western civilization comes from a recognized authority upon contemporary history. **Arnold J. Toynbee**, a member of the family which gave its name to Toynbee Hall in London, is a professor at the University of London and since 1925 has been director of studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs. He has written several volumes dealing mainly with the history of Greece, Turkey, and other European and Near-Eastern countries.

If anyone is in a position to read a lecture to the members of prosperous and distinguished American families upon their obligation to do something more than spend their money in self-indulgence, it is **Oswald Garrison Villard**. His grandfather was William Lloyd Garrison. His father was Henry Villard, the railroad president and philanthropist. He himself was owner and president of the New York *Evening Post* from 1897 to 1918, and is now owner and editor of the *Nation*. Even those readers who differ sharply with his political and economic views will acknowledge that as publisher and editor he has spent his money and strength with a single eye to public service.

**Margaret Ayer Barnes** (Mrs. Cecil Barnes) lives in Chicago and is at present spending the summer at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts. She is a new writer whose work is just beginning to appear in the magazines.

Fortified by experience as a newspaper man in Louisville, St. Louis, and New York, and as a publicity manager for the Democratic National Committee and other organizations, **Silas Bent**, for some years past a free-lance writer, has become an outstanding critic of journalistic methods. During the past winter he gave a course of lectures on the modern newspaper at the New School of Social Research in New York. In his present article he discusses a recent and significant development in American journalism which reached amazing proportions at the time of the Lindbergh flight and shows no signs of waning.

In 1915 **H. M. Tomlinson** was a war correspondent for the London *Daily News* in France. He is well known to the HARPER

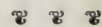
audience through his travel articles. His published books which have attracted the attention of those whose opinion really counts include *The Sea and the Jungle*, *Old Junk*, *London River*, *Tide Marks*, and *Gifts of Fortune*. Mr. Tomlinson's long-awaited first novel, *Gallions Reach*, and a new travel book, *The Foreshore of England*, are both to appear this fall over the imprint of Harper & Brothers.

Our series of articles by **Dr. John B. Watson**, formerly a professor at the Johns Hopkins University, has done much to establish in the minds of intelligent laymen a clear conception of the conclusions of the school of psychologists of which he is the acknowledged leader. This month he presents a paper showing why the behaviorists regard "the unconscious" as a psychological fiction.

At this writing **Albert Jay Nock**, biographer of Thomas Jefferson and formerly editor of the lamented *Freeman*, is in the United States; but he expects shortly to return to Europe, where he has been living for two or three years and recording for HARPER'S MAGAZINE from time to time his lively and penetrating observations upon European life and American policy.

The poets are **Stanley Kidder Wilson** of New York, a newcomer to the Magazine, and **Henriette DeSaussure Blanding** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich) of California, whose lyrics we have printed frequently in recent years.

No living writer on this continent has brought spontaneous and good-humored laughter to more people than **Stephen Leacock**, professor of political economy at McGill University and author of a shelf-full of humorous books. With him in the Lion's Mouth are **Stanley M. Moffat**, of New York, who makes his first appearance in HARPER'S with his disquisition on the guest towel, and **Laura Spencer Portor** (Mrs. Francis Pope) of the *Woman's Home Companion* staff, whose stories and essays have frequently added grace and distinction to our pages.



**Arthur William Heintzelman**, whose etching "Chanteur Populaire" is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, will not reach his

thirty-fifth birthday until next November, but already he has achieved an international reputation and has won a place in the print collections of such great European museums as the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Luxembourg. Born in Newark, he studied at the Rhode Island School of Design and in Europe, became the head of the Fine Arts Department of the Detroit School of Design at the age of eighteen, later returned to the Rhode Island School to teach, and while there began his first experiments in etching. He has recently been living in France where, as Mr. Nock's article would suggest, there is no dearth of interesting subjects for the portrait studies at which Mr. Heintzelman especially excels.



The deluge of correspondence called forth by "Feminism and Jane Smith" still continues; no other recent article in HARPER's has provoked such a storm of applause and protest. We could fill these pages many times over with arguments and counter-arguments upon the position of woman in the modern world. But it is time to give the floor to some of those who discuss the contents of the July issue.

A Virginian supports Miss Yost in her defense of co-education:

My wife and I wish to add our testimonial in behalf of "The Case for the Co-educated Woman" by Edna Yost in your July issue. We graduated from a small Methodist college where everybody knew everybody else, and love matches between boys and girls were the order of the day. Practically all of these matches have culminated in marriage and happy homes. Our old Dean informed me a year or so ago that over 90 per cent of the boys attending our alma mater marry girls they met in college. From my observation of college bachelors and college old maids I think this little institution situated in the hills far remote from the centers of population is doing the world a great service, even if it is doing nothing more than a matrimonial agency could do!

From the other side of the house, my wife says positively that her daughter shall never attend a women's college. Why? She says that from a dozen reasons she selects this one: her daughter should learn a whole lot about men before she marries one.

A younger reader expresses her agreement:

Although a mere unmarried undergraduate, I feel capable of appreciating Edna Yost's article "The Case for the Co-educated Woman."

After six years at "female seminaries"—six years of looking at life in a mirror and a cracked one at that—I broke away. "Half sick of shadows" and of the unwholesome substitutes for the emotional realities of less cloistered living, I left perhaps the best women's college, academically and socially, in the United States to enroll in a large co-educational university on the Pacific Coast.

With such qualifications for critic, I wish to congratulate Miss Yost on the candor of her article and its timeliness.

A college instructor in Colorado, on the other hand, raises the objection that co-education causes many girls "to develop inferiority complexes" with regard to themselves and their relations with men.

It is true [he writes] that the presence of the male students affords an opportunity for healthy social intercourse. But does not Miss Yost remember the great number of neglected co-eds? The popularity of twenty-five per cent of the girls accounts for the extreme neglect of at least another twenty-five per cent and the doubtful status of the other fifty per cent. If there is any single thing which touches young people to the quick, it is neglect. And if ever that neglect were practiced as a fine art it is in any co-educational institution. To neglect has been ascribed many mental and physical maladjustments.

"All college" dances and functions have always been heart-breaking occasions for the majority of co-eds. The writer remembers the plea of a student president at the college assembly before one of these affairs. This well-meaning young man begged the men to remember that "no dates" were allowed, and hence any man seen dancing more than twice with the same co-ed would be publicly reprimanded. This plea was followed by definite instruction from a fraternity president to his chapter brothers at the meeting before the dance "to make it a real all-college and become martyrs for once!" . . .

One must admit with Miss Yost that there are in the teaching profession many who do not "know very much about life," and either deny or are ashamed of the little they do know. But I question if such idiots are limited to the non-co-educational colleges. I recall personal contact in a co-educational college with two of the species; and on the other hand, I know of one Eastern girls' college which can, in one department at least, boast



of possessing more than its share of human understanding personified.

Certainly it is a waste of time to denounce co-education on the ground that it fosters loose sex relations. It is also futile to attack the non-co-educational college on the ground that it fails to prepare the students for the relations of post-collegiate days. The selection of colleges is not a mass problem, but an individual one. Each type of college raises serious situations in the lives of its students. But "The Case for the Co-educated Woman" is hardly convincing enough to call for disbanding the non-co-educational colleges.

A New York reader also dissents:

Anybody who judged the women's colleges only by Miss Yost's article would imagine that the girls incarcerated in them hardly caught a glimpse of a man from one year's end to the other. Has she forgotten the holidays, the week-end privileges (now being gradually extended in most institutions), the dances and college plays, the male visitors? Can one sex learn to establish normal relations with the other only by meeting it every day and all day in the lecture hall and on the campus? If that is the case, what advantage has Amherst over Smith, let us say, or Dartmouth over Vassar? I shall begin really worrying about the women's colleges when I hear the graduates of Amherst and Dartmouth lamenting that they have been deprived of proper opportunities to learn what girls are like.

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A reader in Massachusetts protests at the "constant exploitation of vice and sensation" in our stories and articles, and particularly at "Nothing Shocks Me," which, it will be recalled, was written by an Englishwoman after visiting this country:

A good many of my friends feel the same dissatisfaction with HARPER'S MAGAZINE. We still have kept our power to be shocked and we very much resent Mary Agnes Hamilton's assumption that her world is all the world, any more than we would assume that ours is. But this we know: there are many hundreds of thousands of gentle-

folk left who still choose to associate with refined people and not with the demi-monde.

What is more, the college girls and boys we associate with are refined and can be shocked as well! . . .

In one sense my world may be narrow, but I have been a great traveler and never have I failed, in any part of the world I have been in, to find people of culture and refinement whose conversation was not limited to sex. They were too busy doing constructive, lasting work to lower themselves with such speculations and topics.

True, the conversational tendency criticized by Mrs. Hamilton is not universal. But as thousands of readers will agree, neither is it limited to the demi-monde. It is widespread and significant; and those who dislike it will hardly cause it to disappear by emulating the ostrich and refusing to listen even to criticism of it.

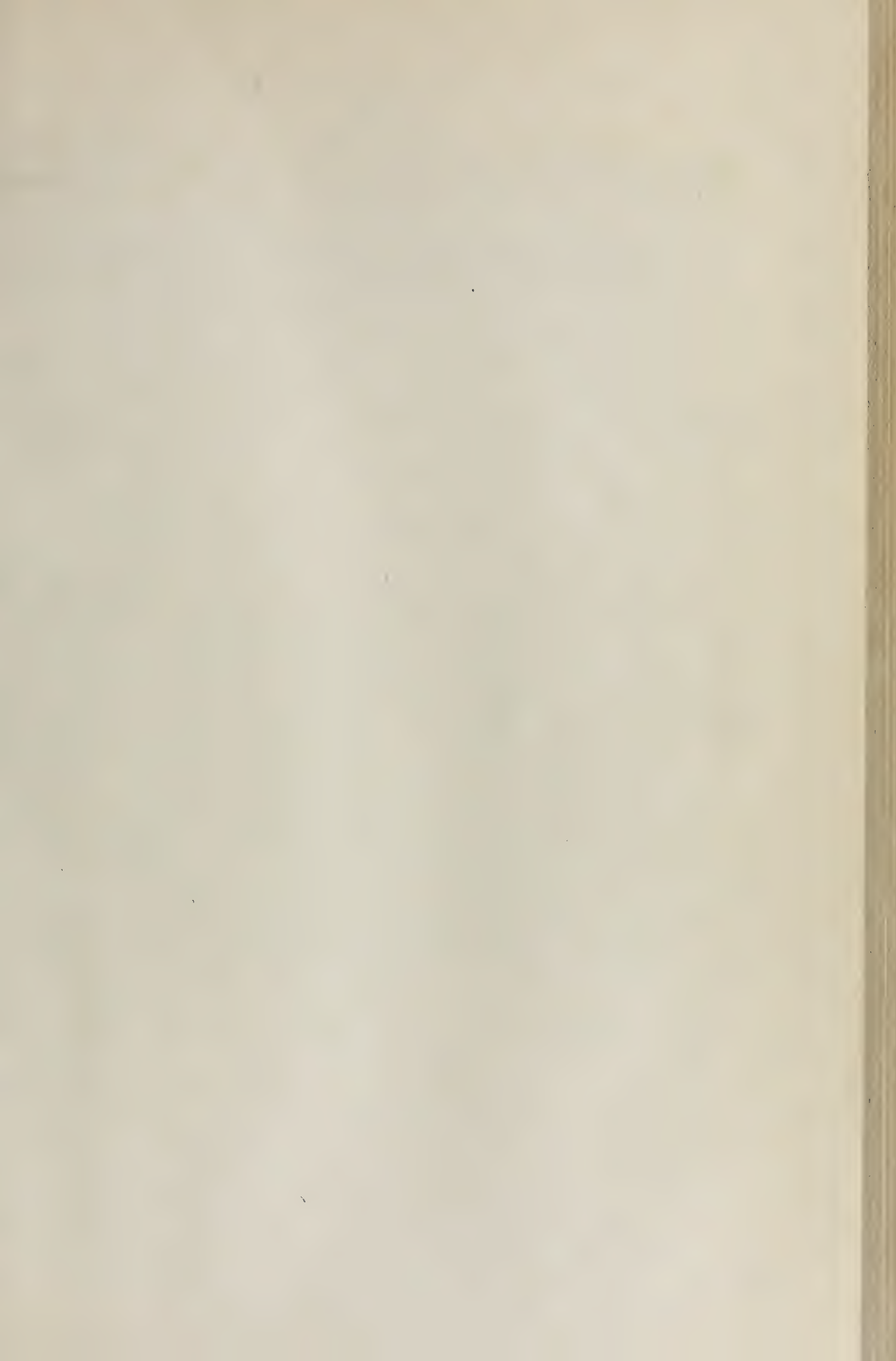
~ ~ ~

This, from a poet whose name must be withheld, exhibits a refreshing candor and a will-to-power which we trust will make the world take notice:

Do you want to buy, at the price of a pair of shoes, a remarkable poem? I just bought a pair of shoes to-day, and they nicked me for fifteen bucks. I could shoot a steer and make a pair of shoes for less than that.

I am one of these unknown poets that you have to be careful about taking on. I might have stolen this poem from an old manuscript of Poe's I ran across down here by Baltimore, or it might be the only one I could ever write. But I didn't swipe it from Poe, and I have written just a half-dozen within the past thirty days probably as good.

In my brother's recent book I am portrayed as a pumpkin-headed genius. I got mad when I read that book last month, and I decided I had waited long enough for him to do all he could to the family name without my butting in. He started his reputation on a poem he swiped of mine, and I have given him dozens. I am not peeved at all. I'm a big-hearted cuss, but I'm going to show the world what I can do.







PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN GREEN

By Maurice Fromkes

*Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries*



# Harpers *Magazine*

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## THE OVER-POPULATION OF THE COLLEGE

BY JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL

*President of Yale University*

THE impression is widely prevalent that too many young Americans are going to college. The expressions of this opinion disclose an interesting conglomerate of prejudice, sentiment and sober thinking, ranging from the insistent complaint of the overwrought teacher crushed by classes of inordinate size, through the ringing pronouncements of the social reformer who achieves an exhilarating moral unction by writing letters of protest and exhortation to the press, up to and including the well-considered analyses of thoughtful and informed observers of our national development. But unhappily, whether too many young people are going to college or not—and of that more in a moment—there is no obvious method short of the enactment of some kind of educational Eighteenth Amendment by which this flow can be promptly stopped, or even measurably controlled; and the example of the Eighteenth Amendment is perhaps not wholly encouraging. The thirst for collegiate experience is almost as urgent with eager youth as is the craving for

alcohol with arid middle age, and only by making education much less attractive, or by making some vital competitor much more attractive, are we likely to achieve any results of consequence—and either alternative requires time for its realization.

Were the conditions of college entrance to be made suddenly very much more severe, and were the intellectual requirements for a collegiate degree correspondingly increased in difficulty after entrance, undoubtedly there would be for a time, and perhaps indefinitely, a marked decline in the college population. But in the first place, students, alumni, and various influential citizens who have children headed toward college often complain bitterly that even the present standards of the stricter colleges are too severe. And in the second place, if existing institutions were instantly to increase the severity of their demands—which many of them could not if they would, and still more probably would not if they could—there would spring up overnight, like the national armies of which Mr.



Bryan used to dream, new institutions to meet the ideals and demands of the present collegiate group. In other words, one cannot market an article on any large scale which nobody in particular appreciates or desires; and where exigent desire exists, a market for its satisfaction is likely to appear in short order. For the rank and file of our American public more drastic educational standards are articles of an essentially *de luxe* character—esoteric, narrowly appreciated, lacking in appeal to enthusiasm. Put the blame where you will, we have not developed in this country any general respect for scholarship as such, and many of our contemporary critics maintain that this is, in part at least, because we have so infrequently developed commanding scholarship itself. But in any event, the great public that ultimately supports our education has a good deal more appreciation of athletics, and especially of football and all that it symbolizes, than it has of distinguished Greek scholars. This may be a painful and disillusionizing fact, but a fact it is, nevertheless.

It would be surprising, I am sure, to many a single-minded educator living in the rarer atmosphere of scholarship to know how often and how unblushingly the parents of his youthful charges exhibit their preference for distinction on the athletic field over achievement in the field of science or letters; and the young man himself, however otherwise disregarding of parental prejudices, is sensitive to this opinion and still more sensitive to the similar views of his sweetheart and his college chums. Moreover, he is well aware that the so-called "hard-boiled business man" from whom he will presently be seeking a job, often shares this same prejudice. Mothers are generally proud of their sons' scholarly achievements, the fathers less regularly and effusively so. But both are thrilled if their boy makes the winning touchdown against State and the boy knows this, too. It is fair to say that the writer personally never knew a first-class college

athlete entirely devoid of brains, though there may be such, and he has known some excellent football teams with a goodly representation of  $\Phi B K$  men on them. But broadly speaking, the correlation between scholarship and football eminence, taking the country over, is depressingly low; and equally depressing in institutions committed to strict standards is the number of promising athletes debarred at any one time from intercollegiate competition by reason of scholarly shortcomings. Colleges which have high and severe standards are gravely handicapped by this circumstance. Football certainly could be immensely improved in many institutions by introducing a more generous conception of academic acceptability. Of course a few institutions exhibit the needed breadth of view and are at times rewarded with teams of amazing power. I recall, for example, one athletically brilliant youth who tried for years to enter a certain fairly well-known institution where he desired to shine, only to fail again and again. He subsequently went to another college whose admitting officials were more easily reconciled to the absence of book learning, with the result that he became the great athletic hero of his second love. Such are the minor chords sounding through our academic symphony.

## II

Are we, then, to accept with pusillanimous lack of spirit the implication that we must always scale down our educational standards to the lower levels of existing public appreciation? Not altogether, and certainly not at all as respects a few favorably circumstanced institutions. But it is simply to enter a fool's paradise to suppose that one can overnight shift completely the educational level, or the educational procedure, which for some centuries we have been slowly developing on this continent. A few institutions have already made scholarship once more respectable

(among their students) and another few have managed to make a beginning in the introduction into scholarship of some of the snap and fire of competitive sport. Moreover, many institutions have been slowly but steadily advancing their standards. But it is a tedious business and we still have a long way to go before we shall reach an altogether satisfactory condition, and meantime there is certainly no procedure in sight which will instantly check the flow of students now clamoring for admission to the colleges. Indeed, it remains to be shown that on any large scale such a reduction is socially expedient.

Those who now speak most volubly on the subject are apt to represent the conservative and educationally aristocratic attitude. They see frivolous young males and females crowding into the colleges for any obvious purpose except education in the old-fashioned sense, and the sight outrages their feelings of the fitness of things and leads them to make harsh observations about the vulgarizing of college standards, the deplorable ambitions of college executives, and the evasion of educational responsibility. It is clear to these critics, past all need of demonstration, that a large proportion of the collegiate young folk of to-day are quite unfitted to profit by the opportunity of higher education, that they are wasting the time of their teachers and themselves by undertaking it, that they are lowering the real standards of the college by the dead-weight of their presence, and that they ought to be engaged in some worth-while practical occupation within the range of their abilities. And perhaps the critics are right. But obviously this indictment runs against the failure of the college to enforce appropriate entrance standards, rather than against the sheer number of students. It is the quality rather than the quantity of these students that is thus objected to. Moreover, it is most unfair to forget that whatever the shortcomings of colleges in the quality of certain of their students, there are still very many stu-

dents of first-class ability who are working intelligently and conscientiously to make the most of their opportunities. Nevertheless, there is a real quantitative difficulty. When, for example, we hear of an institution attempting to teach Freshman English to a class of 3,000, we realize that the automobile industry is not the only exemplar of quantity production methods.

Yet who can say, except in terms of proved capacity, what percentage of the young people of any generation should be clerks, or lawyers, or doctors, or skilled mechanics, or day laborers, much less what percentage should be given the opportunity for collegiate education? The answer to such questions implies a whole social philosophy of which few persons possess even the beginnings, to say nothing of masses of statistical information regarding the needs of agriculture, industry and commerce which are at present wholly to seek. The interest of society in having a proportion of its youth given collegiate education is obvious, but just what this proportion is it would be difficult to say, nor are there any criteria to which one can confidently turn. We know too little of what the absorption index may be in a modern society like ours and too little of what the reflex effects of the present tendencies may be on the whole trend and temper of education and social organization. The manufacturer naturally wants enough labor, skilled and unskilled, to run his factory, and the merchant wants the required number of competent clerks to serve his customers; but it does not follow that either will have his desires gratified by any device which would arbitrarily and without regard to intrinsic ability deny the opportunities of a college education to the sons and daughters of John Smith and August Heil and Patrick McCarthy, nor under the conditions of our democracy will these young persons placidly accede to any such arbitrary decision.

With a rapidly growing population (in the decade 1910-20 the increase was



By approximately 16%) and with enormous gains in national wealth, quite beyond the dreams of avarice, much of which is distributed over wide ranges of the population, it is inevitable that as compared with the conditions of a decade or two ago, we should have a tremendous increase in the number of young people who can financially afford to go to college and who are perfectly certain to wish to do so. Be it remarked, however, that only a fraction of 1% of the population now get into institutions which could reasonably be graded as colleges and only a fraction of those who enter ever graduate. There are few, if any, institutions in this country graduation from which carries such general recognition as does in England a degree with honors from Oxford or Cambridge. But for all that, there is a certain social *réclame* derived from possessing the degree of a respectable college and especially from the attainment of some social or athletic distinction in the college. Add to this the prevailing impression that the college experience itself is the most agreeable that a young American can hope for between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, offering opportunity for making many advantageous acquaintances and achieving kudos of various kinds, and top it all off with the belief widely, if not universally, held that the training received at a good college is really intrinsically very much worth while, admittedly for certain careers indispensable, and you have a group of motives calculated to keep college attendance at a high level for a long time to come.

If our occasional business friends who charge that a college education is an almost fatal handicap to a man in the practical affairs of life could only get a hearing, things might be better. But apparently nobody will listen to them, and anyhow, there are unfortunately many more business men who insist on taking an opposite view. It is very discouraging.

Too many young people going to college? Yes, perhaps, if you mean that

too many go simply for a good time and for the purely social advantages supposed to accrue, for the country club conception of the college is by no means wholly extinct among certain of our fashionables, and in one way or another this constituency will find institutions to harbor its scions. Yes, probably, if you mean that the entrance standards in many colleges are too lax to exercise an educationally desirable filtration of candidates, though many would demur to this verdict. Again, yes, if you mean that there are too many who show by subsequent careers that they got little or nothing of substantial value from their college training. When has that not been true? Yes, also, if you mean too many for the occasional college to teach well, though this is a difficulty which obviously can be overcome granted time and money to secure additional teachers.

Irrational protests are frequent. On the one hand, is the claim that: "Dear old Siwash isn't what she used to be in my day, when every feller in the class knew every other feller and the profs knew us all by our first names." And in the next breath the same bucolic Jeremiah is protesting because "dear old Siwash" refused to accept his son who had passed only half of his entrance examinations. "Yes, sir, by gum, these modern profs seem to think there is nothing to the old college but marks and classes. Why, I got twice as much good out of my mixing with the boys on the team and around the frat house as I ever did from the old ganders who taught us Latin and Math. And Charley Fox in my class had eight conditions when he came in and he graduated at the head of the class, too. These college folks certainly give me an acute pain." Thus spoke a graduate of a well-known institution not many miles from the Atlantic seaboard, not knowing into what sympathetic ears his smoking-car tale was falling. Thus is wisdom justified of her children and thus doth culture flourish among the graduates of our institutions of so-called higher learning.

## III

It is not uncommon to meet the assumption that limiting the number of students attending a particular institution is forthwith an unequivocal advantage for all concerned. But this is far from true and certain of the advantages and disadvantages may well be reviewed and compared.

It will be seen on the most superficial reflection that limitation is a futile proceeding except in relation to certain specific considerations such as the type of organization represented by the institution in question, its aims and ideals, its resources in the matter of teaching staff, libraries, laboratories, and housing facilities. Two hundred students might seriously strain the resources of one institution in all these respects, where one thousand students would not do so in another institution of similar ideals and purposes. To limit the latter to two hundred students might well prove stupid and wasteful.

Broadly speaking, the considerations which have led to the policy of limitation now widely in vogue have been partly of a purely practical character, but partly educational and social in a large sense. If it is essential, or if you regard it highly desirable, to house all your students, then obviously you can receive only so many as your residence halls will accommodate. But few, if any, American institutions of collegiate grade are rigidly controlled by this circumstance. Many of them wish to approximate a complete housing of the student body, but they make concessions to the applicants who come too late to get into the halls. They are likely to be somewhat influenced by the size of the teaching staff they think they can afford, the accommodations of their laboratories, and similar matters. Some have persuaded themselves that there is an unqualifiedly ideal number for a college—the number they have chosen. More or less would be disadvantageous. Others set a number which appears to cynical outsiders to be about

the maximum they could hope to attract, at least without a frank lowering of standards.

Now it will be accounted by some college men an advantage to have a student body sufficiently small in size to assure that the teaching shall be done for the most part in classes numbering from fifteen to thirty. Other things being equal, the smaller the class, the more intimate the contact of teacher and pupil; and again, other things equal (as they never are), the more intimate this contact, the more intelligent and more stimulating may be the contribution which the teacher can make, and the more thorough and confident may the student's mastery become. This procedure finds its logical climax in the English tutorial system where the student and his tutor are commonly face to face alone one or more hours in the week.

Obviously, there is under this latter system in its extreme form a real peril lest the process may at times descend to what the English designate as "spoon feeding," as a result of which the boy comes to depend much too completely on his tutor for guidance. Moreover, this system, were it used exclusively, might be extremely wasteful of the talents of the occasional brilliant lecturer who may make a real contribution to large groups of students, a contribution which would be almost wholly sacrificed if the lecturer were obliged to deal only with the small tutorial group. This is not the place to discuss the matter in detail, but I venture dogmatically to assert that there are certain subjects and certain stages of advancement in perhaps all subjects where the lecture procedure, granted a competent lecturer, is educationally preferable, both from the point of view of economy and from the point of view of the intellectual stimulation of students. On the other hand, there are undoubtedly subjects, and stages of development in probably all subjects, where something closely resembling the tutorial procedure is from the educational point of view most



effective. But in between these extremes there are many opportunities for classroom exercises, especially such as involve a skillful use of the Socratic method, where classes gain by being large enough to have a wide range of mental attitudes represented. The small class may suffer from a dead level of mediocrity, or at least intellectual similarity, a danger to which a larger group is less exposed. Every experienced teacher recognizes this fact. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that some men are excellent lecturers who adapt themselves poorly to the tutorial procedure; and more frequently perhaps is it true, that a man skillful in tutorial duties is a very indifferent lecturer. There is, then, to be borne in mind the most effective utilization of the peculiar capacities of the instructing staff. In the last analysis the final educational outcome always comes back to the amount of ordered intellectual effort put forth by the student himself. Teachers and books and all the rest of the educational equipment are simply *adjuvants* to this end. Essentially education is always self-education.

On the more strictly social side of college life it is maintained that both the students and the teaching staff are benefited by working in an organization so small that presumably everyone knows everyone else, as was maintained by my smoking-car companion whom I quoted a moment ago. A highly developed *esprit de corps* may grow up under such circumstances, especially if it be reinforced as in the Oxford and Cambridge colleges by social and athletic relationships of an intimate and significant kind, whereas with large numbers it is secured only with great difficulty, if at all.

Over against this latter set of supposed advantages must be frankly set the dangers which arise when a small group of this kind lacks in social variety, or in intellectual vitality and distinction—and this not only *may* happen, it frequently *does* happen. It is said to

have happened repeatedly in the English colleges and may well be happening in some of them to-day. There ensues, in consequence, a lack of stimulating companionship and an inevitable decline in scholarly morale, which may find no adequate offset whatever in any intimacy of friendly contacts incident to the more restricted academic circle. There should, therefore, be little patience with the dogmatic misconception so widely prevalent that small student numbers in a college and a small teaching staff are as such, and without more ado, unmitigated blessings. They may be, or they may not, depending upon the quality of those concerned and on many varying circumstances.

On the other hand, it is unquestionably possible to have student numbers so large that the whole collegiate organization becomes top-heavy and sacrifices some or all of these values upon which we have just been commenting. There is no logical difficulty in supplying a sufficient amount of instruction to keep the size of the classes in an institution down to any point thought desirable, although the larger the total student attendance, the more difficult practically it is to bring this to pass. Nevertheless it is done measurably well in many large institutions characterized by a virility of intellectual life and interest most stimulating to those within their walls.

#### IV

Although it was not originally developed with this consideration particularly in view, the collegiate system at Oxford and Cambridge, now being adopted at certain other English universities, offers a very happy solution of the problem at present faced by our larger American institutions. The English college of moderate size (some of them are really very large) offers all the advantages of intimacy of contact among the members of the academic community, while the unique advantages of participation in the larger university life

are not sacrificed. When the pressure of numbers becomes too great, it is possible to add a new college without prejudice to the interests of the existing colleges. Undoubtedly American education which has historically much in common with these ancient seats of learning will adopt from time to time certain of the residential features of this English procedure, as it has already taken over at points something of the tutorial system and something approximating the system of examinations for honors.

For the most part our colleges have dealt with the limitation problem in a highly individualistic manner, generally directed to their own supposed protection and not always altogether unselfishly. If they have thought it necessary or expedient to restrict their attendance, they have usually attached no special importance to the fact that their action might throw a disproportionately heavy burden on other institutions which for various reasons might be unable to set a limit. Faculties in institutions of the former type are apt to say: "We mean to take the best students we can command and only a limited number of them. If the remainder are to have a college education, other institutions must give it. That is no affair of ours. If necessary, society must create new institutions or enlarge such existing ones as are willing to be enlarged. As for us, we propose to remain as we are—and let the devil take the hindmost."

Under our decentralized American educational system one can perhaps take no reasonable exception to this position; and if too many students are really going to college, such a trend toward limitation, assuming that the principles employed to select the favored candidates are socially and educationally sound, must be welcomed.

## V

One often meets a bland assumption that to limit your student attendance

all you have to do is to announce the number you will accept and forthwith the trick is done. Unhappily, when you have decided on the number you will take, your troubles have hardly begun. That certainly is the easiest and simplest step in the entire transaction. Certain private schools in the early days of limitation used to proceed on the principle, "first come, first served." Whereupon as soon as a child was born, his parents entered him instantly for Barchester-on-Sea. Children had to be born early to avoid the rush. But this principle is less applicable in the colleges, and in those which have *really* had to face the question of choosing a certain number from a much larger number of applicants, all of them intrinsically acceptable, the problem presents extraordinary difficulties.

Some colleges have formulated fairly definite principles by which they are ostensibly guided in choosing. Others are less frank, or at least more vague, and apparently choose in the light of nature, with some eye perhaps to social and other benefits to be expected, such as are not ordinarily entered on the application cards. One college, at least, has tried to recognize geographical, social and professional family distinctions in the effort to secure a thoroughly representative student group. Some colleges give preference to the children of graduates. There is doubtless something to be said for all of these procedures; but experience is too limited to warrant, as yet, any very confident generalizations, and no matter what the principles set up, the actual choosing, if the number fixed be appreciably below the number of genuinely qualified applicants, is extremely difficult.

The naïve, cocksure type of advisor will at once urge you to "take those whose grades are highest until your list is filled." As though grades were like the units of a currency which could be exchanged one for another without hesitation or loss! Here, for example, is a boy who is brilliant in the classical



languages and in the field of literature in general, but whose work in science and mathematics is barely passing. If a strict numerical average be taken, he may have to give way to a boy who gets along just respectably in all his subjects but gives no indication of qualities of distinction in any direction. Surely, you will hardly advise the excluding of the first lad and the acceptance of the second, if the choice lies between the two. Or again, here is a boy who has had to earn his own way and beside that to furnish some support for his widowed mother. He has a respectable passing record but not much more. His school teachers are unanimous in reporting that the moment he is freed from the exhaustion and distraction of working for self-support, he does brilliantly. Will you exclude this boy in favor of the lad who stands a fraction of a point higher but who has had everything in his favor with no obstacles to face except his own inertia? Probably not; but if not, then your criterion of a rigid adherence to grades alone is gone—as doubtless it should be.

In addition to the entrance examinations now employed by a very small number of institutions as the regular method of securing admission, all sorts of supplementary sources of information are being tapped. Recourse is had to "special aptitude tests," to a careful scrutiny of the school record of the student, to detailed statements from masters and, where feasible, to the results of personal conference with the student by the admitting officers. In the data thus secured, physique, character, temperament, intellectual ability, actual scholarly achievement, ideals and aims, are all weighed and correlated in the effort to secure a substantially accurate and just impression of the candidate and his probable ability to carry and profit by the college work.

We are told that the colleges are unduly severe upon the slow boy and put far too much emphasis on speed and brilliancy. There may be isolated in-

stances of this sort of thing, but one may well doubt if it is very general, and in any event, if the college is ever to break loose from the bonds of mediocrity which have long threatened it, it must explicitly stress intellectual distinction at the risk of an occasional hardship for the boy whose mind always operates in low gear. Most institutions that are not seeking more students (as a few are, and some of them very energetically) attempt to adjust their procedure through the results disclosed by their own mortality statistics. If, for example, they find that over a period of five or ten years students admitted with grades lower than  $a+b$  fail in a large percentage of the cases and are dropped from college within six months or a year, they naturally feel justified in putting their standard at  $a+b+x$ , or whatever their records show to be the grades at which on entering a student has more than an outside chance to survive. There is really no kindness to the student in allowing him to come into college for a few months only to drop out again with the depressing odium of failure to take with him. Skillfully conducted institutions are managing to set their requirements at a point which reduces this mortality fairly near to zero and still permits the institution to maintain the internal standards of achievement which it has set for itself.

The slow boy may be excluded or admitted, but his ability to survive after he is admitted is, under present conditions, the matter of prime consequence. The really troublesome person is not apt to be the slow, persistent youth, who is often, as a matter of fact, accepted. It is the smart, plausible chap who can make a respectable showing on very little work and who comes to college for a thousand good and sufficient reasons quite distinct from any results to be anticipated from a classroom. Some colleges hope to eradicate the type of youth just described by drastic personal interview before admission. Sometimes, no doubt, they succeed; but, duly

warned, this variety of young man can make out an extraordinary case for himself. And anyhow, how can one be sure in advance that he may not both give and receive elements of great value in the course of a college career? Such are some of the perplexities with which admitting officials are confronted.

If I may comment on the results of restricting attendance in the light of the experience of one institution which has for some years practiced the principle, I should say that from the standpoint of scholarly achievement the outcome at Yale has been distinctly gratifying. The entering classes have exhibited better preparation than formerly, they have done better work in college, the number of outstanding scholars has increased, and the mortality from academic deficiency has markedly declined. No doubt other factors have contributed to these results, notably improved teaching. Nevertheless, no one familiar with the facts can doubt that the selective competition for entrance has exercised a tonic effect on the entire situation. In the professional schools where we have introduced the same principle, the results are equally gratifying. Meantime we have to confess that the process by which we select is doubtless open to many improvements and the whole procedure is too new to permit a confident judgment as to its ultimate effects. We may be sacrificing values which are not superficially obvious, but so far as we can judge, we fulfill our obligation to the students we are accepting more effectively than we could with a larger number. To the best of my knowledge, our experience in all these directions is substantially similar to that of other institutions which have also adopted the principle of limitation.

## VI

After all, the question whether a few thousand students more or less are in colleges who would better be somewhere else is of relatively minor importance for

society as a whole. What is of crucial consequence is that the education which the colleges are offering to these young people shall be thoroughly sound and fruitful and that if it be not so, feasible methods be discovered for introducing into it elements of more unequivocal worth. It is certainly doubtful whether, if the aims and achievements of our educational system approved themselves to the great majority of our cultivated and thoughtful people, we should hear any substantial protest simply because the number of our college and university students was large. Individual institutions might well have to limit attendance in order to achieve their own special purposes, but the general situation would surely be less likely to occasion irritation and alarm. It is because our present education is thought by many persons to be shoddy and superficial (as much of it probably is), permitting young people of the slenderest and most meager intellectual powers and achievements to go forward indefinitely in it, that the misgivings deserving serious consideration really arise. Satisfactorily to meet this type of apprehension involves a reconstruction of our whole educational program from the kindergarten up, with the more persistent stressing of strictly intellectual standards and the introduction, into the upper ranges at least, of far more of the principle of competitive selection. Such a procedure might well culminate in a university college vastly more committed than is the present college to severe intellectual discipline and far less tolerant of the choking undergrowth of so-called student activities which have sprung up largely because the college has not itself furnished channels adequate to drain off all, or even the larger part, of the available energies of its students. Whether the American public can be persuaded to accept on any large scale this conception of the college and the underlying education essential to its realization, in place of the present procedure with its frank desire to deal



out a strictly democratic equality of educational opportunity to all, too often in grotesque disregard of native ability, remains to be seen. But we shall secure no enduring relief from our existing embarrassments until the present loose standards of educational accomplishment, which would not be tolerated for a moment in commerce or industry, or even in college athletics, are replaced by rigorous ideals of solid achievement based on the prolonged intensive training of genuine ability.

Meantime, under our essentially decentralized system, progress will have to be sought largely from the initiative of the individual institutions, which means that it will be slow, although the

stronger ones have recently made notable advances; and it must not be forgotten that ultimately the college problem hangs together with that of the high school and the academy. The college cannot alter its standards very far or very fast without the co-operation of the secondary school. Unlike France and some other continental countries, we have no governmental authority which may by edict change the educational practices throughout the land. Possibly a great financial crisis might quickly empty our colleges of students, but it would presumably leave academic standards unimproved and at best it would surely be an expensive method whereby to purchase educational reform.

## BACK TRAIL

BY ELEANOR BRENNAN PLUMMER

**I** *HAVE* forgotten; it's only  
This place—this time and this place—  
The sun's reluctant setting,  
The mountains, the pines and the space;  
The creak of saddle and bridle,  
The little wind on my face.

*I have* forgotten; it's only  
The hint of smoke on the air,  
Smell of a pitch fire burning  
And the sound that is everywhere  
Of wind in the pines—these hurt me  
More than my heart can bear.

*What if* at the brown road's turning  
I should see him riding there?



## SAFE IN THE ARMS OF CRÆSUS

BY OWEN WISTER

THE home voyage promised no dullness. Next my chair on deck was that of André Renaud; and the talk of this lively minded Frenchman would cheer the densest fog. Below in the dining-saloon my companions at table were: a gentle lady with eyes full of the past and an unmarried voice; a handsome brute with an important necktie and teeth of strength; a Harvard boy, graduate of the Law School, home-bound for the bottom rung in a busy office, after a wise holiday with work flung to the winds and Europe in his arms; and the youthful editor of *Cute Cracks*, bald before his time, with a blue vital alertness beaming behind his spectacles.

"And so you have been Seeing America First?"

This was Renaud to me, both tucked in our rugs, and the coast fading behind us.

"Not seeing it at all," I replied. "I've made a point of keeping clear of Americans."

"Of that I was sure. And so you should be able to tell me where it is that wicked Americans go when they die. When good ones die, they go to Paris. A wise Bostonian announced this many years ago."

"So you believe in immortality?"

"Completely. If Paris is your American Paradise, what is your American Hell?"

Well, he was up to something. André Renaud was often up to something. He had come from his French University to teach at mine during the Great War, and between us all we had persuaded him to remain.

He now continued, "I had been not yet six months in your inexpressibly amusing country, when I discovered where it is that the wicked Americans go."

"Out with it," said I.

"No. You shall meditate."

The coast of France was fading, fading; a spring and summer of delight were over; a not quite extinct sense of duty was dragging me back to the Statue of Liberty and all that it misrepresents. Out of my memories I spoke to André:

"Once in my travels I met rudeness. It was in a train. They were Americans. Nobody I saw anywhere was drunk, except several Americans in Paris. But since travel-agencies have turned the vulgar Briton loose on lake and mountain, the American voice has dropped to the third instead of the second worst noise in Europe."

"I heard no noises," said André, "after one reception at your American Library in the rue de l'Elysée. To that I was compelled officially to go. I had to welcome one of your popular novelists. When I asked what he was writing, he answered, 'I am waking them up.' Was it not characteristic? Then I went to my mother, who is very old. I hid myself deep in my *petit pays*. I walked among poppies and vineyards, listening to larks in the sky and to the bell of our little beautiful ancient church. And, ah, I met leisure once more!" And he spoke of certain Greek poets and of Horace's debt to them. He spoke with that grace which drapes the symmetry of the Gallic mind. Beside it, our



shoulder-padded education flaps round us like a marked-down suit. "But I am certain," he concluded, "that you have been Seeing America First."

"Won't you explain your paradox?"

"My dear fellow! You have been six months away from your country. Where is the paradox? How has mankind ever learned the characteristics of anything except through comparing it with something else? How should we have discovered that night is dark if we had never seen day? If the dog were the only domestic animal in our households would it strike us that dogs cannot climb trees? To arrive at that generalization we must have had an opportunity to observe the cat. Look here. What did you say to me just now about the American voice?"

"That's hearing America. Even the deaf can't help that."

"You quibble. When the travel posters of your splendid railways (through comparison they show me the strong and weak points of our own)—when the posters urge you in all colors of the rainbow to 'See America First,' what they are really advising is that you shall never see America at all. In selling you tickets to places where you will merely meet your own people and your own customs and standards day after day, they make it virtually impossible for you to appreciate how good or how bad your customs are—and, like all the rest of the world, you have plenty of both."

"You perfectly explain," said I, "the impregnable incompetence of every provincial French bank in cashing a letter of credit."

Renaud laughed. "Yes, we French stick too much at home and are interested only in ourselves. If we do not get over that . . . Well, your Henry James has called us Chinese. What are you? Come, find an epithet for the occasionally great American people."

"One epithet? There isn't any."

"You will not even try?"

"It can't be done. Nothing comes uppermost."

"Perhaps nothing *stays* uppermost. But if we groped among your present characteristics and then groped about in the dictionary—"

"Where is the word that will fit Manhattan, San Francisco, Kansas, Charles Eliot, Bryan, and all the rest of our miscellaneous jungle? What's the meaning of one hundred per cent American? We coined the phrase to hide the facts."

"You're looking at it too close. Of course you cannot see the wood for the trees. Stand back. View it from Europe—as you have done already in the case of the voices and the quack thinking."

"Quack thinking?"

"Haven't you just virtually said that Americans paste names on the outside of bottles and consider this makes the contents correspond to the label? Go on seeing America first. I observe many flowers and many weeds in your jungle—but I'm ready with my main epithet."

"Is your main epithet a flower or a weed?"

"Subconsciously you know it already—it remains for you to become conscious of it. You have nine days. When you find it you'll find also where it is that wicked Americans go when they die."

"Well, perhaps I will try. Hm. Another Bostonian said about 1860 that America's mission was to vulgarize the world. Hardly flattering. But Emerson said our destiny was to legislate for mankind. Highly flattering. Hm. Of course, Emerson resembled Wordsworth in being at times an inspired prophet and at other times an old ass. Well. Of course the typical American resents everything but flattery."

"Go on!" cried André. "Go on! I think, as the children say in their game, you are getting warm."

But now the trumpeter sounded his call to dress for dinner. So we got out of our rugs and went to our cabins.

Something had gone on before I reached our table: a misty distress was in the face of the gentle lady (she came from St. Paul); the Editor's eyes were brilliant; an alert and roguish mockery sported in the smile of the Harvard boy; and the important man was saying in a voice like heavy bronze:

"Sure we won the War for 'em. But it appears there is such a thing as being too proud to pay."

I saw the St. Paul lady clasp her hands under the tablecloth.

"England is paying us quite a lot." This was the Editor.

"I know the figures."

"But do you think Belgium . . . Doesn't it seem as if we ought? . . . The French surely—" The poor lady left it there.

"Business is business. Loans are loans," asserted the important man and ceased attending to the conversation. I certainly did envy him his teeth.

"Not Uncle Shylock, then?" inquired the Harvard boy.

But the important man was far away. "Not Uncle Shylock," repeated the boy, looking innocently at him. "Just Uncle Sham."

The lady's hands were clasped again. She looked as if she would like to leave the table.

"This your first trip?" asked the important man, coming back, but not waiting to hear. "My home's in Los Angeles. I sailed January 29th. Cunard to Cherbourg. Made no stop in New York. Never was east of Chicago before. There's nothing east of Chicago for us Californians. My company manufactures the greatest nerve food on earth. Here's our new ad."

He dealt leaflets about the table, somewhat as if they were cards. They varied as cards do; some said, "Eat Muscatol and forget the Doctor"; others, "Eat Muscatol and forget the Dentist"; or, "Eat Muscatol and forget Worry"; or "Forget Wakefulness"; or Cold Feet, or Drab Thoughts—there must have been a dozen things which

eating Muscatol would make you forget. It was Nature's Nerve Food, the cards said.

"Most interesting," murmured the lady from St. Paul, drawing away from her leaflet as if it were a beetle.

"But forgetting so many things—mightn't it make you absent-minded?" suggested the boy.

"It's a grape product," said the man. "Nature's Nerve Food. I've been pushing it among those folks." And he jerked his large head toward Europe. "Slow. That's what I call the British. If they don't drop their 'We've never done it that way,' they'll drop out. They're dense. Los Angeles has one million one hundred thousand inhabitants to-day. By 1935, we'll hit the two million mark."

"Superb!" exclaimed the boy. "Inspirational. Five thousand two hundred and eighty feet make a mile. Allow five feet per capita as the average length of your population." We watched him pencil a rapid sum. "Well, if you park your population end to end in 1935, they'll make a string of Los Angelians 1,893 miles long. Most of the way to Chicago. Simply inspirational!"

"Will you say that again?" asked Muscatol, attentively. Certain words and topics rang up his attention like a telephone.

The Harvard boy said it again. Muscatol whipped a pencil from where it was hooked in his vest pocket, and made some quick notes on his cuff.

"That's good publicity stuff," he remarked with approval. "Mind if I work it up?"

"Delighted!" said the boy, heartily.

"I sailed on January 29th," continued Muscatol. "Cunard to Cherbourg. Europe must have been alive once. I've seen it all I want—London, Paris, Rome, their whole show. I've got specifications for a pan-Christian temple for our employees to read, swim, exercise, worship, and lunch in. All denominations. Surface area bigger



than St. Peter's. Those cathedrals and Michael Angelos are fair bric-à-brac. We'll buy some and move 'em here, maybe. I guess their Reims cathedral would advertise our products among the high brows—if properly handled. Say, the blue water off our California coast makes their Mediterranean look white. This your first trip? I landed at Cherbourg."

"My seventh," said the boy.

"Well, their hotels are falling over one another putting in bathrooms. We're telling Europe where to get off."

"Isn't it glorious to lead the world in plumbing!" exclaimed the boy.

"Oh!" protested the gentle lady. "We lead it in kindness and generosity to all in misfortune."

"And in Art and Letters," said the boy. She looked at him reproachfully.

"And in enterprise," said the Editor. "And energy. And resourcefulness." She looked at him gratefully.

"And in charm of manner," said the boy, "and courtesy to all nations."

"I can't bear to hear you say those things!" exclaimed the lady.

Muscatol had not been attentive to any of this. Possibly he was planning how to handle Reims for publicity. But he caught the words "manner," and "courtesy," and spoke abruptly.

"Say. Those Europeans are too polite."

"But," said the boy earnestly, "which is the more ethical, to be rude and not to mean it, or polite and not to mean it?"

"Surely we all believe in sincerity!" hurried in the lady, quite needlessly. Muscatol had hung up again.

"Well," smiled the boy, disarmingly, "if it's insincere to say 'pardon,' and touch your hat, and keep your criticisms to yourself instead of yelling them across space, I'll give you all the sincerity—if you'll let me have the agreeableness."

"Give us time," pleaded the lady. "We're so young." And she looked at him with pleading affection.

"Oh!" said he, "don't you think we overplay our youth?"

"This your first trip?" suddenly inquired Muscatol.

"My twelfth," replied the boy immediately.

"Well, come out and shake hands with Los Angeles. See our city grow overnight. We'll help you make up the time Harvard wasted for you. If those colleges back East don't drop their high-brow stuff and teach our boys how to make money, they'll be dead as Europe. It's Europe's jealousy that calls us dollar-chasers. When a European catches sight of an American dollar he develops a speed that puts us among the Also Rans."

Just then André Renaud passed us on his way out. He glanced curiously at Muscatol.

"What does America need most?" I inquired, reminded of the main epithet I was to find.

"Bigger and better publicity," said Muscatol, hitting the cloth with his fist.

"Our compartment sleeping-cars are un-American," said the Harvard boy. "They're too private. Undemocratic."

"Well," said Muscatol, dubiously, "maybe the sixteen-section sleeper is more typically American. Those Europeans build high walls round their places. Shut the public out. Americans like to look at one another's yards. Have a right to."

"Where in Europe can we see our neighbor's Monday wash wave in the wind?" asked the boy. "Once a week I pass the shirts and drawers of fifty Homes of Distinction a contractor has just put up outside our gate. Every neighbor can see through his neighbor's window what they're having for dinner and hear the tunes of their phonograph. Publicity, sir, is the breath of our national soul."

The lady of St. Paul seemed to struggle for gravity; but Muscatol had already hung up, and wouldn't have understood anyhow.

"What does America need most?" I repeated, to fill the silence.

"Perhaps—perhaps—a little humility?" ventured the lady.

"Perhaps a little discipline?" I offered.

"How to get it?" demanded the Editor.

"Eat Muscatol and get it," said the boy.

"Not get: *forget*," corrected the man. The word had rung his number.

"In God we trust; it also pays to advertise," said the boy.

"You bet it pays!"

"Who, I ask you," and the boy looked at us all, "who cares for scenery? What message have the woods? Will a bald rock tell you what soups you need? When a road-side board informs you that you are in Ophelia, the town that built the first Chinese laundry in Petroleum County, why waste money on school histories?"

"We want no books," said Muscatol. "Literature is what the American people want, and our company is handing it to them right now. One million spent on literature this year. Free educational literature. By 1937 I'll have the American people educated up to eating Muscatol three times a day. This your first trip?"

"My fifteenth," said the boy.

The lady pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Take a card," said Muscatol to the boy, handing him one. "I'm head of our publicity department. My name is Cartwell Ross Cartwell."

"Call me Home Sweet Home," said the boy. "Glad to meet you."

"Please excuse me," said the lady, rising hastily, with strange sounds. And she left us.

Cartwell Ross Cartwell stared after her with surprise; then he lighted a handsome cigar.

"Would you think," he inquired, "that little lady would be seasick on a day like this? Too bad. Nice little lady. Well, Mr. Home, come out and shake hands with Los Angeles." And he and his cigar also departed.

"Kindly brush me off," said the boy to the Editor, and turned his back.

"Well," said the Editor, "I would do it, since it's you. But I see nothing to brush. Perhaps you want me to praise your English clothes."

"They speak for themselves," said the boy. "I thought our friend might have chalked Eat and Forget on me."

"He wants bigger and better publicity," said the Editor.

"But she's a sweet old dear," said the boy, pointing to the lady's empty chair.

"Sentimental, though," said I.

"Typical," said the Editor. "We're the super-sentimentalists of the world. Sentimentalism is the mildew of American intelligence. I'll not live to see the day when we no longer burst into sobs over a child that has shot its grandmother in order to be featured on the front page. But you may," he added to the boy.

"You're an optimist!" said the boy.

"No. Nor a pessimist either. I avoid excess. In that I'm un-American. Bryan, our great apostle of temperance, died from over-eating. It's the most humorous event in American history. I doubt if any nation has ever been more mentally preposterous."

"Do you say that sort of thing in your magazines?" the boy inquired.

"Not on your life."

"What do you give them?"

"Any lie they want to hear, and not a truth that they don't. We've doubled our circulation in two years. Advertisers have to pay us top figures."

"Top figures?" said a voice at our backs.

It was Muscatol, come for a pack of leaflets he had left by his plate.

"What's top figures?" he repeated.

"What I charge for one whole-page insertion."

"What do you charge?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Meet me in the smoking room. Maybe I'll talk to you. Where do you put your apex at?"



"Of circulation?"

"Your own. Are you forty?"

"Forty-one."

"You've got fourteen years yet. Apexes vary according to a man's vocational nerve output during the period he is capitalizing his personality. When any man under me touches his apex, out he drops, and a younger man gets the job."

"When will a younger man get yours?" asked the Harvard boy.

"In twenty years. I'm thirty-five. Now an editor's job is advertisements. Up to his apex he is out to increase his advertisements, and his policy is aggressive. After his apex, he is afraid of decreasing his advertisements, and his policy is timid. Time to stop. His personality has been capitalized." And with this, away went Muscatol with his leaflets and his cigar.

"Bet he extends his apex when he gets there," said the boy.

"I don't know why he likes you," said the Editor. "But he does."

"He likes everybody," said the boy. "That's what I hate." And he finished his bottle of Pommard.

When I sat down by André in the smoking room that night, he said:

"Who is your Roman?"

And then, before I took his meaning, he went on:

"His words I did not catch, but his conquering voice reached me as I passed your table."

"He does not speak loud," said I.

"He has no need. He possesses the voice of the conqueror. He comes from your West, is it not so?"

"Los Angeles."

"I could not be precise as to his city or state; but I begin to observe many like him, all from your West. There he comes."

Muscatol was taking a snug corner with the Editor, behind a table. They were plainly talking business, and at length plainly struck a bargain. The Harvard boy was across the room, sipping a lonely liqueur. Muscatol beck-

oned him to come over, and the steward brought them further refreshments, and continued to do so.

"I do not desire the society of your Roman," said André. "I have met several superior to him. That is more than enough. But I admire the predatory power of his eye, and the massive breadth of his brow, and his vital hair, and his battering-ram expression. From head to foot he is able, ruthless, and sensual—the stuff of the eternal conqueror. See them listen to him! They bend their heads closer, because he is telling them an intimate anecdote, very probably from his recent European experience. Now they grow confidential and impart anecdotes to him. Your Charles Eliot type is extinct. Don't look disgusted, my friend. The Romans were rough-necks when they started, and in a thousand years your American type will have developed a magnificent civilization. His chief delusion at present is to think that he has invented short cuts to experience."

"A thousand years!" said I. "You talk as if I could wait."

"I am not offering consolation; I am reminding you that Rome was not built in a day. If the Romans when Athens was at her zenith in the fifth century before Christ had claimed that they were civilized, all Greece would have smiled—as Europe smiles at you to-day—except when your bad manners provoke a less indulgent emotion."

"Don't you think our prosperity provokes some emotion, too?"

"But of course!"

"Do you think anybody ever loves a creditor?"

"Never! Of course Europe is human. I am speaking of civilization, of which your masses—and you are a land of masses, not of Charles Eliots—do not yet comprehend the A B C. But you will have your turn as Europe has had hers—and it will be splendid. It is your bad luck to be living in a time of transition, which is always restless and ugly."

"What do you call the A B C of civilization?"

"Tolerance. Intellectual and moral tolerance, and to know the difference between idleness and leisure. Intolerance and aimless haste have always marked the savage, as they mark your masses. Christ was tolerant, and He admired the lilies of the field 'which toil not, neither do they spin.' Consider carefully the Roman at your table. He illustrates the main epithet."

"Pushing?" I hazarded at once. "Superficial?"

But André laughed. "And he will go where all wicked Americans go. What a jolly time he is having with that charming Harvard student and that acute Editor! He is taking the whole smoking room into his vast confidence. All attend to him. Therefore, he is happy. Yes, he will go to—you'll tell me where, before we land. As for me, I shall go to bed."

I soon followed his example; and later was dimly roused by the sound of persons tumbling downstairs to bed, and singing as they fell.

André proved partly right—Muscatol did do his bit toward my finding the main epithet—but a younger and greater than he precipitated the solution.

Wireless brought the news. All other news was struck dumb. No ear listened but to this, no tongue spoke but of it. Under its spell passengers and crew were magically made one beating heart for a while. The emotion of it lingered among us; we might talk of other things, but throughout the days following we came back to it like the burden of a ballad or a song. Our ship steamed west across a sea over which from the west had passed a boy on wings, unknown, alone, unadvertised, with silent daring, without a boast. Out of the world's noise and murk he had sailed up to where the vikings are, and Hector of the glancing helm,—and the swift-footed Achilles—an apparition, he and his airship, swimming into our ken

like Lohengrin and his swan. Like a breath from the heights he had come and breathed upon our drugged ideals, and they lived. And an American! And already among the legends! Without a Homer to sustain him there, could he remain? Ten thousand arms would reach out to pull down this quiet star that shone so clear above the glare of our hissing fireworks.

I heard the sonorous voice of the clergyman we had on board, saying that with that boy on the platform he could sell religion to South Dakota.

"Always hit it while it's hot."

This was Muscatol, frowning for some reason.

Wireless brought more news. The nations were choring anthems to the young viking of the air.

"Only twenty-five!" said the lady at table; and her lips trembled. "When I think of his mother! . . . It makes the world seem brighter."

"He's not being handled right," said Muscatol. And he shook his head somberly.

"Does seem as if unpractical people had got hold of him," said the Editor. He, too, was glum.

"What would be your idea of right handling?" inquired the Harvard boy.

"If he doesn't watch out," declared Muscatol, "he'll overstay his apex. They're not used to him yet. But they'll get used. They'll start thinking about somebody else—and there goes the biggest publicity value we'll ever see."

"Then here's to his being handled wrong!" exclaimed the boy; and he finished a second bottle of stout. "You'll get none ashore," he explained.

"See here," said Muscatol to him, kindly and with true concern, "you don't want him handled wrong. You don't want to talk that high-brow stuff. It's un-American. Sounds snobbish."

"I hope I'm a snob!"

"Now, boy, you know you don't mean that. You've got a big potential asset. Your personality is crying to be



capitalized. Honest. You're one of us, only you don't know it. If I had the handling of you—"

"Spare my blushes," laughed the boy, and suddenly fired a random shot. He looked from Muscatol to the Editor and back, paused, and took aim. "I know what's the matter with you two! He turned you down!"

There was a thunder-clap of silence.

"A bull's eye!" I shouted.

The gentle lady did not grasp it.

"They both wirelessly," the boy explained.

Still it failed to get home to her.

"Wirelessly Lindbergh. Tried to harness him to their own carts. Wanted to capitalize his personality."

"Oh," breathed the lady, taking it in at length.

"Bet he didn't spend any cash on answering," added the boy. "I'm afraid somebody is handling him wrong."

It was the Editor who first found his speech again.

"I have to be on my job, don't you see? I'd have met any figures he wanted for five thousand words."

All this while Muscatol had been eyeing the boy with considerable intensity.

"You're a peach!" he now broke out.

"Put yourself in my hands, and it wouldn't take me two months—"

"To change the subject," said the boy, "what's this new Women of the West movement?"

Everybody attended.

"The fifty thousand earnest Women of the West. You've heard about it? The next amendment to the Constitution?"

Nobody had heard.

"Why, they're going to change the name of the Battle of the Brandywine to the Battle of Sarsaparilla."

"What battle was that?" inquired Muscatol; so we told him.

Lunch was over, and as we separated the lady said to me:

"I wish to scold you."

"Yes, ma'am," said I meekly.

So we sat down together, and she be-

gan, with a sweet smile, quite pink with her effort to be bold.

"I am a woman of the West."

"Oh, he didn't mean your kind! You mustn't scold him, too."

"I've no intention of it. My people are from New England. My grandfather—but never mind about me. He's a lovely boy."

"I like him very much."

"Who could help it? And yet you feel no responsibility for him."

"Why, no. Why should I?"

"He is too much in the company of that dreadful man."

"I haven't noticed that. But how should I stop it?"

"You have a bond with him. Didn't you go to Harvard?"

"Yes, ma'am. Some forty years before he did."

"It's more of a bond than he has with that dreadful man, listening to his polluting stories in the smoking room. An insidious influence."

"Dear lady, he's twenty-five years old!"

"Twenty-five. Just the age of the boy who flew over the ocean and uplifted us all. Do you think that other boy would put up with that advertising monster and his quack food? He's true American."

"Who? The monster?"

"No, no, no, never!"

"But he seems so to me."

"I hate to hear you say that!"

"Dear lady, I thank whatever gods there be that a boy I can claim as my fellow-countryman has made me feel again as I used at times to feel in the Great War, and have not felt since till now. I thank whatever gods there be that an American boy has done this thing in an un-American way."

"How can you call his courage un-American?"

"Have Americans a monopoly in courage? Have you never heard of English courage, or French courage? Courage is everywhere. But this boy took thought about every need, tested

every inch and bolt, made ready without haste, set off without noise, arrived as if he had done nothing, stood the strain of mobs and kings and medals without a single break, and has flatly declined to capitalize his publicity, as our friend from Los Angeles puts it. How many like him can you count against our native legion of Muscatols?"

"It's terrible to hear you talk as if you didn't love your country!"

"If I didn't love her what should I care what she did? It's like having your mother make a guy of herself in the street."

"Well, it's because you're old that you feel this way."

I just caught myself in time not to say, "You must be sixty yourself," and instead I replied:

"The lovely boy you're so concerned about is only twenty-five, and he feels very much as I do."

And then as she groped, baffled, but not refuted, for some supporting plausibility to go on with, all sorts of memories rose to support me, facts, experiences, weaving a steady pattern through the years.

"Listen, dear lady," I said. "If any country has a better heart than ours I've yet to learn its name. A better heart, or a more generous hand, or a higher aim. But if you, and people like you, 'can't bear to hear' a word in criticism, isn't that a sort of complacent paralysis? Do you wish the Muscatols to prevail? It's the chip too often on our shoulder, the manner too often bumptious, the too constant showing off, the too ready loquacity, the overflowing bluster—if we were only as sure of ourselves as the English are we'd not mention our superiority so frequently; we'd take ourselves ever so much more for granted! Listen. When I was thirteen I came back from a winter in Rome, and was standing in Chestnut Hill near my town, watching the sun set across a valley called White-marsh.

"And has thee seen," said a Quaker

lady beside me as she pointed to the crimson sky, 'in thy European travels anything equal to that?'

"'Have you ever,' I answered, 'stood on the Pincian Hill and seen the sun set behind the dome of St. Peters?'

"In Paris when I was twenty-two, a very rich American lady gave a ball in her house facing the Arc de Triomphe. Wishing to break the record, she planned to illuminate the Arc as a feature for her party. When they told her that she couldn't use a public monument for a private purpose she offered to hire the Arc for the evening.

"You will recall that a private American citizen undertook to explain to Germany that peace was better than war.

"You will recall that another private American citizen organized a peace ship when pretty much all Europe was fighting for its life, and expected a dozen armies and several fleets to stop on his account. 'History is bunk,' he had said; and he was going to 'have the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.'

"You may recall that a group of American females sent word to Europe that if Europe gave up wine and took to water we might forgive their war debt. There's Monroe Doctrine for you!

"Do you remember that when the French franc was sinking to nothing and France was wrung with misery a young American lighted his cigarette with a French bank-note? . . . That other young Americans pasted French bank-notes on their valises, like hotel labels? . . . That a young American girl went to a fancy ball in Paris with a costume made of French money?"

I had a dozen other illustrations ready, but these seemed sufficient. They were too much for the poor lady.

"But democracy," she faltered, "surely we must expect—surely we ought to have patience!"

"Did it do much good to be patient about slavery? Do you want our democracy to become a thing which can turn any silk purse into a sow's ear?"



She clapped her hands over her ears. "I'll not hear such things!" she exclaimed, and she hurried away.

Well, thought I, her plea for patience made me impatient. But is impatience always a bad thing? There's too much excuse-making everywhere. There's a lot of shirking disagreeable facts in the name of optimism or patriotism or something. Just like the days of the old Cunard line, before the White Star competition made them sit up. You'd say to your cabin steward, "You haven't given me a clean towel." And he'd say, "Yes, but we have never lost a passenger." You'd say to your saloon steward, "Take these scrambled eggs away, I've found a cockroach in them." And he'd say, "Yes, but we have never lost a passenger." Why eternally be making excuses that don't excuse? Better to be impatient now and then, and speak out your meaning in hotter terms than you mean it. It's overstatement that puts a truth across. Our good qualities are no answer to our bad manners. It's these that set the pace at home and give offense abroad. I'm sorry, though, that I made her mad. No, I'm not. Say what you think when you know you think it. And she believed that boy's modesty about his ocean flight was typically American! Why, it's not our idealism that's so visible to Europe just now; it's the huge glare of our immodesty.

"By jingo!" I said aloud. "I believe I've got André's main epithet. But where do wicked Americans go when they die?"

For a while I walked the deck, and after this exceedingly dull performance in the name of exercise, during which I passed and repassed the Harvard boy and Muscatol and the Editor playing shuffle-board, I settled in my chair to read a detective story. André's chair was vacant.

In time, I found myself at the two-hundredth page of the detective story, and quite unaware of what had so far happened in the plot. At this point

I saw the Harvard boy coming along the deck alone, very slowly, very pensively.

"Look here a minute," I said.

He quickened his walk towards me. What was the matter with him?

"Well, sir?" said he, civil, but still preoccupied. Was he reflecting that his student days were over, his last long holiday at an end?

"Tell me where wicked Americans go when they die," I said.

He broke into a smile, and whatever had been in his face left it.

"How much time am I allowed?" he asked.

"Take time, and a cocktail with me."

"Here's with you, sir."

We met André, and I suggested that he join us.

"A cocktail? Yes, indeed. Ah, that is not the least of America's gifts to humanity!"

Before drinking he lifted his glass to the student.

"May I congratulate you on your high honors at graduation?"

"Why, how do you come to know that?"

"We professors hear things. You were recommended as secretary to the most distinguished member of your Supreme Court at Washington."

"Yes."

"He is a great master of English. He can write his opinions short, yet leave nothing unsaid."

"My father wished me to get down to work." The cloud was in his face again. "By the time I'm thirty-five, I suppose I may be making ten thousand a year. That's an income you can't see with the naked eye in these days."

"It's a long ladder," said I. "But one reaches the top."

"Oh, yes. In some forty years." His eye went to the door, and he frowned.

Muscatol was standing there and hailed him very audibly, so that heads turned to see what it was.

"Not just now," he answered, rather curtly; and Muscatol disappeared.

"When did he start calling you by your first name?" I asked.

"I didn't invite him to. But he needs no invitations. His salary is one hundred thousand a year." Suddenly the brightness of his look revived. "I know where they go!"

"Meaning the wicked Americans?"

"Ah!" exclaimed André, "You have asked his help. Take care. I allow you only one guess."

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," said the smoking-room steward. "If you wish anything to drink to-morrow please order it to-night on account of the twelve-mile limit. You can pay cash, and it shall be sent to your cabins."

He waited for our reply as I spoke to André.

"How many guesses do you give me for the main epithet?"

"One."

"A bottle of champagne to you if I fail, you to pay if I win?"

"Agreed."

"Another between us on similar terms?" said the boy.

"Young sir, I must land sober!"

"Between three strong men what's two bottles?"

"I agree, I agree."

As we ordered the wine, the trumpet sounded for dressing; and there stood Muscatol again at the door.

The boy nodded to him impatiently and rose.

"We'll do our guessing over the coffee," said I; and we separated.

The lady from St. Paul and I were the first at table, the others came some ten minutes late. She noticed their entrance and said to me:

"And so you're leaving him to his evil angel!"

"The Harvard boy? I'm not his good angel!"

"You might have been. I wish I could be."

When the three had sat down with us, the background of further cocktails was plainly discernible.

"Ten thousand when I'm thirty-

five," said the boy to the lady, without preamble, and speaking with great care, as if he feared he might fumble it.

"I told you so," said she to me.

"How wonderful of you!" he said to her. "How did you guess it?"

"Fifty thousand in half the time," asserted Muscatol. "Unless I misjudge you. And I don't misjudge usually. Steward, two bottles of Pommery for the last dinner on board."

"To-morrow night we'll be dining in God's Country," said the boy with deliberate fervor.

Muscatol took him literally, of course.

"You bet we will!"

The lady declined the champagne with a cold firmness that made the Editor stare.

"She knows her mind when she chooses," he whispered to me with a cocktail nudge in my ribs.

"Here's to God's Country!" said Muscatol.

The boy would drink but one glass. "I've an ath-ath-letic contest on to-night," he explained. "In-tel-lectional athletics. Intellectual, I mean. Sorry. I give you one toast. Are your glasses charged?" He lifted his without spilling a drop, and said slowly and steadily: "To the chap who flew over the sea. Don't forget I drank to him!" he added earnestly, almost poignantly to me. "Never forget that." A curious effect of cocktails.

"I'll drink to his grit," said Muscatol. "Not to his brains."

"Let—letting himself be handled wrong?" suggested the boy.

"Sure he is."

"Might have leaped at a bound to the top of the ladder," the boy again suggested.

"Sure. He's a business failure."

"I'll drink to him again," whispered the boy to himself; and then to Muscatol, "Ain't it lucky for Am-America there are so few like him and so many like you!"

"That should get under his hide!" I said jocosely.



"He's got no hide to get under," laughed the Editor, with another confidential nudge against my ribs. "Neither have I." And his blue eyes shone like steel drills behind his spectacles.

"I hate—" began the lady, and stopped. Then she rose and left us.

"Why," said Muscatol in surprise, "it's as smooth as a billiard table."

"Perhaps," said I, "it is not the sea that has made her sick."

The athletic contest followed in due time. The boy had recovered from his cocktails, and his thoughts and utterance were clean-cut once more. We sat in a soft-padded leather corner, behind our coffee cups, he, André, and I.

"May the youngest begin?" he asked, charmingly. Topsy or sober, he was irresistible. "It flashed on me like an inspiration. Just as if I were a genius! But let me lead up to it. There's America, I thought. There's George Washington. He always wanted to retire beneath his vine and fig tree. First in war and first in peace, but he only spoke once during the whole Constitutional convention. Do Americans want to retire anywhere? Watch 'em parade. Always parading. Elks, Mystic Shriners; and Muscatol is a parade all by himself, all the time. Do Americans speak only once? Listen to 'em. Do you notice much silence? Then the boosters. Publicity. If you're giving a dinner, put it in the paper. If you're getting hanged, put it in the paper. So I said to myself, What do most Americans love most? Answer, Publicity. Therefore, my guess is: Wicked Americans when they die go to Eternal Privacy. Why, that's a poem!" he cried, and chanted it rhythmically. "Milton might have written it."

"I pay for your bottle," said André. "And I know you will succeed in life."

"Oh, yes, I shall succeed!" And a sudden tragic hardness aged his youthful face.

"Your turn," said André to me.

"Well, it took me some time. I'm not a genius."

"Oh, sir, I didn't mean I was!"

"I know you didn't. But in the end it sort of flashed on me, too. The main epithet for America just now is *immodest*."

"I am not sure that I pay for your bottle."

"Understand, I don't mean indecent. We're a decent people—though our young writers are trying hard to be indecent—but they can't do it gracefully. I mean immodest, self-praising, self-advertising, loud."

"I must pay for your bottle also," said André.

But only we two drank them next day—or rather, drank part of one in the seclusion of André's cabin.

The fog which lay thick over the smooth sea during that last night did not seriously delay our ship, for it had lifted when the sun rose. I dislike seeing sunrises, but the fog-horn had kept me sleepless; and in the dark hours I heard people tumbling downstairs, and singing as they fell. Had they done it every night? I don't know. I went to sleep after sunrise and slept sound and late. The steward made me get up for quarantine, and passports, and packing, and all the rest of it that goes on during those final restless hours of bustle as one steams up toward the operatic skyscrapers.

Only the lady and I were at lunch, and the messages which André sent to the boy to come to his cabin for the champagne brought no boy, and no answer. Whether he was sleeping his night off or not, I now believe he hid himself on purpose. At any rate, after our guessing contest over the coffee, I never had another word with him. One further sight of him I did have.

When we had docked, and the gangway was lowered, and the passengers were moving down its slant from the deck to the wharf, I saw him descending in the company of the Editor and Mus-

catol. And just then, as I waited among the crowded passengers and the stewards and the hand baggage, a gentle hand was laid upon my arm. It was the lady from St. Paul.

"I am to deliver a message to you. He asked me to tell you that he has decided not to practice law in Boston. He is going into that grape-food company in Los Angeles."

We stood looking at each other.

"Going to capitalize his personality," I said after some silence.

"And you could have stopped it!" she exclaimed. Tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, no. The Roman of the West carries heavier guns than mine."

"Deplorable!" she said.

"He's in great luck," I replied. "He will be handled right."

"I do hate to hear you say those things!"

It was the last thing that she did hear me say. The gangway, the wharf's great shed, the trunks and customs presently separated and absorbed us all, and we scattered on our several ways. I caught the six o'clock train for Philadelphia, daylight saving.

Scarce six months later a brilliant Muscatol literature was blazing in every magazine and every landscape. It held the eye, it caught the brain. Quite obviously the boy was being handled right.

## GIVE ME A KISS TO KEEP

BY STANLEY KIDDER WILSON

**G**IVE me a kiss to keep, dear.  
 (Mind!) No merry fugitive now,  
 Onset of bantering lips  
 Elvish, acquisitive, withdrawn to pout—  
 Give me a smileless kiss, a sedulous kiss,  
 Your eyes unlidded to mine.

I'll hide it close. . . .  
 Hide it with my mother's whispering hair,  
 My father's last handclasp on his death bed,  
 My first glance fused with yours.

It is no gage I ask:  
 You're not to pledge yourself (mind),  
 Not to project your spirit one thrill's beat  
 Beyond this moment culled for treasure:  
 I will not have the kiss burdened with meanings,  
 Seal of God knows what blurred surrender,  
 But pure, intrinsic, neither prayer nor promise  
 Nor purpose right or left to turn a key.

I'll guard it close, dear,  
 Twined with my mother's lisping hair,  
 Archived of my father's last handclasp.  
 You'll never have it back (mind)? . . .  
 Then—ah—give me a kiss to keep.





## FEMINIST—NEW STYLE

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THE Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!

Is it not high time that we laid the ghost of the so-called feminist?

"Feminism" has become a term of opprobrium to the modern young woman. For the word suggests either the old school of fighting feminists who wore flat heels and had very little feminine charm, or the current species who antagonize men with their constant clamor about maiden names, equal rights, woman's place in the world, and many another cause . . . *ad infinitum*. Indeed, if a blundering male assumes that a young woman is a feminist simply because she happens to have a job or a profession of her own, she will be highly—and quite justifiably insulted: for the word evokes the antithesis of what she flatters herself to be. Yet she and her kind can hardly be dubbed "old-fashioned" women. What *are* they, then?

The pioneer feminists were hard-hitting individuals, and the modern young woman admires them for their courage—even while she judges them for their zealotry and their inartistic methods. Furthermore, she pays all honor to them, for they fought her battle. But *she* does not want to wear their mantle (indeed, she thinks they should have been buried in it), and she has to smile at those women who wear it to-day—with the battle-cry still on their lips. The worst of the fight is over, yet this second generation of feminists are still throwing hand grenades. They bear a grudge against men, either secretly or openly; they make an issue of little things as well as big; they exploit their sex for the sake

of publicity; they rant about equality when they might better prove their ability. Yet it is these women—the ones who do more talking than acting—on whom the average man focuses his microscope when he sits down to dissect the "new woman." For like his less educated brethren, he labors under the delusion that there are only two types of women, the creature of instinct who is content to be a "home-maker" and the "sterile intellectual" who cares solely about "expressing herself"—home and children be damned.

But what of the constantly increasing group of young women in their twenties and thirties who are the truly modern ones, those who admit that a full life calls for marriage and children as well as a career? These women if they launch upon marriage are keen to make a success of it and an art of child-rearing. But *at the same time* they are moved by an inescapable inner compulsion to be individuals in their own right. And in this era of simplified housekeeping they see their opportunity, for it is obvious that a woman who plans intelligently can salvage some time for her own pursuits. Furthermore, they are convinced that they will be better wives and mothers for the breadth they gain from functioning outside the home. In short, they are highly conscious creatures who feel obliged to plumb their own resources to the very depths, despite the fact that they are under no delusions as to the present inferior status of their sex in most fields of endeavor.

Numbers of these honest, spirited young women have made themselves

heard in article and story. But since men must have things pointed out to them in black and white, we beg leave to enunciate the tenets of the modern woman's credo. Let us call her "Feminist—New Style."

*First Tenet.* Our modern young woman freely admits that American women have so far achieved but little in the arts, sciences, and professions as compared with men. In the field of the drama, for instance, the sex can boast of no dramatist who even approaches Eugene O'Neill, although in the art of acting women are more than holding their own with men. In the realm of music they offer no composers of great note, although they count among their number a galaxy of brilliant opera stars. In painting and etching they can point to no woman who has been recognized as the peer of the best men, although Mary Cassatt and Cecilia Beaux have done distinguished work, while Peggy Bacon is creating a genre of her own, and Georgia O'Keeffe is a compellingly original figure. In sculpture the names of Malvina Hoffmann, Gertrude Whitney, Adastenia Eberle, and Janet Scudder come to mind; yet even their admirers do not claim that they rank with the leading men. In literary criticism the sex loses still another count, for there is no woman who ranks high as a critic, although the late Amy Lowell undoubtedly exercised a formative influence on the new poetry.

At the same time women are very nearly the peers of men in the field of creative literature. Indeed Edna St. Vincent Millay stands out as unquestionably America's most distinguished and gifted lyrist, whose work is extolled by the critics of both America and England, and bought by the public probably in greater thousands than any other recognized poet of the day. And in fiction it can fairly be claimed that there are no men who are doing more significant work than Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, and Elinor Wylie.

Yet in the field of science—both inventive and pure science—the sex can claim no Edison, nor even any lesser American lights, although it can point with pride to Madame Curie in France. In medical research, however, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Professor of Industrial Medicine at Harvard, stands out as a most eminent authority, although in practicing medicine there is only one woman who is nationally known—Dr. Josephine Baker, the children's specialist; while there is none who has made a name for herself in obstetrics, the one branch of the profession for which women would seem especially well fitted. (Yet it must be remembered that there are many excellent women physicians who are serving mankind conscientiously and effectively—even though they have not won fame for themselves.) In law only two or three women are known outside of their own states and only one ranks high as a jurist, Judge Florence Allen of the Ohio Supreme Court. In politics the advent of women has done little to change the machine line-up, for they are seldom accorded high position or real authority. In the field of publishing there are but two women who control large enterprises—one who virtually directs a great metropolitan newspaper, and another who shapes the policy of a leading women's magazine. (It is an anomalous fact that the other large women's magazines are controlled by men.) Finally, in business more women have obtained high rewards than in any field, although the great majority appear to be content with average mediocrity.

What conclusions, then, are to be drawn from this brief survey? So far as the arts are concerned, it cannot be stated categorically that women lack creative power, in view of their original work in fiction, poetry, and the plastic arts. As for their status in the professions, it might fairly be claimed that they have scarcely had time to get a running start. And their limited success in business would prove that they have



not yet cast off their age-old habit of over-emphasizing detail and, as a consequence, they have not yet learned to grasp the larger issues.

But it remains true that a small percentage of women have proved the capacity, even the creative power of the feminine mind. Or have they not rather proved the fallacy of drawing a hard and fast distinction between the quality of men's minds and the quality of women's minds? It should be remembered that no contemporary psychologist will concede that there is any fundamental difference between the intellectual *capacity* of men and that of women, although their *pursuits* may vary. Furthermore, there are a number of scientists who hold that the absolutely masculine and the completely feminine type are comparatively rare, and that most individuals fall in between these poles and are thus endowed with mental qualities of both sexes.

To illustrate this theory, one finds a woman here and there who is gifted with the so-called masculine aptitude for clear thinking and for forming abstract conceptions; while one comes upon an occasional man who possesses those subtle senses of perception and that quality of imaginative intuition which have generally been considered feminine traits (and which, be it noted, are part and parcel of the artist's endowment).

Nor does it necessarily follow, scientists tell us, that a woman with a flair for the creative or the scientific, or with a genius for abstract thought will have a masculine physique; in fact, we are told that a person's mental qualities may be quite the opposite of his or her physical qualities. One glance, for instance, at the unmistakably feminine figures of Edith Wharton, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Madame Curie, Elinor Wylie, and Edna St. Vincent Millay would prove that a woman does not have to look a George Sand to be a brilliant success.

But whether or no the masculine mind is biologically superior to the feminine

mind, it is obvious that women in America are progressing much faster in their mental evolution than men are. And that is the reason, no doubt, why the average man is either on the defensive or on the fence, as regards his relationship with the modern woman.

*Second Tenet.* Why, then, does the modern woman care about a career or a job if she doubts the quality and scope of women's achievement to date? There are three good reasons why she cares immensely: first, she may be of that rare and fortunate breed of persons who find a certain art, science, or profession as inevitable a part of their lives as breathing; second, she may feel the need of a satisfying outlet for her energy whether or no she possesses creative ability; third, she may have no other means of securing her economic independence. And the latter she prizes above all else, for it spells her freedom as an individual, enabling her to marry or not to marry, as she chooses—to terminate a marriage that has become unbearable, and to support and educate her children if necessary.

There appears to be no good reason why a woman who has a marked talent for a certain art or science should give up before she starts, simply because she has been told innumerable times that "women cannot hope to excel any place but in the home" and that "her sex always has and always will be second-rate in the arts and sciences." Perhaps they *will* be for some time to come. But that is not to say that they have no contribution to make. Science, it must be remembered, depends for its progress upon the cumulative work of hundreds of scientists, not on the work of one or two geniuses alone. In a similar fashion, although in a lesser measure, the arts profit from the contributions made by talent. Indeed it takes a courageous person to be "second-rate" here: to be able to compare his own work with that of genius and yet not give up. It is true, of course, that the woods are full of scatterbrained women whose attempts at

poetry, painting, acting, and writing are ludicrous, to say the least, but these are for the most part untrained creatures who have never been taught the rudiments of criticism. In an altogether different class are those women who are gifted with genuine talent; it would be as ridiculous to insist that *they* "go back to the kitchen" as it would be to order one of their men detractors, such as Mr. John Macy, to go back to the hoe. The same applies to those women who are born with marked ability and aptitude for one of the professions: they, too, must follow their star.

But even though Feminist—New Style may not see her own course so clearly marked out before her, and even if she should happen to have an income, she will make a determined effort to fit her abilities to some kind of work. For she has observed that it is only the rare American of either sex who can resist the mentally demoralizing effect of idleness. She has seen too many women who have let what minds they have go to seed, so that by the time they are forty or forty-five they are profoundly uninteresting to their husbands, their children, and themselves. Occasionally one of these women will wake up when it is too late and grope desperately for any sort of a "job" to fill her time now that her children need her no longer. Her next-door neighbor who has gone in for philanthropies may not be quite so lonely, but the pity is that she has seldom had to sharpen her mind against the wits of people who think any straighter than she does.

Only less pathetic is the younger married woman who came out of college with an active mind excellently trained, but who in five or ten years' time has allowed that mind to grow shallow for lack of cultivation and fresh planting. This type of woman is avid for excitement, even if it depends on nothing more than the innocuous attentions of a man considerably younger than herself. So she goes round and round the vicious circle, grasping for outside stimuli, never

once realizing that her satisfaction with life depends upon her inner resources and the active living they make possible.

Yet if a woman can add to her own resources and thereby live a rich and full life without the stimulus of a job she is to be congratulated and admired as a really civilized person. However, if she remains financially dependent upon her husband she may be mortgaging her own future happiness and liberty of action; for as one frank man admitted the other day, there is hardly a man who will never take advantage of his wife's economic dependence upon him or who will never assume that it gives him special prerogatives.

In brief, Feminist—New Style reasons that if she is economically independent, and if she has, to boot, a vital interest in some work of her own she will have given as few hostages to Fate as it is humanly possible to give. Love may die, and children may grow up, but one's work goes on forever.

*Third Tenet.* She will not, however, live for her job alone, for she considers that a woman who talks and thinks only shop has just as narrow a horizon as the housewife who talks and thinks only husband and children—perhaps more so, for the latter may have a deeper understanding of human nature. She will therefore refuse to give up all of her personal interests, year in and year out, for the sake of her work. In this respect she no doubt will fall short of the masculine ideal of commercial success, for the simple reason that she has never felt the economic compulsion which drives men on to build up fortunes for the sake of their growing families.

Yet she is not one of the many women who look upon their jobs as tolerable meal-tickets or as interesting pastimes to be dropped whenever they may wish. On the contrary, she takes great pride in becoming a vital factor in whatever enterprise she has chosen, and she therefore expects to work long hours when the occasion demands.

But rather than make the mistake



that some women do of domesticating their jobs, *i.e.*, burying all of their affections and interests in them, or the mistake that many men make of milking their youth dry for the sake of building up a fortune to be spent in a fatigued middle-age, she will proceed on the principle that a person of intelligence and energy can attain a fair amount of success—perhaps even a high degree of success—by the very virtue of living a well-balanced life, as well as by working with concentration.

*Fourth Tenet.* Nor has she become hostile to the other sex in the course of her struggle to orient herself. On the contrary, she frankly likes men and is grateful to more than a few for the encouragement and help they have given her.

In the business and professional worlds, for instance, Feminist—New Style has observed that more and more men are coming to accord women as much responsibility as they show themselves able to carry. She and her generation have never found it necessary to bludgeon their way, and she is inclined to think that certain of the pioneers would have got farther if they had relied on their ability rather than on their militant methods. To tell the truth, she enjoys working with men, more than with women, for their methods are more direct and their view larger, and she finds that she can deal with them on a basis of frank comradeship.

When she meets men socially she is not inclined to air her knowledge and argue about woman's right to a place in the sun. On the contrary, she either talks with a man because he has ideas that interest her or because she finds it amusing to flirt with him—and she will naturally find it doubly amusing if the flirtation involves the swift interplay of wits. She will not waste many engagements on a dull-witted man, although it must be admitted that she finds fewer men with stagnant minds than she does women.

When all is said and done, most of the men of her world are such a decent lik-

able lot that she is hard put to it to understand the sex antagonism which actuates certain "advanced" women who secretly look upon their husbands—and all men—as their natural enemies from whom they must wrest every privilege and advantage possible. Such tactics are a futile waste of energy; now that men have admitted that women can be valuable partners not only in the home, but also in business and civic life, the best thing for women to do is to prove their value.

*Fifth Tenet.* By the same corollary, Feminist—New Style professes no loyalty to women *en masse*, although she staunchly believes in individual women. Surveying her sex as a whole, she finds their actions petty, their range of interests narrow, their talk trivial and repetitious. As for those who set themselves up as leaders of the sex, they are either strident creatures of so little ability and balance that they have won no chance to "express themselves" (to use their own hackneyed phrase) in a man-made world; or they are brilliant, restless individuals who too often battle for women's rights for the sake of personal glory.

But when a woman in the professions or in public life proves herself really capable, Feminist—New Style will be the first to cheer, and to help her along still farther, by proffering her own support and co-operation. Indeed, she feels that there is to-day a stronger bond among thinking women than ever before. Reaching out, as they are, for new adjustments and conceptions, each can profit by the experience of the other; whereas in ages past women had nothing in common other than their jealousy of one another. So it happens that the modern woman is capable of a high order of friendship with other women. In this connection a visiting Frenchwoman paid a very pretty compliment to American women (we choose to accept it as such!) when she exclaimed, "*You are friends with one another, while we would not trust one another for a minute.*"

*Sixth Tenet.* There is, however, one

thing which Feminist—New Style envies Frenchwomen, and that is their sense of "chic." Indeed, she is so far removed from the early feminists that she is altogether baffled by the psychology which led some of them to abjure men in the same voice with which they aped them. Certainly their vanity must have been anæsthetized, she tells herself, as she pictures them with their short hair, so different from her own shingle, and dressed in their unflattering mannish clothes—quite the antithesis of her own boyish effects which are subtly designed to set off feminine charms. She may not be quite as smartly gowned as the society woman, for she cannot afford so great an expenditure of time and money; yet every year sees her better dressed and infinitely better groomed than the erstwhile professional and business woman.

As regards manners and mannerisms she has not the slightest desire to imitate men. On the contrary, she prefers to keep the intonations of her voice and the quality of her gestures purely feminine, as nature intended them to be. (If she makes no attempt to be a "perfect lady" it is for the simple reason that it would cramp her style too much as an individual: she prefers to call a spade a spade and to feel free to discuss scientific facts impersonally with men or women.)

*Seventh Tenet.* Empty slogans seem to Feminist—New Style just as bad taste as masculine dress and manners. They serve only to prolong the war between the sexes and to prevent women from learning to think straight. Take these, for instance, "Keep your maiden name." "Come out of the kitchen." "Never darn a sock." After all, what's in a name or in a sock? Madame Curie managed to become one of the world's geniuses even though she suffered the terrible handicap of bearing her husband's name, and it is altogether likely that she darned a sock or two of Monsieur Curie's when there was no servant at hand to do it.

"Keep your maiden name," the slogan which the members of the Lucy Stone League cry from the housetops so lustily, would seem the most inane of all. Will someone kindly tell us why these women don't prove their individuality—and their independence of their husbands—by some sort of real achievement? And would it not be more consistent for them to require that every member not only keep her maiden name but *that she support herself*?

But perhaps they aim not to be consistent—only to get publicity. For instance, one of their members recently married and registered with her husband at a highly respectable New York hotel as Miss Jones and Mr. Smith. Naturally the manager objected, with the result that reporters got wind of the incident and wrote it up, thus giving the clever couple columns of free publicity.

The story also is told that a famous British woman lawyer visiting these shores was fêted one night by the Lucy Stone League and the New York Women Lawyers' Association. The Lucy Stoners made their speeches on the same old subject of nomenclature, and when one was asked how she managed with the tradespeople, she replied haughtily, "Oh, I am Mrs. to my butcher, but to *no* one else!" When the visitor expressed a desire to hear from the women lawyers on the subject, it developed that most of those who were married bore their husbands' names and did not consider the subject worthy of argument. Naturally, if a woman has made a name for herself in a business or a profession before her marriage—as was the case with the visitor—it would seem expedient for her to keep that name, or if she is not sure how long she is going to remain married. But when all is said and done, Feminist—New Style considers that it is hardly a matter to go to meeting about.

As for sock-darning, our modern young woman dislikes to darn a man's socks as much as she dislikes to darn her own. If possible she will have a servant



do both. But if that is impractical, and if her husband is properly appreciative, she will do the darning herself, and will expect him to relieve her of a few tasks in return.

"Come out of the kitchen" is a fair enough slogan if a woman makes sure that she has left someone capable in her stead. Feminist—New Style likes to know how to cook so that she can direct a servant intelligently and economically; and furthermore she occasionally enjoys preparing a meal herself because it is fun to use her own skill. Unlike the old order of feminists, she is not afraid that if she understands the culinary arts she will get stuck in the kitchen for the rest of her life, for she knows that she can earn more than enough to pay a cook's wages.

*Eighth Tenet.* As for "free love," she thinks that it is impractical rather than immoral. With society organized as it is, the average man and woman cannot carry on a free union with any degree of tranquillity.

Incidentally, she is sick of hearing that modern young women are cheapening themselves by their laxity of morals. As a matter of fact, all those who have done any thinking, and who have any innate refinement, live by an æsthetic standard of morals which would make promiscuity inconceivable. She readily agrees that the Greenwich Village vogue for experimenting with the emotions is a tawdry thing. The individuals who thus experiment are not "living" as much as they think they are, for their emotions are all on the surface. Feminist—New Style is sophisticated enough to know that one does not get real experience by grabbing for it.

But whether she marries—or does not marry—she is liable to have a pagan attitude toward love itself. She believes with George Santayana that "We last as a strain of music lasts; and we go where it goes"; also that "To come to an end is a virtue when one has had one's day."

So if a love-affair comes to an end she

will not be surprised or embittered. She will be more greatly surprised if it miraculously flowers into a lifelong affection.

*Ninth Tenet.* She readily concedes that a husband and children are necessary to the average woman's fullest development, although she knows well enough that women are endowed with varying degrees of passion and of maternal instinct. Some women, for instance, feel the need of a man very intensely, while others want children more than they want a husband, want them so much, in fact, that they vow they would have one or two out of wedlock if it were not for the penalty that society would exact from the child, and if it were not for the fact that a child needs a father as much as a mother.

But no matter how much she may desire the sanction of marriage for the sake of having children, she will not take any man who offers. First of all a man must satisfy her as a lover and a companion. And second, he must have the mental and physical traits which she would like her children to inherit. She has seen too many women engulfed in tragedy simply because they let their instincts rush them into an ill-advised marriage and into the bearing of one child after another, each one handicapped by a bad physical or moral heritage. Instincts are an excellent thing in their place, but they must be guided by reason if disaster is not to follow.

In fact, it seems to Feminist—New Style that a woman who gratifies her desire to have children without being sure that she can give them a sound heritage and a harmonious home environment is unjustifiably selfish. A child should be an end in itself, not merely an extension of the parent's ego, or an object to be loved fiercely and tyrannously; nor should it be a means of keeping a shattered home intact, or of salvaging the health of a woman who is a semi-invalid—even though some doctors are benighted enough to prescribe child-bearing as a cure for all ills.

If Feminist—New Style finds it practicable to have children she will resolve from the start not to sacrifice everything to them—for their sake as well as her own. During the years of their babyhood she may find it necessary to give up her work, either partially or wholly; but as soon as possible she will organize the family life so as to resume her own interests.

This business of combining two careers presents its grave difficulties. In fact, it is a bigger job than any man has ever attempted. But because it is a big job, and because she has seen a few women succeed at it, Feminist—New Style will rise to the challenge, provided that she has a normal amount of physical energy.

When she looks into the homes of a few women of the leisure class she will console herself with the thought that she cannot possibly do a worse job than they have done. Spoiled and sickly, the children in these homes dominate the scene and will inevitably grow up to be impossible egotists.

Of a very different temper are the children of the woman who has a job of her own and has therefore put her children in a nursery-school run by a specialist in child education. They appear to be happy, obedient creatures who actually have a closer bond with their mother than the children of another woman who is conscientiously devoting every hour of her life to their training, but who makes the mistake of giving her emotions free rein when it comes to discipline, whereas the nursery-school teacher treats every child with impersonal fairness.

But whether or no the nursery-school is the solution, the fact remains that the mother who has managed in one way or another to retain her own special interest will have a growing fund of wisdom and experience to share with her children. And, furthermore, she will avoid the sin of struggling to possess them body and soul and of expecting them to make great sacrifices for her later in

life because she once gave up everything for them.

To treat a child as a complete individual: that would be the ideal of Feminist—New Style, even as it was of the parents of William and Henry James, who allowed their sons—nay encouraged them—to range as far from home as their imaginations would carry them.

*Tenth Tenet.* But even while she admits that a home and children may be necessary to her complete happiness, she will insist upon *more freedom and honesty within the marriage relation.*

She considers that the ordinary middle-class marriage is stifling in that it allows the wife little chance to know other men, and the husband little chance to know other women—except surreptitiously. It seems vital to her that both should have a certain amount of leisure to use exactly as they see fit, without feeling that they have neglected the other.

She looks at some of the married couples she knows and feels consummate pity for the wives who have exhibited such childish streaks of jealousy that their husbands are no longer frank with them. One husband, for instance, has a great zest for knowing all kinds of people; but he has discovered that his wife is so hurt by his friendships with other women that he dare not tell her about them. A second wife declares that she must have *all or nothing*. As though anyone could own all of another person, or any part of him!

Feminist—New Style would consider it a tragedy if she or her husband were to limit the range of each other's lives in any way. Arguing from the fact that she herself can be interested in other men without wanting to exchange them for her husband, she assumes that she has something to give him that he may not find in other women. But if the time should come when it was obvious that he preferred another woman to her or that he preferred to live alone, she would accept the fact courageously, just as she would expect him to accept a



similar announcement from her; although she would hope that they would both try to preserve the relationship if it were worth preserving, or if there were children to be considered. But if the marriage should become so inharmonious as to make its continuation a nightmare, she would face the tragedy, and not be submerged by it. For life would still hold many other things—and people—and interests.

*Finally*, Feminist—New Style proclaims that men and children shall no longer circumscribe her world, although they may constitute a large part of it. She is intensely self-conscious whereas the feminists were intensely sex-conscious. Aware of possessing a mind, she takes a keen pleasure in using that mind for some definite purpose; and also in

learning to think clearly and cogently against a background of historical and scientific knowledge. She aspires to understand the meaning of the twentieth century as she sees it expressed in the skyscrapers, the rapid pace of city life, the expressionistic drama, the abstract conceptions of art, the new music, the Joycean novel.—She is acutely conscious that she is being carried along in the current of these sweeping forces, that she and her sex are in the vanguard of change. She knows that it is her American, her twentieth-century birthright to emerge from a creature of instinct into a full-fledged individual who is capable of molding her own life. And in this respect she holds that she is becoming man's equal.

*If this be treason, gentlemen, make the most of it.*

## SHADOWS

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

*SHADOWS are soft and cool and reticent,  
The tender hands of Beauty, comforting  
Her chosen lovers; gently vigilant  
With sway of branch and whirl of evening wing.  
Oh, I have loved the shadows, for the store  
Of life grows richer in their dusky bloom,  
The cherished faces that I most adore  
Seem fairer in a softly darkened room.  
When this dear mystery of living ends  
I shall keep safe some memories of my own,  
Of tree, and flower, and cloud, and treasured friends,  
And ask of Beauty this, and this alone,  
To raise me up from dust in wind-swept grass  
That I may feel their long-loved shadows pass.*



# PROHIBITION

A STORY

BY GLENWAY WESCOTT

OLD RILEY lay, without hands or feet, on a red tapestry couch in the dirty sitting room, and blinked happily at the sunshine and at a bottle which stood in it beside him. An exceptionally hairy white dog crouched under his outstretched arm. All around him there were geraniums and begonias in rusty tin pails on dry-goods boxes. Through the window one could see little slatternly groves here and there, and a hill hollowed out on one side by a gravel pit like a great empty grave. Though no one asked him to, Old Riley sang a song. A child, standing as near the door as he could without being asked where he was going, stared reverently at the little drunkard, now crippled and famous and apparently happier than ever before.

Though the temperance movement had gained strength in that part of the country long before drink was prohibited by law, Old Riley was not the only notorious drunkard in the township. There was a farmer named Theodore Osten who was said to have broken off a bull's horns with his bare hands. He often pounded on the district schoolhouse door in the afternoon, demanded as many of his six children as were there, and took them whimpering home with him. Once he came back from the village with a butcher's knife in his hand. His wife escaped through the back yard, leaving her sixth baby behind. When she brought a crowd of the neighbors to rescue the child, he stuck somebody's hired man in the leg and,

bursting into gloomy laughter, threw the knife at them all. But his wife would not be separated from him or let the neighbors have him sent to jail, and complained bitterly about the fines he was obliged to pay.

There was also the sickly old bachelor, Charlie Fox, who got drunk only in bad weather. He began to complain whenever clouds came up, but after five or six bottles of beer ceased to mind the elements. He would wander up and down in the worst blizzards, murmuring to anyone he met, "Hell of a storm we're having—suits me!" Or he would sit down in the mud outside a saloon window, his arms folded, his eyes shut, the rain streaming over his cheeks and under his wet wing-collar, the lamplight shining on his white, serene, weak face.

Even before the accident which had confined him to his bed, Old Riley had never been melancholy or dangerous. At his very worst he amused himself by letting young cattle out of pasture, by pushing over shocks of grain, chicken-coops, and beehives until he got tired. In spite of his practical jokes and his bad example to the young, the sober God-fearing farmers and their wives could not hate him; neither could they pity him at any time. The mingling of joy and catastrophe in his life confused even the most opinionated among them. They regarded him as something less than a man, an irresponsible animal in human form.

To their children, on the other hand, he always seemed more than human,



and began to charm and frighten them even before he came into sight. Through the harvest fields at dusk they would hear a song coming toward them as if it were stumbling over the fields without a singer. Out of hollows or from the far side of hills, there would come the revolving thunder of his lumber-wagon wheels, the hiss and crack of the whip which he flourished like a long leather snake, and strangely melodious shouts—the shouts of a hunter or a jockey, the cries of a drunken hunter or a jockey on a wild horse. "Holy this" or "Holy that," he cried—this or that being one of those short words which mean more in sound to children than in sense to their elders. Children never had the courage to inquire about anything he did or said.

Dissipated happiness and a tragic accident. . . . His happiness, while it lasted, was injurious to others and furnished the community with a token of its inner desperation, the inarticulate fields and farmhouses with an appalling voice. Disaster, when it overtook him, made him a symbol of every abnormal delight, of the durability of character, of contentment with catastrophe, and saved his family from the consequences of his pleasures. Roistering joy on summer afternoons and evenings, a terrible event among deep snowdrifts, in the starlight. . . . It is no wonder that the neighbors made no attempt to explain the meaning of Old Riley's story to their children, for a tragedy was its happy ending.

He usually went to a saloon in one of the adjacent villages about four o'clock in the afternoon. Sawing on the mouths of his nervous mares, he brought them to a standstill, clambered down from the high seat, gathered some flowers along the fence, tearing them up by the root, pinned them to the lid of his lamentable greasy cap with a nail, clambered back up, and started his team again with a good deal of shouting.

Some children on their way home from school, undaunted by his curses and his wild driving, climbed into the back of the lumber-wagon. Old Riley turned

about and shouted, "Open yer mouths and shut yer eyes," and amused himself greatly by dropping pennies, nickels, and dimes into their mouths with one hand, cracking the whip over their heads with the other. When he missed his aim one youngster or another dropped to the ground instantaneously, like a little warrior picked off a vehicle by a sharpshooter, to spend the rest of the afternoon hunting the coins in the dust and gravel and among the nettles by the side of the road.

A few hours later, drunk enough and ready to go home, his pockets were empty. "I must 'a' gave it all to the brats on the way," he explained to the bartender. "What a blasted fool I am! Now wouldn't ye know I'd do that. Ye know me anyway, Bill."

The bartender did know him: the next day or the day after he would deny his indebtedness; but his boys also knew their father and could be made to pay what was due—secretly, lest he give them a beating.

In his boyhood the eldest son, who was called Young Riley, had indeed followed his father into saloons in hope of getting him home sober. During this period the incorrigible man lost less of his money and did somewhat less damage to other people's property, but otherwise the youngster's presence put no restraint on him. And he was fonder of his boys than of other men and liked to drink with them; so little by little, Young Riley and eventually the other son, Terrie, adopted the old man's ways. But Young Riley had some principles, and would not leave the farm in the afternoon or permit his brother to do so; together they pretended to do the work in the fields which their father optimistically neglected.

All alone, therefore, in the early evening, Old Riley started home, too drunk to care when he arrived. He saw the open gate of a neighbor's barnyard and swung through it, shouting and flourishing his black-snake whip. He tied the team to a heavy pig trough, but

they pulled it along the ground until they could eat from a haystack.

As he entered the warm stable where men were milking, boys and little girls throwing down corn fodder and feeding the calves, Old Riley swayed and bowed ceremoniously. In his hand he was carrying a length of wild grapevine in blossom, and he knotted it under his chin like a necktie. "Gad," he said, "wild grapes smell like a snake."

A small boy who heard him say this spent much of his time in hunting the delicate brilliant grass-snakes, and resolved to kill another to-morrow to find out how it smelled.

Then Old Riley sat down on a milk-stool and gave an account of what had happened to him lately, boasting and putting on airs and reciting in conclusion a long list of curse words, softly, rather mechanically, like a priest telling his beads. He nodded his head as old hens do when they have a certain sickness and kept on shaking his fist in the air while his tired body sagged lower and lower, lurching a little from side to side. He fell off the milk-stool; and there at last he lay, on a pile of clean straw for bedding the animals, taking a short nap, the one belligerent arm still raised above him.

The farmer and his young hired men, laughing uneasily, went on with their work. They also might have taken to drink; this was the moral lesson of the ridiculous. The youngsters were enchanted, as if the old fellow were a small dancing bear or the monkey of an invisible organ-grinder whose music only they could hear; and they gazed at him with starry, disgusted, incredulous eyes—the admirable eyes of children born and bred in the country.

He was tolerated thus in the evening in the barns even of his most self-respecting neighbors because, when all was said and done, he did no harm. Not, at least, to anyone but his own flesh and blood, wife and children, and that was the sort of harm which seemed appropriate to them, or which they deserved. The worst gossips in the community

said, "They're all kind o' heartless, those Rileys. Heaven knows what could happen to make such as them unhappy"; and their faces lighted up as if they had discovered a recipe for simplifying life; some people have no hearts to break. . . . Perhaps they found Old Riley sympathetic because he had as little patience with human disappointments as they.

So when he had rested and cheered himself by the seeming benevolence of some neighbor or another, he would set out again, disputing with himself as he untied his horses whether he was hungrier than he was thirsty; his thirst was never altogether quenched, but it was always hunger which brought him home. He remembered that he had forgotten the groceries he had promised his wife to buy, and the money she had given him was gone. She would upbraid him; he would probably have to beat her to put her in the wrong.

May Riley was a pleasant, shiftless woman who had been frightened for so many years that she had begun to seem a little weak in her mind. People believed that he did not actually hurt her; at any rate, she hid her face in her skirts without crying out, and never whimpered or showed any bruises after it was over. But she gave her entire time to shivering anticipation of his next drunken return from the village, and so neglected her housework, cooked badly, and wore her dresses, petticoats, and shawls in mere tatters wound around her loose-jointed body. Sometimes it was because she cooked badly that he abused her, or because she was not as pretty as she had been on their wedding day.

In those days, years before, she had looked like their daughter Angeline. Her brothers called her Candy on account of her hair, which hung in curls the color of taffy all around her pretty, pale face.

Driving home through the bland summer evening, Old Riley meditated on the weather or the landscape or the poor farms he passed. The weather



was an entertainment, the landscape never seemed tedious, the farmhouses never mean and melancholy—because he was always drunk. Alcohol saved him from the mediocrity of the world.

His younger son, Terence or Terrie, the lovable Riley, was like him in this respect. He also drank for fun, and being drunk was an enchantment; then even the banal saloons, the poor farmers' women with dirty hair and sagging bodies who knew only too well how to take care of themselves, the lonely sheds and stables took on a bright and distorted appearance. But unlike his father, he could not be drunk all the time. His brother, for the pleasure of governing him, allowed him little money to spend, little time to make love to such women as there were; and he dreamed of a life which would have that shining, deformed appearance even in broad daylight when he was sober. He wanted to join the navy, talking to others and even to himself about the places where the battleship would probably stop—the shore of the sea covered with odd buildings, the hundreds of sailors as good but no better than he, the welcoming women crying out and agitating their shawls. . . . What a wild life he would lead in those places, buying what he liked, fed and clothed like a child by the government! He thought it would be the most agreeable thing in the world, and perhaps he was not wrong.

Driving home, sitting up very straight and gesturing with the whip or the long reins as if the road were lined with people with their eyes fixed on him, Old Riley thought of a quarrel he had been engaged in. A great anger arose in his heart and, forgetting the quarrel in the storm of his emotion, he searched his mind for another pretext, an object or person upon whom it might be spent. If his sons were arguing about the navy when he got home, he would thrash them and they would see.

For Young Riley would not let his brother enlist, indeed threatened to kill him if he did—perhaps out of jealous

affection, perhaps in dread of the tedium of his own experience if he were left alone. Nor would he go away with the boy, somehow unwilling to leave the scene of an honest, laborious life, though not leading it or likely to. He was ashamed of keeping Terrie back, but as long as he suffered from alcoholic stomach trouble could make no sacrifices; blamed everything, including his own selfishness, on their father; and turned for forgetfulness to the very cup which he wanted to forget. Then, drunk or sober, his anger arose and confused him about everything.

It wore itself out like any other forbidden passion, and was succeeded by a heavy anxiety and a sense of guilt. He had no right to blame his father and brother; he was equally good for nothing; but he had too much common sense to be so cheerful about the results of their dissipation. The farm had been mortgaged twice; no one knew what would happen to the old people if it came to a foreclosure; and Young Riley, especially in the early morning after a night's drinking, thought desperately about the future.

Old Riley did not. Driving home he brooded upon a stupendous lie that he was preparing to tell, a song that he might sing or was singing. Though to his regret he had no bottle in his pocket, he seemed to be getting more and more drunk and was not sure that he knew his way home; it did not matter, his horses knew. And in a vague way he foresaw that he would be surprised to find his wife and children in the house that could scarcely be called his home, though he had been born in it, and looked forward with vague pleasure to falling upon them in instantaneous fury, and chasing one or another outdoors or indoors, and spoiling all their plans.

In and about that house there was an atmosphere of slatternly grace and peace until he came. Neglect had contributed to the ordinary building and the barn and sheds its ramshackle beauty, the great comfort of idle men. The gables

were sway-backed, the weathervane twisted; the barn doors hung from one hinge apiece; the half-wild fowls had learned to fly up on the rotten branches; and two or three sheep that were left of a large flock lay at the doorstep with the dogs. The moon was coming up and filled the yard with liquid brightness and clean shadows tossed about by the weeds and the grass. All about stood slim poplars whose little branches hung down in rows of curls as perfect as Angeline's. The soft moon rose higher, stirred up new odors, warmed the dew. The balm, the dust, the summer, drifting down, clouded the faces of May Riley and her children.

The old woman crouched on the doorstep, asleep, with her fists full of goose feathers she was sorting to put in a pillow. A little way away, on a dry-goods box, her sons sat close together, with a whiskey bottle on the ground within reach. They had a large accordion which each played in turn, the other singing, or even, with a good deal of laughter, both playing at once—one large ruddy hand fingering the keys, one manipulating the bellows out of which some of the air escaped with a sigh.

Angeline was hiding in the haymow with her beau. It had always been the same one, a young man named Andie Roy. He had been going with her less of late, or seemed, at least, to be less serious in his intentions. Angeline blamed her father and brothers and determined to have him, in spite of their bad reputation, in spite of his scruples. They hid in the haymow now because Andie was pretending to be afraid of Young Riley, who knew, of course, that he was there—actually because he was trying to be there without thinking of it himself, having made up his mind not to come.

At a pause in the music the brothers, hearing their whispers and laughter, shook their fists in that direction and winked at each other. Then the throbbing of music ran out again in the blood-

heat of the air, far out, their unskilled, heavy, palpitating voices joining it now and then. Over the drowsy countryside these sounds troubled young girls lying ill at ease, and reawakened the ambitions, the shames and grievances, the homesickness for places unseen, of boys more finely bred than the Rileys, and set overworked mothers weeping for dead children. But in the Irish yard there was no sadness in the music nor in anything else: Terrie had forgotten the navy for the moment; his brother had forgotten the mortgages, was neither drunk nor sober, and did not care; the mother was asleep; Angeline was in her young man's arms; and they all enjoyed the music and the time of night as if there were no past or future.

Then the lumber-wagon rolled into the yard. Old Riley clambered down, threw the reins on the ground, shouted a few curses, picked up a good-sized stick, and strode into the midst of his family. He made a lunge at the boys with the stick. They took refuge in the wagonshed, knowing that their father, in his condition, would not be able to find his way in the dark among the wheels and thills and harness lying about. The accordion sank to the ground and cried one hopeless note like a dying swan's as the breath went out of it and it collapsed. The whiskey bottle tipped over, the whiskey gurgled out, the dry earth drank it up.

Then the old man turned his attention to his wife, shaking out the bag of goose feathers in her face. She woke in a sort of little winter of its contents, and at first did not know where she was. Just as he was about to strike her for her complaints, his sons, from the shadow of the house, jumped on his back, and tied his hands and feet with some pieces of rope. He roared and his wife wept, and then he began to sing a song. The boys squatted at his feet in menacing attitudes, but they listened to the song, and it was evident that they loved him.

Angeline came out of the barn into the



moonlight, rubbing her forehead where the curls caressed it. Terrie shouted, "Where's your beau, Candy?"

"He ain't been here, has he?" she answered craftily. "I been asleep. What's the matter with pa?"

"You're a liar," the boys said, "but wha' do we care?"

Andie Roy was not there then. At the first of her father's shouts the girl had whispered to him, "You better skip, there's trouble." He had slid down out of the haymow, mistaken a trap-door for the ladder into the stable, and landed heavily on a pile of hay in the bull's manger. The little old bull, which smelled like a lion, had snuffled him, and he got up and hurried out through the barnyard.

Andie Roy was so much excited and so much in love that he wondered if he were going to die, and there was pain in several parts of his body. So he lay down by the side of the road and, for a while, cried like a small boy, pressing his mouth against the knuckles of his fists. It seemed to be one of the greatest sorrows in the world that night. The night grew more and more fair. The tree over his head dropped now and then a burned or withered leaf. The lovelier the weather the more the boy suffered from his feelings about Angeline, which seemed to lead nowhere.

His widowed mother and the Catholic priest, Father Hoyle, had encouraged his determination not to marry her. Father Hoyle said over and again that Andie was one of the most superior boys in his parish, so he ought not to mix with disobedient riffraff like the Rileys. He was particularly anxious that his young men should not drink, since the Protestants favored prohibition and made of the excesses of the Irish Catholics both a political and a doctrinal issue. Andie knew that he was inclined to liquor and that Terrie and Young Riley had too much power over him.

During the spring of that year, having loitered in a saloon with those two, he had been going down a lane which led

through one corner of a woods. And a voice had said to him, "Andrew, Andrew—get you!" He had been infinitely moved and frightened, not so much by the sound of the voice which had been no more alarming than that of a tom-cat or a hoot-owl or anything else one may hear when one has had too much to drink, as by the meaning of what it said in relation to the bad company he had been keeping, his temptations, his mother's grievances.

He had told Father Hoyle about it, and the superstitious old man, not knowing what to believe himself and hoping for a matter-of-fact explanation, had repeated the story to a number of his parishioners. Thereafter when Andie saw the two Rileys, out with girls or in a saloon, they had shouted at him, "Andrew, Andrew—get you!" If they got him he would be as bad as they were. His mother had assured him that if he did not reform their little farm would have to be mortgaged before long, and he would probably beat her, and they would be looked down upon by everybody. So Andie had told Father Hoyle that he meant to give no more thought to Angeline Riley.

The old priest had said, "Now if ye don't mean to marry the girl, keep away from there. I know what you young Irish are. There's the Old Nick in yuh."

Andie had tried to keep away, but a sort of fixed idea of Candy's pale yellow curls and her eyes of a melted, diluted blue tempted him back in the evening very often. He had tried to persuade himself that he was getting over it by degrees, but he was not. Instead, his disapproval of her family was wearing away; he was beginning to enjoy their kind of happiness. But for his mother he would not have hesitated to drive the girl into another township and get married before another priest. He did not dare to try to seduce her, and she would not let him go any farther than so far, fearing that he would cease to care for her as soon as he had had his own way. That was a good thing, for he

knew that he would care all the more and cared too much as it was.

So as he went back home from her house he shed tears, gnawed at the back of his hand, and even cursed a little.

He stopped his sniffing just in time, for his mother was leaning over the garden fence in the moonlight, and like an echo she began to cry where he had left off. "You don't look at things right. You been off havin' a good time with those wild Rileys, and little you care whether I've been here cryin' my eyes out or not."

Before he went to bed Andie spent an hour defending the Rileys and trying to prove that he had a right to marry whomever he liked, though he realized that there was not a particle of honesty in what he said, for at bottom his mother and he were always of the same opinion. Since he could not free his heart or change his mind, matters went from bad to worse for him the rest of the summer and all fall.

The Rileys also began to look at the seamy side of things. The man who held the mortgages would give them only until spring, and obviously money could not be raised during the winter. May began to fail in health. Terrie told his sister, "I guess Bud is getting funny in his head"; by which he meant that Young Riley was growing infinitely sad and bad-tempered. Terrie himself grew more and more sullen about the navy; on one occasion he struck his mother, and his father and brother took turns punishing him. Angeline lost hope of getting Andie to marry her. They all grew older and looked faded. Only Old Riley never changed in appearance or behavior—he seemed immortal.

The winter set in early, frosting the corn before it was ripe and spoiling good pasture, as if to make sure that they should be unable to meet the mortgage. Old Riley had to begin to sell the pigs and cows as money was needed for food and drink.

There was a heavy fall of snow just

before Christmas, and at that time a special election was held in Belleville. Riley left home with his boys right after the noonday meal, Young Riley and Terrie with the bobsleigh and the team, he himself following alone in the cutter. They always made of any political occasion a carnival of drinking.

Under the sleigh runners the crisp snow made a loud chirruping; the sleigh bells left behind them in the air their flurry of jangling notes. Around the muzzles of the horses and the mouths of the men the breath floated like visible souls about to vanish. Where there had been masses of living flowers, there lay a vast garden of dead-white and blue-white—the wind having twisted the tops of all the snow-banks into bloom.

In Belleville the Rileys established themselves at Schimmel's saloon, the one nearest the town hall. The boys began by playing cards, and earned a good many drinks. The men of the country came in before or after voting; since it was bitterly cold, all drank more than usual for the warmth. Old Riley wedged himself between a barrel and the bar so that he did not have to depend entirely on his legs, and there made eloquent speeches for all the factions in turn, tossing off the rewards of his eloquence.

Smoke, hanging in warm layers, blotted out the eyes or hands or mouths of men on the other side of the room, and mixed in a vague sparkle the shining of varnished wood, glasses, lighted matches. Outside the temperature fell below zero. Men shuddered when it came time to go; the Rileys felt fortunate to be too drunk to have to think of it. They ate some sausages from the bar and let the time pass. At last they were alone in the foul, clouded, warm place amid the debris of refreshment, fatigue, argument; and the bar-keeper wanted to go to bed.

So, cursing and stumbling about in their sheepskin coats, they went down to the stables over the crunching snow, over the frosted filth, and through the



stiff, echoing cold. The boys were engaged in another argument about the navy and hitched up their horses without paying any attention to the old man, expecting him to follow them with his cutter. But instead he rolled into the back of their bobsleigh and fell asleep there before they drove out of the yard.

There were dazzling stars. The snow-drifts over the land looked like innumerable ghosts lying side by side. Terrie and Young Riley were angry with each other; but after all, it was an arctic night and they were young and warm, so they drew close together under the blankets and ceased to argue.

Behind them their father did not snore, because he was lying face down in the straw, and they did not discover him. The road rose in a hump over every drift that had been blown up; the sleigh lifted on the crest, lurched into the trough of wave after wave of snow.

About half way home, Old Riley rolled out in the road. Perhaps he did not wake up; at least he was not sufficiently sobered by the fall to shout or to rise and follow his boys on foot.

The next day at dawn the first farmer on that road to go to the cheese factory found him there and brought him home. The doctor who was called in found it necessary to remove his feet at the ankles and his hands at the wrist.

In due time it became evident that it was a happy ending for them all. His wife was no longer afraid of him, and became quite a capable woman. The effort of ministering to his pain until the amputations healed, of clothing and feeding him and giving him drink roused her from her apathy of years—years of waiting at home to be abused.

Shaken to the bottom of his sluggish heart, Young Riley had no difficulty now in ceasing to drink. He went to a Ladies' Aid supper at the Methodist Church, stole a temperance pledge, signed it without telling anyone, and kept it hidden in his bedroom. Refreshed by disaster, his fleshy face, once inanimate

and middle-aged with gloom, lighted up. To all intents and purposes he had inherited the farm, and he would make it profitable. The banker who owned the mortgages was persuaded to give them another year to begin paying their debts.

Young Riley was glad to let his brother go away somewhere to make a fresh start in life. So Terrie joined the navy in the spring, and sent home picture postal cards from Villefranche, Cardiff, and Kiel.

Since the Rileys were a changed family, there was nothing to keep Angeline and Andie apart. They were married and were happy in the most ordinary way in the world. In a little less than due time a child was born; they named it after Old Riley, whose given name had been forgotten for years.

The prohibition law was passed. Some of Old Riley's temperance neighbors, greatly elated, wanted to ask him what he thought of that. They found the little mutilated man who had been the terror of the community lying in a bay-window, and forgot what they had come for. The room was filled with an atmosphere of patience, indolence, and lawlessness. Sword ferns, begonias, and radiant geraniums stood all about his couch. Over his head one could see out over the countryside, and there was a hill hollowed out like the grave of a giant who has come to life, dug himself up, and wandered away. A child who had come in with the neighbors shrank in terror toward the door, shrank from the little man's air of happiness. For he was drunk, though he had been punished by a divine law against it and though a law on earth had been passed. His arms came to an end inside his sleeves, his legs inside his tattered trouser-legs. He seemed to enjoy the scrutiny due him as an object lesson and not to care what the lesson was. His smiling wife went on giving him whiskey, setting the glass with a straw in it on a chair within reach of his mouth.



# AMERICAN TASTE

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

IN THE Metropolitan Museum in New York is a series of reconstructed rooms which record the waves of taste—usually bad taste—that marked the nineteenth century. It is easy to laugh at them—the horsehair sofa, the rococo mirror, the elaborate wall paper, the air of righteous ugliness—but I am not at all sure that we to-day are not providing materials for a dozen such comic exhibitions.

The entertainment that American taste is now concocting cannot perhaps be fully appreciated when one views a single, disconnected apartment in a modern home; but take a dozen such rooms, "Spanish," "Early American," "Georgian," and place them side by side in a yet unbuilt wing of the Metropolitan and the joke will become a little more evident. The modern American house can be tritely described as a house that is neither modern nor American. A gallery that to-day exhibited American taste would be a miscellany of antiquities. The pictures we put on our walls, our cretonnes and brocades and wall papers, our china, our silverware, our furniture, are all copies or close adaptations of things we have found on their historic sites in Europe and America, or, at one remove, in the museums. Meanwhile the art and workmanship of our own day remain unappreciated because they have not yet aged sufficiently to be embraced by the museum.

What is it that has made American taste sickly and derivative, a mere echo of old notes which reverberate in the halls of museums or tremble dimly in ancient houses and forgotten attics?

Why is there no comparison for freshness and æsthetic strength between the living room of a seventeenth-century farmhouse (which one may also see in another wing of the Metropolitan) and all the tortured, stuffy, badly designed interiors that characterized the nineteenth century? What caused the collapse of taste during the last hundred years, and what is responsible for its present anæmia—a pathetic state in which beauty lives for us only through repeated "transfusions" from other cultures?

Before we discuss the failings of American taste to-day let us agree about what has happened to taste during the last century; for there has been a general debacle of taste, and our disgrace is not that we suffered in the collapse, but that we have not sufficiently shared in the contemporary recovery.

## II

Everyone is more or less conscious of the great change that took place sometime during the Renaissance in our physical conception of the universe, in our knowledge of the world, and, at a later period, in the processes of manufacture. The inner harmony of medieval culture broke up; a new outlook on life arose; new conditions challenged men, and new ideas and habits of adaptation came into existence.

It would have been remarkable if these transformations could have taken place in our political and industrial institutions without affecting the practice of the arts and the formation of taste; and the fact is, taste was mightily affected. Archi-



ture disintegrated; instead of building *with* style, the architect sought to design *in* a style; sculpture and painting ceased to be integral parts of building: the artist was left in solitude with his easel picture or his bust; all the various crafts which had once worked with a single spirit lost that unity of ideas which had made co-operation possible, and the engineer and the artist split apart into separate personalities, the utilitarian and the æsthete.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century the disintegration was fairly complete. Instead of recognizing that beauty entered into every gesture or object, as the final mark of its expression of the human spirit, the Philistine relegated beauty to the museum. What remained outside might be "useful" or "comfortable" or "serviceable" or "profitable," but it must not at any cost be subject to the canons of good taste. Divorced from all the vital activities of the modern age, taste grew childish and capricious: the love of beauty at best developed into a sort of spiritual jamboree which saved one from the perpetual dullness of celebrating merely useful things. Mr. Claude Bragdon, writing in the light of a more positive philosophy of æsthetics, has referred to the Beautiful Necessity; but as long as "necessities" were considered in a limited and sordid fashion the beautiful was essentially an escape from necessity.

Now, when the arts lack a common philosophy and a common approach to life, they lose their power; for the single artist must then manufacture out of his own limited taste and experience what under more favorable circumstances is provided by a tradition. In order to overcome this lack the artists of the later Renaissance turned to the past, not as Brunelleschi and Michelangelo had done, for stimulus, but for fixed models which could arbitrarily set the limits of tradition and take the place of a coherent system of ideas. The seventeenth-century American farmhouse, with its usable kettles and pans, its neatly panelled walls with a simple checkered molding, its furniture designed primarily for com-

pactness—writing-desk chairs and table-settles—was the last consistent example in America of a healthy tradition, untainted by foreign modes and meaningless precedents and strange fashions.

In the eighteenth century the signs of the breakup began definitely to appear. Here is a Chinese lacquered cabinet, standing against a wall covered not by plaster or panelling but by Chinese wall paper; there is a Turkish rug; yonder in the garden is a little Greek temple or a pagoda; the niche in the wall by the landing holds a classic bust or a vase. Once the habit of borrowing pretty objects took hold, it could not be restricted to classic sources: the Middle Ages themselves, which had lingered in the seventeenth century in such weak forms as the Tom Tower in Oxford, or St. Dunstan's in London, were now dead enough to serve as models, too; the Brothers Adam in Edinburgh and Latrobe in America sought to create a picture-book architecture of pointed arches and inane turrets.

Instead of a common tradition and a common art, all that remained was a common respect for the past, and a desire to pick and choose among its rubbish heaps. The nearest thing to a common taste like that which prevailed in the Middle Ages existed for an historic moment in the eighteenth century when the architecture of Chambers and Adam, the china of Wedgwood, the designs of Flaxman, the early landscapes of Turner reflected both the interests and the necessities of the leisured classes in England. But classical taste was a feeble foundation. None of the historic conventions—Roman, Renaissance, Gothic, Greek—was capable of dominating any single country, to say nothing of providing an æsthetic basis for the whole range of new arts which machine production and the extensive use of iron were opening up.

The reason for this failure is fairly plain. Taste, regarded in the large, is not something that can be cultivated in an old curiosity shop or a museum: it is a much more robust and fundamental



matter than this, and it has its roots not in historic treatises and guidebooks, but in the myths of religion, the needs of social life, the technic of industry, and the daily habits of a people. All the fine historic models of the past, just because they were historic, had no base in contemporary civilization: so far from springing out of modern necessities, they shrank from them. In this situation the arts, instead of advancing more or less abreast, followed different lines of development: the painter, if he were a Turner or a Corot, could not be sure that his picture would not hang in a pseudo-Gothic house, designed by a follower of Pugin; if he were a sculptor, taken with the contemporary interest in natural science, he might create magnificent animal figures, as Barye did, but for all he knew, they would become only paperweights on a Victorian ormolu desk; if he were an architect, he discovered that his client shrank in horror from any direct and honest form of building and insisted upon the addition of historic bric-a-brac—as an evidence of true art.

The symbol of nineteenth-century æsthetics was the whatnot; and the only question the artist could legitimately ask was: What next? This period did not lack great painters; it had its Corots, its Delacroixs, its Manets and Redons; it had a few remarkable sculptors like Alfred Stevens the Englishman and Rodin; it even now and again, although this was more difficult, produced a commanding architect, like Bentley, the designer of the Westminster Cathedral. What it did lack, and what it could not produce, was taste, which was the spirit which would have brought together and utilized these talents, and infused their æsthetic sense throughout engineering and the industrial arts, in furniture, silverware, crockery, as well as in isolated pictures and statues. Art was dismembered; taste was dead. The æsthetes were slow to recognize that the Brooklyn Bridge, Albert Hall, the Eiffel Tower, the work of engineers, were interesting pieces of art; the utilitarians would not admit

that most of the products of industrialism were so far painfully insignificant.

### III

The inner necessity for synthesis is so great that perhaps no period has entirely lacked it; and I should do the Victorian period an injustice if I insisted merely upon the chaos and dispersion. The fact is that it achieved an æsthetic synthesis; but the common spirit it embodied was on a low plane, and its achievement was not beauty and excellence but a certain complacent shoddiness in design.

We reached such a low common level in America during the seventies. Its mark is the brownstone town house or the jig-saw villa, the black-marble fireplace that didn't work, the enormously flowered carpet, the gilt clock under a glass case, the walnut whatnot, the mixture of French and Japanese vases, the eloquent oil painting in the manner of Landseer, the stuffed and marvellously carved chair—a combination of objects of art which had its equivalent in the furnishing of river steamboats and pullman cars, in the architectural characteristics of elevated railroad stations and United States post offices, and in the surface decoration of the earlier typewriters and cash-registers. The dominant color of this period was a murky brown; it was an appropriate reflection of the smudged and muddled civilization now known to history as the Gilded Age; and the total effect on the eye was so thickly depressing that one wonders how even the Victorian love of comfort could have made it tolerable.

There was a time when we were proud of these lower depths in æsthetics; and although I have no desire to defend them, I do not believe our present generation is entitled to laugh very heartily at their mere absurdity. In the unpromising ugliness of the seventies there was a positive quality which is less antagonistic to contemporary art than the cultivated neutrality of our present tastes. The creators of these Gilded



Age atrocities had the courage to live in their own time; their age was a wretched one, perhaps, but they were not afraid of it. That courage not merely produced bad buildings like our post offices but magnificent ones, like the Monadnock Building in Chicago, one of our few masterly skyscrapers; it not only produced ugly furniture, but it manufactured, as "sports" and fresh patterns, some remarkably honest and handsome stuff. Roebling's Brooklyn Bridge, Richardson's railroad stations and his Marshall Field Warehouse, John Root's Monadnock Building, Louis Sullivan's Auditorium Building, the paintings of Thomas Eakins and Albert Pinkham Ryder—these works shared the Cimmerian colors of the period; they faced the actual conditions of American life, and expressed them in the mode of art; and in the act of expression, grew out of them and developed beyond them into things that were independently fine. I am not sure but that we should look upon these various æsthetic achievements as the beginnings of a new synthesis in American art and taste.

Unfortunately, these achievements were only sporadic, and before they could be consolidated, before the synthesis could be established, the more vigorous artists and architects were overwhelmed by alien forces, in particular by the financial exhibitionism which developed in the nineties. Do I exaggerate the significance of the eighties? I think not, for I have taken account of all the ugly houses and the jerry-built designs that made the greater part of the environment; and I am calling attention only to the one or two young shoots that thrust their positive green against the ashen fields and the leaden sky. Before the Chicago World's Fair American art had begun to escape from its romantic leading strings. The proof of its power is the great stimulus given to the architects of Europe by the actual achievements of Chicago; for while Americans took back to their towns the memories of a grand White City of a

derivative Classic and Renaissance art, the Europeans brought home the stimulating originality of Root's office buildings and Louis Sullivan's ornament; and out of these contacts came, a little later, the Dutch and German appreciation of Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright's innovations in ornament and design.

By this contact with the new experimental æsthetic of the modern age the Europeans were led to their discovery of a basis for contemporary taste in all the arts; so that to-day, for example, in France there is a recognizable kinship between the paintings of Picasso and Matisse, the glass of Lalique, and the furniture, the ironwork, and the ensemble of modern architecture. In Europe, the architect can rely upon the craftsman for intelligent co-operation and harmonious design; the painter can in turn rely upon the architect for an environment favorable to his pictures. Meanwhile in America we dropped out of the procession, lost the courage of our convictions, and went completely astray. The Europeans became creators; we in America became collectors, adaptors, imitators, and we lost the power to appreciate and elaborate further our own honest creations.

#### IV

My point is that during the nineties American taste was faced with a critical alternative. It could either have accepted the forces of its own age, and sought to humanize them and turn them to æsthetic ends, as Richardson, Sullivan, and Frank Lloyd Wright were doing in architecture; or it could shirk the problem of contemporary taste altogether, neglecting the lessons to be drawn from engineering and the sciences, neglecting all the vital impulses of the American scene itself—and take refuge in the taste and products of other periods and other cultures, no matter how remote or dissimilar they were.

The first path was the path of adventure. Its foundations were sunk in the

powerful ugliness of contemporary design; those who followed it recognized and did not flinch from the turbid industrial environment of the railroad age; and sought to take from this environment the materials and forms that were capable of sustaining the growth of the arts, mixing them with the general human heritage from the past, so that the raw and formidable forces of modern existence might be transformed into a new cultural form. Enough artists set forth on this path to assure us, by their achievements, that it was not a blind alley. Perhaps the most successful expression of this effort was the shingled cottages first designed by Richardson. With their full windows, their broad roofs, their rich harmonies in russet, green, and black, they were as native to the seaboard as sumach, wild aster, and goldenrod; they were American in a much deeper sense than our eighteenth-century Georgian mixtures ever were.

In the Middle West, a little later, there was a similar efflorescence of fresh, indigenous designs. The low-lying, many-windowed, wide-roofed, horizontally spacious country houses designed by Mr. Wright were as much a part of the prairies as the cornfields themselves; moreover, the design was carried through in every detail, in the furniture, in the lighting fixtures, in the delicate tracery and iridescence of Mr. Wright's windows. In houses such as those of Richardson and Wright and the more adept of their followers it was impossible to think of reviving periods or imitating certified brands of European or early American culture; these buildings were too thoroughly a part of their own day to be disguised in borrowed clothes and threadbare costumes.

Had American taste been sufficiently adventurous, as it was originally in Chicago—or sufficiently sure of itself—to follow the trail marked out by these artists and designers we might have created a milieu in which all the arts could have flourished on a parity; incidentally, we might have developed

something positive enough to be called American taste—a flavor as robust and definite as French taste or German taste. At the very least, we should have been spared the whited sepulchres that began to parade as the seal and hallmark of sound æsthetics, the dull porticoes, the feeble massive pillars that support nothing and express nothing, the half-timbered work that is backed by steel, the French chateau in New England and the Spanish palace in the midst of the prairie—all these fatuities might never have existed. What is more, we should have wasted no time in gutting European palaces or in imitating, by machinery, the great productions of a vanished handicraft. Unfortunately, we lacked both the spirit of adventure and confidence; and in the nineties the scaffold of taste collapsed again.

We took the easier way. Horrified by the ugliness around us, and unable to command the forces that were producing it, American taste retreated from the contemporary stage, and sought to build up little ivory towers of “good taste” by putting together the fragments of the past. The architects led this retreat, particularly the successful Eastern architects; but they were anticipated by the great patrons of art, like Mrs. Jack Gardner; and presently our homes and our buildings ceased to have any fundamental relation to the American scene: they became fragments of the museum. This retreat into the past did not, however, preserve even the temporary and artificial unity that was fostered by the seventeenth-century interest in classical culture; here it lifted a building from a colonial seaport, fitted to the needs of a merchant captain; there it took over bodily a Florentine palace or a chateau from the Loire region; in another place it copied a church by Wren. Art was reduced to tit-bits; plagiarism became an emblem of reputability.

Needless to say, in touching on these large ventures in adaptation and reproduction I am discussing only the works of the very well-to-do; but the middle



classes followed at a distance, possessed by the same mood, if unable to translate their desires so grandly into actual houses, furnishings, paintings. A walk through almost any suburban street, or a tour of the furniture section of a department store will give one a more concrete notion of the weird medley of designs produced by this attempt to stamp the present with the counterfeit image of the past.

There have been much uglier periods of design than the last twenty years; for the habit of stylicizing our decorations swept out automatically large quantities of maleficent bric-a-brac and junk; in the negative sense there is now much less to offend the eye in the typical American home than there has been, perhaps, at any time since 1830. But I doubt if any period has ever exhibited so much spurious taste as the present one; that is, so much taste derived from hearsay, from imitation, and from the desire to make it appear that mechanical industry has no part in our lives and that we are all blessed with heirlooms testifying to a long and prosperous ancestry in the Old World. Our taste, to put it brutally, is the taste of parvenus. The last touch of absurdity to this hunt for antiques was given in a government bulletin which suggested that every American house should have at least one "early American" room. Splendid advice for a population a hundred times as numerous as that of the Thirteen Colonies!

## V

The effect of this retreat has been not alone to produce an architecture of absurdity and affectation; it has had a debilitating effect upon the other arts; and the wonder is that the damage is not more serious than it has actually been. Obviously, in an imitation French hunting lodge or a Tudor manor all the interior fixtures and decorations must be more or less faked into a resemblance of the dominant style. Perhaps the most remarkable example of this effort is the

French fifteenth-century manor house in which the architect designed the sort of bathroom which would have been placed in such a house if French landowners in the fifteenth century had ever taken baths. But one does not have to look so far afield; in the meanest Bronx apartment—it is a result of the same general process—one is sure to find an arrangement of electric lights suspended from the ceiling in which the bulbs are mounted upon candlesticks; an arrangement that looks ridiculous and provides an irritating glare of light, since a single electric bulb has many times the candle power of the actual candle to which such an exposed chandelier was perhaps well adapted.

But the mischief does not end here. In houses that are decorated in a historic style, or that contain an assemblage of historic styles, as is the more frequent and subtle practice of the modern decorator, the arts which are produced in our own day simply do not fit; the contrast is too sharp and uncomfortable. What is the outcome? The outcome is that the owner of such a house either spends lavishly to acquire historic pictures, which were produced for a similar environment, or, at a lower economic level, buys colored reproductions of these great pictures; or, finally, since anything is art if only it be old enough, according to our prevailing canons of taste, the decorator uses copperplate maps or crude broadsides and lithographs, which apart from fashion would have no interest to anyone except the historical student. The lengths to which this last effort at style can be carried when the purse tightens and the desire to remain in the swim remains are remarkable: I myself have beheld in a furniture showroom a painted "Venetian" screen, decorated with Rand, McNally maps, dating from the dim days of antiquity known as the Harding administration, and duly covered with heavy layers of brown varnish, to disguise the fact that electrotpe printing is not quite the equivalent of copperplate, nor are all of our commercial



mapmakers the adepts in beautiful draughtsmanship that the ancient cartographer was.

This delicate scramble to get hold of the paintings and decorations of the past makes it difficult for the modern artist in America to occupy anything like the assured economic place that he held elsewhere up to the nineteenth century. While the best modern art, as Mr. Walter Pach has convincingly shown, has always been part of the main tradition of European art, it is neither retrospective nor servile; on the contrary, our most distinguished artists have embodied all the positive forces of their own day, from the love of Nature which moved Turner and Corot in the same generation that produced the great geologists and biologists, down to the celebration of the more austere forms of science and mechanics, which was perhaps the major intellectual impulse in back of Cubism.

One cannot put a piece of vital modern painting or sculpture in a studiously retrospective room without making such a room seem doubly shabby and uninteresting; if the picture does not, by its own compulsion, obliterate the room, the room is likely to spoil the picture. The Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington—perhaps the finest large collection of modern pictures to which the public has access—is an excellent place in which to test this truth. The upper floors of this gallery have been adapted to the presentation of pictures; and there Marin's rich water colors and Bonnard's juicy landscapes appear at full value, ennobling the room itself; the main gallery on the lower floor, on the contrary, remains part of an older scheme of heavy, stylistic furniture and decoration, which becomes infinitely antique as soon as the eye takes in a single picture. The fact is that a good part of modern art demands clean surfaces and large unbroken masses; it cannot be housed in rooms or galleries which echo and re-echo with ancient harmonies; and if we value these echoes more than we value the

music our own day can produce, it follows that we shall turn our backs upon the best modern artists, quite as fiercely as we do upon the honest efforts of contemporary technology.

## VI

If our anæmic taste excludes the contemporary imaginative artist on one hand, it is equally inhospitable to the industrial arts on the other: the greatest achievement of the modern American building is to exclude or stick in a corner any suggestion of the subtle machinery and the delicate apparatus upon which a great part of our life now depends. I do not refer to such manifest idiocies as dolls' dresses to cover telephones—fortunately one does not see many of these; but radio sets made to look like Florentine or Georgian cabinets are examples of this habit of mind; while the rest of our furniture, instead of being adapted to machine construction and simplified in line and detail to the last degree, is frequently cheapened in the things that make for true quality—the excellence of the wood, the seasoning of the stock, the close setting of joints—while the exterior design is elaborated in machine-carved curlicues, in imported marquetry, in feebly painted flowers, or in imitations of age and use, in a fashion that annuls all the economies and beauties effected by the machine.

This contempt for the quality of machine work and for the necessary lines fostered by machine-production would be bad enough in itself; it becomes even more contemptible when we consider that none of our arty decorations and adaptations can approach for sheer beauty of line and color a modern automobile or a simple tiled bathroom or the fixtures of a modern kitchen. In motors and in porcelain bathroom fixtures we have, by designing steadily for beauty through the imaginative modification of useful instruments, produced objects of art which stand on the same plane as the handicraft productions of earlier ages.



If our taste were well-formed our chief effort would be to make all our interior fittings—our furniture, our walls, our carpets, our lamps—with the same spirit as we design our automobiles and bathtubs. We would use the machine not to counterfeit handicraft, but to produce its equivalent by another method. This does not necessarily mean complete standardization; for machine-tools now turn out a bewildering variety of “styles,” and if the design of our furniture were really adapted to modern methods of production, and to our modern feeling for line and color, there is no inherent reason why it should produce but a single pattern. Here and there, in the design of textiles for instance, we are moving haltingly away from our subservience to ancient styles; but there is a perpetual danger, in the present infirmity of our taste, of a retrogression: every year I tremble lest a distinguished collector of antiques in Detroit should attempt to turn out an “early American” motor car; and at a recent exhibition of the Architectural League in New York I must record with regret the appearance of a stylized bathroom, with various arty and retrospective notes in its fittings. An occasional exhibition of expensive furniture in *le style moderne* is not very reassuring, either; for honest machine work is not hopelessly expensive; and our American designers, instead of designing directly for our needs and tastes, are now prepared to copy French modernism, if it becomes fashionable, just as they habitually copy antiques. In short, we shrink from the logic of the machine; yet without accepting it we cannot achieve new beauties, nor can we incorporate human purpose into the fabric of our present civilization.

On this point, European taste is now relatively cultivated; while American taste, by a paradox, has become antipathetic to machinery and tearfully sentimental about ages which did not boast our technical resources. Since the nineties our taste and art have been the product of a divided mind. On one

hand we wanted labor-saving devices, we wanted machine production, we wanted the telephone, the auto, the radio; in particular, we wanted the profits and dividends that could be derived from exploiting these technological ingenuities. Once we achieved these financial rewards, however, we turned an ostrich head to the process and all its contrivances; we use the means we have acquired to counterfeit, by hook or crook, the environment of the candle, the link-boy, the town-crier, and the log fire.

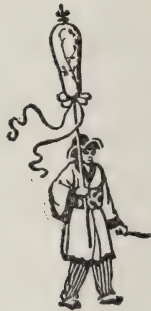
Our present habits of design are not so much dishonest, perhaps, as weak-minded. We have learned about the physiological value of sunlight, and we design windows that require curtains and hangings to shut it out; we know a little about the stimulus of color, and we throw brown varnish and dust over a good part of our furniture; we have machines that will produce clean surfaces and slick finishes, and wherever we have the opportunity we attempt to hack away this finish or to bespatter the surface with antique textures or with plasterer's smears. The architect who attempts to create an honest beauty in this environment is confronted by the necessity for designing afresh almost every fixture and article of furniture he needs; and although he may face the task boldly, as Mr. Wright has done in his country houses, as Mr. Barry Byrne has done in his churches, as Mr. Irving Pond did in the Michigan Union, as the late Bertram G. Goodhue did in his great public buildings—the odds are against him. Such a task is too big for any single individual; it needs a common æsthetic philosophy, a common tradition. A modern building requires the co-operation of about twenty crafts and technologies; and unless there is some general foundation of taste, the building will not, æsthetically, hold together. Is it an accident that we so often have twentieth-century kitchens, eighteenth-century dining rooms, and sixteenth-century studies?

American taste has a long journey

ahead of it before it catches up with its own leaders. Until we are ready to accept our limitations as living men and women, until we are willing to make our own mistakes, instead of clutching, for safety first, at our ancestors' achievements, we shall not go very far toward creating a coherent æsthetics and a significant art. Living primarily in its own time, an active taste must despise connoisseurship; it must show its respect for the past by leaving it where it belongs. Instead of sampling and gormandizing among the ancient banquets of art, taste must rather appreciate the healthy fare of its own day, touch all the products of its own day, and create for its own day. No object is too mean to receive the stamp of imaginative art; and one can only hope that the spirit of modern design will spread outward from our bathrooms and our kitchens into other departments!

When American taste recognizes that there is more æsthetic promise in a

McAn shoe store front, or in a Blue Kitchen sandwich palace than there is in the most sumptuous showroom of antiques, when it recognizes that such humble efforts are akin to good modern designs like Goodhue's Los Angeles Public Library or like Mr. Harmon's Shelton, we shall, perhaps, have the opportunity to create form throughout our civilization. Clean, devoid of archaic ornament, polished, efficient, carefully adapted to every human need, humane, friendly, a new sort of architecture—the architecture of the State Capitol at Lincoln, Nebraska, or the Hill Auditorium interior in Ann Arbor—has already begun to raise its head again in America, throwing off the tedious compromises and the pseudo-culture of the museum. With a little candor and a little sincerity such buildings and such art will perhaps flourish more widely, except where the canons of finance and the desire for “conspicuous waste” exert more urgent claims.







# REALISM: THE TRUE CHALLENGE OF FASCISM

BY LOTHROP STODDARD

**T**HAT Fascism militant challenges our times is generally understood. Yet the full extent of the challenge is hardly appreciated. Most persons see in Fascism a disturbing political portent. Few observers perceive that it also interrogates certain established ideas and ideals in startlingly novel fashion.

The reason for this inadequate appreciation is that, outside Italy, Fascism's critics and admirers alike err in neglecting its intellectual side. Fascist acts and policies are closely watched, and pronouncements of Mussolini are carefully read. But the logic of Fascist thought is seldom accorded the attention it deserves.

The prevailing opinion in the world to-day is that, while Fascism can act a-plenty, it has little new or constructive to say. In America, for instance, many people visualize the Fascisti as a bunch of political rough-necks, violently assaulting the Goddess of Liberty, and then adding insult to injury by giving her a dose of castor oil. Others look at Fascism as a strictly one-man show, with Mussolini cast in a role varying between Napoleon and the Kaiser. Still others regard Fascism as a sort of "White" Bolshevism, and see no essential difference between the present governments of Rome and Moscow. Even those who heartily endorse Fascism usually do so because of material benefits such as order and efficiency, and not because of any novel contribution to the stock of human ideas.

To the writer all this seems shortsighted, because his studies of Fascist thought and his personal contact with Fascist leaders have alike convinced him that Fascism has something to say which is bound to challenge our traditional thinking, regardless of how the present Fascist regime in Italy turns out. Mussolini may lead his people to disaster, and the Fascist government may collapse. Nevertheless, the intellectual challenge of Fascism as an attitude and philosophy of life will remain, and will have to be reckoned with throughout the civilized world.

## II

What, then, is this novel element which constitutes Fascism's true challenge to our times? It can be expressed in one word: *Realism*. The keynote of the Fascist philosophy (as distinguished from mere propagandist screeds or popular outbursts of emotion) is a thoroughgoing revolt against the sentimentality and phrase-worship of our age. Indeed, no better illustration of this realism can be given than by stating that, should any of Fascism's accredited spokesmen read these lines, they will undoubtedly register a mental protest against my use of the word "philosophy"; because so sternly realistic are the Fascisti that they deny having any such thing! Opposed to theorizing as they are, they consistently try to keep their minds from crystallizing around formulas of any kind, except as working hypotheses which they may scrap to-mor-

row. Similarly, tradition and emotion are recognized as useful tools and powerful stimuli; yet these are to be valued in a relative, not an absolute, sense.

That such uncompromising realism should enthrone itself in Italy may to many persons appear a singular paradox. Yet a moment's reflection should make it seem less exotic. Realism is not foreign to the Italian spirit. Beneath the luxuriant emotionalism of the Italian temperament there runs a strain of hard-headed practicality which often disconcerts those who do not know their Italians really well. Italian history is full of striking examples, from the cold diagnostics of Machiavelli to the shrewd *Realpolitik* of Cavour. And in the late war, when the other belligerents vied with one another in high-sounding slogans like "Kultur," "Rights of Small Nations," and "Making the World Safe for Democracy," was it not an Italian statesman who announced that "Sacred Egoism" determined his country's policy?

No, the Fascisti are genuine Italian products. What renders them especially noteworthy is that they stress and exalt one aspect of the national temperament which had hitherto been deemed of minor or occasional import. Yet their intellectual significance transcends Italy, since in formulating their realistic doctrine they have borrowed freely from other lands—from thinkers as far apart as Bismarck, Georges Sorel the syndicalist apostle, and our own William James. It is interesting to note the effect of James' "pragmatic" philosophy upon Fascist thought. James tersely defined pragmatism as: "Does it work?" Now that terse phrase is precisely the acid-test continually employed by Fascist leaders in considering their problems. Indeed, it largely characterizes Fascism's intellectual attitude toward the entire scheme of things.

Let us see how Fascist thinkers view our age. In their eyes the world has long been going on a wrong tack—especially since the days of Rousseau and

his fellows. For the past century and more, say the Fascisti, we have become increasingly obsessed by theoretical abstractions condensed into phrases or single words which we have set up like idols and to which we have superstitiously bowed down.

Consider some of our present-day idols. Their names are Democracy, Liberty, Equality, Inalienable Rights, Parliamentary Government, and more besides. Look at them closely. What do they really mean? In themselves, they mean nothing. Theoretical abstractions that they are, they have no concrete significance. Yet there they sit, like Gods in a heathen temple, paralyzing the creative thought and energy of mankind! Before them we meekly lay our problems.

Is this not so? Look you! A situation confronts us. What do we do? Do we study the special facts of the case and then act according to those facts in the light of our common sense? We may do this in our private lives, but we rarely act thus in public matters. Instead, we seek the will of our idols! In other words we strive to find a solution which shall be "democratic" or which will not offend such "sacred principles" as liberty and equality.

"What arrant nonsense!" cries Fascismo. "And—what dangerous nonsense, too! Such idolatrous blindness gets us nowhere; or, rather, lands us in a bog of troubles. Wherefore: Down with our idols! Down with Democracy! Down with Equality! Trample the somewhat decomposed body of Liberty! Out with the word 'Rights'—save, perchance, when coupled with the word 'Duties'! Sweep these false gods into the dust-bin along with the other fallen idols of the past! Thus, and thus only, may we clear our vision, free our common sense, and regain the path of true progress."

Such is the uncompromising "pragmatism" of Fascismo—a fierce revolt against precedent, formal logic, doctrinal authority, and phrase-worship of every



kind. To be sure, the Fascisti do not hesitate to use such things for propagandist purposes, to arouse popular enthusiasm and subdue the fickle passions of the crowd. But they do it with the tongue in the cheek, and this cynical disregard of consistency is, after all, another proof of their basic realism.

Here, indeed, is something new! For stark realism has often characterized closeted philosophers, and has even been enthroned in the person of an "enlightened despot" like Frederick the Great. But when has it inspired the ruling class in a modern State? There is a phenomenon with which our world must seriously reckon. It is a portent of far-reaching significance.

In the light of all this, how absurd appear current assertions that Fascism and Bolshevism spring from the same root. Despite certain similarities in method, the two movements are philosophically far asunder. For the Bolsheviks are not realists—they are subject to the most rigid dogmatism. No medieval Schoolmen were more bound by Scriptural texts and the authority of the Church Fathers than the Bolsheviks are by the gospel of Karl Marx, the glosses of Lenin, and the doctrine of economic determinism. Here again we see how necessary it is to go behind the acts and propaganda of the Fascist Government if we are to grasp the underlying spirit of Fascist thought and understand Fascism as a movement in the intellectual realm.

### III

With this aim in view, let us consider some of the matters wherein Fascism most sharply challenges traditional ideas. Perhaps the most striking instance is the Fascist attitude towards the doctrine of Nationalism. The outstanding feature of traditional nationalism has everywhere been a tendency to become a *doctrine*, suffused with patriotic mysticism and buttressed by *ex parte* historical precedents. From Ireland to Anatolia, your typical nationalist recognizes no

historical "statute of limitations" and sublimely ignores present-day realities. A French nationalist eloquently arguing his "right" to the left bank of the Rhine by citing the geography of Ancient Gaul and Charlemagne is just as dogmatic as Greek, Bulgarian, and Serbian nationalists "proving" their rival claims to Macedonia by dragging in everybody from Alexander the Great to Stephen Dushan. And the extraordinary thing is that these folk usually so persuade themselves by their own arguments that they really believe what they say.

Amid this general trend, Fascist nationalism presents an interesting variation. Of course, Fascism's nationalist aspirations are as grandiose as any others. The Fascisti are nothing if not patriotic; the power and glory of Italy are ever in their minds. And equally, of course, the Fascisti realize the emotional appeal of traditional methods and use them freely for propagandist purposes. The whole classic panoply to-day spread over Italy, with its symbolic fasces—the axe bound with rods, its legions, and its continual evoking of the imperial past are skillfully employed to get and keep the Italian people in what Fascist spokesmen describe as "a Roman mood."

And yet, despite all this, the fact remains that here as elsewhere the Fascist attitude is rooted in realism, so that at bottom Fascist nationalism is neither mystic nor dogmatic like that of its neighbors. To illustrate the difference I cannot do better than quote the remarks of a Fascist thinker, made to me during a conversation on this very point.

"I will explain to you," said he, "how our nationalism differs from the nationalism of most other peoples. Elsewhere you will find nationalism largely based upon abstract rights and historical precedents. We Fascisti disregard all this as beside the point. For us there are no abstract rights—not even the right of a nation to bare existence. A nation, like an individual, must deserve its existence—and must continue to deserve it. For example: We Fascisti do not claim that

our Italy acquires any special rights because, on this geographical area, there was a Rome, a *Cinquecento*, a *Risorgimento*; because its soil nourished a Dante or a Julius Cæsar. No. Our belief in Italy's present and future greatness rests upon what we living Italians are, do, and will do."

Cynical? "Machiavellian"? Certainly. But also—how bold—and how refreshingly novel! Here again we encounter a strain of original thinking which the world must take into account.

From Nationalism, let us turn to another field, that of Government. Here again we find Fascism entering the temple and laying profane hands upon another cherished idol—Parliamentary Democracy. During the past century popular representative government came to be regarded as a panacea for all political ills. Best developed and most successfully practiced by the English-speaking peoples, this type of government gained immense prestige throughout the world. In Continental Europe, in Latin America, and in the Orient it was the same story. Everywhere peoples aspired to set up legislatures elected by popular suffrage as the goal of political well-being. England was termed "The Mother of Parliaments," and the American Congress furnished a kindred model which was widely copied.

Unfortunately, many of these copyings did not yield the success of their Anglo-Saxon models. With some, the political machinery creaked badly, while others were obvious failures. In Italy parliamentarism was not a brilliant success. Political life was at once usurped by a caste of professional politicians who evolved the system known as *trasformismo*—a sublimated "pork barrel" which ate the heart out of the parliamentary regime. Divided into a number of political cliques based on personalities rather than principles, ministries were made up of shifting *blocs*—temporary party groupings, bound together more by desire for the spoils of office than by intention or ability to do any-

thing constructive once they were in power. The upshot was that Italian political life was extravagant, inefficient, and, above all, purposeless. As for the general public, it became increasingly bored and disgusted, but for a long time no practical alternative to the parliamentary regime suggested itself.

The war and its aftermath showed up the hollowness of Italian political life. Deeply disillusioned, Italy fell a prey to profound disorders threatening civil war or social revolution. The old political caste did nothing but temporize and play politics, thus proving itself wholly unable to cope with the situation. Then the Fascisti took a hand, overthrew the tottering government, and established a frank dictatorship.

Nowhere is Fascism's stark realism more strikingly exemplified than by its reflections upon government. Discarding phrases and getting down to the brass tacks of actuality, it asserts the following propositions: That the true aim of and reason for government is to do things and do things worth while; that the test of "good" government is, not abstract forms or particular institutions, but a government that will *work* in the above-stated sense; that the parliamentary regime adopted from England has not worked in Italy, but got steadily worse over more than half a century until the Fascisti threw it into the discard; that this long record of failure apparently proves that Anglo-Saxon parliamentarism is not suited to Italy; finally, that the only hope for the future is to face facts, study them, and try to evolve new political ideals and institutions more in harmony with the Italian mind and temperament. For the present, add the Fascisti, their dictatorship must continue, not only in order to imbue the Italian people with the Fascist philosophy but also because the post-war world is such a dangerous place and Italy is so badly situated therein that only a strong, patriotic regime can put Italy where she belongs or even save her from disaster.



## IV

Now, whether the Fascisti are right or wrong in their particular diagnosis of Italian politics does not here concern us. What we are interested in is the pragmatic, realistic view of government in general which is implied. To most Anglo Saxons, especially, such a view is apt to come as a rather startling novelty. Down to a few years ago, shortcomings in democratic institutions anywhere were wont to be ascribed, not to limitations in the idea itself, but to faulty or partial application. To critics of the democratic theory one stock answer was ordinarily made: "The remedy for democracy is more democracy!"

To-day we are not so sure. The ill-success of our institutions when transplanted to Latin America, the Orient, and even many parts of Europe, culminating in the downright repudiation of parliamentary democracy both in Fascist Italy and Bolshevik Russia, gives much food for reflection. After all, why should we assume that what is politically good for us is necessarily good for everyone else? May not the truth be that the world is big enough for several distinct types of government, suited to the respective temperaments and capacities of the various human groups? In other words, is not the pragmatic attitude toward government the only sound one to assume? But, once we adopt that attitude, the old shibboleth about the remedy for democracy being more democracy will (as applied to peoples of different caliber) be about as sensible as to assert: "The remedy for fits is more fits!"

Certainly, a dispassionate survey of the world would seem to show that capacity for our sort of government is really marked only in those peoples among whom it spontaneously arose. These are the peoples of North-European stock—the stock to-day best represented by the Anglo Saxons, the Scandinavians, and the Dutch. Throughout their history the North-European peoples have

shown an instinctive tendency towards democratic self-government. The constitutional history of England is a commonplace, and wherever Anglo Saxons have gone it has been the same story. One of the most significant lines ever penned on this matter is the casual remark of an early English colonial official that, a few years after the colony was founded, "a House of Burgesses *broke out* in Virginia." No legislature had been specified in the colony's charter, but, almost immediately, one *happened*! Those transplanted Englishmen *broke out* into self-government as spontaneously and inevitably as a bird breaks forth into song.

Furthermore, this political tendency is not confined to Anglo Saxons, but is shared by their blood-relatives of kindred stocks, as is abundantly shown by the history of the Dutch and Scandinavian peoples. Indeed, the most extreme example of democratic self-government in all human annals is furnished, not by the Anglo Saxons, but by the purely Scandinavian people of Iceland.

Iceland is by nature about the last place that one would look for a record in democratic self-government. This strange island of snow-fields and volcanoes, lying far away in the recesses of the Arctic Ocean, is so poor and barren that it might seem offhand as though its sparse, scattered population would be too oppressed by the struggle for bare existence to have time for corporate life or thought. Also, the first Norse settlers were culturally on a very primitive level. They were rude viking-farers, addicted to piracy, worshipping heathen gods, and quite out of touch with European civilization. Yet those rough barbarians who landed on the bleak Icelandic coasts over a thousand years ago had in their blood a strain of political efficiency which enabled them to found a republic of a most extraordinary kind. This republic had as its sole organs of government a legislature and a court. Neither an executive nor a police force was needed. The elected representa-

tives of the people met and decided what should be done and how the law should read. The court interpreted disputed questions arising under the law. The people voluntarily did the rest. And this extraordinary government endured successfully for several centuries.

Let us now consider yet another instance where Fascism invades the temple and assails perhaps an even more cherished idol: Equality. "All men are created equal!" That is a slogan which has stirred the enthusiasm of countless millions and which has profoundly influenced our ideals and institutions. Yet against this popular doctrine Fascismo raises an uncompromising challenge. To "Equality!" the Fascisti oppose the watchword: "*Gerarchia!*"

*Gerarchia*. That is the Italian word for "hierarchy." And it implies a theory of society which flouts equalitarian democracy in no uncertain fashion. Instead of preaching men's equality, Fascism stresses their inequality. Men being thus unequal, democracy, in the ordinary sense of the word, is an unrealizable absurdity. The Fascisti's ideal social structure takes the form, not of a level plain, but of a towering pyramid. They glimpse a society in which individuals shall be graded according to their natural capacities and limitations. Over a year ago the Fascist Government announced a policy of careful selection of the most talented youth in the schools and colleges, who were to form the nucleus of a new Fascist aristocracy destined to rule Italy.

Now here again, has not Fascism said something which must reverberate portentously in the intellectual sphere? For, whatever may be the outcome of the Fascist Government's neo-aristocratic experiments, Fascism's challenge to doctrinaire equalitarianism is in accord with the trend of scientific discovery. Modern science proclaims in no uncertain

tones that men are *not* created equal; that, on the contrary, men are born with an infinite diversity of inherited abilities and deficiencies ranging all the way from the genius to the idiot, and that however important environment and training may be, these can only work within the limits of the inborn capacity which the individual inherits from his ancestry. Of course, this is recognized and appreciated by scientists and well-informed laymen the world over. But in most countries these scientific findings have had little effect on politics, which is still swayed by the equalitarian, environmentalist notions of past times. Italy is the first instance of a modern nation ruled by men who have definitely repudiated the equalitarian tradition. If Italy's rulers become correspondingly alive to the importance of scientific discoveries of human values and translate them into positive legislation, Fascist Italy may show the world some surprising results.

Such are the outstanding items in Fascism's challenge to our times. Can any dispassionate observer deny that here is a real challenge that must profoundly affect modern thought, whatever may be the destiny of the Fascist Government installed in Rome to-day? Errors of judgment, blunders, excesses, even sheer bad luck, may bring "Il Duce" and his followers to disaster; nevertheless, the group of thinkers and doers headed by Mussolini have "started something" in the intellectual world more far-reaching, perhaps, than they themselves imagine. *Eppur si muove!*

Fascism's realistic, pragmatic temper, brutal and cynical though it may sometimes be, has a distinct tonic value. Lastly, even if Fascism be considered an exaggerated protest, it is at least a healthy, virile protest against the sentimentality and phrase-worship of our age.





## “LOVE’S PILGRIMAGE”

A STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

MRS. POORE’S last instructions, uttered from her sofa in a weak voice, followed Mabel through the door. “Don’t forget we need some more of those P’s for your towels, Mabel. And be sure to get back in time for the Strawberry Festival. I don’t feel able to go, and father will probably stay with me, and Abner’ll be studying.” Then silence in the hall as Mrs. Poore recaptured her blessed somnolence.

Once released to the street, Mabel drew a deeper breath. She did not wholly dislike her home, nor did she quarrel with her family. Mabel, however, had not the constructive mind, and her soft youth found it hard to mould the heavy clay of daily life. Had Mrs. Poore kept her health Mabel’s existence might have been different, though it could hardly have been transcended. She was on a leash to that figure on the sofa, and the leash jerked her back from the shortest flight. Without the responsibility of management, with no great burden of housework, Mabel was none the less a serf to her mother’s weakness, to the chronic danger of a collapse. Except for a few church festivities, Mrs. Poore had withdrawn from social encounters. Inevitably her daughter had to fill the gaps, yet she could not bring her young friends to riot in a house perpetually haunted by a headache. No wonder Mabel, desiring the University, but desiring it too weakly to struggle, had seen marriage as a way out. Only this last year she had yielded to

perplexity, convention, and sex, and had engaged herself to Jim Waite—to six feet of acquisitiveness which thought it could presently support a wife in modest fashion and knew that marriage was in all ways good for a man of his mould. Jim was caught by Mabel’s delicate prettiness, her shy and fastidious, though ill-educated, personality. He foresaw himself, as a husband, making love to her with complete satisfaction; and he foresaw no future of disillusion. Mabel would become a pleasant habit, an efficient wife, a creditable mother. They would simmer down into middle age together more happily than most. They would live at first in a bungalow: a new one, electrified almost to the danger-point. Jim’s conception of social comfort and romantic passion were of the bungalow type and just bungalow size. With the solid stucco mansion he looked forward to in later life, he would enter on the patriarchal stage. He expected to grow in girth—physically, morally, financially.

Jim could not know that Mabel, far weaker than he, was beauty-struck; that she spent her private hours on visions of delicate and useless things—manners, moonlight, and pearls; that she dreamed of love approaching her through long and stately vistas, mere distance delaying his impetuous feet. So far, with the pathetic resignation of untried youth, she had kept her dreams apart from life. She felt, from the beginning, no aversion to Jim’s decently ardent embrace. But, separated as they were, and still must

be for a few months to come—until Jim should be permanently settled in the home office—she had few opportunities to inoculate herself with passion against the ubiquitous germ of sentiment. Jim was away from Meadville, working hard for marriage and the bungalow in the autumn; but anywhere in America, on any given day, you had a good chance of finding Harold Hartwell. There is nothing lazy about Harold.

There was chitter-chatter in the lobby as Mabel entered the movie theatre, for Mabel was not alone in her devotion to Harold. The star could presumably have eaten a shredded heart for breakfast every morning and not have depleted the supply. Unlike the others, however, Mabel never discussed her feeling: it was too profound and troubling. She greeted her friends, wishing they were not there. Yet how should they not be? for Harold was Harold. Beatrice boldly parked her pram and carried baby Beatrice in on her arm. Miriam’s engagement ring shone as she pulled her hair farther over her ears. Lillie Kramer, who was fat, provided herself with chocolates at the counter.

“Will we all sit together, girls?” she asked, as she hesitated between boxes of different size.

“Not me,” Beatrice laughed. “I’m going to sit near the door, so I can come out if baby cries. You go along. I’ve got no business to be here anyway, only I just had to see him walk into the pavilion again when he doesn’t know Fifi’s there.”

“I like to sit nearer than you do,” Mabel said. “Perhaps I’ll see you afterwards.” These were the last days, at the Meadville theatre, of “Love’s Pilgrimage.” She couldn’t share a thrill like that. When the film was over, she slipped through the crowd, dodging her friends, and reached her home by unaccustomed ways.

Perhaps it would have been wiser for Mrs. Poore not to insist on the Strawberry Festival, but wisdom was no large part of Mrs. Poore’s equipment. Most

of Mabel’s friends belonged to other churches than her own, and Mollie Waite, red as a strawberry herself with pious effort, was no substitute for Beatrice or Miriam. It struck Mabel, as she looked about on the peculiar social aspect of the festival, that this was Jim Waite’s crowd, not hers. Nor did the consumers of strawberries forget to remind her, by questions concerning Jim and herself that were like so many elbow-digs into her slim body. This was the kind of thing Jim liked: decent merriment under the protection of a common creed. Mabel narrowed her eyes, as she sat withdrawn for a moment of rest, and tried to imagine Harold Hartwell in these surroundings. Harold, in polo togs, Harold in evening clothes, very bored, Harold starting his car with a divine and perfect carelessness, Harold in a crimson cloak on some sea-coast of Bohemia—Harold, whose every gesture set him above all men and all women save the chosen one.

Her eyes opened quickly as a voice spoke into her very ear. It was Mollie Waite, Jim’s cousin. “Say, Mabel, your mother told me she was going to get all your kitchen ware in Warner’s June sale. Of course, I don’t want to criticize Mrs. Poore, but, honestly, I believe you’d do better to go over to Milford, even if Mrs. Poore can’t go with you. Mother’d love to go, if you wanted her to. Between you and me, Reuben Warner’s only having that sale to get rid of his granite ware. I’d say, start right in with aluminum. It’s cheaper in the end, and I know Jim’s great on a nice-looking kitchen. I wouldn’t have a thing but aluminum and pyrex if I were you.”

Mabel rose, controlling herself. “I guess I can’t get much interested in kitchen things, Mollie. Maybe your mother and my mother had better manage it. I don’t care what they do as long as I don’t have to spend time looking at the stuff.”

Mollie smiled cheerfully. “I guess I know how you feel, Mabel. Clothes are



a lot more interesting. But a whole lot of a young woman's married life, at first, does get spent in her kitchen. If I had one of my own, I'd make it just like Dorothy Delafield's, in *The Woman's Oracle*. Then I'd want to be there, as well as having to."

"Nothing could make me want to stay with aluminum," shivered Mabel. "If Jim likes it, he can get it himself."

Mollie, who had not an ounce of malice in all her pounds of plumpness, laughed. "I guess anything you say will go with Jim, now. But I can tell you, you won't get much past your honeymoon without finding you need a double-boiler. You'll burn Jim's oatmeal, sure as fate, if you cook it in anything else."

"If Jim wants a double-boiler in the house, Mollie, he'll have to get it himself. I hate everything that was ever cooked in one of the miserable things. But you may be right about Warner's sale."

Mollie was called off to replenish the cake at a distant table. Most parishioners had omitted supper at home, and the men were eating nobly. As she went, she patted Mabel's shoulder. "Well, just you think about Milford. I can tell you, they're using plenty of double-boilers downstairs to-night for cocoa." Her laughter trailed comfortably behind her—like a smell of good cooking, Mabel thought.

"Milford"—the suggestion stuck in Mabel's mind. A little more freedom. She'd remember that. Beatrice, too, had said they were going to have a whole Harold Hartwell week in Milford pretty soon. She saw an elderly deacon approaching her. Almost unintentionally, she slipped behind a rubber plant and, under cover of greenery and screens, made her way to the vestibule and a side door of the church building. Mollie was vulgar, double-boilers were vulgar, strawberries were vulgar—Jim, bungalows, weddings, religion, everything in her destiny was vulgar. Flushed suddenly from head to foot, her

young blood rising in spiritual protest, she stood outside in the darkness. She would die—there and then her disgusted heart would burst—if she could not find something else to touch. Her young eyes could see the City Hall clock, and her young ears hear the Oak Avenue trolley-car. She sped to the corner in time to stop it. Ten minutes later, both flushed and chilled, she huddled in a theatre seat, waiting for Harold Hartwell, doomed and beautiful, to approach the pavilion of his fate.

Mabel never went to the "last show," so that the audience was strange to her—and not pleasant. The workers and the wasters constituted it. These were not the devotees: they were only passing an evening. All the more, she could give herself to the picture. All the tragedy, the beauty, the grace passed from the silver sheet, as by a rigid channel, to her alone. For her only that brilliant shape was eloquent; for her pleasure he made delicate love to Fifi; he paced, he smiled, he shrugged, that she and she alone might understand. Vaguely, through the choking emotions of her evasion and her peace, Mabel apprehended the fact that art profits only in appreciation of it. By her understanding, her worship, her deep delight, she was alone—alone in the theatre, alone in the world, alone in space—with Harold Hartwell. If she had heard a movie magnate rate Harold's sex-appeal as ninety-nine per cent, she would have thought him as vulgar as the peanut-chewing wop in front of her. Jim Waite and the bungalow were sex; this—she could have sobbed with the intensity of her knowledge—was the pure dream, a life above life, a burning reality—elsewhere. Poor Mabel in her ignorance struggled towards a Platonic apprehension. She would not have liked, even in that tense moment, to think herself in love with Harold Hartwell. She denied a phrase that involved men and women as they are—Harold's daily life no less than her own. Ecstatic, aching to the core with undefined longings, she

hovered over the abyss into which the exhausted mind must eventually let the body fall. As Harold passed slowly through the great garden, she was glad none of the girls were there to share his revelation.

Mabel had no tears for Harold's death (in "Love's Pilgrimage" he was allowed to die). If the flat screen gives your beloved forever to another woman, it also keeps him forever safe from the perils it exhibits. That handsome youth with his keen mimetic power was even then, as Mabel knew, making "Devil-Bound" in a West Coast studio. Oh, yes, she could bear the tragic ending; she, who would never see him in the flesh or look into his eyes, and would not have taken such opportunity had it come her way, for fear of losing something dearer. Mabel was an æsthete without experience of beauty. She had never heard great music, seen a great picture, a fine statue, a gifted actor, even a beautiful building. All culture had passed her by. Had the demiurge permitted her to remould the world, she could have thought out no gorgeous plan. With a vague, childish gesture, she would have placed Harold Hartwell in the foreground, and commanded man and nature to harmonize with him. No other emphatic beauty had come her way. The Praxitelean Hermes has disqualified all living males these many years, yet no woman jilts her man for love of that divine brow. Mabel may be forgiven for not knowing that she betrayed Jim Waite in every waking hour. What can a passion which looks to no consummation in earth or heaven do to a husband; and if Harold was sophisticating her, was it not Jim who would handle the sophisticated heart? The owner of the bungalow might as well resent the west wind.

The elder Poores had retired behind darkened windows when Mabel reached her own door and found the latch key in its hiding place. Abner's room was lighted, and she climbed to his third-story lair where somehow he was un-

comfortable but free. Tousled and sweating, he admitted her. "Math" lay heavy upon his spring nights, for it would take very high grades to get him past his parents to the university.

"Been to the festival?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Mother kind of wanted me to go, but I can't afford the time. Glad you went. She'll want to hear all about it, and I couldn't have told her a thing. Sorry you had to be the goat."

"I'm used to it." Mabel pulled off her hat and fanned herself with it.

"I guess that's so. But, honest, Mabel, I've got to get on top of this stuff if I'm going to make the U."

"I know."

"Besides, it's your crowd. I mean—women like that sort of thing, don't they? They wouldn't always be doing it if they didn't. I wouldn't have a darned thing to say."

"Yes, I can talk to Mollie Waite about hardware."

Abner did not miss the bitterness. "Well, gosh, Mabe, I'm sorry, but whenever I hear any women talking, they always are talking about things like that. I suppose, when you're going to get married, they *are* kind of exciting."

The patronage in Abner's tone was too much. "A lot you know about it, Ab."

He defended himself. "Well, last time Beatrice was here to supper, you all went on for ten minutes about three yards of lace, or something. I thought we'd never get through that meal."

Mabel remembered the ineffable draperies of Fifi, revealing so delicately to her knight what he so delicately, in the great hour, would take.

"Oh, say, Mabel, Jim called up, mother said. He's bought the bungalow, and he'll be over to sign the papers to-morrow. Got to go right back."

"Um-humph." Those witcheries of satin, those high, panelled halls looking upon moonlight and water, those gleaming spaces across which Harold ap-



proached his love—and, in their meeting, all peril, sweetness, ardor, doom . . . Love gravely given, blood greatly shed, every gesture fit to cease upon forever . . . Six rooms and bath, tiled kitchen and breakfast nook, twin beds and chifforobe, ceilings Jim could almost touch, aluminum . . . She drew her breath hard and bit her lip. Easy moisture came to her eyes. To-morrow she would have to look at that bungalow again, hear Jim Waite call it “ours.” She loved Jim, but—

“I’m going to bed,” Mabel said. “I don’t suppose you have any money you could lend me, Ab?”

“Well, I’m no Croesus. I’ve got a little left from what I earned in the vacation. Somep’n special?”

“Yes. Private. Mother seems to think if I buy a sundae I ought to have bought a yard of towelling instead. She never loses track of a cent, you know.”

“Gee, I bet that’s so. Well”—he searched in a tin box that stood on his bureau, and presently handed her a ten-dollar bill—“here you are.”

“Thanks awfully. Good luck with the geometry.” Mabel spoke mechanically. Suddenly she straightened a little. “I do hold out money sometimes, Abner. But it only comes out of me in the end. I haven’t any allowance, and Mother doles out money for my ‘things.’ Sometimes I’d rather go to a movie and have one less kitchen spoon. I’ve got to live, after all.”

“Sure you have.” He was already fingering his open book and adjusting the shade over his eyes. “It’s a shame when a girl can’t have a job of her own. Well, you’ll be married before long.”

The words followed Mabel to her own room. She would be married before long; and then she could not ask Abner for money—only Jim. She would keep Jim’s house, cook his food, make him comfortable. She would receive from Jim shelter, food, clothing—and children, which are an equivocal gift. She supposed there would have to be some

definite arrangement about money. If there wasn’t—well, she’d have to hold out on Jim’s doles as she did now on her mother’s. She hated such devices and subterfuges; not so much morally as æsthetically. All lies should be great lies. The petty detail of life did not deserve one’s powers of invention.

Jim Waite came for a few hours, to make the bungalow his own, then went. Mabel inspected it with him afresh, and felt for the first time the imminence of her certain future. Jim was gravely ardent: a man who felt deeply the pride of possession, distinguishing what was his from all its congeners. Now that he had signed the papers, he was no longer aware that his house was precisely like six others in a row. It was magnified in his eyes, and in his eyes it magnified him. He placed Mabel in the open doorway, and walked ritually up the path from the gate. She smiled perforce on his sentiment. “That’s where you’ll be when I come home to supper,” he murmured, making the new porch steps his own with his tread. And Mabel’s shocked eyes blurred with the knowledge that no more graceful step would ever mount them, that in a house like this no fair encounters need be looked for. She saw herself coerced to the very quality of her future home. Hardly from such a vantage point could she let her dreams loose. The walls, the floors, the ceilings would push and pull and mould her; an incorporeal heart would be crushed upon the tiles. Not in these words did the stifling prophecy come to her. Mabel Poore could feel trapped, constricted, the prey of duty and not its gallant servant, but could name her plight hardly more than an animal. The dumb beast can shiver, pant, suffer; and so did she—with the sad difference that she knew what duty was, and that her duty had been freely chosen by her, and for her was right. Like the moth, she must beat up towards the light; unlike the moth, she knew the folly of it.

She saw Jim off at the station. He

took her flush, the liquid eagerness of her eyes, for an emotion all his own. He did not know that she was counting every step of the quarter mile that lay between her and "Love's Pilgrimage" . . . if she hurried she could arrive almost as soon as the feature came on. Jim bent to her, and there was as much tenderness, for once, in his acquisitive and faithful heart as Harold Hartwell ever shaped into a comely gesture. "Say, Mabel," he whispered, "perhaps we could make it July, after all. I guess I've got pull enough to get my vacation changed. You could get a move on with your things. Talk to your mother about it, honey." The puffing engine, the noise of embarkation, forced all quality from his voice. It was a harsh murmur in her ears, issuing from a cloud of steam—an impersonal hint, a supernatural threat. He swung on to the train, waving his hand. July. It was now almost June. Mabel, turning away, saw that it did not matter. A three-months leash, a three-weeks leash, were alike. Jim was so good . . . she loved him . . . she would be happy, as other girls were happy. But oh, God, let her store up enough beauty meanwhile to go on with!

That, we admit, is Mabel Poore to some extent interpreted. As she hurried to the theatre she herself was conscious chiefly of futile and desperate planning: planning to work her way to her preferred seat; planning to shop in Milford, where there was sure to be at least a return engagement of "Love's Pilgrimage"; planning to spend no real thought, in the time left her, on clothes and furnishings, but to reserve her heart wholly to the sweet, undutiful dream. She could twist her mother to the idea of Milford shopping; and she had ten dollars her mother knew nothing of. Mabel stopped in the lobby and made up her face carefully. She had never made up to enchant Jim Waite's eyes, but with her new power of feeling herself alone in space with Harold, she made up for him—and when the brooding

close-ups came, and his very eyes searched the dark theatre, she could feel that Harold was content with her apple-blossom cheek, her carved and vivid mouth. A girl could let herself go for a few, few weeks, could she not, and do no harm? This was no man—only a picture, a wraith, an emanation from a creature almost antipodeally remote. Jim Waite was a man. Mabel, who would not have let herself be kissed or pulled about by any male save her own betrothed, leaned back, tinted face upward, rouged lips parted, relaxed like Danaë to the golden shower.

Mrs. Poore fell in with Jim's plan, since it gave her the vision of peace more immediate, an unencumbered sofa, the bride's litter out of the house, and the bride returning free to minister to her mother. She fussed more than ever, but over fewer things. When the dress-maker was once established in the house, she sent Mabel more frequently to Milford. It lessened the strain. Mabel went dutifully, spreading her shopping very thin, for there were other things in Milford than shops. The day of hardware inevitably came. No woman is quite indifferent to what she will personally wear, but furnishing her kitchen is a test of other emotions. Unless she positively likes to cook—Mabel hated it—she must hang each utensil on a great devotion or loathe it. With a terrible catalogue in her hand, Mabel took a listless departure, one early June morning. "Kettles (two-quart, four-quart, and six-quart), meat-chopper, frying-pans, bread-board, knives, spoons, soap-strainer, sieve, potato-masher, two double-boilers"—there was no end to the hard, ugly objects. Two double-boilers—it stunned her, though her mother had carefully explained why there must be two. Custards and such there are, as well as cereals.

There come moments to all of us when the personality splits itself, and contexts grow negligible as well as strange. Usually we rush and reach and stretch desperate arms to bring our scattered



parts together again at once, for integrity is integrity though it be pain, and there is nothing more terrifying than a familiar background saying unfamiliar things. On the fresh breath of morning such a moment came to Mabel; and for very joy of feeling the list a mere passing insult, for the sheer release of lost connotation, she prolonged the moment deliberately—let her self divide and spread like quicksilver about the breezy shaded street. Her feet knew her path and took it; she walked on briskly. Knowledge, indeed, came back to her: it was her list, and she was Jim Waite's bride, on her way to Milford to furnish his kitchen. But compulsion had gone. The dreaming Mabel, who was ever reaching out for that truth which is beauty and has nothing to do with most of us, was now on top.

At a news stand Mabel bought both Milford and Big Falls papers. You reached Big Falls by trolley from Milford in half an hour. She entered Joe Snedeker's drug store and ate a sundae while she turned the pages. Harold Hartwell week was over in Milford—well, that she knew. Had she not gone nearly every day last week? But the Elite Theatre of Big Falls was running "Love's Pilgrimage" for three days. She tore out the advertisement, for she was little acquainted with Big Falls, and it was a larger town than Milford or Meadville. Also, turning her back on the storekeeper, she removed Abner's ten-dollar bill from an envelope in her stocking. She had borrowed the money against an unknown vague emergency. Now, for the first time, she knew just what she wanted to do with it. For, as she had walked, divided, in her bright dream, one of the whims that are common property of youth had taken shape, stressed itself, become possible. The Mabel who was on top saw herself, for the first time, in a world where you satisfied such whims, possessed your heavy handful of insurance, faced romantic perils with romantic weapons.

She had always wanted one, and so had most of the girls—but now she, Mabel, was going to have it. As if she were Fifi.

"Shopping hard, I s'pose, Mabel?" Joe Snedeker leaned over the counter and smiled at his kid sister's friend.

"Yes. I've got to go to Milford for some things." Mabel smiled back at Joe and crooked a finger. He followed her behind the screen, and they whispered for a few moments.

"Thanks ever so much, Joe," Mabel said as she emerged. "I don't know much about these things, and I was afraid, if I asked Weed's to sell me one, they'd say I had to have a permit, or they'd ask Father about it, or something. Then it just struck me you were sure to keep one in the store, and maybe you'd sell me yours. I can explain to you, and I couldn't to them, down at Weed's. Mother'd have a fit, if she knew, and Jim—well, Jim mightn't see any sense in it, either. I'll be alone so much, I'll feel safer with one. You know how it is, these days. People push right in and hold you up—do it all the time. Look at what happened last week, down at Wilson's."

"That's so, Mabel. Anybody who keeps a cash register knows all about it. I'm going down to Weed's myself, this noon, and get me another. Any woman who's alone in her house a lot ought to have one. I think you're darn sensible." He handed her a bill, and she waved her hand jauntily at him as she passed into the street and turned the corner to the car station.

Mrs. Poore's cowed and dutiful daughter was a bit of quicksilver that had rolled away into an inaccessible corner, though much of Mabel was reassembled and functioning. The Mabel who made up for Harold Hartwell, who kept a secret scrapbook full of his avatars, the Mabel that yearned for moonlight and pearls and delicate gestures was using this young body now for her own purposes. This Mabel had no plan beyond the next few hours. Sufficient was the

enchantment of behaving as she chose. Since her mother had given her money for certain necessary objects, they were bought—most of them—paid for, and the address given for delivery. But she did not connect them painfully with herself. She did not even mind buying a double-boiler when it gave her no image of herself using it. Fifi might, in her time, have stocked an orphanage. Rid as she was of that other Mabel, she felt like Fifi. Her sudden sly purchase from Joe Snedeker had been half Fifi—the one romantic purchase she had ever made. It lifted her into Fifi’s world, where people have the courage of their predilections. It brought her almost on a level with Harold Hartwell, who knew what he wanted and let no fiends stay him. It was a gay Mabel who strolled so free through the Milford streets.

Mabel bought a large packet of sandwiches for lunch, intending to eat on the Big Falls trolley and save time. The Elite Theatre ran a continuous performance, which meant that if she could endure news reels and comedies she need never leave the theatre until it was time to start for home. Knowing “Love’s Pilgrimage” by heart, she did not care when she entered or when she left. Mabel thought of the picture only as the vehicle for Harold, the means of his apparition. She had no curiosity for plots, and felt no weariness in repetition. If you adored Jean Borotra or Paavo Nurmi, you would not be bored by iteration of lobs and sprints. You would be seeing your hero. The difference between seeing the beloved and not seeing him is the only difference that matters. So with Mabel, who asked only, safe in the dark theatre, to behold that face and form indefinitely. In dull intervals she ate sandwiches and flexed her stiff muscles.

Even the most sophisticated movie-fans (and glib they are) do not explain why a given picture is never twice alike, but so it is. Mabel had seen “Love’s Pilgrimage” in Meadville and in Milford; she knew it, as was said, by heart.

Yet it so happened that never, until she sat in the Elite Theatre, had she beheld the brief scene of meditation by the lake, when the hero makes his dread decision. In those other versions the problem is slurred; you are permitted to suppose that he casts off the lesser, the obvious, duty from sheer impulse. Here at Big Falls, for the first time, she saw him hesitate, suffer, and determine; saw him pace the strand, saw the match-flare light his tortured handsome face, saw him wrought upon, in solitude, by inward devils, saw him choose the fatal way for beauty’s sake alone. Those other times, he had seemed to be the victim of super-malignities, but here, in a hundred feet of film, he was making the beautiful, inhuman choice. The welling, spilling tears destroyed her apple-blossoms, were salt on the curved lips. She had never seen him like this before. For a long time she had understood him; now, for the first time, by these far-fetched analogies, he seemed to bend forward and understand her, caught even as she was caught, and insisting, through his pain, on all that the world would laugh to scorn. Harold on the screen, in those moments by the lake, admitted that the dream was better than life. Preached it, indeed, with those shadowed eyes and mobile lips, leaning to her to search her spirit and drive his message home. All of us clutch strange gospels from the fiery air, and Mabel was shaken by prophecy. The rest of the film was different now—she read it in the light of the hitherto omitted scene. Panelled halls and marble vistas were but as breakfast nooks and double-boilers. The film went on its splendid way, and she fixed her eyes—roughly wiped, so as not to blur—on every gesture, as of old; with this difference, that now she could not bid it a final farewell and wait for “Devil-Bound.” She must see that scene again, and know if it was true. She must again endure bird-sanctuaries, and Felix the Cat. Or must she? Had she not better go out and get food and drink in



the dull hour? She could be sure of a good seat if she came back early.

Mabel washed her face in the dressing-room and wandered into the strangely sunlit air to find a drug store. More sandwiches and something cold to drink would serve her turn. She had to go some distance before she found the right place. There, sitting on a high stool, she ate mechanically and quenched her profound thirst at leisure. Her bag slid heavily to the floor. Before she could locate and retrieve it, it was pounced on by an ugly youth on his way to the door. He grinned impudently at her as he passed it over someone's shoulder to her—as if he had known of her purchase from Joe Snedeker, lying within. No wonder, she thought, it clanked as it dropped. It had been heavy on her wrist all day, and now seemed heavier than ever, she was so tired. She did not even open it to put in her change, but walked back to the theatre slowly, holding the price of her admission in her hand. She was hot, in spite of her quenched thirst. How could people deliberately add to the horrors of summer by "saving" daylight? Jim liked the device. She pursed her lips. There was one good thing about it: she would get home late if she saw "Love's Pilgrimage" again, and Mrs. Poore, who wouldn't worry about her until after dark, would have a briefer period to worry in. It was a necessity, now, beyond all other necessities, to receive that gospel again. If she saw the pictured meditation, the pictured decision, once more, she might gather from it some hint of how to keep her own integrity in a bungalow. Harold understood . . . he leaned forward and breathed to her his knowledge that the dream was ultimately the great thing in life. Mabel had never sanctified Harold Hartwell before, but now she took a message from him as directly and faithfully as if he had been an angel—sent, as angels literally are. It was a gorgeous bit of acting—we must grant Harold that—and in that moment of his

career he seemed, to a million hearts, to bend forward and comfort the hope, encourage the secret desperation, within them. Two little Javanese girls in Batavia were to take a strange bidding from him, and a hard-pressed woman in Prague, quite another.

The moment came and passed, and Mabel opened her bag for a handkerchief to wipe her tears. Harold, a shadow among shadows, was now entering the pavilion. She could not stay for the last performance, and she might as well go now, so she rose, dabbing her eyes, and walked up the aisle. Back in the lighted lobby, she folded her handkerchief and opened the bag wider to replace it. The stark light showed her that the bills were gone. She ransacked the little bag hastily in a corner—no doubt about it, the ugly youth in the drug store had swept out her cash before returning it to her. She was penniless in Big Falls.

Even then, in that numb moment, she did not become the cowed and dutiful daughter again, though the cowed and dutiful daughter, the bride-to-be of Jim Waite, the girl dedicated to strawberry festivals and breakfast nooks, came and stood beside the captain of her soul. The heroine of the day looked at that other Mabel, and saw what that other Mabel would do if she took over captainship. The police station, of course, and a telephone message. Abner would be sent for her in a car, probably. It would be too late for him to fetch her back by trolley. Explanations—for the parcels would arrive on the morrow from Milford to explain that she had not gone to Big Falls to shop. Gossip (since Mrs. Poore never held her tongue), Jim Waite inevitably knowing the tryst she had gone to keep—"running off to Big Falls to see Harold Hartwell and getting her pocket picked"—guffaws and frowns. She wasn't a child of sixteen; there were things you couldn't with dignity do in June if you were to be married in July. A "crush" on Harold Hartwell; moonstruck foolishness—her secret

affection, her maiden vision, her poor shimmering dream of beauty, chidden, rent, pawed, and slobbered over with crude, misunderstanding hints. Anything to delay all that. . . . Chin up, she walked back out of the lobby into the auditorium. Let them worry; let Abner come, at midnight instead of mid-evening. If she had got to go through all that, she would see her angel once more. It would be a long, long time before Mabel Poore could see Harold Hartwell again. This bride would have, in self-protection, to stay away from "Devil-Bound." She would go back and experience once again that divine instant of understanding, when the hero leaned to her and solaced in her what Meadville scorned.

It was eleven when Mabel came out with the slowly surging crowd. She had seen the film three times that day, and those pictured scenes were more real and accustomed than the lighted streets of Big Falls. Big Falls indeed might have been the picture, and that other a place where she had often been, knew her way about, and was known. She could have walked through those gardens to the pavilion where Fifi waited, never missing a step; could have seized the satin cloak that lay on a velvet bench and hidden herself in the deep embrasure of one great window open to the moon; could have eavesdropped, watching the lake; and all would have been quite easy. Easier, far, than finding the Big Falls police station, by the directions the usher gave her.

She walked, indeed, north instead of south, having misunderstood. So many blocks, then you turned to the right. She counted the blocks mechanically, as she made a blind way through the thinning streets. The shops were dark, and there was only the movie crowd going home—dwindling from block to block, so that she was almost alone. Shops ended; then, a few houses; then, where she was supposed to turn to the right, she came upon a park. At her right was blackness. Certainly

she had misunderstood, come to the straggling limit of Big Falls life. No police station was, or would be, here. There was a gleam beyond her, but of no electric light—the risen moon shining on a tiny artificial lake. No one she could ask; no car to take, even if she had carfare. It might be an hour before she got to the police station—midnight, indeed. She saw herself wandering until dawn. She would sit and think for a moment, beside the little lake. Finding an iron bench, she did so, facing the moon. Mabel was very tired, and in this solitude of new-made park, frightened. Yet she must rest before she could turn back upon her way. Later and later—perhaps the police station wouldn't even be open. And when, oh, when, would she ever get there? Except for frightening them so at home, it would be better to wait where she was until morning. She was no more afraid of the park than of empty streets. Stop here, of course, she couldn't, really: they must be worried already, and her mother might collapse. Hours, it was, since supper.

A little unsteadily, she rose, to start back to the centre of the town. Her parents' trouble drew her. With the sudden pity for that, came a quick vision of all that would already have taken place—the neighbors, all her friends, the whole town roused. Not only Jim but everyone would know of Mabel Poore's adventure. She could invent nothing to put them off the track, cover up her poor heart. To the simple "Why?" what could she say, except the truth? She had neither acquaintance nor business in Big Falls. She would be marked for a fool; Jim would be pitied.

Still unsteadily she walked along the shore of the little lake that lapped so gently at her feet. A sudden noise in some shrubs on the other side startled her. She heard a weak scuffle, a human growl—men, a little drunk, she divined, quarrelling vainly. They went off to the left, speaking—she thought—some foreign tongue. The shapes surged



across the path she must take; then she thought she heard them pausing at the gate, still drunkenly arguing. They were going to bar her way.

Mabel began to cry quietly. There was no way out of this, none. She could not follow at the heels of the drunken men, even if they left the park and straggled back into the town. Her wrist ached with the weight of her bag; and only now, while she listened and sobbed under her breath, did she link up that weight with her own problem. She had, if she dared to use it, the means of protection. She was, as they say in the books, armed. The pistol did not give her courage to pass the men or follow them, but it made her feel safer here by the lake. She would stay until they were far, far away.

Stay . . . and every moment she stayed made the future more terrible. Her poor mother, her poor father—the horror of going home, deepened by every hour of delay. She would be disgraced, yet not free. She couldn't go home, ever, now. All her young dignity would have been needed to put through the remaining weeks of her engagement, her wedding, her honeymoon, the subsidence into domestic life. Holding people off, keeping her head high, being a mystery to Jim . . . none of that technic was possible now. Her poor family—poor Mabel—the low level on which she must meet her terrors and live her days . . . Why had she gone back to the theatre? Oh, why?

The hoarse talk by the gate stopped. They were resting—drinking again, perhaps. At all events, it was quiet, and the moon came back to her vision. Its shimmer on the little waves brought back to her that moment of the hero's meditation. Like Harold Hartwell, she bent forward, searching the dark foreground. Never, never could she get back to Meadville now. If she did—and it would be a miracle—she would have been gone all night. Would anyone ever believe in the lost money, the misunderstood directions, the drunken men in the

park, all the foolish successive details of her misfortune? Her family would, of course, Jim would, if she toiled and wept, to make them believe. She was so tired, she couldn't work like that, even if she could ever get there. Perhaps she wasn't meant to face it all, and chance had made a fool of her to show she wasn't meant to. Arrival, relief, forgiveness, reinstatement, marriage—she didn't want any of it enough. What was it Harold Hartwell had seemed to say to her? Harold wouldn't think she ought to go through it all for something she didn't supremely want. Bending towards her, by the waves, he had as good as told her so. She stared at the water. Of course she couldn't get back to Meadville. She couldn't even get to the police station. She began to be very sleepy, but it was too cold to sleep, and she feared the men were still near.

It was across her somnolence that the notion came. When she bought the pistol from Joe Snedeker, it was with no clear intention of using it, even on a burglar. It had been mere romantic insurance. Youth always craves its poison ring. Now, she saw. Of course she had been meant to use it. She took it out of the bag. Had it not been Harold's way? The family and Jim were very faint to her now, though she had a curious stir of tenderness for Abner, who had given her ten dollars, and would make a sober success in his world. She couldn't have married Jim, good old Jim, and borne him children. The hero of "Love's Pilgrimage" would have seen that. Abner alone, somehow, seemed to her blameless. For Abner's sake, she drew a pencil from her bag, and in the dimness wrote three words on an envelope. "In self-defence. Mabel." She put the envelope back, and snapped her bag shut.

Then she lifted the pistol. She held it, as nearly as possible, as Harold Hartwell had held his in the moment of supreme sacrifice. Mabel was a faithful mimic, and Harold had been well directed. The shot went straight.



# THE AIRPLANE AND THE ARCTIC

NEW PIONEERS DISPEL AN OLD MYTH

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

**WE** ARE accustomed to startling changes in many of our sciences, with the quantum theory in physics upsetting the laws of thought, the Einstein theory measuring our previously infinite universe, the star Betelgeuse proving to be 50,000,000 times as large as our sun, and behaviorism making machines of people who used to have souls and were immortal.

We are accustomed to revelations and reversals of previous belief in all of our sciences except one. We feel that we are through with geography when we are through with the seventh grade in school. And yet there is no science in which profounder changes are taking place. There is more need for a new geographic world-outlook now than there ever has been since Magellan's three impudent ships sailed into the west, to test a theory of the scientists, and came back from the East with the news that the world was round.

There was theory back of Magellan as there is theory back of the men who are changing the geographic outlook of our own time. Democritus, four hundred years before Christ, knew that the world was round. Eratosthenes, two hundred years before Christ, measured the earth by measuring three things in Egypt, the height of the noonday sun at Assuan, the height of it at Alexandria, and the distance between the two cities counted in parasangs. Then he made his computation and found a circumference for the earth which agrees with our latest measurements within five per cent of error.

So it is not correct to say, as careless talkers and careless books still do, that Magellan discovered the roundness of the earth. It was not even a rediscovery, for the Greek learning had never disappeared completely during the centuries between Eratosthenes and Columbus. Columbus set out on the theory that the world was round, and so did Magellan. These two were great, nevertheless; for the busy men who control governments and commerce are skeptical of deductions even from facts which they themselves admit, and they are too busy to go deep into reasoning. But they will believe testimony and they will act on it. Magellan and Columbus moved the world to action, and that made them great. They forced men to think, and in that sense they were leaders of thought.

No more than Columbus or Magellan, have the pioneers of to-day been the originators of the ideas which underlie their work. They, too, have gone to the theorists for their inspiration, and it is more difficult now than formerly to say just who those theorists were. We speak with a certain confidence of Democritus and what he originated, for the names of the thinkers who preceded him are mostly lost. But in our day you no sooner claim for someone priority of intellectual discovery than a student in some musty library digs up an earlier reference.

There is, then, little profit in disputing about modern priorities. Omitting any such attempt, we can trace the par-



allel between Magellan's age and our own in terms similar for both. And we must trace that parallel, or we cannot well understand the change of thought in our time, or the necessity for it. The ideas that made up the after-Magellan world-outlook had existed quietly as theories demonstrable to scientists for nearly two thousand years. But the public of Shakespeare's day learned them from none of the theorists, but from the story-tellers who chronicled the dramatic voyages of the explorers, and especially the doings of popular heroes like Sir Francis Drake. The same is true to-day, although the adventures of the Elizabethan age centered around sailors and sailing while ours deal with flyers and flying.

The revolutionary geographic ideas of the present, then, are connected with flying, but not in a way that has as yet crept much into the newspapers or popular books. The tales, certainly, have been fully told in print. But a true story is not always clearly understood or its meaning impressed on the general consciousness the moment it has been related and circulated. There was almost as much excitement in Europe, and more in England, when Drake sailed around the world than there had been when Magellan did it half a century before. There was almost as much excitement in Europe, and more in the United States, when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic than when Alcock and Brown did it eight years before.

For the English did not really understand that all the oceans which lie west and east of England could be navigated till their own Drake did it, and we did not fully realize that the Atlantic would some day become crossable at will by flyers until our own Lindbergh did it.

But it is not the crossings of the Atlantic as such, nor the crossings of the Pacific to Hawaii, and to China in the near future, that make necessary a readjustment of world-outlook in any way resembling the post-Magellan. It will

result, instead, from a study comparing ocean flights in the Temperate Zone with those in the Tropics and in the Arctic. Most easily and dramatically the moral can be read from the story of Byrd's two great flights, to the North Pole and to France. In accord with that lesson and others like it we must revise our common ideas of the zones almost as fundamentally as Europe once had to change its mind about the flatness of the world; otherwise we shall not only be backward intellectually but also at a disadvantage practically, as England would have been then had she failed to realize that there were two roads to China, one east and the other west.

## II

Why we need to change our minds about the comparative character of the two zones is hard to understand unless we reflect on how our forefathers gathered the ideas which the schools have passed down to us about the two zones north and south of us, in which only a few of us have ever been and in which almost none of us were educated.

Our ideas about the tropics and the Arctic, like much of the rest of our mental furniture, came from the classic Greeks, who were, with some brilliant exceptions, strong on logic but weak on facts. The philosophers between Democritus and Eratosthenes built up a system of geography according to which there were five zones on the earth, three of which they considered they knew by observation, and two of which they deduced from theory. The North Temperate Zone, in which they lived, was habitable, they said, but too warm for comfort on its southern edge and too cold on the northern. As you proceeded south you would first come to a region where the heat would not be willingly endured by any sensible man; beyond that lay another belt where "by reason of the flames of the sun, which is too near" the land would be literally burning hot and the ocean boiling.



Correspondingly, as you travelled north from the Temperate Zone you came first to a region where the cold would not be willingly endured; beyond that, "by reason of the absence of warmth because the sun is too far away," everything would be frozen solid forever.

It is still easy for us to believe that the Greeks may have had such ideas about the Arctic, for some of us got very similar ones in school no more than twenty years ago. But that they could have believed in a boiling ocean—or at least one so hot that no life could exist—seems strange now, after four centuries of pro-tropic propaganda, ranging from Byron's poems to the publicity for Coral Gables. But it is only four centuries and a half since everybody in Europe actually believed it. One of the fine works of recent scholarship is J. K. Wright's *Geographical Lore of the Time of the Crusades*, published by the American Geographical Society of New York, which shows that throughout the Middle Ages a few scholars in every generation believed that the world was spherical and could be circumnavigated east and west, if no land barred the way, and if you kept within the limits of the Temperate Zone. But these same scholars still agreed with the Greeks that while there doubtless existed a South Temperate and a South Frigid Zone we should never know them except by inference, for no one could ever cross the superheated tropics to get to them.

It was that royal Portuguese soldier, Prince Henry the Navigator, who, so far as we yet know, most deserves the credit for abolishing the boiling tropics. He, rather than Magellan or Columbus, stands out as the great leader of that age. For with true scientific skepticism he went against Greek science as then understood, and the Bible as then interpreted. He seems to have been a religious man, and yet his attitude toward the priest, as well as the philosopher, was that it was neither folly nor sacrilege to test by experiment whether the scientists had been right in their de-

ductions and whether Scripture had been truly interpreted. So he disregarded alike the theologians who said that the earth was flat and the scientists who said that it was round but with a boiling middle, and sent ship after ship along the west coast of Africa from Portugal. Many returned with reports of fearfully increasing heat as they went south, and one had even seen the flames of Hell peeping up over the edge of the earth. But at last one ship penetrated to where the sun was directly above the masthead at noon. The sails did not catch fire nor were the sailors cooked alive on the decks, and the ocean itself was only comfortably warm for swimming. That killed the dogma of two thousand years and enabled Vasco Da Gama to sail around the tip of Africa and reach the Indies from the west a few years before Columbus tried to reach them going in the opposite direction.

So disappeared the earth's flaming girdle, and the logicians of the day at once jumped to the conclusion that the region of frozen death in the north would prove just as imaginary, if somebody would only go and look. There was reason for going, for the shortest distance over a round world to China is north from northwestern Europe and this, if it were navigable water, would be the best highway to the wealth of the Indies.

But the ice floating on the ocean barred the way of a chronically hopeful age which simply refused to believe that there could be a permanent barrier across the road to its desires. If they could not sail straight north to the riches of the East they would find a way around the north end of either Asia or America. Thus began three centuries of commercial search for these passages which came to an end when Franklin discovered the Northwest Passage in 1847 and paid for it with the lives of himself and every one of his more than a hundred comrades. That tragedy shocked the world into a realization that ocean commerce had little to gain by



finding long and tortuous passages that would never develop into safe and easy highways for trading ships.

Thus, because the wish is father to the thought, the Frozen North of the Greeks had disappeared completely from men's minds in the enthusiasm following Da Gama, Columbus, and Magellan, to be replaced gradually by a theory which for three centuries sent far more men sailing north than ever came back. The survivors, however, being commercial pioneers, told not only stories of hardship but also tales of friendly countries here and there with a climate not resembling that in the theories of the Greeks. Davis, after whom the straits are named, said that he had been north "three diverse times" and that he had found the summer climate far within the Arctic "as salubrious as ever I did in the Isles of De Verde."

About the tropics we now believe only a few of the ancient ideas that have not yet been removed either by modern science or modern propaganda. We cling especially to the belief that the tropics have the greatest average heat, which is correct, and that they have the most extreme heat, which is false. Even Californians seem to believe that the highest temperature records occur in the tropics, though Death Valley, in their own state, has the highest record on earth, 136° in the shade.

About the Arctic we still believe more than half of what the Greeks believed, and the less pleasant half, at that. We take no stock in the charming land of the Hyperboreans, where people hop about on one leg and trees bear golden fruit. But we still think that there is permanent ice, and no life at all, on land which actually did not have ice on it in the ice age and never has had since, but grass and grazing animals then as now.

### III

If this is to be the Age of Flying it is almost as important for us to change our minds about the comparative character

of the three zones of the northern half of the world, in which most of humanity lives, as it was for the commercial nations of Magellan's time to get firmly into their minds the idea that, superficial appearances and popular belief to the contrary, the world was round.

It is thrilling to look at heroes, but more important is the drawing of every lesson from the deeds we admire. This is easy to do from the flights of Commander Byrd, for there we have the same man in the same kind of airplane flying the most familiar part of the Atlantic and also the little understood Arctic.

A year and a half ago, when Byrd and Bennett were about to try flying to the North Pole, almost anybody except a thorough student of both general meteorology and the Arctic would have pictured terrors of cold, fog, gale, snow, and blizzard, with the flyers numb and with ice forming on their plane to weigh it down. There would be great difficulty in navigating the plane, for the sun is so low in the Arctic and the compass works badly near the North Pole (most people seem to have a *feeling* that the North Pole has some effect on the compass, though they no longer believe that it is what the compass points to). It would be difficult to take off from Spitsbergen, difficult to locate even the approximate vicinity of the North Pole, and difficult to find one's way back. All these troubles would have been thought to be greater than those encountered in similar distances over the Atlantic or elsewhere in the Temperate Zone. It would, too, be very dangerous to land anywhere on the frozen sea, and almost impossible to get back to shore if your plane could not take off again.

As to the difficulty of landing and taking off, Byrd's adventure gave no clew, for he did not come down. But you read plain the answers to all the rest of the objections in the story as he told it in the *New York Times*.

It was not possible to have such up-to-the-minute weather news of the Arctic Sea north of Spitsbergen as you do of the

Atlantic east of Newfoundland, for there is no sprinkling of ships to report by wireless. You have to take a chance on the weather, a terrible hazard if you believe in the frequency and violence of Arctic gales. So Byrd and Bennett took that chance. All they knew was that the weather looked good around Spitsbergen and that the best long distance guess of the meteorologists was that it was good also on the sea to the north. The season was the late Arctic winter. The sky was clear, the wind light, and no fog or clouds interfered with navigation. They flew to the North Pole (almost the same distance as if they had flown from Newfoundland half way to Ireland), circled it, and flew back faultlessly—without any landmark to guide them and therefore wholly dependent on the arts of navigation—struck the right headland of Spitsbergen as accurately as a Southampton liner making Sandy Hook, and landed without accident. The coldest weather of the trip was ten degrees warmer than the coldest temperature recorded for New York City. None of the other bogeys materialized—which might all have been luck, though extraordinary luck if the Arctic were as bad as supposed. We shall come back to that point later.

The thrill seekers were disappointed at Byrd's North Pole story; where nothing goes wrong, there is nothing hair-raising to tell. They were not similarly disappointed a year later in his New York to Paris adventure, for plenty went wrong over the much-travelled Atlantic and over familiar France—nothing wrong with the machine or the admirable crew, but hardly anything right with the weather.

The natural disadvantages of the north Atlantic stand out the more clearly when you remember that there was every human advantage. Both the North Pole plane and the Atlantic were Fokkers, but the Atlantic plane was presumably the better, for there had been steady progress in every branch of aviation during the year. The splendid

Wright engines were said to have been improved. Byrd was more experienced, he had better technical instruments for navigation and, although Bennett was not with him, through a deplorable accident, his place was adequately filled by Acosta, Balchen, and Noville. He did not have to take a chance on the weather, for dozens of ships at sea and the weather bureaus on both shores of the Atlantic co-operated in keeping him posted. But the good old Atlantic weather was abroad, and delayed the start, first for days and then for weeks. Finally the conditions were announced satisfactory and Byrd was handed a weather map to show him how to steer and where to fly high or low to get the most advantage from the plotted winds.

The leg of the flight from New York to the Atlantic side of Newfoundland can be considered as preliminary, for it is above well-known lands. The weather, too, could be relied on for this stretch, for the weather bureau of to-day does not make many mistakes about territory so near at hand during the first few hours after a prediction is issued. The real trial came between Newfoundland and Ireland. This is a distance comparable to Byrd's flight of a year before from King's Bay to the North Pole and back. The story of the two flights, as told by Byrd himself, is very different as to the flying conditions. The comparison is conclusive enough from these few quotations about the Atlantic flight:

We had rain, wind, and fogs all the way across the ocean. We could not get out of the fog. Up we went, but there we found fog, too. Most of the time we flew at 10,000 feet. (July 2, 1927.)

. . . in these nineteen hours [between Newfoundland and France] . . . we saw neither water nor land and seldom even the sky. (July 3.)

. . . all the way we had only very occasional glimpses of the sun and sometimes in the fog we could barely see the wing-tips of the plane. (July 3.)

. . . Once ice formed on our motors and we were, of course, worried as to the effect it might have on our propellers. (July 2.)



This was a sort of trouble Byrd never had in the Arctic, nor did Amundsen have it crossing the Arctic till he came near the Temperate Zone. Most of the *Norge's* trouble of that sort was in the Temperate Zone.

The man who had never been at fault in sixteen hours of Arctic flying says about the navigation troubles between Newfoundland and the end of his flight in France:

During the last six hours of our flight the earth induction compass, for some unknown reason, was thrown out of position and before we knew it we had swung in a half circle out of our course and, to state it frankly, we were lost. Once before during the day we had become much alarmed, for we had drifted further south than we expected, and it was only by asking with our radio what our position was that we were able to . . . shape our course.

And in conclusion he says, in his despatch of July 6: "Fog still remains aviation's greatest enemy."

If it strikes you, for a moment, that Byrd's Atlantic fog was due to evil chance, then review the other flights. Lindbergh, who all agree had exceptionally fine weather for that route, reported that after flying several hours in thick fog he considered turning back. Chamberlin and Levine had more fog than Lindbergh, and the British dirigible that crossed by Newfoundland, even at the best time of the year for that route, had considerable. Byrd reminds us:

When Alcock and Brown made their first great daring jump from Newfoundland to Ireland they flew in a fog a great deal of the way and never knew on which side they were flying. For many minutes they were flying upside down.

But more convincing than the reports of all the flyers, for they are as yet few, is the uniform testimony of seamen that the north Atlantic has been consistently foggy for the last four hundred years.

To determine if Byrd had luck in the Arctic, take first Lincoln Ellsworth's description of the weather on the

Amundsen-Ellsworth flight of 1925 and on the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile flight in the airship *Norge*, 1926, the first almost up to the North Pole, the second across the full diameter of the Arctic, by way both of the North Pole and that other spot four hundred miles on the Alaska side of the North Pole which has been named the Pole of Inaccessibility because it is the center of the floating Arctic sea ice and therefore much harder than the North Pole to reach either by walking or flying.

There were two things that greatly impressed me during our long sojourn near the North Pole [*i.e.*, 25 days at Lat. 87° 44' in 1926]. The first was the stability of the meteorological conditions in this isolated area—the winds blowing from the same direction day after day, with a velocity just sufficient to keep our Norwegian flag fully extended.

Two hours after leaving Kings Bay [Spitsbergen on the 1927 flight] we found ourselves over the pack-ice. What weather! The sun shone brilliantly out of a sky of pure turquoise, and the whale-like shadow that our airship cast beneath us trailed monotonously across a glittering snowfield. . . . As we approached latitude 83½° the snow-crowned peaks of Spitsbergen were merged into the deepening blue of the southern sky. . . . Intermittent light fogs hid the ice from our view (later) rolling beneath us like a great woolen ocean. Approaching 88° we had to rise from 1,800 feet to more than 3,000 to get over them. (*Yale Review*, July, 1927.)

Arctic fogs are, on the average, lower than Atlantic fogs. Byrd says he flew at 10,000 feet most of the way across the Atlantic and still had so much fog above him that he seldom saw the sun or the sky, but Ellsworth tells of clearing the Arctic fogs at a height of 3,000 feet. He continues: "[By midnight] the fog had completely cleared away and there was no wind."

The inference from his further narrative is that these weather conditions held. At the North Pole it was clear; at the Pole of Inaccessibility, four hundred miles on the Alaska side of the North Pole and half way from Spits-

bergen to Alaska, the air must have been clear for he notes seeing a polar bear's tracks below the ship. You cannot see clean tracks in white snow from a traveling airship unless the weather is fairly clear. Then,

As we approached the Alaska coast, fears assailed us; for there we ran into the only storm during our entire voyage—fog, wind and sleet—and for thirty-one hours we battled.

Most of that battle was on the very edge of the Arctic and after they entered the Temperate Zone. The area of fog and sleet and bad flying weather moves north from the Temperate Zone to overlap the edge of the Arctic in the late spring period which Ellsworth is describing. In midsummer it covers the whole Arctic, which is then as foggy as the worst parts of the Temperate Zone, only the fogs are lower and easier to fly over so you can at least have the sun to navigate by even if you cannot see the ground below.

But, as in the case with the Atlantic, more convincing than the testimony of a few flyers is that of the explorers of several centuries. Nansen summed up part of it when he said, at the end of three years' drifting across the Arctic basin with the ship *Fram* embedded in the floating ice, that the Arctic was as to weather the most placid large area in the world. The rest of the story is that it is never as cold one thousand feet above the Arctic sea-ice as it sometimes is in certain towns in the United States. Six or seven months of the Arctic winter are almost as free of fogs as the Sahara. And even in the short foggy season of summer the fogs average low. It is not uncommon that two Arctic whaling captains can see each other clearly in shimmering sunshine as they stand in their crow's nests a hundred feet up, while the men on the decks can barely locate the sun as a blur and cannot see the other ship at all.

Remembering Byrd's dictum that "The fog remains the chief enemy of aviation," we see readily that the tropics

and sub-tropics must be better, on the average, for flying than the Temperate Zone, for they are known to be less foggy. The papers are already saying that the route to London from New York will not be by way of Newfoundland and the North Atlantic, but sub-tropical via Bermuda and the Azores. That is an increase in distance, but even at a loss of time and fuel it will be well worth while because of increased safety and certainty.

The Arctic ranks at least as high above the North Atlantic for flying as do the tropics, and an Arctic route between points in the North Temperate Zone that are far apart will usually save fuel and time. Cold, as such, is no handicap to airplanes, for passengers and pilots will be in compartments heated from the exhaust. Cold will be a great advantage for airships, for the lifting power of the gas bag increases when the temperature of the air drops. But there remains the problem of landing places, over which the authorities have disagreed till recently. Before citing the striking testimony that has just come to hand, we will go briefly into the theory.

The Atlantic is far wider than the Arctic, and in that sense more difficult to "hop over." The Pacific is wider still. Furthermore, there are more islands in the Arctic than in any other ocean, and these will eventually be used as way stations. But it has been said not only by laymen but also by some of the professionals, that landing places for flying boats, such as Amundsen-Ellsworth used in 1925, are rare in winter (which is admitted), and that planes with wheels or skids can land only with practically suicidal danger. Amundsen describes, for instance, on pages 138 and 139 of *The First Crossing of the Polar Sea*, what he saw in looking down from a dirigible and emphasizes the conclusions he had reached in his flying boat the previous year:

The ice conditions seemed exactly the same now as in 1925. We did not see a single



landing place on the long way from Svalbard [Spitsbergen] to Alaska. . . . In spite of Byrd's fine flight our advice is: Do not fly over these ice fields before aeroplanes have become so perfect that one can be quite sure of not having to make a forced landing.

These conclusions as to the moving winter pack-ice of the Polar Sea were based by Amundsen solely on what he had seen from aloft, for his one landing had been with a boat in a lead, and he had never been on winter pack-ice on any of his previous expeditions. Byrd, who also had never been afoot on winter pack-ice, judged wholly from looking down while flying, and he was inclined to take a position somewhat nearer Amundsen's pessimistic opinion than the optimistic view of Wilkins, who maintained that there would seldom be five miles on the winter pack without a reasonably safe landing with good visibility conditions. In other words, if you were flying high when your engine stopped you could usually glide to a safe landing. This view Wilkins based on extensive flying experience both in peace and war and on the knowledge of winter pack-ice which he had gained in three years, 1913-16, when he was second-in-command of the northern section of my 1913-18 expedition.

Since frequency of landing places is one of the chief demands of heavier-than-air flying, the difference in opinion between Amundsen and Wilkins was crucial. If Amundsen were right, the Arctic, despite favorable air conditions, would be a dangerous place for airplanes; if Wilkins were right, it would be the safest region in the world for the commercial use of the flying-machine.

#### IV

I pause here a moment, before introducing the dramatic story of Wilkins' Arctic flights, to answer a question I am constantly asked. "Why should anybody want to fly across the Arctic?" The reply is the same as for the Atlantic or the Pacific: in order to get to the other

side. It is nothing but mental habit that makes one think of the permanent flying route from New York to Peking as lying either west by land plane to Chicago and Seattle and then by sea-plane over the wide Pacific roughly following the steamer route along the south of the Aleutian chain; or else east via Newfoundland, Paris, Moscow, and above the Trans-Siberian Railway. Overland the western route is bad, for you have to cross those mountains which up till now compel a break in the transcontinental air mail between Pasco and Seattle; overseas it is worse, for the Pacific just south of the Aleutians is about the foggiest ocean in the world, and the land edge bounding it on the north is the foggiest of all land regions. Eastward it is bad to Paris, though good thereafter. And both east and west routes are twice as long as necessary. You should fly north, to save half the distance, to avoid land fogs, mountains, sea fogs and wide jumps over water. That airway runs from New York over Montreal, thence north over the flat land west of Hudson Bay, across the Arctic Sea where it is narrow and studded with islands, and across the mountainless lowland of eastern Siberia and China, arriving in Peking from the north. And so with many other routes and many important cities that lie comparatively near to each other across the Arctic, although the customary east and west routes make them remote.

At first the trans-Arctic routes will doubtless be flown by airship, chiefly, for they can already reach Peking from New York easily without landing, and there will soon be others built that can make the round trip without taking supplies. But providing short-jump air stations for planes on the direct route would not be difficult so far as freight transportation is concerned. With a globe before you, put a dot on every place you think there should be a relay (say every five hundred miles); you can arrange in New York with a common carrier which will take goods or fuel to

every one of your dots for a regular freight tariff already in force.

To be sure, if you go straight there will be one over-sea jump that is more than five hundred miles, though not half as long as the one from Newfoundland to Ireland; but by keeping a little to your left you would be over land all the way except for a jump across Bering Straits corresponding to the hop from London to Paris. That way, too, you would avoid foggy regions throughout the trip in any season of the year except, again, for the narrow Bering Straits. The mathematically direct route would be a winter route only.

And now to the story of the Wilkins flights which throw light on the one question which remains in dispute, whether the Arctic deep sea pack-ice is specially dangerous to fly over because of few landing places, or comparatively safe because of many.

As a preliminary to their deep sea work in 1926, Wilkins and his pilot Eielson of the Detroit Arctic Expedition flew more than 4,000 miles back and forth between Fairbanks in Alaska, just south of the Arctic Circle, and Barrow, which is about three hundred miles within the Arctic, crossing five times in winter and spring a range of mountains one hundred miles wide with peaks 10,000 feet high. Landing places were numerous on rivers and lakes, except in these mountains, and they utilized some of them. The air in winter was the smoothest in which they had ever flown, not a bump or air pocket in 4,000 miles. (No such record could be made for five crossings of 10,000-foot mountains in the Tropical or Temperate Zones.) They also made a three hundred mile reconnaissance over deep sea pack-ice and came back of the opinion, as they had been before, that landing places for wheels or skids were numerous. But in 1926 they proved nothing in this regard, for they did not come down except on land, or river ice, or on sea lagoon ice.

The critical flight which gave us all the experimental knowledge we as yet

have about the safety of landing on the polar pack was made when the fickle daily press had turned from the Arctic flying of 1926 to the Atlantic flying of 1927. We tell its story here more fully than any of the preceding, for unless you read the *Detroit News*, which financed the expedition, you have never heard, perhaps, that there was such a flight—or unless, again, you read *Science*, in which Commander Richard E. Byrd and I published a jointly written statement calling attention to what we thought was one of the most remarkable of Arctic expeditions, then being strangely neglected.

On March 29, 1927, Wilkins and Eielson, in a land plane mounted on skids and with gas for fourteen hours, started from Barrow, Alaska, three hundred miles north of the Arctic circle, on an intended triangular exploration flight of six hundred miles somewhat north of west, two hundred miles southwest, and then back to Barrow. They flew steadily for more than five hours, about five hundred and fifty miles. Then engine trouble developed, and a landing had to be made. Wilkins selected a spot he thought safe, and Eielson made a perfect landing. While Eielson worked on the engine, Wilkins made two holes in the ice for the use of the sonic depth finder. The ice was three feet thick and the water beneath it proved to be about three miles deep.

During the flight the weather, fair at the start, had begun to turn cloudy, and a wind was increasing, blowing off the land. For winds do blow in the Arctic, though not so often as in the Temperate Zone, nor so violently on the average. With daylight lost in making repairs and fuel lost in taking off, Wilkins decided to head straight back to shore. The trip was already fruitful. They had flown three hundred miles beyond the limit of previous exploration, had disproved the view of those who believed land existed within five hundred miles northwest of Barrow, and had proved the ocean so deep that the prob-



ability of land even far off in that direction is greatly lessened. And they had made one safe landing on the pack with skids—an accomplishment of value in the face of the controversy, for at least you cannot say that no landing can be made after one has been made.

The take-off proved as safe and easy as the landing, and they flew straight back over their course, but with diminished speed, for the force of the head wind was increasing and the engine was not working well. In about ten minutes it got so bad that they had to come down. Again Wilkins picked what he thought was a safe spot, and again Eielson made a perfect landing. This time Wilkins took no sounding and both worked at the repairs, for the day was getting short, the wind had increased to a blizzard, and clouds had hidden the sun. The new-fallen snow, too, was a little soft and they had to make five attempts before the plane finally took the air. This used up precious daylight and more precious fuel, so that when finally under way Wilkins calculated that light would fail them two hundred miles, and the gasoline probably one hundred miles, before reaching shore. He consulted Eielson. Should they make a safe landing in daylight or fly through the dark till the gas gave out, on the chance that it might after all last them back to land? Their calculations as to distance were very uncertain, as they did not know the force of the wind and how much it was delaying them. If the wind dropped, they might make land. Eielson voted for taking that chance.

Night was on, and they had been flying for two hours without seeing the ice below, the horizon in the distance, or any star or sign of moon in the sky above, when suddenly the engine stopped. Their fuel was all gone. Only from his instruments could Eielson judge how far below them was the ice. Through the dark of night and the murk of the blizzard they came to a

third landing. Their machine stayed right side up, but a snag of ice broke one of the wings. Then, in the thick of the blizzard, Wilkins and Eielson got out their bedding and slept the night in fair comfort.

We in civilized countries fear the Arctic which we do not know, and think indifferently of the Atlantic and the southerly oceans, for we know them. But do we really know them to be anything except merciless, especially in a storm? On what sea but the Arctic could you make two safe landings, repair your machinery, take off again twice, fly till your fuel is gone, and then land, go to bed, and sleep the night dry and comfortable a hundred miles from the nearest land? On what other sea could you spend five days preparing a travelling outfit, as Wilkins and Eielson did, and then walk ten miles a day for ten days, as they did, to a safe landing at a calculated spot? On no other sea could you do it, except possibly the Antarctic.

That is the burden of this tale. If ours is to be an age of commercial flying, or if the military men of the various nations are to apprehend correctly the danger of air attack from the north, we must get over the idea that the Arctic is a barrier. And we must look at our globes often enough to get instead the idea that the Temperate Zone, with all its great cities, lies curved in a circle around a central patch which is the Arctic. This patch may be anything else you please, but over it, like a network of the future, lie the shortest, the safest, and the easiest flying roads between many of the richest countries of the world. Till we begin to use them we shall be, as flyers, about where the sailors were who struggled around Good Hope and the Horn before the Suez and Panama Canals were dug. But there are no canals to dig in the Arctic, only shackles of the mind to loosen and pry off.



## OFFICIAL LAWLESSNESS

THE THIRD DEGREE AND THE CRIME WAVE

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

**T**HERE are times when, as a weekly journalist watching the daily press, I am tempted to write that the most numerous and active criminals in America are the officials sworn to uphold the laws of the several States and the nation. If one were to take at its face value half of what one hears about the great army of prohibition enforcers the statement would be true. I am ready, however, to change it to read that by far the most dangerous criminals we have in America are the officials who in growing number openly disregard or violate the laws.

There are many of our fellow-citizens who lie awake nights over the "red" menace, the alleged growth of communism in America, and shiver whenever they read of Socialist gatherings to hear sentiments which these timid souls believe to be aimed at the forcible overthrow of the government of the United States. I venture to say that all these "red" movements in America do not weigh in the balance in comparison to the injury done to our institutions and to popular respect for law and order by men in uniform or officials of high position in Washington or the several States. And I insist that not one of the numerous studies now being made of the so-called crime wave by official, semi-official, or private bodies will give a complete picture of lawlessness in America which does not include therein a survey of the unceasing examples of official misbehavior. For there is a widespread and often justified

popular belief that especially those officials directly charged with law enforcement are utilizing their positions in order to feather their own nests or to put themselves above and beyond the law.

Who can measure the effect of the example of the two Harding Cabinet officials declared by the Supreme Court to have been guilty of selling out the interests of the United States, and of the Ex-Attorney-General of the United States defending himself in the dock against well-grounded charges of corruption and refusing to take the stand in his own behalf? Can any half-educated Communist in a hundred speeches conceivably do as much to destroy people's faith in the American republic as does the spectacle of a Governor of the great State of Indiana in Atlanta Penitentiary for fraud, or the head of the United States Veterans' Bureau in Leavenworth prison for robbing the Government and cheating its pitiable soldier wards? What does the average American think when he reads of the conviction for official wrong-doing of the Alien Property Custodian; when he learns of another Governor ordered by the Supreme Court of his State to return to the treasury of the State \$800,000 held to be unjustly taken and justly due by him; of the present Governor of Indiana involved in a far-reaching scandal; of a former Governor of Texas successfully impeached, and then conspiring with a successor, his own wife, to empty the prisons by an indefensible abuse of the



pardoning power, to say nothing of wholesale charges of corruption in State contracts?

But I do not wish to dwell in this article upon this long list of high officials who are guilty morally or legally or both; nor even to touch upon the demoralizing defiance of the Constitution by the Executive and the Congress, who refuse to punish violators of the Fourteenth Amendment with the result that some millions of our fellow citizens are illegally disfranchised because of their color and are thereby convinced that even the Constitution may be violated freely by those who have the power and the duty to enforce it. There will not even be space to touch upon the deliberate refusal of Presidents Harding and Coolidge to carry out that provision of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 which orders the Executive to give notice of the termination of certain articles or provisions in commercial treaties to which the United States is a party. These articles restrict the right of the United States to impose discriminating customs duties on imports entering this country in foreign bottoms and to levy discriminating tonnage dues on foreign vessels entering our ports. In this case these Presidents deliberately refused to enforce one of the laws they solemnly swore to uphold. Nor shall I rehearse again the endless cases of local officials who have set themselves above the Constitution in matters of civil rights such as the holding of legal meetings, the freedom of the press, the free expression of private opinion however unpopular, etc., etc.\* My purpose is to dwell rather upon some of the official lawlessness and criminality which touches many people at close range.

## II

Let us take, for example, what is known as the "third degree." It is a

notorious fact that the grossest brutalities and tortures are deliberately and systematically applied in the police stations of the United States in order to obtain confessions and that in this respect we have hardly advanced from the dark ages. The newspapers constantly report these happenings; every police reporter knows of their regular occurrence. Not only the criminals, but masses of innocent people know of these incidents and are aware that they not only contravene rights guaranteed by the Constitution, but that they are permitted or encouraged by mayors, commissioners of safety, and chiefs of police. Within the last few years this practice has, I believe, greatly increased; at least more and more instances of it find their way into print, and it has long since graduated from the police stations into other branches of the public service.

In its every aspect the "third degree" is utterly repulsive and contrary to every dictate of justice. Every prisoner is presupposed innocent until found guilty; he is entitled to the benefit of a lawyer; and the law does not permit his examination without the presence of counsel if he asks for an attorney. The arresting authorities are merely charged with the custody of the prisoner; his conviction either through voluntary confession, or because of legal proof of his guilt, is the duty of the prosecuting attorney and the judge and jury, toward whom the police have no other responsibility than to turn over such evidence as in their judgment warranted the prisoner's being charged with crime. It is also the sacred duty of the arresting officer to hold the body of his prisoner inviolate. The Constitution furthermore requires that there shall be no "cruel or unusual punishments." It meant, of course, cruel or unusual punishments instituted by statutes, or local regulations, or judicial decrees. But it certainly covers in spirit if not in law the "third degree."

Nor is the duress practiced to be justified by the consequent unravelling

\*See article by this writer in *Harper's Magazine* for Sept. 1925: "The New Fight for Old Liberties."

of certain crimes, or the fact that many subjected to it are hardened, brutal criminals whom the police have every right to fear and hate. The Inquisition may have had a few honest successes, but that it doomed innocents without number the world now believes. When men are tortured for days and days, when they are denied sleep for seventy-two hours, and food for longer periods, are refused access to a toilet for days, and during all that time are steadily beaten with a rubber hose, the strongest character will break down and confess to anything to stop his agony.

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist, once asked an Italian boy in the death-house at Sing Sing how he came to confess. Pantano replied: "Easy to ask that. Harder to answer. You've never been grilled by a mob of detectives. They had me in the room thirty hours. There were twenty-one detectives, I think. As fast as one finished another jumped on me. They hammered, hammered, hammered. I got tired and faint. Pretty soon I would have sworn to anything, to assassination, just to get a rest."

"So you just caved in and said yes?"

"That's right. I just wilted and yessed everything."

Here we have the complete picture of the essential cowardliness of the system. Twenty-one men against one, attacking him hour after hour without mercy. That such happenings can take place is proof positive of the way the work of a policeman inevitably breaks down his manliness and sense of decency when he is entrusted with unlimited power over the person of another and is given officially to understand that he may go to any lengths in committing crime in order to detect crime. Especially great is the temptation to resort to the "third degree" because the average American detective is wholly without any scientific training for his work. He becomes a detective because of physical gallantry, or luck in making some difficult arrests, or because of influence.

As a policeman he is no different from any worker of a similar economic and educational status; he is surely never instructed in the rights and privileges of the citizenry. If he can pound a confession out of a man, it saves endless trouble in bringing about a conviction; it insures that conviction, and it results in a favorable entry upon the detective's service record, for not merely arrests but convictions count heavily in the policeman's favor.

If proof of the illegality of all this obtaining of confessions by duress is needed, it is furnished by decisions of the two highest courts on this Continent: the Supreme Court of Canada and that of the United States. On June 17 of this year the Chief Justice of Canada ordered, for the Supreme Court, a new trial for Joseph Sarkey, an Indian, convicted of murder at Prince Rupert, B. C. This man was found guilty because the police handed in a written confession "obtained only on a fourth questioning to which the accused was subjected on the day following his arrest." The learned judge held that "the proof of the *voluntary character* of the accused's statement to the police, which was put in evidence against him, is most unsatisfactory. . . . No particulars are vouchsafed as to what transpired at any of the three previous 'interviews,' and but meager details are given of the process by which the written statement ultimately signed by the appellant was obtained." It will be noticed that there are no allegations by the court that force was used or brutalities were resorted to. It is not alleged that the prisoner was starved, or tortured, or denied food and sleep. It is enough for this great English-inspired court that there was not adequate police proof that the confession was *entirely voluntary*. The chief press service of Canada none the less stated that "the Supreme Court of Canada to-day set the stamp of its disapproval on any police methods in Canada savoring of the 'third degree'—although the



term itself is not used." Commenting on this the *Toronto Mail* correctly declared that the "third degree" "is no part of the British system of justice. . . . It is always to be condemned as an alien weapon whose use will never be tolerated in Canada,"—a slap at the United States as direct as it is deserved.

As for our own Supreme Court, it, too, came to the rescue of an alien. Ziang Sun Wan was just a poor Chinaman charged with the murder of three Chinamen. He denied it, but, under the shadow of the American capitol, the police tortured him in his room in a hotel by day and by night, "hurling questions, demands, affirmations at him." For seven whole dreadful days this lasted. Then, on the eighth, he was taken to the scene of the crime and there examined and cross-examined for ten consecutive hours. Not until the ninth day at 5:30 in the morning was he taken to a police station and formally placed under arrest. All day long the gruelling continued. On the tenth day he was again taken to the scene and the crime "re-enacted" for him. Finally, on the eleventh day, his spirit broke; his suffering was so great that he confessed the crime, only to retract the confession as soon as he could. Nevertheless he was convicted. Justice Brandeis, for the Supreme Court, declared, of course, that "the alleged oral statement and the written confession should have been excluded."

Ziang Sun Wan is only one man out of thousands. The prisons are full of men who, both innocent and guilty, are there because of confessions wrung from them by methods absolutely forbidden by law and equity. It is no defense and no excuse that many guilty or depraved creatures are thus deservedly landed in jail. The law is flaunted and degraded when even the guilty are convicted by lawless methods. Unfortunately, the Supreme Court could not order the prosecution of the torturing police officials; nobody else did. Probably they are still in office. Unfor-

tunately, too, the press and the public in America are so little informed or interested that no American journal could write to-day with a confidence similar to that of the *Toronto Mail*, that the "third degree" will be stamped out in the United States.

Who can believe, for instance, that the commissioner of police in New York City will pay any attention to views of the Supreme Court of the United States? Let us inquire. "If you approve of what the gunmen did on this occasion, there is no doubt that they will recognize you as their champion." Thus wrote Commissioner George V. McLaughlin, head of the New York police, in reply to a polite note from the writer of this article asking for the facts in regard to the injuries to the Wallon gang of thieves, who were captured in the Owl Club in New York while "holding up" that place. The *New York Evening Post* and *Times* reported specifically that the men were surprised and made no resistance, the former stating that "they waited peacefully for [Patrolman] Green to descend to the dance floor, line them up, unlock the door, and lead them out." The next day the *Evening Post* reported that "when the four men were arraigned in the West Side Court their faces were puffed and bruised, so swollen, in fact, that they could hardly see or speak." Confirmation of this was afforded by photographs of the men in the *Daily Mirror*. Naturally I wished the official side of the case—only to be told that Policeman Green "saved his own life, and probably the lives of some of the guests, as the prisoners, relying on their superior numbers, attempted to overpower the officer." This courteous commissioner, who has now retired to private life amid the encomiums of the daily press, declared that the writer could not "in good faith give publicity to the story," although it had already appeared in the newspapers quoted above. A letter to the District Attorney, Joel H. Banton, only brought out



the fact that he, too, believed that the policeman had merely done his duty and that he was opposed to all lawlessness in police stations.

Unfortunately for both of these officials, two of the Wallon gang were on parole to John J. Molloy of the Welfare League Association. He visited them immediately after their arrest. He was so shocked by their condition that he immediately notified the Society of Penal Information, whose representative, William B. Cox, accompanied Mr. Molloy to the jail and certified that Wallon and Abrahams had "lacerated head and bad body bruises, Chrusario fractured ribs, fractured arm, lacerated head and temple, and body bruises, and Reggione lacerated head, finger and leg, and body bruises," while O'Brien—what's in a name?—got off with only a slight black eye. It must be admitted that if all those injuries were the work of a single policeman with a revolver in his hand, it indicated rather remarkable physical vigor and energy on Mr. Green's part and amazing inefficiency on the part of the reporters. The five prisoners, stated by the Society, with the exception of O'Brien, to have "presented a most frightful appearance," were so unkind, however, as to award the laurels to Detectives McVeigh and Mahoney who, it appears, with all official gentlemanliness "jumped upon their bodies from a table or desk while they were prone upon the floor." When the hospital surgeons were finally called the police refused to accede to the surgeons' request that the men be at once removed to a hospital, and they were kept in their cells and compelled to appear in court the next day. A committee of four men, including Messrs. Molloy and Cox, together with a former assistant district attorney, Robert H. Elder, and Louis Fabricant—the two latter members of a committee of the New York County Lawyers' Association charged with investigating police beatings—called upon the Police Commissioner. They were received with about the same courtesy

extended to my written inquiry; Mr. Elder was charged with being there "simply because he was making money out of criminals." Finally this polite official said that the case would probably come to his attention in due order and that he would then investigate it. A visit to the District Attorney revealed a more friendly attitude. He also assured them of his opposition to the lawlessness in the enforcement of the law and sent a surgeon to examine the men. This medical man confirmed the report of the injuries given above. But to date neither the District Attorney nor any other official appears to have done anything to uphold the righteousness and the majesty of the law by bringing the detectives to trial. The Wallon gang went to Sing Sing. Who cares if injustice was done to a gang caught red-handed?

### III

I have given this case in detail because it brings out so clearly the usual attitude of the higher-up officials the country over in the matter of police crime. The critic is abused and the guilty are not punished, unless they happen to come before an exceptional judge, which merely increases the public belief that the law enforcers are themselves violators of the law and entirely beyond its reach. Of course no New York police official can truthfully pretend that the "third degree" is not in constant use. As I write I have before me thirty-three other cases culled from the daily press of the metropolis by a necessarily superficial perusal of the files of the last few years.

A precisely similar case to that of the Wallon gang was that of the Oberst gang. They named a police inspector as having told his men "to stick some hairpins into them until they're within two inches of their lives," and identified five detectives as having administered the rubber hose, that favorite police weapon which hurts more than a billy or club, yet leaves no marks. Several



of these policemen were promoted for their activities in this case. But when the gang was taken to court a mistrial occurred; juror number eight asked for his relief and obtained it on the ground that "the story of police brutality in this case has become so revolting that I cannot stand it any longer."

These cases do not all rest upon the uncorroborated assertions of the prisoners. For instance, on March 24, 1921, Judge Charles C. Nott in sentencing Policeman Cornelius J. Flood for manslaughter in the second degree for the killing of a fifteen-year-old boy by indefensible shooting into a crowd of eight or ten boys—"some in short pants," declared that "the verdict was one much needed in the community. . . . Only the other day a defendant who was arraigned before me had two ribs broken and his head cut open. He received these injuries at the time of his arrest. . . . If police officers cannot keep order without resorting to undue and unwarranted violence on their own part, if they have to break the law themselves to preserve the law, then the police force is a failure." Excellent words! And if they are true, about every police force in the country is condemned by them.

Judge Nott is by no means the only New York magistrate who has acted. On the very day of January, 1922, when Commissioner Enright (Mr. McLaughlin's predecessor) denounced those who said that the "third degree" was habitually administered, Magistrate Corrigan ordered the arrest of Patrolman Patrick Lennon for beating Owen Watkins, a seaman, saying: "He [Watkins] is a mass of black and blue spots and bruises from his neck to his heels. His body gives every evidence of the absolute proof that he has been terribly beaten. The officer comes here and then commits perjury. In my judgment not only Officer Lennon proved himself a liar, but a poor liar." In 1924 Magistrate Corrigan had before him a newspaper carrier who had been so

badly beaten by two policemen that he had to be assisted into court. But when the uniformed assailants were arraigned in court they were discharged by another magistrate "for lack of evidence." This is a familiar happening. If a police victim "squeals" he is promptly notified by the police to move on to some other residence under penalty of more trouble and interference with his business. Respectable persons who have been the victims of police brutality are the very ones most difficult to induce to testify; they want to be let alone.

Magistrate Corrigan is also of the opinion that the beating of suspects "is largely due to failure to use legitimate detective methods with success." The "third degree" he declared, in contradiction of the several police commissioners, to be "a wide-spread practice" in New York. Blackjacks, he asserted, "are systematically soaked in water, softening their surface so that the punishment does not lacerate the skin." He dwelt on the fact that there was undue protection of the rights of defendants in the courts, which infuriates alike the police and the prosecutors. The remedy is, of course, not the "third degree" but a change in legal procedure. Of course if a New York police commissioner really wished to find out the facts he could simply send for the police reporters. One of these, Mr. A. C. Sedgwick of the *Times*, has just written for *The Nation* a picture of a scene he himself by accident witnessed in which three prisoners were treated in this fashion:

The "shellacine" has started. Blow after blow from the rubber hose, blackjacks, and night-sticks. The prisoners fall to the floor. The blood pours from their faces. They spit and cough blood. The detectives, still in a white rage, look at them. The door opens. A young policeman in uniform pokes his head in. "You fellers is easy with 'em," he says. "Is that so?" roars a detective and kicks a prisoner in the face, pulls him to his feet, props him against the desk, then with the butt end of his revolver

makes a gash in his head. The three prisoners go to the hospital.

As Mr. Sedgwick points out, "as representatives of law and guardians of society they [the police] instil into the class of offenders contempt of law and hatred for society. The crooks believe them no different from themselves; they just happen to be on the other side of the fence."

This abuse has not, of course, ceased with the latest change in police commissioners in New York. On May 31 George Pons complained to Commissioner Warren that when he reported the murder of a friend he was beaten for an entire night and a rope around his neck was pulled every now and then. Two days later he was discharged from a police court as innocent. His appeal for an inquiry and punishment of the guilty will have no effect if the usual precedents are followed. He got off well, for he was only temporarily crippled. Others have received fractured skulls. One Krauss, arrested in Jamaica on suspicion, was found to be entirely innocent, but the rubber hose, used while a police captain looked on, put out the sight of his left eye—nobody punished and no redress.

That fear of the "third degree" is sometimes the cause of crime is clearly illustrated by the case of Luther Boddy, a negro boy, who killed two policemen when they sought to arrest him in New York in 1922. Careful inquiry by a responsible and experienced New York editor, and by representatives of one of the chief organizations for the protection of the negro, brought out the fact that Boddy was again and again arrested on suspicion and invariably "grilled." Prior to his last arrest he was so badly beaten in a station-house that he was confined to his bed for a week. He declared that he had not meant to kill the policemen, but that the impulse to get rid of them was born of a sudden feeling that he could not again go through the "third degree." A colored

man was stopped on the street soon after and beaten up in a gratuitous effort to get him to tell of some of Boddy's crimes. Still another proof of the fear engendered by the "third degree" was afforded shortly after the Boddy case by that of William Hoey, "wanted" for shooting a policeman. He travelled to Sing Sing in order to induce the Catholic chaplain of that prison, Father Cashin, to go with him to New York to protect him when he surrendered to the police. When he was finally brought to a police station the press reported that the captain in charge said to the policemen who were lined up in front of him: "Now, boys, you mustn't touch this skunk; you know he's been photographed."

While the new Police Commissioner has not moved as to the "third degree," it is worth while recording that on August 13, Mr. Warren announced that he would take drastic action against reckless shooting and crimes of violence by the police. In the next week two innocent citizens were killed by police bullets recklessly fired in the streets and one detective, mistaken for a "Red," had his skull fractured by two brother policemen because he had a revolver in his hand.

#### IV

Lest it be thought that the "third degree" is a peculiarly New York custom, it may be well to point out that police scandals of first magnitude, involving turpitude in addition to the "third degree," have been reported of late years from such divergent places as Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans, Chicago, East St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Wichita, Kansas. In Seattle, the confessions of the chief of police for the years 1922-26 have been published in the *Seattle Union and Record*. One of the devices he used was an electrically-wired carpet covering the entire floor of the cell. When the current is turned on, he said, "sparks fly and the prisoner leaps, screaming in agony, into the



air. . . . It is not fatal, its effects are not lasting, and *it leaves no marks.*" A method "highly recommended by the police of other cities" he described as follows:

The prisoner is given a heavy iron ball and told to place it in a slot in the end of his cell. This slot, they show him, is opened by a trigger from which depends a length of stout cord. The prisoner is then bound and thrown on the floor in such a manner that his head is under the slot. One of his legs then is lifted at right angles to his body and the release cord is tied to his foot. So long as he can keep the leg upright he is in no danger. While he is kept in this position, the prisoner is questioned, the police commenting at intervals on the agony he must be suffering in trying to hold the aching leg upright. Prisoners sometimes become unconscious through fear and pain. The "catch" of the plan is that, while he is being bound, a detective has removed the shot and has put in its place a rubber ball!

In 1922, the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners of East St. Louis reduced the chief of police, the chief of detectives and seven other officials to the rank of patrolmen, suspended them for thirty days, and requested their resignations. They all took part in giving the "third degree" to John Campanella, an Italian arrested on suspicion that he knew about the killing of another Italian in his saloon. After he had died from the "third degree" beatings his body was hung up by the neck in his cell so as to make it appear that he had committed suicide, but a coroner's physician found no evidence of strangulation.

In Chicago the "third degree" is always endemic. The most striking example of it of late was afforded by the "goldfishing" of two instructors of the Lincoln School in the Frank murder case. Before the two youthful criminals, Leopold and Loeb, were discovered, the police used the rubber hose unmercifully upon these two young teachers of one of the most respected schools in Chicago in order to make them confess. There is no record that these two innocent young men obtained any redress

for their barbarous treatment at the hands of the law—which they will hardly respect hereafter. Since then the suicide in the county hospital of a once-respected physician was investigated by a Chicago coroner with the result that the police were charged with the responsibility for his fractured skull, his black eyes, and the bruises all over his body.

In Indianapolis a citizen is advertising in the press that there were 22,325 arrests in 1926 and only 7,518 convictions. "What possible good," he asks, "can be expected from this annual crop of 14,000 or more 'innocent arrests'? Is it not reasonable to suppose that they will always think of, and speak of the city, the police, the courts, and government as 'crooked' and 'rotten'?"

In Wichita, Kansas, the police have gone so far in their extra-legal measures that, after a newspaper campaign led by Ex-Governor Henry J. Allen, who is facing a libel suit for \$500,000 for charging a certain official with administering the "third degree," thirty-seven of the leading lawyers have organized to "de-Russianize the police" of this American city. These members of the bar charge that innumerable people arrested on suspicion of petty offenses are finger-printed and photographed and their pictures and finger-prints retained by the police after their complete innocence has been proved; they assert that the legal rights to release on bond in certain cases, and to the services of an attorney, are systematically violated by the police, many of whom have only "a hazy idea of their duties and limitations." In one case they entered a house without warrant, broke open a trunk, compelled an innocent woman to dress in their presence, and falsely arrested her for harboring a criminal. Every one of these acts was lawless and actionable, for which the guilty ought to be prosecuted civilly and criminally. Again, the lawyers cite as merely illustrative of regular Wichita police practice the arrest of a man who had



been out of work for months when on his way to a newly-acquired job. For three days he was kept *incomunicado*, not being allowed even to notify his family of his whereabouts. His family was driven nearly wild with anxiety before he was found to be absolutely innocent—but he lost his new job. Being out of work he doubtless cannot sue the police, who should be held accountable in every case of false arrest. As for holding prisoners *incomunicado*, this custom, borrowed from old Europe, is, of course, beyond defense. It carries with it the admission that the police wish to take extra-legal advantage of the prisoner before he can obtain counsel, the service of the writ of habeas corpus, etc.

This Wichita uprising is the only hopeful occurrence it is possible to report in connection with this subject. Its protesting lawyers point the way. It goes without saying that if the bar and the judiciary of the large cities would arouse themselves, enlist the services of the press, and announce their determination to prosecute every police official who deems himself superior to the law, the practice could be stopped overnight. Judge Thomas T. C. Crain has suggested a simple remedy—that no confession made to the police shall be admitted as evidence unless made in the presence of the man's lawyer. This would prejudice no right of the prosecution, yet it would practically remove the police incentive to extort confessions. Unfortunately our Bar Associations have not yet proved equal to other simple reforms such as removing the technicalities which clog the administration of justice in criminal procedure and make it possible for rich men to escape for years the toils of the law. The law's delays remain the criminal's best friends. Perhaps the new American Law Institute, which is now rewriting the criminal code, will be able to end some of these abuses.

If the bar ever seriously took up the question of official malfeasance in relation to crime, it would be impressed

by the fact that the London police do not carry revolvers and that the killing of a London policeman is practically unheard of; that the "third degree" is unknown in England and would not be tolerated for an instant; that in the United Kingdom, as law-abiding a country as there is, with a total annual murder toll less than that of some middle-sized American cities, no one respects the law as much as the officials themselves. They are the guardians not only of the peace, but of the rights of all prisoners, the sanctities of every legal procedure.

In England, of course, it could hardly happen, as in Philadelphia recently, that a magistrate could be sentenced to prison for six years for corruption. This man pleaded guilty to extorting from liquor-law violators more than \$80,000 in the ten months before his conviction; there were literally hundreds of specifications. His hands itched for bribes. What a fearful blow he struck at the dignity of the law and the respect in which it should be held! Again, in England during the general strike there were actually fewer cases of disorder in the courts than are usually found there in the same number of days. In America there is scarcely ever a strike in which the masses of the working people do not believe that the police, so far from holding the scales even, are on the side of the employing class. The army of Passaic strikers saw the police denying civil rights to their sympathizing friends from New York, suspending constitutional guarantees, and beating up strikers who were well within their legal rights. Can anyone expect these workers to hold the law in awesome respect or to believe that justice is enforced with even hands?

But it is not only strikers who suffer from the police clubs. On July 26 last the Queens County Grand Jury in New York denounced the attacks of the police upon the K. K. K. marchers in a Memorial Day parade at Jamaica, Long Island. The grand jury found that the



police "did more to incite riot than to quell disturbance." The "disgraceful assault" upon the K. K. K. and other marchers and innocent civilians was described as "a high-handed and brutal attack," and the jury directed Mayor Walker to punish the guilty police. In the State of New Jersey the public has also read of the conviction of a lieutenant of State Police and of a trooper for the murder of a woman and the shooting of her brother. They were guilty of gross abuse of their authority and the illegal use of their weapons. Three other troopers have just been arrested for beating two restaurant employees. In Pennsylvania the State Police have frequently sided with the employers, and the deniers of civil rights; at least this is the belief widely held by masses with whom they have come into contact. The result is the same: the persistent belief that the law-enforcer is biased and considers himself above the law.

But why go on? One could recall that the Department of Justice in Washington has set the worst kind of example, as witness the suicide of Andrea Salsedo, who leaped from the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York City as a result of repeated tortures, physical and mental. The Department's agents inflicted upon him grave bodily injuries; they held him in confinement without due process of law; they threatened him with pain and death until he became insane. But this is only one of many cases. A body of lawyers of the highest standing reported—and proved—that in this land of liberty the agents of the Department

of Justice arrested "great numbers of persons . . . in wholesale raids without warrants or pretense of warrants"; many of these, the committee found, were "threatened, beaten with black-jacks, struck with fists, jailed under abominable conditions or actually tortured."

It is no excuse for these or other abuses, such as the wholesale official thuggery against the Chinese in many of our cities during the year 1925, often without warrants, to say that they were in part the result of war hysteria. Officials, the United States Department of Justice, and the courts are there precisely for the purpose of dealing out *justice*, not hysterical oppression—for the very purpose also of keeping their heads when the public and the press lose their judgment and self-control. At least such a spectacle ought to make us extremely charitable in our views as to misgovernment in certain "backward" nations. The wonder really is, not that the law stands so low, but that it has any standing at all; not that we have crime waves, but that we have so few and such relatively small ones in view of the widespread official criminality.

This, then, is the revolutionary remedy. Let it be ordained that:

From this day forward all officials, whether of a municipality, a county, a state, or of the Federal Government, shall themselves cease from all violation of the laws, state and national, and of the Constitution of the United States.

Let the physicians of the law first heal themselves.



## BLACK MAJESTY

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

ONE hundred and seven years ago a King, a negro who was born a slave, rang a splendid curtain down on an end of triumphs. His name was Henry Christophe and his kingdom formed part of Haiti, that greatest northern island of the Caribee chain.

Christophe's name and time and the things he dreamed have slipped to almost complete forgetfulness. All that remains now is a gigantic stone fortress, the largest structure ever built by a negro in the world's history. It straddles a mountain peak in the rarely visited north of Haiti. It is Henry's Citadel—empty, but for bats, empty and deserted and alone through a century of slow decay. But so greatly did the King dream, and dreaming, build, that his fortress even to-day is a spectacle without parallel in the world. It is as large as the Tower of London, yet it rises from the summit of a great mountain clothed on its lower slopes in jungle and littered near the steep crest with titanic boulders. Its walls, that range in height upward from a hundred feet, seem to grow from the hill's crown, and they narrow at the northern end that faces the sea twenty miles away to a prow like that of some stately ship. The still strong ramparts are stained with scarlet lichen. Within, where moisture drips monotonously from the four stories of cannon gallery, dungeons, treasure rooms, and chambers where once ten thousand men might have been lodged, there are rows upon rows of huge bronze cannons that a century ago could hurl iron balls amid the tiny houses of the city one can only glimpse through the mirage of humid

distance down the sky. It is the epitome of majesty in stone.

Three thousand feet below it in a valley are the fallen, weed-grown walls of a splendid palace where the King once held court, called in his time the Palace of Sans Souci. These two half-ruined structures have kept about them a strange, faded mood of pride and grandeur and only partial defeat. Christophe, the greatest monarch in the written history of the negro race, flung a cloak of magnificence over them that time and petty hatreds and the utter failure of those who followed him have failed to rend away.

In the fall of the year 1767 Henry Christophe, the child of pure-blood black slave parents, was born somewhere in the West Indies. It is not known definitely where.

As a boy Christophe came by devious courses to the Island of Haiti, then France's supremely prosperous Colony of Saint-Domingue. He was the obscure slave of a negro innkeeper of the seacoast town now called Cap Haitien, and he served through long, uneventful years as stable-boy, then as waiter in the café gaming room.

The year when Christophe had just turned twenty coincided with the beginnings of the French Revolution, the mood of which found colonial expression in the rising of the African slaves who worked the fertile sugar lands of Haiti. For fifteen years he and two great confreres waged continual, costly war for the achievement of their dream of freedom and the political independence of the blacks of the island. They won what



they were after, but their eminence was lonely and the things they did were done too soon.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, Jean Jacques Dessalines, and Henry Christophe. In swift succession they ruled with the powers of emperors and then resigned the stage with splendid parting gestures. Together they achieved the abolition of slavery. Then, when Napoleon's treachery had cost Toussaint his life, Dessalines and Christophe avenged him with the utter routing of the largest expeditionary army ever despatched by France across a sea—an army under the direct instruction of the First Consul. Bonaparte's young brother-in-law, Victor LeClerc, came to command the forces. He brought his young bride with him, Pauline, sister to the great First Consul. They came for a conquering holiday. For a time Pauline, voluptuous, gay, and lovely, reigned in a fine new palace erected for her on a hill that faced the sea. But the slaves were frenzied and were greatly led. And in time the yellow fever claimed LeClerc; Pauline dismantled her salons, and pale with fear and drained of laughter sailed home again. The blacks declared Haiti free forever.

For a few troubled years Dessalines, "the Tiger," ruled as Emperor and then went down beneath the bayonets of his soldiers. Christophe succeeded him and because he understood his wretched, wearied people perhaps better than anyone before or after him has, he postponed for fourteen years the end he dreaded—the end he knew must come because to the people who were his subjects pride was still a new and foolish thing.

He became master of a territory that for a generation had been wasted by war. In all his domain, at the beginning, there was scarcely an acre of land under cultivation or a single decent house standing. His subjects were illiterate, degraded slaves. But from that material he wrought a rich and ornate kingdom. Christophe could neither read nor write, but he established schools and colleges and found English scholars to instruct in

them. Haiti's purse was empty, but the King created a currency and piled up a national treasure that was conservatively estimated in excess of \$40,000,000. He built innumerable palaces, more gorgeous and more superbly furnished than any structures ever raised before in the New World. The most regal of them all was Sans Souci. Because Christophe felt the mocking eyes of the world were on him, he made his home a model of magnificence. The ornate halls of state, the banqueting rooms, and his well filled library—the library of a King who could not read—were on the lower floor adjoining a wide, paved terrace. So that they might be always cool, in the noon heat of a tropic island, a mountain stream was conducted by pipes under the floors. It ran out through a red-tiled channel and fell down over a bright blue wall. Every one of many score of rooms in Sans Souci was panelled in precious hardwoods and a few were paved in Eastern mosaics. On the walls were fine French tapestries, paintings from European dealers, and gilded mirrors in the fashion of Louis XIV. In this palace King Christophe established a formal court. He conferred upon his negro officers of state and army the titles of Duke and Chevalier and Baron. He established a strict and gracious etiquette, as formal, and thrice as strange as any that ever ruled the courtesies of courtiers. Henry did this not as an end but as a means—a means appropriate to his people that he hoped would lure them to the end that he desired—pride. He had white advisers, tempted by adventure and kept by love for him. But because he was a full-blooded black and because an indolent, bankrupt, mulatto republic existed just beyond his southern borders, he made enemies who resolved in their weakness and their empty jealousy that his magnificence must end.

## II

Sir Home Riggs Popham, a distinguished English admiral, had visited

Christophe's kingdom in the role of British Ambassador. The elderly, high-born sailor and the giant, brooding, sometimes savage negro King had become fast friends. They had talked together many times. In the summer of 1820 Sir Home Popham came to Christophe's court to say good-bye. He was going home to England.

In the heat and silence of a week-day afternoon they climbed a hill together. They found a shaded rock from which one commanded a view of a widespread, fertile valley and the white houses of Henry's seaport capital twenty miles away. The titled British Admiral and the negro sovereign sat down together and mopped the perspiration from their foreheads. For a few moments they were silent. The King's huge frame was curiously relaxed. He had grown heavier lately and furrows ran out from the corners of his eyes.

"They tell me, Henry," said the Admiral at last, "that you have turned tyrant. Why?"

Christophe's long-fingered, mobile hands opened in a gesture of helplessness. He spoke with measured, dull precision.

"Maybe I know no other way. Last night I learned that my French chaplain, the priest Corneille Brelle, was in correspondence with my enemies in the Republic to the south. Letters were found under his cassock. He has already told them how many soldiers I have and how many guns. He will lose his head at dawn to-morrow. . . . That is what you call tyranny?"

The King drew in his breath sibilantly and his voice took on more volume and a new richness.

"I know no other way. Sir Home, though I am King, though they call me Majesty, you must remember I am still an ignorant old man. I cannot read. What others have thought and done is no help to me, except what I learn of them through my friends. 'Christophe,' they say, 'is stupid. All he understands is war and work. He is no politician!' That is true. But in the time that re-

mains to me I must do what I wish as I will. I have many enemies. Some down there," he pointed to the red roof of the Palace of Sans Souci below them, "would be frightened if they knew how well I know them. But do you see these?"

Two black clenched fists were thrust out and his eyes sought the Admiral's face. "My flatterers tell me I am King because of my brain—because I know so much. That is nonsense! I am King because of these. So long as these are strong they will obey me and that is enough. When death opens this fist the work will be done. Haiti will be great, strong, rich, proud—so proud, God willing, the blacks will not forget the name Christophe!"

The King rose to his full height, held his hands out before him in a strange ecstasy.

"Come now, if you are rested. I have a commission which I would be obliged if you would fulfill for me in London."

That night Sir Home Popham took aboard his flagship a banded iron chest sealed with the royal seal of the kingdom. It contained \$6,000,000 in gold to be deposited in the Bank of England in the name of the Queen, Marie-Louise Christophe.

At dawn the executioner struck off the head of the French priest Corneille Brelle.

Henry was absent all that day from his palace. In the late afternoon, as had become his invariable custom, he climbed the steep trail that led to the fortress on the mountain peak. Once there he granted only a curt nod to the negro officers in charge of the Citadel garrison and retired to his private chamber.

After a little, as the twilight mists were scudding up the sea and breaking softly against the great stone prow of the fortress, he came out, dressed in a dusty, ragged coat, torn knee breeches and a pair of battered boots.

The workmen were just coming down from the walls. The huge Citadel had



been in process of building for sixteen years, but it was not yet finished. Christophe took a mason's trowel from a negro conscript laborer and mounted a ladder to a point on the highest rampart.

The soldiers of the garrison, the prisoners and laborers, ate their evening meal around little fires on the central parade ground, sheltered by the vast stone galleries of the fort. That night they talked in whispers and kept their eyes turned up to where the lonely figure of their King was silhouetted, a tiny mark against the luminous night sky. In childhood Christophe had learned the trade of stonemason. Often in recent months he had worked alone on the walls of his Citadel. The regular click-slap, click-slap of his trowel throwing mortar and tapping the big flat bricks came faintly down to them.

Three hours after sundown he flung down his trowel, retired to his room again, and changed to his customary ornate uniform. Then he let himself out of the studded oaken door that gave on the lower terrace, and in a few moments the sentries on the walls saw him far below them striding down the moonlit trail to Sans Souci.

### III

The following day Henry gave orders that his meals were to be served to him in his private apartments. The solitary, brooding mood of yesterday still was on him.

At one o'clock he gave orders to a body-servant to saddle a horse. He was going to the village of Limonade, ten miles away, to attend mass.

The servant gaped stupidly. Never before in anyone's memory had Henry gone to mass . . . The man hurried to the stables.

It was the hour when most of Haiti was indoors asleep. The vertical rays of the tropic sun pounded more and more relentlessly on one's back with every mile down the empty, dusty road. But Christophe rode without mercy, whipping his sweating white horse to a gallop

that soon outdistanced the men of his bodyguard.

The Church of Saint Anne at Limonade is a simple little building. It had rarely been visited by communicants more eminent than barefoot old negresses.

The fat Breton priest who lived nearby was asleep in a hammock when a breathless soldier roused him with the news that the King awaited him in the empty church.

In a moment he was in a little ante-room that adjoins the sanctuary. A frightened peek through the door assured him that Christophe, whose giant body, tilted head, and outstretched hands seemed to fill the meager space by the altar, was waiting. The King was kneeling at a little praying stand.

With trembling hands the priest put on his vestments. In a minute he was ready.\* But so furious had been his haste that not a gust of breath was left in him. He paused in the doorway to recover himself. From where he stood he could see Christophe, but Christophe could not see him. Suddenly the fat priest's mouth dropped open and his little blue eyes nearly started from his head.

Christophe was slowly rising to his feet. His left hand clutched the *prie-dieu* so the wood cracked noisily. His right arm, rigid as an iron rod, was thrust out. His fingers pointed at the altar. Little flecks of foam were showing at the corners of his mouth. Now he was standing erect, a black giant in a queerly incongruous bright blue uniform. Frozen with fright, the priest realized Christophe was about to speak. His lips moved helplessly, then words were formed.

"Great God, it's Corneille Brelle!"

The King had seen the ghost of his dead chaplain officiating in strange silence before the altar. With a scream he crashed forward. In the fraction of a second before panic gave wings to the priest's heels he saw that the blow against the stone floor had laid Christophe's head open. As he fled he noted that the fallen

King lay limp in an ever-widening red puddle.

Two hours later Christophe's friend and physician, Dr. Duncan Stewart, of Edinburgh—a white man who stood closer to the King than any men of his own race—the Queen, and Henry's two devoted secretaries, Baroni Vastey and Baron Dupuy, were at his bedside in the priest's house.

For two days Christophe lay unconscious while not a sound broke the summer quiet of Limonade. On the third day he was carried in a special litter to his Palace of Sans Souci.

#### IV

The news ran over Haiti. The voices of black farmers carried it, calling from hillside to valley, over across the ranges, across the deserts, the great central plain, and at last into the dry brown hills of the South, where his mulatto enemies heard, rejoicing. At night the rumbling drums of old witch-men sounded the refrain, colored it, dramatized it weirdly, and sent the word in code over the marshes where the night birds called and across the narrow strips of sea to lonely little islands off the coast.

Christophe, lying in magnificence in the vast and splendid palace under the hill, heard, when night lay breathless on his kingdom, and his hands caught at his silken sheets. "So much to do . . ." Then, weakly, he fell asleep.

The next morning Baron Dupuy and Dr. Stewart came into the King's chamber. The leaded windows were open on a brilliant sky and a cool breeze from the sea fluttered the hangings.

Dupuy and Stewart seemed strangely ill at ease. With stiff awkwardness the doctor took his place on one side of the bed and Dupuy on the other.

"Come, Henry, let's get up," said the Scotchman, and held out his hand.

Christophe's arms lifted to them. He put his hands in theirs, raised his head a little . . . and cursed softly. With a force that nearly tumbled the two men

over him, he pulled at their arms. Slowly his great body came out from under the covers. His nightshirt, open at the throat, exposed his broad black chest. His head turned toward Stewart and his eyes, wide and frightened, sought the doctor's.

"Duncan, what's the matter? I can't move!"

They let go his hands. Stewart flung back the bedclothes, and while Dupuy, his pale brown hands knotted desperately together, looked on, he went methodically over the limp body of the King.

At last: "You might as well know, Henry. Except for your head, your arms, and those hands of yours—and God only knows why he spared those—you are paralyzed. Know what that means?"

Christophe nodded.

That night the hidden drums and the sing-song, wailing voices of the peasants carried new, exciting news.

Thick-lipped, dull-eyed blacks in the hot sweat of the cane fields spat on the ground and wondered. They arched their backs, yawned, then laughed. It would be good to rest.

And in St. Marc, the city of the kingdom that lay nearest the borders of the Republic, two officers of the garrison excused their regiment from duty for a week and entertained at their table officers of the enemy's army from over the line.

But the King, in spite of his infirmity, had rarely been more active. Four tall negro soldiers of his household regiment were attached to his person. On fine days they carried him to a balcony that adjoined the rooms on the top floor of the palace. There, with a brass telescope beside him, he could see the richest region of his kingdom spread out like a pale green carpet below him. All day long messengers would ride up the twenty-mile white royal road that led to the port to bring him petitions, papers.



Vastey and Dupuy, his secretaries, were always within call.

Word came of the treason at St. Marc. Christophe called a negro general to him, a man named Jean Claude, and instructed him to take a company of faithful men to the rebellious city.

But Jean Claude never reached St. Marc. He was shot through the throat that night less than ten leagues from the palace. He and his men had fallen into an ambush prepared by a company of revolutionists. They had come under cover of the thick forests that clothed the most inaccessible parts of the mountains to feel out the sentiment of their countrymen in the north. Messengers took the head of Jean Claude in a sack to Port au Prince, the southern capital, to prove to their friends in the Republic the "good faith" of the St. Marc garrison.

A frightened peasant came at dawn to the gates of Sans Souci. He was admitted and fell prone before Christophe's chair.

The man was panting from exhaustion and whimpering from fear, but his message was definite.

The soldiers from St. Marc had left their concealment and were marching on the public road. A few peasants had thrown down their tools and joined them. The cry was "*À bas le roi!*", free rum, no more work—and spoils. They were moving slowly on toward Sans Souci. And no one was resisting them.

Christophe's hands caught the chair arms and with a great effort he lifted himself up. But he sank back groaning and his eyes stared terribly while two servants lifted and pushed him to a natural position on his throne. The kingdom was toppling about his head and the King was more helpless than a new-born calf. Timorously his eyes sought the massive hands lying on his lap and for an instant a grim smile wiped the heavy tragedy from his mouth.

He called for his secretary. "Vastey," said the King, "we have no time to lose. Send word that I will review the army to-morrow at ten o'clock."

Among the under-servants at Sans Souci was an old black man, born in Africa, who professed to be a witch-doctor. At daybreak this man was brought to the King's bedchamber.

For two hours the witch-man, aided by a valet, massaged Henry's body with a mixture of red pepper and raw rum—a liniment held in great esteem in the old slave days. At nine o'clock they dressed him in his most splendid blue and white and gold uniform and at ten his four bodyguards propped him in a throne-like chair and carried him down the stairs and out on to the main terrace at the western end of the palace.

Below, filling the narrow valley under Sans Souci and stretching away into the humid distance, were the assembled regiments of the army of Haiti, their rich and vivid uniforms glinting brightly in the morning sun. Certain companies were missing, but it was a lack no one spoke of.

Every eye was turned toward the palace. Half the army saw the King's chair being carried to its place on the terrace. Five thousand blacks could hear Christophe's booming, roaring voice break the silence:

"Bring me my horse," he called.

It was the first sound he had uttered that day.

The white horse, fully caparisoned, was waiting behind a wall. In a complete and breathless quiet a groom led it across the terrace toward Henry's throne.

At sight of it a vast shouting smashed the silence. With a single voice the army cheered, "*Vive le roi! Vive l'homme Christophe!*" Down the valleys thousands of hats were flung in the air. The hoarse, gigantic shouting beat against the mountains and rolled back in thundering echoes.

The horse came to a stand ten feet from the throne. The four bodyguards turned toward the King. He shook his head and swept them away with his arm. He twitched off the robe that covered his lap.

Doctor Stewart, standing in the crowd,

pulled at his clean-shaven chin and stared.

Christophe looked straight before him. He breathed deep. The cheering suddenly ceased. Christophe stood erect.

In five powerful headlong strides he reached the white horse. One hand went to its mane, the other to the saddle. He bent a little to leap up. But while the court and army looked on, King Christophe slowly, slowly, like an empty bag, slumped down till he lay under the horse's feet with his arms outstretched and his face against the earth. The strength so miraculously summoned for the instant had gone out of him.

Rain had fallen during the night. When Stewart, the Queen, Vastey and Dupuy picked him up his uniform was smeared with mud. Dry sobs were shaking him.

When they set him back on the throne the soldiers below cheered again, but this time the sound was scattered and half-hearted. The Queen bit her lips. The gaping courtiers near by noted with astonishment that sour, silent Dr. Stewart was smiling with a queer, proud smile, and that tears ran unashamed down his furrowed cheeks.

The King gave an order. A page ran down the grand stairway to where the first company of soldiers waited.

The parade began.

As each platoon passed the place where Christophe sat the men broke into spontaneous cheers. "*Vive le roi! Vive l'homme Christophe!*"

Then, because twenty paces further on they reached the far end of the terrace, the line of marching men turned around a high garden wall that hid Christophe from their sight.

The review lasted several hours. Christophe sat upright and kept his hand rigidly at salute. But when a third of the procession had passed him two sorts of cheering sounded faintly in the valley.

As the soldiers passed before him they called "*Vive l'homme Christophe!*"; as they passed around the corner of the wall

out of sight of him they broke ranks and, all unconscious of the contrast, shouted "*À bas le roi! Vive l'indépendance!*"

Each company had been touched by the revolution. "No more work" and "free rum" were tempting calls to rally to. They had come to the review drawn by a lingering dread and a lingering love for their King. But the master had crumpled into the mud, and though when his eyes were on them they stayed in stiff parade, once out of his sight they were quit of him.

At last the tail of the procession, still meek, but now not cheering, passed and Christophe turned his head to find that the nobles, the generals, the servants, ladies and gentlemen in waiting who had grouped behind his throne in the morning, had quietly slipped away. Except for a few who stood close to him he was alone.

The valet and the witchdoctor; his two devoted secretaries, Vastey and Dupuy; the Scotch physician; his own three children, Prince Victor Henry and the two Princesses, Améthiste and Athénaire; three old, erect black generals; and Marie-Louise, his beloved, gentle, simple Queen, were there beside him. A stone's throw away was the Palace of Sans Souci, its doorways empty and its leaded windows swinging wide. Evidently the last of its servants and sentries had gone away.

The King lifted his hands helplessly to them and they carried him through the echoing, silent palace up to his balcony.

They brought him his battered brass telescope. He sent one of three remaining faithful generals down the royal road to find out the progress of the rebellion and bring the report back.

Athénaire and Améthiste, his daughters, one twenty and the other twenty-two, sat on the ground and laid their cheeks against his knees. He sent the others away.

He saw the solitary general, who somewhere had found a rich, brocaded banner, ride proudly down the wide white road toward the port. The old negro went as if a great army followed



close behind him. Two hours later, in the twilight, he came back. A rebel sniper had shot off his cocked hat and he had lost his banner. He was still alone.

Christophe sent his daughters away and asked for Dr. Stewart. The sun sank below the far-away rim of the sea and the night rode swiftly up the hills. Soon the valley under Sans Souci was dark and murmurous. The sunlight touched the mountain peaks and then was gone.

The Scotch doctor sat on a stiff chair beside the King. They had been friends so long that talk was superfluous.

Once Henry whispered: "Toussaint, the Tiger, and I . . . We dreamt so much and we have done so little."

Again, with a certain rich pride in his tone, he said, "To be great, Duncan, is to be lonely. To be magnificent is to have men hate you."

## V

The sky was filled with the reflection of flames. The King's chateaux in the distant plain were on fire. Through the brass telescope one could see little dancing shadows pass before the pyres of flame. Now and then an isolated shot, a sound of distant cheering, and a brief, mad rumble on a tom-tom drum came up to them. Christophe cleared his throat.

"Duncan, they will be here soon now. You must go. There are still horses in the stables, I think. Take whatever you can find that's worth anything, then go by back trails to the coast. You will be safe with the English Consul. Good-bye."

"Henry," said Dr. Stewart, "don't be a damn' fool."

He stood up. "I am going to send Marie-Louise and the children to you, but I will be over the hall if you want me."

They shook hands.

The Queen and the King's three children came to him. He then sent for his secretaries, Vastey and Dupuy. He said good-bye to them all; gave, in some-

thing of his old tone of command, orders that the two men were to take his family at once to the port and put them under the protection of English friends there. He gave Marie-Louise the papers that entitled her to the fortune Sir Home Popham had deposited in the Bank of England for her. Then he kissed them and sent them away.

When they had gone he called his valet and asked him to bring a bowl of water. While the man stood by, he slowly washed his hands and dried them on a damask napkin. Then he sent the man away.

But the servant stayed outside the door of the King's bedchamber and watched through the keyhole.

He saw Christophe, after a long, quiet minute, throw himself off his chair and with clutching fingers drag himself across the room to a closet. He saw him reach up and turn the knob, saw him pull down a snow-white satin gown, roll himself into it, and then, like some stricken animal, drag himself horribly across the floor to his bed and lift himself on to it.

From where he lay Christophe could look down the valley. It was not empty now. It was filled with a shouting, running mob of men carrying torches.

The King took something from a little cabinet by his bedside. While the trembling valet still peered hypnotized through the keyhole watching him, he fell back and lay still. A tall clock in the corridor ticked regularly.

Running feet sounded on the stairways. The first of the looting rebels were already in the palace.

A great crash of broken glass was heard.

"They are breaking even the mirrors that have imaged me!" said the King aloud.

He clenched his right fist and raised his left hand, which held a pistol, to his temple.

A shot reverberated, followed by sudden quiet. The King was dead. He had put a golden bullet, moulded long ago, through his brain.

Marie-Louise and the others disobeyed the King's command. They gave gold and jewels to the looters to bribe them not to mutilate his body. They tied sheets to two poles and laid Christophe on the improvised stretcher, and at midnight the Queen, the two princesses, and little fierce old Baron Vastey left Sans Souci by a secret door and started up the long, dark trail that leads to Henry's Citadel.

The dead King was a heavy load; doubly heavy for one old man, an old negress and two young girls, all heart-broken.

But all that night they labored up the trail, while Stewart and Dupuy and the three generals rode with Prince Victor toward safety and the sea.

Dawn found the cortège on the last half-mile of the winding trail that snakes over bare ground just under the gray walls of the fortress. As the night mists rose and broke against the prow of the foremost rampart the sentries on the wall saw them. No news had come to them up there. The sudden shout resounded, "*Le roi est mort!*" The sentries left their posts, the laborers and soldiers who were forming lines for the morning parade took up the shout, ran down the corridors behind the cannons and burst out the lower door.

A handful of officers and men tried vainly to stem the tide. But when the Queen and Vastey with their burden ended the climb and came under the portals of the fortress the Citadel was empty and the hillsides were alive with running, laughing men on their way to join the rebels in the valley.

Slowly, panting and weak from exhaustion, they staggered through the galleries and came at last into the sudden brightness of the central court. The morning was cool. Green parrots flew cawing overhead.

The few faithful soldiers and officers

who had stayed behind came to attention. Willing hands reached out and took the heavy stretcher.

Vastey and the Governor of the Citadel entered into a quick whispered consultation. There was no time. The Queen and the Princesses must be rushed to safety.

A pit of new-mixed builder's lime lay open in the center of the parade ground. Vastey and the Governor lifted the stretcher high over their heads and with a tremendous effort turned it over.

The King's body pitched from its winding sheet, turned in the air, and with a sullen splash fell into the lime. It sank down and the white corrosive lipped in on it like a hungry mouth. The bystanders caught their breath. The surface of the lime was still and smooth. But above it, through it, thrust up the King's right hand and his bare black wrist. The hand was clenched. It seemed in death to be still masterful, still strong.

There was no time. They left him there.

In the empty, gigantic fortress on the mountain top the King's hand threatened the stillness and the morning sky.

The revolutionists, fearful lest the royal line continue, murdered young Prince Victor Henry. But Madame Marie-Louise and her daughters were permitted to take ship for England. The Queen claimed her fortune, but the thirty years she survived her King were a long, slow time of anticlimax. She was lonely, and her loneliness drove her to the God her husband in his pride and mastery had rejected. She became a devout Catholic—and the millions garnered by Christophe swiftly slipped into the hands of the Church. She and the Princesses are buried in the little cemetery behind the monastery of the Capuchins, in Pisa, Italy.





## LUCKY STAR

A STORY

BY JEANNETTE HOWARD FOSTER

HAMILTON NORTH, following the porter with his bags down the Pullman aisle, bent to sweep the Waynesville platform with a speculative eye for the woman who would be meeting him. It was always a woman except in the cities or the college towns; he did not expect the average American man to turn out for him at eleven in the morning until he should have published a best seller or had a volume suppressed, and to neither of these distinctions had he as yet quite attained. Now he was a bit puzzled; in his native town he might have resigned himself to the two anxious ladies in black, but here in the South even his brief fortnight had led him to expect a higher quality of charm in women who counted. Of this town in particular, somehow, he anticipated the best, having heard it spoken of with respect, and having noted, as the train drew in, that it was pleasantly free from commercial grime and squalor, as well as graced by ancient mansions and wide, deep-shaded streets.

When he reached the platform the two ladies of his apprehensions were already greeting someone else, and he stood for a moment uncertain, divided between piqued surprise and a happy sense of liberation, drawing great breaths of the unbelievable May sweetness to which he should never become accustomed within the confines of towns. Before either mood had taken hold upon him, however, a handsome car came dashing in among the station traffic, was stopped with a hiss of soft tires upon the gravel, and

discharged a tall laughing woman in white, who flashed him a smile of almost personal recognition. Waynesville, he decided, was not going to disappoint him after all. While she came down the long platform he had time to appreciate her swift free fashion of moving, the russet lights upon her dark uncovered head, the perfection with which her severe thin sport frock became her; she seemed to have just left the tennis court.

"Mr. North?" she said in a rich voice just on the edge of a laugh, and giving him a hand whose clasp was surprisingly warm and as strong as a boy's, "I'm Nancy Wayne Graham—Mrs. Graham—and I've the good luck of being allowed to take care of you. I hope you weren't feeling abandoned. Here, boy, the blue car," she threw crisply over her shoulder to the now restive porter.

Hamilton North followed her with an unexpected sense of well-being and uttered the formal courtesies with a certain unbending of his customary restraint as he took his place in the soft upholstery beside her. Here was not only the informal ease, the vivacity, and assurance which he found native to this region, but an impression of power that immediately caught his imagination. Not the mere arrogance of beauty, either, he meditated, observing the terse economy of movement with which she put her car in motion and threaded the disorder of trucks and taxis about the station.

Once in the shaded streets she said more in statement than question, "Mr.

North, I'm begging the privilege of taking you home instead of to the hotel. These little towns of ours don't have the accommodations you're used to, and I promise you as much privacy and freedom with us as you like."

"The privilege is mine," he said, unbending completely. "It is delightful of you to put yourself at my service this way, and I shall try not to be too unsocial or to indulge in any of the temperamental eccentricities my friends like to accuse me of."

"Ah, we should welcome them!" she cried laughing, "You don't know what a treat it is to have someone—a real Someone—drift in with the eccentricities of the great world. Please do stir us up a bit!"

As she turned her laughing eyes full upon him he noticed with fresh pleasure the brilliance of them, luminous gray and exquisitely shaped, with dark outcurling lashes which gave them a constant alertness, a hint of private mirth.

His look met her challenge. "This is plainly my chance to ask just how outspoken I may be here," he said. "Will they accept talk as straight as—my last book, for instance?"

"Well, frankly"—she showed beautiful teeth in a wide, engaging smile—"isn't that last one going rather far? When I said wake us up, I didn't mean shock us, exactly. I'm afraid we're rather shockable here by modern standards—but just give us the feeling of how much goes on outside, how alive it all is! I suppose I'm thinking of my precious year in New York, really"—she was half apologetic for so long a speech—"and wanting you to bring back the flavor of that. Most of the interesting people I knew there used to have little attacks of temperamental eccentricity, but all because they were so full of what they were doing. That's what we need."

He returned her smile. "And that's what I hoped I was doing, even in *Dark Stars*. If there's a sting in it, it's for my own Middle West. But I shall surely

enjoy defending that favorite child of mine when we have time for a real discussion."

"Oh, Mr. North, don't say it's your favorite."

He felt real protest beneath her lightness, and was turning it aside with, "Well, isn't one's youngest always the darling?" when he broke off with a sudden breath of delight, for they had swung between hoary gate posts and were slipping into a scene to arrest any collector of choice impressions.

The clear cool reach of lawn sloping up beneath great trees; the house, of a venerable simplicity, with white columns not too dominant, and rosy brick and fawn shutters mellow before the Civil War; the flowers—roses, roses, cascading over arbors and down terraces in such profusion as he had never imagined; and here and there the dark accents of evergreen and box and massed honeysuckle, their riotous fragrance assaulting the senses with every drift of warm May air—to the last detail there was a perfection, a prodigal loveliness about the place that held him rapt, and that in their progress up the long drive slowly became one with the woman beside him and explained her.

All the way up the hill he was conscious of her subtle scrutiny and, when at the top he sprang out to help her alight, he felt faintly surprised when she let her fingers rest warmly in his an instant longer than was necessary. In that instant their eyes met squarely, and a sense of conscious adventure awakened in him. Quite frankly each measured the other and each hailed an equal. She disengaged her hand abruptly and mounted the steps, and as she led the way into the cool dimness of the house she moved with a joyous resilience and hummed a thread of tune, as though she were bringing in an old friend.

He followed her up the broad staircase, past a window looking across to distant hills, and on into a chamber that might have stood untouched since the Revolution. With a gesture now consciously light she turned it over to his possession



and said, with mirthful eyes on his face, "I believe you like my house, Mr. North."

He echoed her tone. "Like is a weak word. I positively venerate it and feel myself immensely unworthy of my quarters!"

Now she laughed outright. "I'm sure they never housed a guest who was less so. But you don't know how much good that does me. So many of my friends have wanted me to remodel; and when I see their exquisite places, and am starved for novelty, I've been tempted. I've always felt, though, that it was a kind of trust, not wholly mine to trifle with, and when someone like you happens along to give me heart, I know that in falling heir to it I was born under a lucky star!" She turned in the doorway as she left him, to say, still laughing, "Somehow I feel particularly lucky to-day. . . . Luncheon at one, Mr. North."

Late that night, beside the open windows of his perfect chamber, Hamilton North set about ordering his wealth of vivid impressions in some tangible form before they should be faded by sleep. He had made this Southern tour largely in the hope of some real contact with a new region and had felt himself fairly successful; but here by sudden magic he "belonged," and saw all his previous records as the cold comments of an outsider. Turning the pages of his notebook, he re-read here and there a phrase that had seemed particularly good, with the striking partial truth of first impressions; but how entirely they missed the real spirit, the charm which had become so richly apparent to him to-night.

It was, of course, the personality of Nancy Graham which had brought her background so suddenly to life; she was bewitching, and in his callow days he would have been already in love with her and happy in a three-day infatuation that would stimulate his work, but now he meant to let her spell grow no farther than this fine golden haze which she knew so well how to cast over her

environment. Through it he saw again her lovely slim daughter, amazingly near ten, who called her "Miss Nancy"; saw the pale-paneled, candle-lit room where he dined with her and a delicate faded relative—"Stan," it appeared, was temporarily in New York—and then sat again on the high-pillared verandah, watching the swift dusk fall and the unbelievable stars leap out, while pine and honeysuckle began to discharge their night scents so different from the strong aromatics of noon, and Nancy Graham's low voice flowed on. Then he was borne along quaintly dark streets to the old church where he lectured, and heard her warm, informal introduction that lighted his audience to instant response.

Then there was the Graham verandah again, where a carefully chosen handful gathered for iced drinks and informal chat. Nancy Graham let no one cross-question him about his books or suddenly leave him the floor, forcing him as it were to continue his lecture; she accepted him like any other week-end guest, and the personal banter at which they were all so quick flowed about him with no more self-consciousness than served to put an edge on the wit. The impression he received of easy intimacies of lifelong comradeship filled him with a kind of nostalgia. . . . There was a full moon, too, and she had seated him where he looked out across the gentle cup of a valley flooded with pure silver to low circling hills that gleamed palely against a crystal sky; somewhere across the dew-misted lawn a mocking-bird broke into low bubblings, and honeysuckle drowned them in drugging sweetness. . . . Why had he not been born here?

For a long time he worked beside his window, capturing the spell in deft phrases; then switching off his light, he sat upon the broad sill, his head back against the casing, and gave himself up to the beauty of the night. But soon between him and the scented dark came the figure of Nancy Graham. With what skill she had shown him her back-

ground at its best, and how completely she was the flower of that best—of the mellow town, the perfect house, both the work of her ancestors, and then of this prodigal climate that gave vitality which not even generations of breeding could pale or thin . . . And yet . . . and yet . . . she had something more. Her setting, for all its charm, was naïve, not quite up to the impression of urbanity he had got from her this morning. Year in and year out how was she satisfied here, she who could so well hold her own in any drawing-room he knew? Why had she ever come back from New York after that “precious year” she mentioned this morning? At the call of romance, probably; he gathered that she had married soon afterward, and he found himself wondering about “Stan,” of whom she and the others had made casual mention to-night. One couldn’t predicate him from Constance, for the child was just a small replica of her mother; what sort of man was he to have kept a woman like her radiant and content here for ten years? . . . Or was content after all quite an honest estimate? He recalled her immediate appeal to him this morning for some diversion, and a succession of chance phrases and gestures since—“starved for novelty,” “this lotus land of ours,” her fingers in his at the steps, her fingers on his arm half a dozen times to-night. . . . Of course that informal freedom of gesture was only a localism, they all had it here; but her hands had a tension, a restlessness.

Perhaps his reverie drifted into a romantic doze; certainly he was startled by the flutter of a raised shade, and with amazement watched a square of gold light from some neighboring window grow upon the lawn. It framed the shadow of a woman’s figure lengthened by the slanted beams into a slim medieval silhouette more symbolic than real, but still he recognized something in its tempered grace as Nancy Graham’s. Why was she still awake at this hour? He was certain that while he drowsed

a clock somewhere had chimed two. While he watched, she flung out her hands in a gesture so poignant that he caught his breath and hastily averted his eyes, feeling the veriest intruder upon her unguarded emotion. There was nothing of the genial and urbane Nancy Graham in the stark hunger of those outstretched hands, and he tried to doubt that it was she, but could not. His speculations had hit too uncannily close. He shivered. She stood there for what seemed a long time, tense, motionless; then the arms fell, the figure blurred, the light went out.

Abruptly Hamilton North drew his own shade and flooded his room with light. Its cool austerity was an excellent antidote to his suddenly overwrought mood, and he prepared rapidly for the night to the tune of plausible hypotheses that she missed her husband, or that, in the delicious phrase he had picked up to-night, she had a “secret sorrow” here in town; but he knew better. For the one, there was too little sense of vacancy in the household, although Mr. Graham had been gone a fortnight; for the other, she had not the hectic radiance of a woman with a hidden passion. He had only to let in the May night and lie down in darkness for the certainty to confront him again beyond denial; here she was, caught in a constricted if exquisite cage; here was he, a reasonably distinguished, not unpicturesque ambassador from the great outside; and all about them this riotous May . . . He wished he had not seen those shadowed hands.

At three-thirty the next afternoon, Hamilton North came out of his doorway, walked with caution to the broad staircase, and frankly paused to listen; he was hoping against hope that no guests had yet arrived and that he should have a bit of time with his charming hostess. But unfamiliar voices already floated up from the verandah, and he caught a flash of violent rose frock that was never Nancy Graham’s; so he



turned back to his room, postponing the descent as long as possible.

He was in a bad mood, too. Walking this morning in clear sunlight, he had felt a distaste for last night's fever of the imagination and a strong impulse to engage Nancy Graham in good straight talk; that sort of thing always got one's feet back on solid ground and, unless he was much mistaken, she too would welcome the anchorage. The discussion of *Dark Stars* that he had threatened her with yesterday would be a good beginning. Whether she ever sanctioned this particular volume or not he didn't care so long as she saw what he and the rest were after. Then, too, if he could, he would suggest her spending a season in New York; if she were really in the desperate state he had sentimentally inferred last night, she would jump at talk of definite ways and means; and even if she were merely much bored . . . nothing like a potential escape for breaking such a mood. Anyway, it would do her good just to talk impersonally to a transient stranger like himself, with no fear of aftermaths. . . . Thus he reasoned before breakfast, and had gone down cheerful and alert for debate.

But she had proved elusive, full of gay inconsequence, slipping away from all his graver openings, like a filly who scents the halter. Halfway through the meal she let Constance come in and prattle, with only a laughing shrug when the child betrayed her, "Why, Miss Nancy, you had one breakfast with me *a-ages* ago!" (Had she slept at all?) Afterward she led him out to see her flowers, and later in the car she "ran by for Bettie Ritchie," plainly an intimate, and thus accompanied drove him "up the mountain." The drive was a delight, along slopes sprayed with laurel and rhododendron up to a sudden height that left them hung above the valley on a promontory in liquid sunshine; but all the way Bettie Ritchie, a fresh-colored blonde with a fifteen-year-old's face, poured forth an amiable un-

checked stream of gossip into which all weightier topics fell like pebbles and were lost. "Oh, Mr. North, I just can't keep up with these modern things. Nancy Wayne reads them all and tells us when she finds one that ends right." And just when he was prepared to bid her a grateful farewell she had been invited to lunch. The meal would have been purely negative, with the slow sweet drawl running on and on, had he not in the midst of it become aware of Nancy Graham's hands; thereafter he could do nothing but watch them, as their strong white fingers varied between a schooled quietude and a tense stroking of her glass.

Luncheon over, his hostess had excused herself by suggesting that he deserved a bit of rest, and had taken herself off—to sleep, he hoped. Now the tea would last until six or so; her husband was coming in on the afternoon express; to-night would go, of course, to his second lecture, and to-morrow morning would be the mere prelude to his departure. So they would have no chance for real talk. He felt acute irritation at her for evading him.

With the striking of four he assumed a social countenance and descended to the inevitable. But as his hostess met him and led him out, the inevitable subtly changed its color; she was tremendously worth watching in her warm-tinted draperies, and as the guests began to gather she became increasingly so. Something held in abeyance all day was once more released in her, and he discovered that wherever she moved, the little group about her became suddenly alight. Now and then he recognized that the afternoon was unrolling much as he had foreseen, except that the banalities were a shade less flat uttered in soft slurring phrase by these flower-tinted women faintly fragrant of romantic success.

At last the guests began to leave, with purring of motors and colorful drifting afoot down between dark box and evergreen in the rich level light; and he found

himself at peace on the verandah with only Bettie Ritchie, watching his hostess as a last knot of the departing hovered and clung about her.

Bettie Ritchie followed his gaze. "Oh, Mr. North, isn't she just the most adorable?"

Unexpectedly he found need to guard his voice before making his casual agreement.

"All the Waynes have been like that, but nobody quite like Nancy. You ought to hear her mother tell how before she was two, old Martha, the old mammy that had raised all Miss Sue's children, just took a fancy to Nancy Wayne and forgot the rest till they had to get a black girl in to help with them. And the family was just the same—even old Colonel Wayne adored her, and in his will he left her this place, right over the heads of the two boys. Of course they were older and had done wonders for themselves in New York and I guess the old Colonel knew how much good Stan Graham was. Still, they were the natural heirs. But it has always been like that, when we were youngsters here, and then at boarding school—why, one of the old girls said to me just the other day, 'Bettie, you know I never learned a thing at school except to love Nancy Wayne!' And as for the boys—ohee! Every man in town is half in love with her this minute, and would fall the rest of the way if she crooked her finger."

Hamilton North, listening to these excesses, mentally added another vignette to his notebook; but he also remembered Nancy Graham's hold upon the women this afternoon with new respect, and he offered conscious resistance to the faint ache stirred by her loveliness as she swept down the long verandah toward them. She was trailed closely by her daughter Constance, who had appeared by magic with the echo of the last good-by.

"Mr. North, you'll have to excuse me a moment—a bit of drama going on down in the cook's cabin, they tell me, that only I can settle. No, Baby, you

stay here. . . . I hope Bettie's keeping you amused. You can't have got half way to the end of her stories."

"She is indeed. We were talking about you."

Under her laughing shrug he saw her color faintly, eyes alight. "Well, stop listening when she begins to blacken my character. She has known me too long."

Constance looked after her with a wistful sigh, and then came to take up her stand within the protection of his knee.

"Hello there," his voice warmed to her, "where have you been all afternoon while we were so busy?"

"Oh, playing down on the rocks."

"Have a good time?"

"Not very. I don't feel very good. And I wanted to talk to you some more," was the diffident confession.

"Well, Mr. North! You surely must have been courting Conny! She doesn't take to most folks like that." There was careless archness in Bettie Ritchie's voice, and he felt the child shrink against his arm.

"Oh, Constance and I had a long talk this noon just after lunch before we both went up to have a rest."

"My me, this is getting serious! And what was he talking to you about, Sugar?"

The child only hung her head, and he, bending, asked, "Shall it be our secret?"

"I don't care, but you tell her."

His eyes challenged Bettie Ritchie to gravity. "Oh, we discussed fairies, and the *Arabian Nights*, and all the things one gets puzzled over sometimes."

"My goodness, if that child isn't just exactly like her mother!" Bettie's laugh rang out.

"How's that?"

"Why, Nancy Wayne was just that way, always wanting to know about everything. She used to scare me half to death sometimes with the things she'd ask about."

He smiled hopefully; the stream was loosed again. "For instance?"

"Oh, I can't remember, there were so



many. When her Uncle Cliff was home he used to lead her on. He was the best lawyer in the state, and he always said she ought to be a lawyer too. But the others hated it, because Cliff was a sort of black sheep in the family. He wasn't home so much after we were older."

He found this enlightening; so much so that when she wandered into pointless addenda he attempted to open another vein: "And were you with Mrs. Graham the year she was in New York?"

"No, I wasn't, and I never shall get over missing that, because that year meant so much to her. I was so afraid that she was going to get married up there and stay, like the two boys, but she came back to us all right—came back to be maid of honor at Allie Joyce's wedding, and three months after, she married the best man—the biggest surprise! But you never saw such a wedding as she had! There had been so much talk about her being engaged in New York, and when she just came back here after all, this town would have given her anything she asked for. They say . . ." She broke off as Mrs. Graham returned. "Oh, hello, honey, I'd just got your life history up to the 'lived happily ever after,' and you'll have to go on with it from there. Anything bad the matter back there?"

"Oh, no. Just Sylvester come back. Sylvester is my cook's most worthless son, Mr. North, and he's been gone a week, afraid the law was after him for shooting another boy in the foot at a dance. He has just been telling me about it." She chuckled richly. "Oh, Bettie, don't go! Well, yes, I grant you have a husband and family. Which reminds me that I have, too. Stan just wired that they're running half an hour late and not to wait dinner, but I hope you won't mind dining just before your lecture, Mr. North? I do want Stan to meet you. Well, Bettie, if you must. See you later."

Hamilton North rose for the farewells, and then returned to his deep chair with

a sigh of satisfaction; here was the moment for real talk, with his hostess pleasantly relaxed opposite him with Constance pressed close to her side, and a good half hour before them. He dropped an amiable comment or two upon the tea and the beauty of the evening, and then hazarded:

"After a day in this delightful place I hardly wonder that you dislike some modern fiction."

She sent him a grateful glance. "I'm glad," she smiled, and did not offer to go farther.

"Even so, I believe I could plead its cause."

"Oh, Mr. North, let's not disagree at the end of a perfect day!"

"That's just it—I shall prove that in the end we don't disagree, you see."

"Well—" she murmured, without raising her eyes.

"I suppose it—I mean the fiction—seems tremendously unnecessary."

"Yes. I just don't like to read about unpleasantness all the time."

"But it's never unpleasantness for its own sake. Unhappily, few lives are as free of it as yours seems here."

"And that's exactly why we stay here," she turned toward him in her chair, still smiling but no longer relaxed, "instead of running off to New York and Miami. We haven't slums and strikes and meanness, we don't run off with one another's husbands and wives, and the young girls don't drink and swear and all that. Why must we read about it?"

His eyes were fixed on a spray of creamy roses as he answered, "I wonder how far your portrait of these little towns depends on your having lived all your life in the thinnest upper crust."

"You mean—?"

"Well, *you* may never have known much sordidness or cruelty, but . . ."

"In other words, I 'haven't really lived.' Well, go on."

"Oh, I implore you . . ."

She was saved by Constance's little whimper against her shoulder, and looked down quickly. "What is it, Baby?"

Why, I believe your little old head is all hot! Sophy let you eat a lot of cakes in the kitchen?"

"Not very many. But I felt funny before, too."

"Well, we'll get lots of sleep to-night, and that'll fix us. How about asking Sophy for supper right now, and then bed?"

"I don't want to!" The child began to cry quietly.

"Why, this isn't like my Conny one bit. Mr. North will excuse us a minute while we tell Sophy what to do for my girl, won't he? Come on, hon."

She pulled herself up and, with an arm about the small shoulders and head bent in charming solicitude, she disappeared into the house. Presently, calling back, "Good night, Baby—Sophy'll get Uncle Doc to come fix you if anything's the matter," she came out again smiling genially and flung herself luxuriously back in her chair.

"No use, Mr. North. If I'm spoiled, I'm hopelessly spoiled, and there's no use trying to grow me a world-conscience! So many writers with one seem to have a bitter flavor, and that's my special abomination. Just give me up and blame my lucky star." She lifted a careless arm to crook it behind her head and laughed at him from beneath fluttering lids, consciously lovely, as though with intent to beguile him from his sternness.

He, consciously cruel, used the only means he had to reach her, "I wonder whether you really think it a lucky star . . . at three in the morning."

"Oh," she laughed with a touch of impatience, "I've no doubt an occasional angel gets fed up with heaven at three in the morning."

"Don't you ever want to get away for a while?"

"Oh, now and then everyone's imagination breaks loose, I suppose, but mine is never dangerous." Nevertheless, he could see the pulse in her throat.

"Why don't you try it for a season? Winter's an interesting time in New

York, as you remember. And surely you aren't tied here immovably."

"Oh, but we are, rather. Besides—" and now there was almost defiant radiance in her glance, "I love it here. I've had the most gorgeous times imaginable in this town. I know it must look slow to you—it does to me sometimes, for in spite of all their supposed wildness, the young crowd now doesn't have the excitement we had. I wish you could have seen this house when I was a girl! It was a place worth even your visiting then, and it will be again when Conny comes out."

"But are you ready to live only for your children?" He could not suppress a twinkle. "And doesn't the present seem less exciting than the past because you have outgrown your setting? Good heavens, Nancy Graham, you command this scene without half trying. You must know what you could do if you had a chance!"

This might sound fulsome, but it reached her. She was mantled, face, throat, and arms, with a faint glow, and did not meet his eyes. Her voice was low as she managed to say, laughing, "Ah, please don't spoil me even more, great Mr. Hamilton North."

He made no immediate answer, finding that her emotion had produced an uncalculated effect on himself. Very fortunate that he was leaving to-morrow morning. But he hoped that he had planted a germ. He would try to drop another upon "Stan" this evening. This woman must not even start in the direction of an ingrowing middle age.

As if in answer to his thought, the blue car came panting up the hill, and Nancy Graham rose and swept down the verandah with a peculiarly crisp erectness, waving her fingers lightly and calling her husband's name. With all his faculties alert, Hamilton North learned much from the welcome that ensued, even though he courteously turned his attention upon the roses. His first impression was of a man strikingly attractive emerging from the car; but some-



thing about him as he swung up the steps and met his wife, from the tilt of the soft hat swiftly doffed to the knowing deliberation of his embrace, was too near rakish. Going forward for the introduction, Hamilton North found him indeed almost spectacularly handsome, with a boyish elasticity of figure and penetrating blue eyes; but his face showed lines too sharp for his apparent thirty-three or thirty-four years, and his gay impudence was too pointed as he said, "I can see it in her eyes that you've been courting my wife, Mr. North. I compliment your taste, but I'm glad I came back." There was no getting anywhere with a man like this.

A very little later they were reassembled about the table, Stanley Graham a dramatic figure in his dinner jacket, Nancy ravishing in iris blue beyond the creamy roses. She was keyed to a brilliance almost glittering, lovelier than he had yet seen her, and he had to keep his mind consciously away from wondering whether she was lighted by their tête-à-tête and its acute finale. It was plain that she was much on guard before her husband's faint satiric smile. After a time North casually launched his suggestion of a season in New York, with the hope that he might be their courier and guide whenever they came. The topic made a graceful conversational bubble, but was kept in the air by only the lightest badinage; there was no guessing how either of them took it until Stanley offered dryly, "Oh, Nancy Wayne will never take me to New York. I need the chastening influence of the ancestral halls to keep me in order, and she could never manage me there."

She met this breach of taste with a sunny laugh. "Oh, Mr. North, just fancy what he must be on these trips when he escapes my relentless management!" But he detected the skill with which she tried to conceal her bitterest secret by transparently parading it, and he knew that her husband was right; she would not go to New York. For a moment he was in a panic of urgency,

feeling nothing in life so imperative as getting this gorgeous woman out of her petty snare; especially since he had met Stan. Then he took firm hold upon himself and turned the talk into casual channels. What a fool he was to have fallen so deep into the atmosphere of this place, to have let this woman's personality take such a hold upon him, to have somehow involved himself in her problem! He could do nothing; to-morrow morning he should go on, and next week at this time these two days would be but a pale recollection.

As they lingered over their coffee a gray figure, hatless, with a physician's kit, appeared in the doorway with a brief apology, and North recognized one of last night's most interesting faces.

"Hello, you-all; I've just been having a look at Conny. How much have you seen of her to-day, Mr. North?"

For a moment North was at sea. "Why, we had a long talk after lunch, Doctor Wayne, and then after the tea—"

"Was she in your lap?"

"Yes—"

"Mac, what's the matter?" Nancy Graham was on her feet in quick alarm.

"Oh, she's all right, Nan, and I think it's only measles, but it just might be scarletina, and until we're sure . . . Of course, whichever it is, the house'll be quarantined and Stan will have to move into the wing, but I was hoping we could slip Mr. North out. I suppose you've had measles, Mr. North?"

Hamilton North held his face a mask, behind which he had a bad moment. The truth and a social conscience swung in the balance against his lecture tour and an unnamed panic at the thought of being caught here. Then with a small wry shrug he confessed, "No, I've never had them."

"Ah, too bad. Then I'm afraid you'll have to stay out the period of incubation, in any case."

He heard their concern for his plans, their quickly voiced pleasure at keeping him, and his own earnest reassurance and appreciation; his "No necessity could

be more delightful, I assure you," rang composed and convincing even to his own ears. But he did not meet Nancy Graham's eyes; for, once the trap had closed upon him, he felt his momentary panic turn to a joy infinitely more unsettling, and as his gaze sought refuge in his plate he noticed her hand, its nails whitening slowly against the stem of her glass.

At the end of afternoon a fortnight later he paced restlessly about his colonial chamber, trying to cope with the fact of his release. Half an hour ago the doctor had pronounced him past danger of infection, and he had already sent wires resuming his lecture tour, and telephoned about trains; he was leaving to-morrow morning at ten.

But the fact held no reality. He must find Nancy. At the door, however, he brought up with his hand on the knob, released it, and turned back to the windows. This was the third time in fifteen minutes that he had checked the impulse to go to her; he must not go until he had thought what to say—or what not to. He must think.

But straight thought was as impossible as it had been this whole fortnight; seeing the end from the beginning had not helped—one might see oneself going over the falls without being able to stop the river, as he had watched himself go that first night when the quarantine fell and Nancy all but snapped the stem of her glass. Since then there had been nothing to do but hold on; could he still keep his hold, or would to-night carry him over the next leap of the cataract into open betrayal? Just now, prowling back and forth between window and door, he didn't greatly care. The thought of a heated, futile scene was revolting, but he could no longer face leaving her without a single sign. She must know that he loved her . . . and he must make sure of her feeling for him. A dozen times he had been certain that his plight was hers too, and then had remembered that that glowing warmth was just the native way

of this place—of all women with all men.

And even if she did love him? . . .

Oh, the devil's irony of this quarantine! Fourteen days of unbroken intimacy in a setting to beggar one's adolescent dreams. Gay, cool breakfasts on the terrace; the daily cutting of roses for the house; tennis on the lawn court; long mornings on the verandah while she sewed and he read aloud; lazy afternoons beneath the rose arbor, wind-swept afternoons in the blue car out on the hills; and then the evenings, moonlit, perfumed, bewildering. There had been no check upon their intimacy, for Constance had never been gravely ill, and Stan, though sometimes by day he ate on the sun porch and conversed amiably through open doors, was always invited for dinner with friends, and in the evenings worked ostentatiously on an important case. Day by day, all but against their will, what doors had they not opened to each other, talking with the impersonal frankness of strangers in a chance encounter as they were, but all the while knowing a poignant undercurrent of intensity. Closing his eyes, he could still feel the spasmodic shower of her confidences fall over him like stinging rain—the very echo of his own memories. There had been acute clashes between them, of course, inevitable with backgrounds so diverse; indeed, sometimes they had flung their barbs of difference bitterly, with intent to destroy the bond beneath. But still through all her reminiscence he heard that echo of his own, and he watched her thrill in half-unwilling recognition of the theme behind his variations—people, people; a love of them, a power over them, a dependence upon them for all the adventure in life. . . . What joyous adventure they might have found together! And instead—the merest futile hail and farewell. He paused in his restless pacing and stared without seeing across to the smoke-blue hills. To-morrow at ten.

How could he leave her? Here with Stan, and Bettie Ritchie. He had not



even converted her to the notion of temporary escape; her present difficulties were a point she had not touched on in all her confidences, but as early as the third day of their imprisonment, when he was steadily exerting the gentle pressure of suggestion, she had turned upon him with finality, "I can't discuss it with you, but once for all, Stan was right last night when he said that I will never go with him to the city." So she would not get even that taste of freedom which he had counted on to win her away wholly. She would stay here and slowly stifle. Even through the setting of all her reminiscences, vivid with her own color though they were, he had felt the fenced paths, the drawn blinds, the staled air of discreet convention; verily, only their rich sunshine and free winds kept health in these little towns. He could see her at forty, her luminous pallor dull, her compact slenderness grown angular, movements tending to abruptness, catching the tension of her hands; and eyes—still brilliant, but with a forced brilliance; still terribly alive, but full of hunger; avid, betraying eyes.

No! And, as suddenly as two weeks ago his feeling for her had broken through his pretenses, so now the one solution refused to be fought off any longer. He would take her away! . . . With the admission of the idea to consciousness, his mind suddenly cleared and began to gather up all the fragments of this fortnight's repressed contriving with the speed and surety of a smooth-running machine. Could he do it? If she cared for him, there seemed every chance; it was plain that any vital emotion had long since ceased to exist between her and Stan, and he knew well enough from a score of hints that legal grounds for freedom would not be hard to come by. And of course there need be no melodrama, no brash elopement; she would decide to spend a winter with Constance in New York; then she would simply not come back, and after the necessary lapse of time he and she would marry. New York would not be impertinently in-

terested, and Waynesville then could not vitally reach her. . . . Of course giving up her life here would cost her a bitter wrench, but once she had suffered it, he knew without vanity that the life he could open to her would supply an infinitely fuller happiness.

But all this hung on the chance that she cared; and if she did not, then he would have sacrificed the fine dignity and restraint of their contact, reduced the whole thing to the level of Stanley Graham's implications when he left them together each evening with a kind of debonair, satiric relish—and all for nothing. . . . Oh, if he failed there would be nothing to mitigate his loss.

Nevertheless, he discovered that he had little choice; he had to try—and he must not fail! He flung himself down beside the window and fell to planning each point of his plea so that it might best reach her. He was tense with excitement, but balanced now and clear-headed; and he made a meticulous toilet and waited for the dinner-gong in the mood of a general whose master stratagem is on the eve of execution.

As he descended to dinner and met her, radiantly gowned, eyes and very flesh luminous, he was filled with surging hope; there was but one source for such a flame. Her voice, too, had a thrilling intensity, and dining became for both of them largely a formality, while their impersonal talk grew desultory and the real dialogue became one of fleeting glances. Afterward, by one impulse, they drifted to the rose arbor and sat side by side in its scented dusk. Neither spoke; her fingers that he had taken to cross the dark terrace still lay in his, vibrant, and as the poignant silence lengthened he knew with his swift observer's instinct that life would give him few moments so perfect as this. He was unspeakably reluctant to shatter it with words, but time was passing and there was much to be said; so when at last she made a tiny restless movement he stung himself into speech.

"Nancy, this isn't the end."

"Oh, Rusty, don't!"

"Why? Don't pretend now."

For answer she swayed until from shoulder to wrist he felt the warm pressure of her against him, and presently he had her in his arms and was kissing her as she desired to be kissed. It was long before either spoke, but at last he caught her whisper:

"Rusty, I can't bear it. I can't."

He held her exultantly. "But we needn't bear it for long."

"What do you mean?" She drew away, trying to search his face in the dark.

"Oh, Nancy, you know that we belong to each other! And you belong in New York, Paris. When you get your freedom I shall marry you and take you there."

"My Freedom—Hamilton North, are you crazy?" Patent alarm sounded in her voice as she shrank back, poised for flight.

"No, my dear, only tremendously sane," his eager pleading assured her. "Don't you see? It will be so simple—" and clinging to her hands he poured out his swift masterful arguments.

But she was on her feet, her hands stiff and straining to be free, her faint cries trying to stem the flood of his words. "Hush, Rusty! Divorce? You're crazy . . . let me go. Leave this place? You don't know what you're saying." And then as he persisted her voice froze with anger and, breaking suddenly from him, she turned and moved swiftly away, her gown a pale blur in the dark, her words coming back over her shoulder like flaws of sleet. "I won't hear another word! You are perfectly mad. Will you please stop, Mr. North?"

He knew that following was fruitless, but he followed, crying softly after her, "Nancy, can't you face it clearly? Once you've got away all life will be different. Don't be a coward." And then as he watched her moving inexorably up the stairway, "Oh, Nancy, be honest for

once! You'll have to face it . . . at three on a thousand mornings!"

She continued to mount the stairs without turning her head, and he heard her door close and the key snap in the lock.

He paced the terrace in a fury of rebellion, sending the blind surges of his will and his passion up to beat against that closed door, telling himself with every breath that she must come to her senses . . . too intelligent a woman to behave like this. But slowly, as the old moon rose and the mocking-bird began its sleepy calling, he stopped struggling and gave up to the inexorable cold tide of defeat. He should have known—to win, he must have met her earlier, oh, long, long ago, before that lovely flashing intelligence had been so long pinioned; before too easy sovereignty had become a fatal habit.

The moon was low when he finally went in, and the first drowsy warbler twittered for the dawn.

It was Mrs. Stanley Graham who took breakfast opposite him in the morning, the genial and gracious hostess despite drawn lips and leaden-shadowed eyes. Her bright solicitude for his comfort precluded the narrowest entering wedge of personal communication, precluded even his showing that he did not mean to attempt any. She did not allow him a moment even when the blue car, with Stanley already at the wheel, stood before the door. As he took her hand in parting he tried to convey some tacit sign of sympathy, but her eyes met his as blank as washed slate, and her fingers might have been lifeless.

"This will always," he said quietly, "be the most perfect of my Southern memories—and I think perhaps of all my memories. And some day . . . I shall make a story . . . about you, Nancy Wayne Graham."

She gave a light and brittle laugh as she went out across the verandah. "I rather hope you won't, Mr. North," she said from the top step. "I don't think you understand us at all."





## THE MOODS OF MECHANISM

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I CAN remember very well the day when I arrived, after a scuffle with an unusually fractious feed-pump, in the office of one of our distinguished columnists, and he showed me a book on psychoanalysis. The names of book and author are no longer recalled. I have the liveliest recollection, however, of the page upon which that columnist laid his finger. One of the greatest living writers of English was analyzed as being secretly addicted to an abnormal sex-life because his published works were often preoccupied with the details of engines and mechanism. The theory seemed to be that a parade of machinery-interest was an unconscious protective armor developed by the subjects of such unhappy predilections.

The columnist wondered whether an engineer who was also an author might be interested in this view. He was right. I was. It seemed to me that there were practically no limits to the science of psychoanalysis, along these lines. It required, in my opinion, no strong imagination to foresee the day when the psychoanalyst would have us all locked up in psychopathic wards, while he committed suicide by braining himself with the keys.

But the proposition that a love for machinery may conceal a tempestuous eroticism was arresting to one who had been absorbed in engines and mechanism since he had contemplated perambulator wheels. It appeared on examination to be a typically modern perversion of the truth. Or rather, it contained, in spite of its preposterous implications, a tiny grain of truth. Preoccupation with

machinery probably postulates a definitely masculine view of life, which up to the hour of going to press was not a crime. To a psychoanalyst it is an easy transition from a reasonable assumption to a crazy hypothesis. In the excitement of discovering that human beings often behave like machines which have broken down or burned out their bearings we have overlooked the possibility that machines may reveal, to those who live with them, many of the unexpected frailties of humanity. We may even particularize, and point to mechanical things which have childish weaknesses and proclivities; to others which seem to suffer from growing pains; to yet others with the habits of grown-up people, stopping without warning and without any ultimate explanations. And others of course which have become nightmares to their attendants because of their senile decrepitude.

All these varieties of human experience were to be found closely compacted within the worn and pitted sides of the old-time tramp steamer of pre-war vintage. The War-to-end-war has one achievement to its credit rarely mentioned. It disposed of the enormous number of obsolete tramp steamers which rising freights had kept from the breaking-up yards year after year. The seagoing engineer of these later days can neither imagine nor believe the nature of the toil involved in a voyage to the Cape or to India in one of those antique vessels. They were not, in the vernacular of the craft, "kept up." They were given the irreducible minimum of repairs, and the engineer with a name to

make was disposed to run his engines on the irreducible minimum of stores with a maximum of backbreaking manual labor. Britain is rightly proud of her long maritime supremacy. Blood, however, is the price of admiralty, and when "the white wings of commerce" were folded and the unkempt tramp began to smear the blue heavens with her smoke trails, it would be tactless to say whose blood and sweat was spent to keep ten thousand ships at sea.

It must not be supposed that grim tales of rascally owners and grafting characters are about to be unfolded. The Plimsoll Mark and the Board of Trade, the underwriters and the general rise in commercial probity made lurid criminality unlikely and infrequent. But the British ship which carried a load line had to compete with foreign vessels which were loaded to the master's discretion. I have seen a Danish vessel of less tonnage-register than my own ship leave port with her coal ports awash, with two hundred tons more cargo aboard than we under British registry could allow. And the rate for that particular cargo was a pound a ton for a twelve-day voyage. To keep in commission and show a profit the British tramp had to run on nothing at all. There was no money for paint or for tools. And the auxiliary machinery was induced to function only by the never-ending toil of short-handed crowds working and watch keeping eleven hours a day. It was "glorious and obscure toil." It was poorly paid and poorly victualled by modern standards. The perplexing feature of the period in retrospect is that it evokes neither resentment nor bitterness in the survivor's breast.

Indeed, it is very much the other way. The idealist, no doubt, is an exception. His starry vision shows him a perfect world whose smooth rondure enables it to roll sweetly through the years; a world on whose ever-placid oceans enchanted ships steam towards Paradise Port, their captains entertaining their crews with song and story and with potations of

fabulous rum; where no trouble or folly ever mars the beauty of the day. But to those of us who have accepted the austere conditions of life on earth and sea, who have abandoned the theory that men and materials are ever perfect and who have got used to facing a day's work without flinching, the memory of those old ships is mellowed by time to true proportions.

## II

Leaving for a moment the inevitable miseries of machinery too old or too neglected to run as it should, let us contemplate the Inventor of Gadgets. Inventors of the caliber of Stevenson, Watt, and Rudolf Diesel are in a different category. The person alluded to now is usually a draftsman by profession and a theorist at heart. He invents pumps which, on paper, are miracles of simplicity and paragons of reliability. Gadgets are his dish. He does not comprehend why pumps, reducing valves, escapes, evaporator coils, and generator-engines are so complicated and costly. He sees where he can design them more simply and economically. He objects, when brooding over the layout of an engine-room, to vacant corners. Has he been to sea? It is safe to assume that he made a voyage to the Mediterranean and back. He knows all about it. You will hear about that voyage the moment the faintest doubt of his experience creeps into your voice. His opinion of seagoing engineers is that they are an ignorant, shiftless, drunken and inefficient crowd of impostors. They cannot do the simplest problem involving the calculus and they have no other term in their vocabulary more scathing than to call a man a draftsman.

Now such a person, tall, spare, and wearing rimless glasses, is not allowed to monkey with the general design of engines and ships. He gets his work in on the gadgets—the auxiliary contraptions which make or mar a man's life on board of a ship. Patents, in a general way, are the curse of the seagoing engineer.



Anyone who is interested in the little-known psychology of invention will find food for thought in the great museum of arts and sciences in London, where models of all the amazing mechanisms of the past fifty or sixty years are gathered in chambers of horrors for the instruction and warning of modern youth. There he will behold engines animated by all the prime movers, including some that have solved (for a minute or two) the problem of perpetual motion. He will see the engine devised by the man who wanted quick compression in his internal combustion motor and who substituted for the cylinder head another piston advancing stealthily upon the unwitting gas from behind. Whereupon the explosion drove the pistons apart and power, oodles of power, was transmitted by huge clonking bell-crank levers to the shaft. In action the thing looked like two gorillas struggling for possession of an ice-cream freezer and wore out in a month because of the multiplicity of its bearings.

The steamship, it may be easily imagined, however, has been the particular mark of the ruthless inventor. I report with joy that ninety-nine out of every hundred of these infernal affairs do not work. The simpler they are the less likely their chances of survival. Valveless pumps and engines are mentioned here. The duplex pump, whereby the piston rod of the left cylinder operates the valve-stem of the right, and vice versa, is a true couple, and as reliable as it is simple to adjust. It produces an even flow from its discharge and it will start from any position at which it may have stopped. It can be hung upside down in a well shaft and it will work as well as in the manufacturer's show room. Even an oiler, sent in an emergency to start such a homely, adequate dingus, can do no more than forget to open a drain cock, in which case the pump, nonplussed by a cylinder full of water, stops.

There came a day, however, when a knight of the drawing-board had a vision of a pump with only one cylinder

and one bucket, operating with a valve whose impetus was derived from a thimbleful of steam pocketed at the end of a thing like a dumb-bell moving endwise and with a rotary twist of perhaps thirty degrees. Pushing the dumb-bell down was supposed to open a port into the cylinder and, presto, the pump made a stroke. On paper the contrivance has the deceptive simplicity of a competent blonde. In practice it still resembled the blonde, for it was expensive; but it was not competent.

The one desideratum in auxiliary machinery is an ability to function without more than reasonable supervision. You have a pump; in this case it is a patent. The name is probably some variant of the word Simple. It is a *Simplicitas*, let us say, cheap and pretty. It goes into a corner where a hot steam pipe prevents you from getting at it. You give it steam, warm it through, and drain it. You open suction and delivery valves, run a swabbing-brush over the rod, and open up the stop-valve. And nothing happens.

The aforesaid thimbleful of steam, so exquisitely adjusted to the duty of thrusting the dumb-bell distributing-valve into the new position, is trapped behind globules of condensation. It is, by a very efficient natural law, becoming condensed itself. This forms a vacuum and all the moisture which has been indolently draining from that end of the steam chest changes direction and rushes back to fill that vacuum. This the gentleman in the drafting room has overlooked. But it is no longer any use to blame the inventor. The thing has been bought and delivered and installed in the ship upon the strength of trial performances carried out under ideal conditions. It is now part of the ship's gear and by some obscure process of evolution it has got itself a disposition, a personality, a galaxy of moods—almost a soul of its own.

So it seemed to me in the night watches of the first ship in which I sailed, and the erratic temperaments of auxiliaries

blended with the somber animosity of the main engines. The boilers of that ship were as old as the ship—twenty years. To enter the casings beneath them with a slush-lamp—for she had no dynamo—was like entering an iron cave whose sagging vault was blotched and blistered with vast yellowish globes and inverted pinnacles of salt. Every seam and rivet-head bore its quota of harsh saline crystals stained with corrosion and dripping bitter brine into the ascending stalagmites on the floor of the cellular double-bottom.

This told three things. The boilers were leaking, the evaporator was out of commission, and the condenser was letting sea water seep into the steam spaces. The boilers, far from needing what is called “make-up,” which is the additional water to compensate for legitimate losses, were gaining a few inches in the gauge every day. The amount of salt in the water as shown to me by the salinometer every morning at three o’clock, was ominous. It was nearly eight ounces to the gallon. Therefore, it became my lugubrious duty to fill the boilers as full as was safe, so that at four o’clock the senior engineer could open the blow-downs, and with a thunderous submarine uproar blow some of the saline liquor into the sea. And to force the extra water in I was supposed to use the pump artfully designated by its inventor “The Simplicitas,” of which I have spoken.

Here lay the sinister significance of the patent. Each engineer of the ship would delegate the operating of that pump to the one lower down. The Chief, as a matter of politics, announced that the pump was all right but we didn’t know how to work it. As the most junior of all, it was impossible for me to abdicate in anybody’s favor. I, therefore, was forced into the society of the slim green-painted jezebel in the forward port corner of our engine room, and many a desperate tryst I kept with that iron maiden. The second engineer had another name for her.

She was like a light woman with three

lovers, none of whom really understood the workings of her secret heart. There were times when she seemed to stand there smiling derisively in the shadows behind the high-pressure columns, a sort of demoniac Rima haunting an iron forest. She would start, sometimes, to pump, making strange sounds as though developing cardiac syncope. Softly, softly the plunger would rise and fall and rise and fall, exactly as the inventor, now safely asleep in his bed ashore, had intended. And then, just as I would turn away to attend to the other ten thousand duties in that terrible old engine room, she would choke with rage, stamp her foot, and stop dead. I would tickle her under the chin with a wrench, and she would give a terrific up and down stroke ending with a heart-breaking bang. “Once for all, I won’t,” she seemed to say. I would administer cylinder oil through a lubricator fastened to her ear, and she would send out a geyser of unsuspected vapor to scald my arms.

Sometimes, in despair, turning to other work I would be hurrying past her and find her moving up and down as sweetly as could be. She seemed to be dancing solitarily in the shadow, a shy dryad of the seas, an elfin gypsy whom none would ever bend to his will. And again she would pause and put her foot down hard, so that the feed pipes shivered with the shock, and my heart, very much in my mouth all the time, jumped through my teeth.

It would be idle to pretend that such a union could ever be a happy one. The most devoted of lovers expects a little consideration from his mistress. She had none for us. She held before us, supposing the big main pumps failed, the promise of disaster. On her forehead was a plate bearing the word *SIMPLICITAS*. It gleamed. The donkeyman polished the flanges of her cylinder covers and her bulbous lubricator. She led us into deceptive courses. We strove, like knights of a degenerate grail, to believe in her. We gave her the benefit of work done secretly by the great main pumps



crashing up and down forever behind the low-pressure casing. The second engineer, gulping hot coffee at four o'clock, would say, "Did she work?" I would nod. "Aye," I would say easily, "she worked pretty well." But I avoided his eye and he never sought mine. He knew. He knew she had one of those fatal personalities which engender neither faith nor hope in a man's breast.

### III

There were other machines whose vagaries evoke no remembered emotions nobler than a savage exasperation and a dogged desire to conquer. Consider, for example, that aged Bolinder semi-Diesel engine in a launch which was used by me to tow mahogany logs and lighters of palm-oil barrels from the jetty at Cape Coast Castle to the ship lying off in deep water. It was used also by less conscientious persons to go ashore in Duala, which is the port of the Cameroons and three degrees from the Equator. Consider also that a semi-Diesel had in those days about the same standing as a parson's son. Nobody expected her to behave herself.

It is reasonable for the reader to welcome a comprehensible definition of a technical conundrum like "Bolinder semi-Diesel." Let it suffice that Doctor Rudolf Diesel, perhaps the most important figure in the annals of modern prime movers, designed an engine of long stroke and enormous compression, which would use almost anything containing carbon, from crude oil to leather scraps, charcoal, or pulverized coke. The compression he got by admitting, not atmospheric air to a volatile gas like a modern motor car, but air from a compressor worked by the engine. The result was that, instead of exploding suddenly and generating intense heat and pressure in the cylinder-head like a gasoline-engine, Diesel's machine burned its fuel along the stroke, giving a steady even thrust and burning it all. Its efficiency with fuels hitherto unavailable

was so surprising that it was hardly credible.

Diesel was derided as a visionary. He was a visionary. He seemed to understand, better than any man since Watt, the true nature of a heat engine. But the practical difficulties in the way of applying this new idea to ships were almost fabulous. The pistons had to be cooled as well as the cylinders. Telescopic pipes had to be designed to slide up and down to keep up a circulation of fresh cold water to each moving piston. Pistons had to be designed which could not crack and warp under the double torment of fire and water. Lubrication seemed an almost insoluble problem. Starting several thousand horse-power by compressed air was not as easy as it looked. But once the principle was grasped nothing could stay the advance. One astonishing ship is now on the ocean with a strange hybrid engine in her. Each piston is driven downward by Diesel-oil and is driven on the up-stroke by steam generated from the heat of the exhaust acting upon the hot circulating water from the Diesel end. Henry Ford has a gigantic mill-engine running in a glass house at Highland Park on this principle.

Out of this invention was developed for small plants the semi-Diesel. Low-pressure air is drawn into the crank-chamber through a thing like an agitated saucepan lid, and it darts up a passage into the cylinder at the right moment. Oil is squirted in at the same time through a jet, and the mixture is compressed into a hot-bulb in the cylinder head. The result, if all goes well, is an explosion, and the engine continues to function. If all goes well!

The launch referred to in these memoirs, however, was something of a museum piece. She was Number One. The company had several hundred ships and they had purchased this particular auxiliary as an experiment. For many years it had hauled mahogany logs from Gold Coast forests to the ships in the roadsteads. The valve gear of the en-

gine was one of those complex aggregations of knife-edges, cams, springs, and swinging bob-weights called, with sinister humor, "hit-and-miss gears." When new it doubtless hit with the cleanest and most honorable intentions. In my time it functioned like an elderly spinster's memory—irregularly and with a genius for the inopportune.

But the dreadful defect which aroused and still arouses resentment in an otherwise philosophic bosom was its compressed-air starter. It was a huge engine as launch engines go. No human power could spin the five-hundred-pound flywheel over a compression-stroke. Beside it, bolted to the hot little engine room wall, was a man-power air compressor. Here stood Jo-Jo, an almost naked West African negro, whirling the handle of a three-foot flywheel and trying to send the needle of the pressure gauge up to eight atmospheres, which Mr. Bolinder or one of his satraps had decided was sufficient to start. It was old like the engine. The plungers were leaky and the valves stuck. The sweat spurted from the colored gentleman's forehead, which was marked deeply with tribal signs in blue tattooings, and his back, decorated with spear-scars like clumsy tire patches, writhed in a manner which conveyed a disturbing impression that he was being tortured. Perhaps he was. He probably had his own mythological explanation of this weird and apparently futile task. The gauge never rose above five atmospheres, and he had to keep at it with every ounce in his system while I got the engine to the starting position.

The next operation was the crucial one. With Jo-Jo whirling like a demon, with both blow-lamps roaring on the cylinder heads and heating the bulbs to redness, with the launch rearing and bucketing against the ship's side in the swell of the Gold Coast combers, it was necessary to give the fuel valve a quick twist and open the air valve at the same time. If successful—and a silent prayer often ascended—the engine would give a

vast snort and thump and begin to revolve. If otherwise—and the silent prayer then became a vocal imprecation—she uttered a long hiss and stalled. If the fuel valve was not shut with the utmost expedition she would inhale so much crude oil that not a quart of gasoline injected through petcocks would tempt her to start again for a week.

If Jo-Jo suffered, what of his colleague with the white man's burden? The equatorial sun beat down through the scuttle, the sweat poured from his soiled and weary body, and the first mate, in khaki uniform and a huge pith helmet, hailed from the deck of the ship and wanted to know when the launch would be ready. Human nature is weak. There were times when I disliked that engine. On one occasion, when she coughed and died halfway to the ship, so that she lost her momentum and six huge mahogany logs came leaping through the sea and tangled their tow ropes about the propeller, I even hated her. The logs, like insane leviathans, crowded about me. Jo-Jo, who had doubtless attended cannibalistic barbecues in his time, appeared to meditate diving off and swimming back to barbarism when ordered to pump for his life. The red bluffs of Accra were very alluring; the ship seemed an immense distance away. "Pump, Jo-Jo, pump! or no more palm-oil chop!"

Jo-Jo pumped. The blow-lamps roared. The logs tried to climb into the launch. The launch herself rolled broadside to the swell. Tools slid into the bilges. The sun struck the back of one's neck like a hot hammer. The water bottle, swinging madly from the awning spar, was empty. Slowly the gauge reached five atmospheres. "Pump, Jo-Jo, pump! . . . All right, she's away again."

Such episodes may mark a man, but they do him no permanent damage if he has a sense of humor and a dash of philosophy, and a member of a cannibal tribe to work the pump. There seems to be a rough justice at work in the world, and machines whose imperfections



chasten their human associates engage our affections and illumine our memories with comic episodes. Even main engines have this quality. Those in particular which belonged, as we may say, to the Victorian era.

Certainly they partook of the qualities of that era in outward semblance and interior qualities. They had character. They were big and they were slow. They were durable and dependable. They were built upon principles and specifications which had stood the tests of time and the ruthless sea. They stood up. It was a matter of pride with us that no matter what happened, so long as a ship floated we could get her home. There was more than a mere scrap of sentiment to us in the tradition that she was part of Britain. She could never be anything else. Her machinery was as characteristic of her country of origin as were ourselves.

To speak thus of the dead is not to deprecate the living. Other days, other ways. But those old ships with their huge lumbering engines had many virtues. One remembers them with affection as one remembers old cities and old books. The modern fabricated ship has about the same standing as any other article produced by quantity production. She doesn't last long enough to have any memories. She is like a modern novel—sophisticated, smart, efficient, and soon forgotten.

#### IV

There was one, and I remember her because on her articles I was for the first time in my life set down as "first engineer." The English Merchant Marine does not recognize legally either "chief engineers" or "captains." I remember her because I joined her after a voyage in a Scotch ship and was very glad to return to a vessel of the old employ, registered in London. She was a respectable old party of about six thousand tons, very comfortable in an old-fashioned way, and her engines were by Blair of Stockton-on-

Tees. What kind of man Blair himself might have been is not known, but his engines were the heaviest and most durable ever built. The flanges of the cylinder covers were three inches thick. The four huge turned columns which supported the cylinders in front were nearly a foot in diameter and, instead of being flanged and fastened with bolts, were carried clean through bedplate and cylinder block and secured with nuts the size of a snare-drum. The crankshaft was of the same heroic proportions. It was sixteen inches in diameter and was held in place in its bearings by huge polished steel slabs like gravestones.

There was a propeller astern resembling a windmill, and that old triple-expansion engine had walked solemnly about the oceans at sixty revolutions per minute for fifteen years when I came to her. Nothing would ever wear out those marvelous engines and that Lowmoor wrought-iron hull. She was built, like many another thing in England, to last an eternity. She was one of the immortals.

And she had the disposition of one who took a long view and a calm one and was not to be disturbed by passing trivialities. She was not so much a happy ship as a placid one. She did not roll very much except in the Bay of Biscay or when rounding Cape St. Vincent. She was a dry ship, and any water that came into her well-decks soon ran out of great wrought-iron scuppers which clanged loudly when a wave struck them. She kept her men voyage after voyage. She had a commander who had been mate of her, a hot-tempered Welshman who made it his boast he would never knowingly make money out of the ship's victuals. We lived well and happily. She was, if you have a romantic nature, an ideal ship.

But I remember her most of all for a voyage she made in which everything went wrong; when we put the first mate ashore to die in the Naval Hospital at Gibraltar after we had lost twelve hours with a fouled anchor in Oran. We had

discharged coal in Alexandria and loaded iron ore in the Grecian Arches, and in both ports we had had trouble. The first mate, suddenly and without warning, took to his bunk with a disease which was beyond our commander's diagnosis, and he lay in unassuageable agony. And the commander himself, when we left Gibraltar for home, was in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, what with the delay and the ceaseless fraying of his temper by such untoward happenings. The *Fernfield*, so long an abode of peace and happiness, tramped out into the winter Atlantic under something very like a cloud. It needed only a word from the chief, to the effect that the Oran coal was burning like chaff, to send the full-bodied black-eyed Welsh commander up in the air.

It was true, however. We had always bunkered at Algiers before, where they knew us and gave us coal that would burn clean and evenly on our ponderous and thick firebars. This Oran was a new port, one day nearer home, full of greedy ships taking advantage of a cut-rate tariff. Our men were shovelling all the time. The two hundred tons in our bunkers were vanishing. It would never do to face the Bay in wintertime with trash like this. They talked it over as they drank their glasses of Scotch in the Old Man's room, and it was decided to call at Corcubion, which is behind Cape Finisterre, and take fifty tons of real coal for a stand-by. There would be a row anyway over the time they were taking. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

We went into that quiet little port of Galicia and took our fifty tons from a hulk that had been a noble sailing ship before we were born. It was our last glimpse of peace for fifteen days.

The run from Finisterre to Glasgow was about five days for us, in a general way. But when we ran out from behind that huge whale-backed promontory and faced the open Atlantic we found thick weather. It was the sort of weather that the most experienced seafarers re-

gard with uneasy misgiving. The sea came in from the westward in a tremendous unbroken swell. The sky was a gray vault across which low black steamers hurried eastward to a sinister horizon. The wind whipped the surface of the near-by water into flat sheets of spray. The bows of the ship descended with solemn deliberation, and the windlass was forever smothered with spray blown athwart the forecastle-head. She came up with even more deliberation. The carpenter, a figure draped in oilskins, sheltered himself against the bulkhead and chalked his sounding-rod. He was trying the forward-wells. The *Fernfield* had transverse wells across the ship between each double-bottom tank, and into these wells the water from the limbers drained.

Down below the engines were turning their regulation sixty revolutions per minute. They would do this on a hundred and fifty pounds of steam and a vacuum of twenty-four inches. They were able to do this for the next fifteen days of heavy pitching. They raced, of course, when the propeller lifted clear of the sea, but no racing could endanger those enormous cranks and connecting-rods. There were times when the captain rather wished the propeller would drop off. We would be nearly two weeks overdue. But he might have saved his sighs. Blair's engines did not lose their propellers. We had no anxiety. And then, the next day, we had to put the ballast pump on the bilges. She was making water, as we say. Four inches in Number One Well.

The ballast pump was unlike most auxiliaries, as the ship was unlike others. All the auxiliary engines in the ship were by Blair. They were, be it said, as heavy and solid and indestructible as the main engines. Going into that engine room you found yourself amid machinery as English as Stonehenge, as imperturbable as the Tower of London. The Inventor of Gadgets had gained no admission. And the ballast pump, situated under the orlop beam and below our



quarters, was like a tocsin in our ears. Its solemn *clonk-clonk*, interpenetrating the stately repercussions of the main engines, was rarely heard on that ship. The great bronze plungers, six inches in diameter, of the main bilge pumps had a capacity treble the needs of the ship. But the carpenter reported still four inches in the Number One Well, and the twelve-inch bucket of the ballast pump began to draw, and the weather, as we steamed slowly along the ninth degree of longitude west of Greenwich, got steadily worse. We screwed up the side ports, and began to secure the doors of the alleyways. The donkeyman unlimbered the fiddle-grating covers, and I discovered on the upper bilge keelson a roll of canvas covers for the skylights. Did I not say she was a good ship? She had had good men in her. I got a needle and palm and some sail-twine and mended a rent or two in the seams. They did not carry away for nearly a week.

It is the custom, in the merchant service, to clean and paint on the homeward run. It is a good custom. A man's pride in his ship is measured by the unpaid toil he will put into her so that she will arrive in her home-port "shipshape and Bristol-fashion." But the *Fernfield* was now taking heavy seas clean over the bridge-deck. Her fore-deck was full all the time. Her bows did not rise to the seas. Sometimes the captain put her round, and we slowed the engines, and the carpenter hurriedly sounded the Number One Well again, and found nine inches. We did not bother much about painting the ship.

Nothing we could do seemed to lower the water in that well. The ballast pump gave up sucking. We cleared the line by taking out the valves and sending a sudden rush of sea water back into the ship. We got nowhere. Next morning the water was two feet and rising. We knew, without details of course, that she was leaking somewhere forward.

Iron ore is a dead cargo. It lies like a heap of metallic earth in each hold. It is half rock and half red powder. The

discharge from the ballast pump was already reddish. Now, as the water rose to two feet six we knew it was in the hold as well, and when the red mud began to silt down into the well, no pump ever made would lift it. And how could we rig hand pumps on a deck awash three feet deep with raging seas?

So we pushed on day after day into the Bay. It is The Bay *par excellence*, as the Gulf of Mexico is The Gulf, and the English Channel is The Channel. The swell was still there, perhaps, but it was not perceptible under the mountainous waves which came up and lifted the *Fernfield* bodily and flung her down on her ear, as one might say, and left her to be slugged by the next one because the water in her forehold held her head down. It got so that the firemen could no longer get back and forth from the fore-castle. They slept on the engine-room gratings and in the 'tween-deck bunkers. They climbed up the fire-room ventilators and going along to the galley received their grub through the galley skylight. Sometimes a sea would catch them kneeling there, reaching down for the pan, as though they were rifling a secret store of food buried in the earth. It would catch them and inundate them, filling the pan and exploding in steam on the galley range.

We, too, had the same experience. The mess boy would seize his opportunity and lower the dishes through our skylight in the mess-room. Then he made his way round and served it. The cook, a gentleman with a white beard, was a prisoner in his galley. He slept on the seat by the fire, the water washing to and fro beneath him. When one caught sight of him through his little skylight, his arms upraised offering a tureen of soup or a joint under a shining cover, he resembled a troll in a cavern, offering the produce of his toil.

Outside it got worse. The ship took a sort of forward-and-starboard list, very uncomfortable in the engine room, for it threw the weight of the rods on the front guides and made the thrust-block run

hot. We were off Ushant when the carpenter reported eighteen feet of water in the forehold. The suction was choked solid. The captain said it was no use trying to get to Glasgow. We'd be in Dutch before then.

"I'll run her ashore in Milford Haven," he said in the chief's room, staring moodily at a glass of neat whiskey he held in his hand. It was his first command, and he wasn't sure what would come of it. But he knew nothing would come of it if he let her go down under him in the Irish Sea. That was no solution.

By this time the ship and her crew were in an unhealthy state. The only ventilation came down the cowls. The white paint of the bulkheads was streaked with black and rust. Sea water poured in through the skylight lifts and turned to white salt on the once-polished cylinder covers. The smell was bad down there. In the forecastle it was worse. We knew that because we were working on a scheme to reach the water in Number One Hold. We went down into the fore-peak, which is the interior of a ship's bow, and we began cutting holes through the bulkhead to let the water run into the peak and be drawn out by a clean suction bore. It was grimy work, bent double under the flooring and getting one's hair singed by the candle flame. Outside the great gray seas leaped on the forecastle-head, and the shock of them sounded like subterranean explosions. We cut a hole and nothing came out. The iron ore was a soggy mass of red clay in the hold. But we had to try.

When we passed the Scilly Islands the weather became a little better. The water in the hold, when we began to go full speed, came up to twenty-two feet. That was about her draft. She wouldn't make any more. But the Old Man drove her across the British Channel. The glass wasn't rising any. And when we passed the forts at the entrance of Milford Haven and came opposite Pembroke, he selected an easy, soft mud slope and the *Fernfield* slid up the beach and came to rest. Safe for a while anyway.

The captain went ashore and telegraphed to London. The superintendent was on his way to Cardiff in the Fishguard express at the time. A wire from the office caught him on the train at Newport. Fishguard is north of Pembroke about twenty miles. Our boss got out somewhere and took a local train to where the *Fernfield* lay on the beach. He was a small, peppery West-countryman, something like the sort of man Drake must have been, I imagine—clever and difficult. He was fond of meeting complaints from his chiefs and skippers with the words, "If you knew your job as well as I know mine, you wouldn't have let that happen." He did know his job, too, but on this occasion he was wrong.

He came down in a rage. The skipper met him ashore, and the two of them came out in a boat bobbing up and down like two corks. There was a bitter wind blowing off the Welsh hills. The boss clambered up the ladder and began laying about him. We were to get out at once. What did we think we were, passengers on a yachting cruise? This wasn't Glasgow, it was Milford Haven. Who ever heard of a cargo of iron ore coming into Milford Haven? Leak? Then why didn't we pump it out? The chances were we didn't know our connections, after all these years in the damn' ship. There was nothing the matter with the ship. She was a good ship, a damn' sight better than the men in her. Get steam and go to Glasgow and don't let him hear any more about bad weather. We didn't know what bad weather was, in his opinion.

The incredible thing was that when we pulled the ship off the bank and anchored she made no more water. The minute that peppery little chap from Plymouth set foot on our deck she stopped. He made us take out every valve in the suction line and saw for himself they were clean. That was another of his phrases: "See for yourself." Convinced against his will we had our line clear, he turned his back on us and ac-



cused us of leaving a valve open and filling the ship. "She's dry as a bird cage," he snapped. "Get steam and get on out. I'm going ashore. I'm sick of the sight of people who don't know their work."

With that flea in our ears, we went out into one of the wildest gales ever known in that stormy Irish Sea. It was two hundred miles to Glasgow and we did half of it in two days. And off the Isle of Man the water began to gain on us in Number One Hold. It was almost as though the personality of that little man (who knew his business) had ceased to have any influence on the ship. The captain and the second mate (we had no third mate) were almost dead with being on their feet all the time. We pumped and pumped, but the water rose to twenty-two feet again. At last, when we raised the Mull of Cantyre, the gale blew itself out. We put on speed, and next day we tied up in the Queens Dock at our old berth at the foot of Finniestoun Street. And they began to take the ore out of Number One Hold at once.

We were very weary and rather sick as well, for nobody enjoys being told he doesn't know his business. When the cargo was out, with our pumps going hard, we moved into dry dock, and our boss appeared on the gangway. His derby hat was pushed back, his short trim beard twitched as he gave us the

once-over. Now we would see who was right. His sharp blue eye saw everything, including our desire to see him fooled. We liked him. Some of us had worked for him for twenty years. And for all we knew he liked us. But this touched our honor. When the water was out of the dock we went down.

Red sludge was running from a two-inch hole in the well-bottom. The drain plug had corroded and fallen out at sea. A two-inch jet of sea water had been pouring into that ship. When we rode up the beach at Milford Haven a plug of stiff clay had worked in and stopped the leak for a while. Out at sea it had washed away and we began to fill again.

We let him find it and went on with our work. He found it, but it did not fool him. He was contemptuous.

"It might have been worse," he said crisply. "You've got a good job here." He was glancing through the main engine log-book. "A good job," he added, "and you can't look after it. Suppose you'd had a real breakdown, where'd you have been? Let a little thing like that defeat you! I tell you, you chaps don't know when you're well off."

Didn't we, though! If he'd seen us that night ashore in Glasgow he'd have been surprised. We drank his health and that of the old ship, who had carried us faithfully through so much.

# The Lion's Mouth



## MY FRIEND THE REPORTER

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

HE CAME up to me on the platform just after I had finished giving my address, his notebook open in his hand.

"Would you mind," he said, "just telling me the main points of your speech? I didn't get in to hear it."

"You weren't at the lecture?"

"No," he answered, pausing to sharpen his pencil, "I was at the hockey game."

"Reporting it?"

"No, I don't report that sort of thing. I only do the lectures and the highbrow stuff. Say, it was a great game. What did you say the lecture was about?"

"It was called 'The Triumphal Progress of Science.'"

"On science, eh?" he said, writing rapidly as he spoke.

"Yes," I answered, "on science."

He paused.

"How do you spell 'triumphal,'" he asked; "is it a *ph* or an *f*?"

I told him.

"And now," he went on, "what was the principal idea, just the main thing, don't you know, of your address?"

"I was speaking of our advanced knowledge of radiating emanations and the light it throws on the theory of atomic structure."

"Wait a minute," he said, "till I get that. Is it r-a-d-i-a-t-ing? . . . the light it throws, eh? . . . good . . . I guess I got that."

He prepared to shut up his little book.

"Have you ever been here before?"

"No," I said, "it's my first time."

"Are you staying in the new hotel?"

"Yes."

"How do you like it?"

"It's very comfortable," I said.

Hereopened his book and scribbled fast.

"Did you see the big new abattoir they are putting in?"

"No," I said, "I didn't hear of it."

"It's the third biggest north of Philadelphia. What do you think of it?"

"I didn't see it," I said.

He wrote a little and then paused.

"What do you think," he asked, "of this big mix-up in the city council?"

"I didn't hear of it," I said.

"Do you think that the aldermen are crooked?"

"I don't know anything about these aldermen," I said.

"No," he answered, "perhaps not, but wouldn't you think it likely that they'd be crooked?"

"They often are crooked enough," I admitted, "in fact, very often a pack of bums."

"Eh, what's that, a pack of bums? That's good, that's great"—he was all enthusiasm now—"that's the kind of stuff, you know, that our paper likes to get. You see, so often you go and take a lecture and there's nothing said at all—nothing like that, don't you see? And there's no way to make anything out of it. . . . But with this I can feature it up fine. 'A pack of bums!' Good. Do you suppose they took a pretty big graft out of building the abattoir?"

"I'm afraid," I said, "that I don't know anything about it."

"But say," he pleaded, "you'd think it likely that they did?"



"No, no," I repeated, "I don't know anything about it."

"All right," he said reluctantly, "I guess I'll have to leave that out. Well, much obliged. I hope you come again. Good night."

And the next morning as I was borne away from that city in the train I read his report in the paper, headed up with appropriate capitals and subheadings:

THINKS ALDERMEN PACK OF BUMS

Distinguished Lecturer Talks on  
Christian Science

"The distinguished visitor," so ran his report, "gave an interesting talk on Christian Science in the auditorium of the Y.M.C.A. before a capacity audience. He said that we were living in an age of radio and that in his opinion the aldermen of the city were a pack of bums. The lecturer discussed very fully the structure of anatomy which he said had emanated out of radio. He expressed his desire to hazard no opinion about the question of graft in regard to the new abattoir which he considers the finest that he has seen at any of his lectures. The address, which was freely punctuated with applause, was followed with keen attention, and the wish was freely expressed at the close that the lecturer might give it in other cities."

There! That's the way he does it, as all of us who deal with him are only too well aware.

And am I resentful? I should say not. Didn't he say that there was a "capacity audience" when really there were only sixty-eight people; didn't he "punctuate the lecture with applause," and animate it "with keen attention"? . . . What more can a lecturer want? And as to the aldermen and the graft and the heading up, that's *our* fault, not his. We want that sort of thing in our morning paper, and he gives it to us.

And with it, as his own share, a broad and kindly human indifference that never means to offend.

Let him trudge off into the night with

his little book and pencil and his uncomplaining industry, and take my blessing with him.



GREAT MAN

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

THERE are people in the Middle West who like to say, "You're familiar with Peter Crosby's work, of course? He used to live here, you know. Yes, indeed. Born and raised here, right here in this town. I remember him when he was *so* high."

They like to tell you of the very little Peter Crosby, the bad, mad, black-eyed small boy; and of the somewhat bigger Peter Crosby, who flunked all his high school courses but English, and went bareheaded whatever the weather, and rode a roan mare like the March north wind through the streets. "He was a queer one," they tell you, owlishly shaking their heads. "He certainly was. But *smart!* My! Well, I always *said* he'd make his mark in the world. I used to say to my wife, 'Mary, that boy's a genius. He'll make his mark, you'll see,' I used to say."

They lie. None of them used to say that. Before Peter Crosby left the Middle West, nobody ever dreamed of saying any such thing.

Nobody, that is, but Carolyn.

Now Carolyn Brown, Mrs. Clifford H. Brown, is a plump, plain woman of forty. She has three sons, and a washing machine, and she trims her own hats, fall and spring. But once she was a girl. Carolyn Hines. A pretty girl, with radiant skin and great gray glistening eyes and a slim, glad body. And when she was a girl like that, she loved Peter Crosby. And Peter Crosby loved her, in his fashion.

He wrote her poems.

He told her of the many things he meant to do, of the glory that he meant

to have for his. "Of course!" breathed Carolyn, shining-eyed. "Oh, of *course* you will, you just can't *help* it!" She was so satisfactory, Carolyn.

They graduated from high school in the same green June, and Peter Crosby went to work on The Paper. (There was only one in that town.) He did editorials and local news stories, and Carolyn was very proud of him. She read every line he wrote, and every evening she crooned, "Oh, your piece to-day was *wonderful*, Peter! Oh, I don't know how you ever *do* it!"

They were engaged. That is to say, there existed between them that vague nebulousity known as "an understanding." There were whens, and ifs, to it. *When* Peter made enough money. *If* Carolyn wanted to wait.

Carolyn did want to wait. Gladly she waited. She kept a hope chest, and gently snubbed all other would-be suitors. She was very happy. But Peter wasn't happy. He was miserable, because the town was so small and the world was so large.

"If it wasn't for you," he told Carolyn, "I'd leave to-morrow. There's nothing here for me. I'll never get anywhere, here. I'm *wasting* myself. Why, if I was in Chicago—or New York—"

He told her this a hundred times, and each time more sullenly, with sharper accusation in his dark moody eyes, until at last she said one day, arms tight around his neck, "Dearest, listen—you must go. You mustn't bother about me. I'm not important, compared to your career. And I can wait. You go to Chicago—or New York—and I'll stay here. And when you're all fixed, and making money, you can send for me. It won't be very long, I know that."

And so he went.

Then there were his letters. And there was the memory of that last starlit evening, that secret, breathless evening. Those two things there were for Carolyn to live on; those, and the assurance that soon she would be joining him.

She grew a little wan and listless presently, and she began to think, "Oh, dearest, *hurry!* You *must!*" But she wrote not a word of this to Peter. "He'd come back," she thought. "He'd have to come back—and his life would be spoiled, and all his chances . . . No! No! Wait a *little* longer, anyway."

And one day in the desperate spring she married Clifford Brown, who had loved her patiently for fourteen years.

She bore him three sons, and the second son she named Clifford, Junior. The first-born, the black-eyed son, was called Paul, as was the hero in Peter Crosby's first short story, published about that time.

She is now, as I have said, plump and plain and middle-aged. There isn't any more to say about her. But of Peter Crosby there is more to say. A little more.

He wrote short stories, and then he wrote a book, and then he wrote another book. To-day you can buy his eleventh novel at any good bookstore. He is very rich. He has a house at Provincetown, and a shack in Canada, and a studio apartment in New York. He has a secretary, Mr. Kahn.

Just the other morning Mr. Kahn brought letters to his desk; a sheaf of letters, opened and unfolded. "Letters of appreciation, Mr. Crosby. Shall I answer them?" asked Mr. Kahn.

"Yeah. Do that. Bring 'em to me to sign."

"This one—" said Mr. Kahn, indicating the uppermost. "Perhaps you'd like to look this over yourself, Mr. Crosby. It's from a young man who wants you to give him some pointers on how to write."

Peter Crosby idly reached for the letter. He looked at the heading: "University of Chicago, School of Journalism." He looked at the signature: "Respectfully yours, Paul Brown." He glanced over the contents, catching a sentence or a fragment of a sentence here and there: ". . . hope you will pardon . . . seem to think that I really have the



flair . . . although neither of my parents have ever done any writing . . . graduate in June, and then would you suggest newspaper work, or shall I . . ."

Peter Crosby tossed the letter back to the secretary. "Here," he said. "Answer this, too. I haven't time."



## COLLAPSE OF A MODERN PARENT

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

**H**ENRY and Edith had always, I knew, been what one calls devoted parents. They had been painfully solicitous to see that Henry Junior, their only child, received the best and most modern training. Their library table was never without several volumes bearing titles such as *The Modern Child*, *The Critical Years*, *Rational Parenthood*, and so forth. It was therefore something of a shock to me on a recent visit to discover Master Henry, aged twelve, smoking a cigarette with the air of an old hand in the garden-er's room off the garage, and when I remonstrated with the child to get the reply, "Father knows I smoke. He doesn't mind." This, I thought, may be the modern child—and if so he is not very different from the ancient child, but how does the rational parent fit into the picture?

That evening I sought an explanation from Henry Senior. He spoke in part as follows:

"Well, I hate to admit it, but the fact is that we've been beaten. Not by Henry, but by the experts. After eleven years of unequal struggle with the specialists we have given up in despair. We realize that we are not fit persons to bring up a child.

"Our troubles began right at the start. We thought that the standard books on the care of babies contained all that a

mother need know. But we soon found out our mistake. It seemed they were quite out of date. Dozens of formulæ had been invented since they were published. You know what a formula is, don't you? It's the recipe for baby's bottle. You get the stuff all fixed up and you pour it carefully into bottles and then, just as you think you have the rubber cap nicely on, the blamed thing slips out of your fingers and all the precious concoction goes on the floor. That may not be as accurate as a scientific definition, but it's much truer. Well, I've forgotten the details, but it seems to me a new and final formula came out each month. We staggered from formula to formula, and the child had no sooner outgrown formulæ than we were confronted with the great vitamine problem. All I know about a vitamine is that it makes all the difference in the world to rats and apparently also to children. They won't be happy till they get it. We had to make sure that Henry's food contained plenty of anti-scorbutic A and antirachitic G. Finally, I think the child was brought up on a diet of tomato juice, lettuce leaves, orange juice, and crushed celery.

"All this time, of course, other problems were pressing upon us. Play, for instance. When you and I were kids we just had the usual toys and the usual games: our parents in their rough unthinking way let things take their natural course. But that is all changed now. When the modern child plays he must play with a purpose, whether he knows it or not. All play is educational, a preparation for the sterner tasks of life. So we got blocks for Henry that developed his feeling for rhomboids, cones, and parallelepipeds, odds and ends of paper and cloth that trained his sense of touch and color, all sorts of devices for educating his judgment of distance and his sense of rhythm. Why, we almost sent him to a eurhythmical school where he would have been taught to express his wants in wriggles and sinuous gestures and prancings and serpentine

convolutions. And then putty! They don't call it that any more: it is plastocene or modelling clay. My dear man, you have no idea to what an extent the education of the modern child depends on putty. Tons and tons of it. This is to give the creative impulse a chance. It isn't enough to read about the Homeric heroes or the *Mayflower*: the child must render them in putty, otherwise he will suffer from that most terrible of maladies—balked disposition or frustrated creativity. Oh, and sand! I forgot sand. One ton of sand and half a ton of putty were Henry's first text-books. I expect him to run away any day, as boys of old ran away to sea, to become a builder's apprentice.

"When Henry was five or six years old we sent him to a small private school conducted in accordance with the latest scientific methods. I wish you could have seen his first report. It hardly mentioned his lessons. But there were about twenty different headings all concerned with the child's habits and giving him a mark of A, B, C, and so on. We gathered that Henry was B on sitting up straight in his chair, A on standing on two feet—whatever that meant, D minus on keeping his desk clean, and only C on sticking (or not sticking) his pencil in his ear. The parents were asked to co-operate in eliminating these detestable habits. I don't know that they talked of bad habits, still less of original sin: I think they called it Improper Adjustment or Poorly Conditioned Reflexes.

"Well, Henry's reflexes certainly needed attention, and we took them in hand seriously. Then we went to a lecture in which the man said that a child's habits are all irrevocably formed by the age of five years, so that apparently there was nothing for us to do but stand helplessly by and watch the march of events. So we abandoned the attack on reflexes and looked forward to a rest both for ourselves and Henry.

"But, alas, we released ourselves from the tentacles of the psychologists only to

fall into the coils of the doctors. Henry got a bad cold. The doctor came and took one look in his throat. It seems to me that from that moment they just discovered one damned thing after another wrong with him. I was thinking about this only the other day when I happened to read an article on these questionnaires that are going the rounds. So I made out a little questionnaire of my own. I was meaning to send it to you to see if you couldn't work it into one of your essays. Here it is. It differs from other questionnaires in that I have filled in the parents' answers for them and supplied the doctor's comments on the parents' answers. The whole forms an elegant commentary on the burning problem: What to Do with Our Children?"

This is Henry's questionnaire:

*Does he bite his nails?*

PARENT: Yes. Why?

DOCTOR: 1. Either insufficiency of chewing gum in his diet  
or  
2. Melchisidek complex. Wishes he had neither father nor mother. Revenge. Does it to annoy.

*Are his teeth crooked?*

PARENT: Need you ask? Do you know any modern child whose teeth aren't like a ruined cemetery?

DOCTOR: It will cost you about one thousand dollars.

*Has he had his tonsils removed?*

PARENT: No. We are saving up for that.

DOCTOR: Poor excuse.

*Adenoids?*

PARENT: Yes, but they are growing again.

DOCTOR: Good!

*Sleep with mouth open? shut?*

PARENT: Don't know. Which ought it to be?

DOCTOR: Either is a bad sign.

*Does he fidget?*

PARENT: Oh, you make me tired.



*Does he suffer from halitosis?*

PARENT: You make me sick.

(These replies indicate that treatment of parent is more urgent than that of child.)

When I had read it I said, "It's all true, it's all true. But you've left out one thing."

"One thing!" exclaimed Henry. "My God, I've left out a hundred. That's only the scenario."

"But it's one most important thing," I persisted. "The proper position for sleeping. My child came home recently from his weekly session of orthodontia and told me that the man had said he must sleep neither on his right side nor on his left because that would make his jaw crooked, and he must not sleep on his stomach because that would deprive him of air and so ruin the shape of his palate, and we all know that sleeping on your back gives you nightmares. As far as I can see the child must either sleep standing up like a horse or suspended from the ceiling like a bat."

"Well, I'm glad we never ran into that problem," said Henry.

"And now I approach the last act of this tragi-comedy, the great problem of School. We soon discovered that you don't select a school any more: you select a Plan. There is The Syracuse Plan, The Detroit Plan, The Wolverhampton Plan, The Hook of Holland Plan, and God knows how many more. Each stands for a different educational philosophy. The Syracuse Plan, for example, says that the pupil must never be forced to study anything he does not want to study for fear of impeding the free expression of his individuality. Under the Geneva Co-educational Plan

the boys are taught sewing, cooking, and nursing, while the girls are taught carpentry, gardening, and business administration. The experts of Wolverhampton require eight hours a day of carpentry, hedging and ditching, lumbering, and so forth, so that in the evening when the physical energies of the body have been tranquillized by exhaustion the mind may be set free for uninterrupted intellectual work. The Hook of Holland Plan, I believe, dispenses with teachers entirely. But I confess I never mastered its details. In fact, I never mastered any of them. The only thing that was clear was that whichever one we chose we should be missing the guaranteed advantages of the others.

"One evening while we were in this state of bewilderment we were invited out to dinner to meet a Mrs. Todhunter whose husband is superintendent of schools somewhere. She spent the entire evening expounding The South Orange, New Jersey, Plan. That was the breaking point. On our way home Edith said to me:

"Henry," she said, 'I can't stand the responsibility of Henry's education any longer. It would take a Rockefeller Institute of Experts to do the job as it ought to be done. And as we can't afford an institute I guess we'll just have to leave him to nature.'

"So that is why you found Henry in a compromising situation with a cigarette this afternoon. It's not my idea, of course: it is Nature's Simple Plan.

"I think I can bear it," he added reflectively a few moments later, "as long as no one starts to call it An Improper Adjustment."



## Editor's Easy Chair

### RACE WARS AND MARRIAGE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE Paris *Matin* has interviewed Bernelot Moens, the Dutch anthropologist, about his prediction of a great war of races unless white men give up their conception of the superiority of the white race. Dr. Moens has just spent fourteen years in these States, so he said, studying the country and the people in it in their present varieties. What has come of it is this warning.

He thinks there is a supremacy of the whites now and there was three thousand years ago, but five thousand years ago the great civilization was Mongolian. He doesn't think the Mongolian and the black and yellow men generally have finished, but that presently they will wake up and are now about it. He thinks that is rather ominous, and talks about the possibility of a great war of the races unless, as he says, it is possible to create an international spirit that will avoid it. Scientifically, morally, and psychologically he says the yellow and black men are capable of obtaining the same level that we have.

As to the yellow man that is almost obvious. The Chinese, for instance, seem to be capable of anything. The Japanese are people of great talent. There are all sorts of people in India. The black races of various grades have some remarkable abilities and both black and yellow races are notably enduring. Of course, they are going on in the world, and equally of course they are in process of a new development and it is high time to take thought of them, both of their

immediate prospects and of what is going to happen in the long run.

The white races are not running so much to arrogance as they were. In their dealings with China, India, and Japan they show a new humility. They are more considerate, more solicitous, more anxious to get along with the yellow people and the brown people without getting into trouble. So also as to the blacks. The negroes are certainly rising in this country. Anyone can easily assure himself of that in New York by taking a few rides on the Lexington Avenue street cars. In the long run all these races are coming along. Now as to the immediate need, which is for the white people to get together, arrange their difficulties, avoid wars, be polite, and cultivate the ability to stand off the yellow people if they should become unduly aggressive.

But are the white people getting together? The Navy negotiations at Geneva fell through. At one time there were rumors of wrangling and some excited talk in some newspapers, but in the end, though there was failure to agree, there seemed to be no resulting ill will. One read, indeed, that Mr. Bridgman, who had the leading part as bitter-ender for the British, at parting presented our Mr. Gibson with a briarwood pipe. What obstructed agreement was the different needs of Great Britain and the United States. Great Britain wanted a lot of small cruisers, the United States needed fewer but



bigger ones, and these conflicting needs could not be reconciled to the satisfaction of the negotiators. There is nothing especially ominous about that. The main thing the negotiation aimed at was to save some money by limiting armament. The money cannot yet be saved by agreement, but economy is still possible for the nations concerned and will probably be practiced. Almost everyone admits that sea fighting or land fighting between the United States and Great Britain is unthinkable, and most people are somewhat at a loss to understand why it should worry either country to have the other build the kind of cruisers that it thinks it needs and in such numbers as it thinks necessary. It does not look at all probable that either Parliament or Congress will vote money for competitive warship building between the United States and Great Britain.

Gamaliel Bradford, writing in this magazine about Daniel Webster, says that Daniel was an Anglo-American, that the United States of his time and of his mind was a purely English product, and that he was himself an English product, as were Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, and most of the Revolutionary fathers. The country has changed since that time. It is not as Anglo-Saxon as it was then, but it is considerably so still. The largest opposing element that we have gathered in is the Irish, and the late war for a time raised up a German element that was anti-British, but since that war is past and Ireland has gained an independent government, it is no longer safe to think of either the Irish or the Germans as anti-British. The real naval problem for the United States is to have enough ships to do its bit, if the world strays on into a great inter-racial disturbance. In such a disturbance, as soon as it got serious, the United States and Great Britain would be on the same side, and if ships came handy Americans would be glad that Britain had them and *vice versa*. You can't get up a very

hot dispute about armament of any sort between nations who expect to fight on the same side if there really come bad times in the world.

NOW as to France; we have had all sorts of trials with France. The French papers have called us all kinds of names and you might have thought things were in quite a bad way between the French and us. But no—look what happened when Lindbergh landed! Lindbergh has written a book to which Mr. Herrick has written an introduction—a very nice introduction, too. It exhibits Mr. Herrick as a person of considerable psychic talent. He tells how in his experiences in France, particularly in the early part of the war, everything looked dark to his eyes but still, as he says, at times his “soul would be warmed as by an invisible sunshine.” At such times, he said, “when all human aids had apparently failed, suddenly the affairs of nations seemed to be taken out of the hands of men and directed by an unseen power on high.” He told how, just before the battle of the Marne, as he stood on the Seine embankment, he had this sense of coming victory for France. About Lindbergh he said he had the same feeling and he felt in every fiber of him that his landing marked one of the supreme moments in the history of America and France. The *Spirit of St. Louis*, he said, was to the French people another sign come out of the sky, a sign that all would be well between us.

So it will. All will be well between France and us; all will be well between Great Britain and us. And as far as concerns making a rampart of Western Europe against the rising tide of yellow people, it is hard to imagine Germany or Italy on the Asiatic side of it.

The incalculable force of all is Russia. One reads that the Soviet Government is out hot-foot to increase military preparation, but war costs money and efficiency in it seems nowadays to depend on industrial development—and

Russia as yet is neither rich nor industrially developed. So though Europe seems very unsettled and to contain seeds enough of trouble and even of war, it is not easy to see who is going to do the fighting. That difficulty, however, does not lull the fears of nations nor prevent their various governments from training soldiers and accumulating war material. They don't want war, but they seem to fear it, and do not propose to let it find them unprepared.

**B**UT there is another thing that may happen to the world besides troubles from external forces. Even if the nations do not rise up and try to knock one another on the head and so produce terrestrial gloom, our sphere, so susceptible to maladies, may develop stomach-ache. It might, no doubt, have internal troubles spreading around among nations and producing very unexpected consequences. That, of course, is one thing we think of when we think of Russia, because it is something Russia practices to produce, and we think of it more than ever since the world-wide din over Sacco and Vanzetti.

Almost always terrestrial troubles are precipitated by something unexpected. Remedies the same. Lindbergh was a remedy; Sacco and Vanzetti quite the contrary. Their case has been simmering along for seven years and everyone knew it was difficult, and some rumpus no doubt was expected over it, but what has befallen (for at this writing proceedings are still going on) has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Sacco and Vanzetti do not seem to be good characters. If it is still a little uncertain whether they were guilty of murder, it is rather more uncertain whether they were guiltless. Somehow or other an enormous number of people have taken sides on that case and see more or less red about it, and some of the less prudent among them have been careless with explosives in all parts of the world. Certainly that Russian astronomer who said that

this was an exceptionally sun-spotted year and that the population of the earth would prove in consequence unusually excitable, hit it pretty nearly right.

Sacco and Vanzetti seem to have come to represent the fight of the big Forwards party all over the world against the established order. It is extraordinary that they should, for they are not edifying characters, but quite the contrary. They look to be a couple of scamps. Nevertheless their case found a weak spot in the defenses of the established order in Massachusetts, where the law has not provided adequately for a review of facts in capital cases by courts other than the ones in which such cases were tried. From Patagonia to Greenland and from China through Europe to California the Reds have put it out that the established order in Massachusetts was about to execute two innocent men. Meetings have been held all over the world in remonstrance, and a good many bombs set off on the doorsteps of various properties of the United States, in Europe and South America, as well as on properties of humbler owners. The men may go to the chair, or to prison for life, or something else may be done with them; but whatever befalls them, their advertisement will be long remembered. It has not only attracted everyone's attention, but it has helped to disclose how many people there are in the world, and how considerably organized, who think the established order everywhere is against them and that they would better themselves by throwing it down.

Well, these are times of change. Each of us can say that to himself every day, but if he goes on and tries to imagine what the impending change will bring us, that is a much more concrete and difficult matter. After becoming duly aware of the extent and intensity of the feeling about Sacco and Vanzetti one naturally asks himself what these Reds want, anyhow. Not that all Sacco sympathizers are Reds. They include very many orderly people



whose concern is not for the individual convicts but for the administration of justice. But the blaze of the Sacco advertisement has thrown a new picture on the world's screen, a new picture of the established order in Massachusetts (which is equivalent to a picture of that order in the United States) that certainly has made many people think of matters to which they have not given much thought before. That is the purpose of advertisement and that purpose has been served by the stir over Sacco and Vanzetti.


**I**T SEEMS that Judge Ben Lindsey, of the Children's Court of Denver, has not been reappointed as judge of that court. The Ku Klux in Colorado, so one reads, has beaten him at this time and his famous court is turned over to a young lawyer named Steele. Judge Lindsey made his court and has headed it for twenty-seven years. It has a great reputation. But if Denver doesn't want it or doesn't want him to run it, why that is; Denver's lookout, just as it was Chicago's lookout to have Dever give place to Thompson. These misadventures usually correct themselves after a while.

Judge Lindsey's name of late has been connected more with "companionate marriage" than with his Children's Court. Only a few people understand what he means by "companionate marriage." Some of those who do, disapprove it, as do also a large proportion of those who do not understand it. He says that "companionate marriage" is simply what ordinarily goes on at present. People get married and if they are not suited they get divorced. Also, they raise families or not according as seems to them expedient. Judge Lindsey says that is what he calls "companionate marriage." He hasn't invented it. He has found it. All that he has invented has been a name for it. He thinks that as long as that is the way marriage is being done, it might as well


be legalized, with divorcees somewhat more easily procured for those who want them, and birth control free for all. These suggestions scandalize a good many people and it is possible that they have affected Judge Lindsey's reputation in his home community.

When Lindsey says that "companionate marriage" is simply marriage as he sees it going on now in Denver, that is not easily contradicted. Marriage of that sort goes on everywhere and in most communities seems to be increasing. Dr. Caleb Stetson of Trinity Church in New York, who does not like it and would like to keep it out of the church, has made a new suggestion in that direction. He says that the church in its rather exacting expectations about marriage—that it shall last as long as the parties live—seems to count on the persons entering into that state under its supervision being Christian people. Possibly Dr. Stetson thinks that it takes quite an accomplished Christian to live up to the church standard in marriage, and possibly he is right about that. Well, he wouldn't have the church marry anybody except guaranteed Christians, and he would insist at least that all persons who come to church to be married should be baptized. How practical that suggestion is does not appear, but there seems to be some sense mixed in with it. The Protestant churches at present, the Episcopal Church especially, are doing a lot of marriages that don't work. They all marry persons who present themselves and are not ineligible by law or Church rules, and require of them no credentials that they understand the Christian life or are proficient in living it. Having got them married they expect them, or pretend to expect them, to remain married just as conclusively as though they were truly sanctified vessels.

That really is too much to expect. It is to Dr. Stetson's credit to have discovered that it is, whether his proposed remedy is any good or not.



## Personal and Otherwise



WHEN this issue of the Magazine appears, the usual freshman invasion of the American college will be under way. The newspapers will be reporting record enrollments, professors will be wondering how they can ever teach anything to such enormous classes, and college presidents and trustees will be worrying afresh over the problem of whether to check the flood of applicants, and if so, how. Last winter *James Rowland Angell*, president of Yale University since 1921, touched briefly in his annual report upon this many-sided and extraordinarily difficult problem. At our request he has now consented to set forth his views in full in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. Doctor Angell's distinction as a psychologist, his varied experience with academic affairs as professor, dean of the faculties, and acting president at the University of Chicago, as president of the Carnegie Corporation, as chairman of the National Research Council, and finally as president of Yale, and his wisdom in his administration of affairs at New Haven, will all commend his paper to thoughtful readers.

It is forty-five years since *Owen Wister's* first book appeared, twenty-five years since he wrote *The Virginian* (which appeared serially in *HARPER'S*), and twelve years since the publication of *The Pentecost of Calamity*; yet his pen is as skillful as ever. This month he dips it in acid to portray the braggart Americans of this age of self-advertising as they appear to a home-coming traveler (Mr. Wister returned this summer from a visit to Europe). His touch is deft and humorous, but his portrayal is none the less devastating.

The feminists have recently come in for a considerable belaboring in our pages, what with the wallops distributed among them by Mr. Macy, Miss Phillips, the author of "Jane Smith," and others. Now and again

it has perhaps been implied that a feminist is a person with flat heels, no husband, and no charm. *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley* comes to the rescue by showing what a normal present-day feminist is like. Mrs. Bromley, a Middle-Westerner now living in New York, has written for recent issues of the Magazine "The Ethics of Alimony" and "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce."

*Glenway Wescott* is the remarkably promising young writer from Wisconsin whose novel, *The Grandmothers*, has just won the biennial Harper Novel Prize (previously won by Margaret Wilson with *The Able McLaughlins* and by Anne Parrish with *The Perennial Bachelor*). Two or three years ago Mr. Wescott's first novel, *The Apple of the Eye*, attracted enthusiastic critical attention; since then he has been spending most of his time in a fishing village in the south of France working on *The Grandmothers*. "Prohibition" is his first *HARPER* story.

*Lewis Mumford* is an American writer who almost by accident drifted some years ago into architectural criticism, but mastered his subject so thoroughly that *Sticks and Stones*, a book expanded from a series of articles which he wrote for the *Freeman*, is regarded by many well-informed critics as the most stimulating work ever written on American architecture. In the past year or two, with the publication of *The Golden Day*, Mr. Mumford has turned from architectural criticism to a study of American history as shown in our literature and philosophy. But he is still interested in æsthetics—even when applied to bathtubs and automobiles; hence his present article. He has appeared once before in *HARPER'S* with an article on "The Intolerable City" (February, 1926).

Nearly twenty years ago, one of the editors of this Magazine remembers meeting



*Lothrop Stoddard* in Europe. At that time Mr. Stoddard, still in his twenties, was doing graduate work in history at Harvard. "Do you wish to teach, then?" he was asked. No, he wished to write about modern and contemporary history, to master the whole subject so that he could deal with any phase of it. It seemed an ambition difficult to realize, but Mr. Stoddard has succeeded in doing exactly what he set out to do. To equip himself for the career of a contemporary historian, he not only read enormously but developed a most ingenious filing and indexing system, so that everything that came his way—books, magazines, and newspapers—became available for reference in his library at Brookline, Massachusetts. During the past fifteen years he has written numerous magazine articles and several books, of which *The Rising Tide of Color* is perhaps the best known and *Re-Forging America* the most recent.

No writer's name is more heartily welcomed on the cover of HARPER'S MAGAZINE than that of *Katharine Fullerton Gerould*, whether she appears as an essayist on the genteel or on heavyweight champions or on hokum, or whether (as this month) she turns to fiction. Mrs. Gerould has recently returned to Princeton with her husband, Professor Gordon Hall Gerould, after spending the summer in California, where they both lectured at Berkeley.

Hardly anyone else in the world knows the Arctic regions as does *Vilhjalmur Stefansson*. A glance at the paragraph devoted to him in *Who's Who* shows the variety and importance of his northern explorations between 1904 and 1918. Two of his chief expeditions, including the one in which he discovered the white Eskimos, he chronicled for HARPER'S. More recently he has devoted much time to championing the idea which he reduced to a telling phrase in the title of his book, *The Friendly Arctic*—the idea that the Far North is not nearly as cold and forbidding as we have been led to suppose. Now that the attention of the world is turned to aviation, he sets before us new and important evidence showing the possibilities of the Arctic for future travelers by air.

The former editor of the New York *Evening Post* and present editor of the *Nation*, *Oswald Garrison Villard*, who contributed to our September issue "A New Adventure for Millionaires," now turns his guns on a lawless and shockingly widespread practice which he believes to be a substantial cause of the prevalence of crime in this country.

All but the newest subscribers to the Magazine will remember the series of articles on the bush-negroes of Suriname which *John W. Vandercook* contributed a year or two ago. Since these articles appeared they have been assembled (with other material) in book form under the title *Tom-Tom*, and Mr. Vandercook has been engaged in writing a biography of the remarkable negro monarch of Haiti whose dramatic death he describes for us this month.

For two or three years, as a member of the faculty of Shorter College at Rome, Georgia, *Jeannette Howard Foster* has been teaching students how to write short stories. In this case there appears to be nothing in the adage that "those who can't, teach," for "Lucky Star" is not only her first HARPER story, but the first story which she has ever submitted for publication, and—but let readers of the story complete the sentence for themselves.

*William McFee*, author of *Casuals of the Sea*, *Command*, *Sunlight in New Granada*, etc., has been so long a landsman of Westport, Connecticut, that one might almost imagine that he had forgotten what he learned about machinery during his previous career as a sea-going engineer. But he has not—witness the reminiscences of the engine-room brought together for our pages this month.

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The poets are *Eleanor Brennan Plummer*, a new contributor whose verse comes to us from Anaconda, Montana; *Stanley Kidder Wilson* of New York, who made his first appearance in our pages last month; and *Granville Paul Smith*, also of New York, who has appeared several times in the past two or three years.

Once more *Stephen Leacock*, known in academic circles as professor of political economy at McGill University and by all the rest of Canada and the United States as the author of several of the funniest books of our generation, leads the *Lion's Mouth* contributors. With him are *Katharine Brush*, whose first HARPER short story, "Night Club," appeared last month, and *Charles A. Bennett*, associate professor of philosophy at Yale, who shares with Mr. Leacock an occasional unprofessorial levity.



In September, 1925, when HARPER'S MAGAZINE first put on its orange dress, the frontispiece in color was a reproduction of a painting by *Maurice Fromkes* entitled "Black and Gold." Since then we have reproduced two other paintings by Mr. Fromkes, and this month we present a fourth picture of his with a composition and background treatment reminiscent of "Black and Gold," but with a strikingly different color scheme. Mr. Fromkes, born in Russia, is a New York artist who has done much work in Spain and has been especially honored there, his "Madonna of the Road" being the first painting by an American to be hung in the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid.



Several readers have written to us in criticism of the point of view toward the Chinese Nationalists expressed in Mrs. Hobart's letters from Nanking, published in our July issue. We quote herewith some salient passages from a letter sent us by Marc T. Greene, one of these critics. His first paragraph shows his qualifications for speaking on Chinese affairs:

I have just been reading Mrs. Hobart's letters from China in your July issue, and, if you will permit me, I should like to make a comment or two upon them. I have recently been Shanghai correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* and associate editor of the *China Press* in Shanghai. In those connections I have done considerable investigating of Chinese conditions, not only in Canton, Hongkong, Shanghai, Peking, Nanking, and Tsing-tao, but in the country districts long

distances from any other Europeans. I have, therefore, sometimes entertained the notion that I possess some knowledge of the China situation.

That being the case, I take the liberty of disagreeing with a good deal that Mrs. Hobart writes. For that good lady's literary ability I have a high regard. Her book, *The City by the Long Sand*, was an excellent one, and I remember referring to it very approvingly in the *China Press*. That same literary ability also reveals itself in this series of letters—letters written with a keen sense of dramatic, not to say melodramatic, values. . . .

What I particularly take exception to are certain of her conclusions, and more especially the generally anti-Chinese—or at least anti-Nationalist—tone of her letters. And it is absolutely and unequivocally false to assert that the Nationalist movement in China is either dominated or directed by so-called Red Russia, that it ever has been or ever will be. I make this statement, as I have made it many times before, advisedly and unreservedly. . . .

The great point that these writers who still retain their "superiority complex" in respect to the Chinese—and any other people that is not white—miss is, it seems to me, this: The white man has gone to China with one object and one only (with the exception, of course, of the missionaries and an occasional publicist)—the object of making money. Especially has the Englishman done that, as Lord Grey so naïvely admits. The white man has gone there to make money, and thus his being there is what may be accurately called a commercial adventure, pure and simple. That being the case, the chances that he takes, the possible peril he may find himself in, are the chances any adventurer of any sort takes and expects to take. But the time has now arrived when the European demands that his adventure be protected against any possibility of failure or against any risk whatever. Gunboats and men-at-arms must protect it, in the event that it does not meet with the favor of the legitimate possessors of the land, or in the event that it finds itself embroiled in their own national affairs.

The Europeans, in every single instance, not excluding that at Nanking, have had ample opportunity to get out of the way when they have observed the imminent clash of the opposing forces in China—the forces which, on the one hand, are trying to bring about a government of China by and for the Chinese, and, on the other, are trying to despoil her to their own individual advantage. They refuse to leave because they are unwilling to abandon their adventure—frankly, their dollars! They are, then, quite in the position of any other adventurer who endangers



himself to defend his treasure. The Chinese Nationalist movement is a legitimate attempt on the part of China to destroy the bandits who have recently become, like Chang Tso-lin, "saviors of China against the Reds," and to establish a popular government. The West has opposed to this attempt every possible obstacle, including support of such obscene butchers as the notorious Chang Chung-chang and his Shantung outlaws, for the very logical reason that Nationalist success means an end of Western special privilege in China—as it ought to mean. The Nationalist movement will, however, succeed because it has the support of all of the best elements in China; and it is abominable that the West should take sides against it, either by specific acts or by means of propaganda, however subtle. It is for that reason—and because I am one of the very few journalists to attempt to be fair to the Southern movement—that I make such attempts as I can to refute said propaganda.



A number of physicians take vigorous issue with Dr. Collins on the subject "Should Doctors Tell the Truth?" Let Dr. Wingate M. Johnson of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, speak for the opposition:

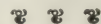
For some years I have admired the writings of Dr. Joseph Collins. In the August HARPER'S, however, he preaches a doctrine I cannot endorse. As a physician of nearly twenty years' standing, may I give briefly two reasons for disapproving the article, "Should Doctors Tell the Truth?"

First, I believe that the necessity for telling a patient a lie as to his condition is so rare as to be negligible. It is not always necessary to tell the whole truth, but I know from my own experience as a fairly busy practitioner that the truth can be so softened and subdued that it will not do any serious harm. I have had numerous patients with serious organic disease to whom I have never lied, but whom I have been able to treat for years without frightening. There are ways and ways of telling a middle-aged business man that he has a blood pressure above normal. I know it can be done without bringing on either an attack of angina or suicide.

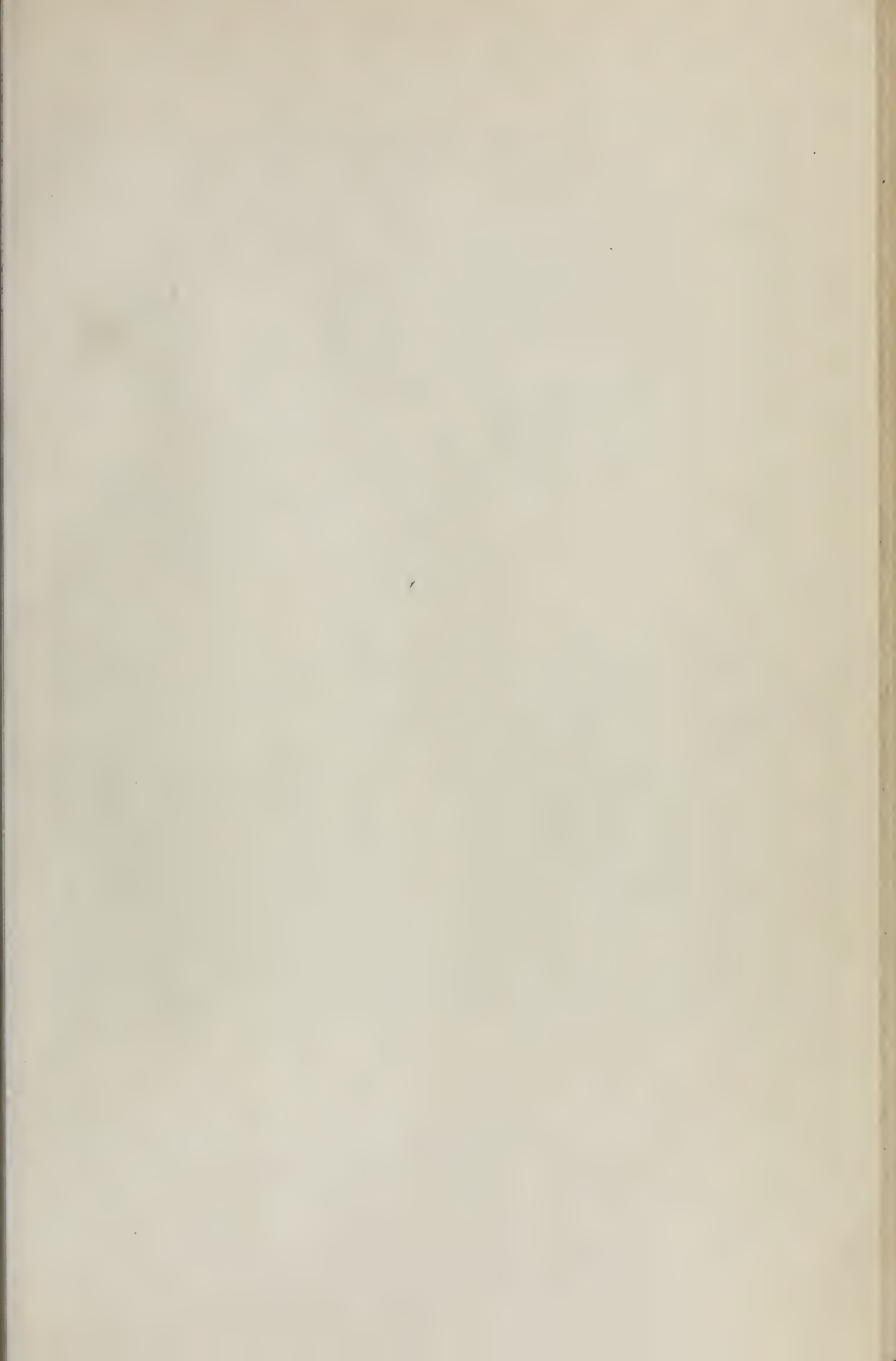
My second objection is vastly more important. It seems to me most unwise to publish such an article in a magazine as widely read as HARPER'S. What intelligent layman, no matter how well-balanced, who has read it, will ever have quite the same confidence in his own family physician, or in the medical profession as a whole? And how much more must it affect the neurotic or psychasthenic individual, whose cure must largely depend upon faith in his doctor? I, for one, do not care to have any of my patients believe that the practice of deception is common to the profession generally. If Dr. Collins wishes to confess to his own patients that he believes in the therapeutic value of lying, that is his privilege; but I do object to his sowing seeds of doubt in the minds of *my* patients. The confidence a doctor's patients have in him is his greatest asset, and anything that shakes confidence in the entire profession must react to some extent upon the individual physician.

I wish that Dr. Collins had used his gifted pen in some better manner than to weaken the belief of the public in a profession which can do infinitely more with believers than with unbelievers.

It should perhaps be added that most of the physicians who have written to us or talked with us on the subject appear to agree with Doctor Collins.



In "Bigger and Better Murders," in our August issue, Mr. Merz included Mary Roberts Rinehart among those celebrities who have reported recent murder trials. The statement, based upon that of a usually reliable writer in another magazine, proves to be mistaken, and we join with Mr. Merz in correcting it at the first opportunity. Mrs. Rinehart informs us that she has never done such reporting; that she has received many requests for this sort of work, but has invariably declined them; and that her only two experiences in newspaper reportorial work of any sort were when she reported the political conventions of 1916 and the Arms Limitation Conference at Washington.







MARSH GUNNER

By Frank W. Benson

*Courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries*



# Harpers *Magazine*

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## THE CHIMERA OF CHURCH UNITY

BY HERBERT PARRISH

**I**F THERE were only one church in the world," President Dwight of Yale used to say, "I should feel that I had a call from God to go out and start another one."

In every department of human knowledge except religion the attainment of truth has now for a long time been regarded as progressive. In religion it was and is yet conceived as something long since fully revealed, fixed and final. There could be no progress. Newman, indeed, advanced the theory of development, but this was merely the explicit formulation of what had already been known implicitly.

It is only in comparatively recent times that intellectual religious men have come to think of religious knowledge as being in the same category with all other knowledge, a matter of progress. How far they so regard it, is still uncertain. But, since division is a necessity of progress, they feel suspicious of the movement for a united and highly organized church. Such a church would inhibit progress, limit freedom of thought, hinder investigation. That is always

the tendency of intrenched and settled authority, both in church and state. Division, even organized division, insures greater freedom. You can turn the rascals out—or leave them.

With its hundreds of millions of followers it is surprising that there is as much unanimity of opinion in Christianity as there is. There are racial divisions and cultural differences, college presidents and savages, statesmen and jailbirds, intellectuals and masses of unwashed peasants, all over the green world, and all alike claim a share in the benefits of religion as their most precious heritage. To each individual his religion is what it is irrespective of what others may have. There are similarities, but there are also differences. Probably no two people have quite the same ideas on the subject.

The problem is further complicated by the fact that religion is not merely an intellectual attainment. It is also a matter of the heart, the feelings, the will. Probably chiefly that. Over and above exterior and formal unity there is the question of spiritual unity, of



brotherhood, the love of man as well as the love of God. Within the ranks of the same organizations envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness may destroy the spirit of unity which is essential to the idea. A rift in feeling is more apt to create schism than any intellectual differences. While good men who disagree can manage to keep together, a parochial quarrel often starts a new church. The village choir, the lay popes, male and female, clerical professional jealousy, are divisive factors in Protestant churches, often more potent than theological debate. Browning's "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" illustrates the possibility among Catholics.

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!

Water your damned flower-pots, do!

If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,

God's blood, would not mine kill you!

What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?

Oh, that rose has prior claims—

Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?

Hell dry you up with its flames!

Not this side of Paradise, therefore—when the redeemed shall have attained to Ultimate Truth and walk in the white robes of irreversible charity—is church unity, corporate and spiritual, a possibility. Like communism its program implies a condition where men are as the angels of God. It is a Counsel of Perfection. How far are we moving in its direction?

## II

Cardinal Newman, after his conversion, felt that truth was to be found not in the *Via Media* but in extremes. Certainly the extreme positions in the matter of religion are more readily stated and easier to grasp.

On the one hand there is the Roman Catholic position. This is, that unity consists in being in communion with the Bishop of Rome, commonly called the Pope—the title of all bishops in ancient times, from *papa*, "father." In the Roman Catholic Church the Bishop of Rome is the supreme authority. He is the Vicar of Christ.

When he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is, as head of the church, his decisions are final and indisputable. If it happens that you do not agree with what he says on matters of faith and morals you must either change your belief, get out, or be put out. This applies quite as much to the laity as to the clergy.

It is true that there is some difficulty in determining when the Pope speaks *ex cathedra* as distinguished from his opinions as an individual. For example the decrees of Pius IX on the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Papal Infallibility are universally regarded as *ex cathedra* utterances. But I am told by certain Jesuits that the bull of Leo XIII declaring Anglican orders invalid is not *ex cathedra*, but merely the opinion of one Pope as a theologian. And it is well known that the very definite directions of the late Pius X on church music are utterly disregarded by large numbers of Roman Catholic clergy, presumably on the ground that they are not *ex cathedra*.

Theoretically, however, the Pope is the supreme court and ultimate sole authority in the Roman Catholic Church. He is the voice of tradition, the interpreter of conciliar decrees, the expounder of dogma, the judge in all disputes. To be sure, he operates through an elaborate system of delegated authority, the College of Cardinals, the various courts, such as the Rota, the Congregation of Sacred Rites, the Propaganda, a diplomatic corps, legates (*legati nati et a latere*), Apostolic Delegates, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, and priests. And decisions on most matters have long ago been made and are readily available. Only great and very important matters come before the Pope himself, but he appoints the officials and can reverse their decisions, as history shows, when he will. *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*, was a medieval proverb which still holds.

You will notice in this connection that one never sees nowadays in public

print, books, magazines or elsewhere, any speculative articles written by Roman Catholic clergymen. This is not because Roman Catholic clergymen do not write well. It is because it would be extremely temerarious for them to express themselves publicly on religious topics except in the way of panegyric or apologetic. For practically everything in that religion has been settled, and the cases of such men as the Jesuit Tyrrell and the Abbé Loisy, excommunicated a generation ago for venturing to say what Protestant scholars everywhere accept in regard to Holy Scripture, give the most venturesome reason to pause.

The Roman Catholic system has many practical advantages. It provides a living voice for all matters of dispute in doctrine and morals. As an authoritative system it is easily understood, simple, convenient, and effective. In a sense it is the religion of an individual. But that individual is the Pope, who theoretically merely pronounces the decrees of the universal church. For people of simple minds, for those who do not like speculative thought, for those who want problems in religion settled promptly and definitely, the value of Roman Catholicism cannot be estimated.

Moreover, the uniformity of the Roman Catholic Church, its almost universal presence, the dignity and variety of its services, the extent and effectiveness of its humanitarian institutions, the thoroughness of its organization add enormously to the attraction it offers to the masses of mankind. Its ideals of sanctity, of self-sacrifice are unexcelled. Its missionary enterprises are vast and effective. Its history is imposing. It is by far the largest of Christian sects.

At the other extreme stands Protestantism. But in dealing with Protestantism a distinction must be made. There are two types of Protestantism. There is popular Protestantism and intellectual Protestantism. The recent American names for them are Funda-

mentalists and Modernists. The historical and Fundamentalist Protestantism is quite as definitely authoritative as the Roman Catholic Church. It bases its authority, however, not in a living man but in a book, the Bible. The Bible, together with the rules and regulations made by Protestant assemblies, conventions, synods, and councils, from the Reformation period on, are the guiding rules of its faith and conduct. During its earlier period, often allied with the state, Protestantism, at least certain sects of it, maintained a severe discipline both of the laity and of the clergy. Of late years, since its dissociation from state control nearly everywhere, it has been able only to discipline its clergy. The laity do about as they please.

Unfortunately for Protestantism of the historical type, the Bible is subject to a variety of interpretations. In consequence there never was a united Protestantism. There were as many sects as there were interpretations. Whenever a religious leader arose who felt the importance of some special emphasis on some particular aspect of the Bible, he formed a new sect. And in modern times the higher criticism of the Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments, has resulted in the division of most of the sects still farther. This critical attitude towards the basis of Protestant authority has, in fact, resulted in the creation of a new type of Protestantism, the Modernist or intellectual Protestantism of to-day.

Intellectual Protestantism has something to say for itself. Practically rejecting all prescriptive authority in religion, it places the whole matter of religious knowledge on a par with all other knowledge, historical and scientific. It accepts Scripture as it accepts any other writing, on its intrinsic merits alone. Much of the Old Testament it quite rejects as belonging to the category of legend and poetry. The New Testament it regards with critical intellectuality and discriminating study. Its



advanced scholars doubt the authenticity of any of the four Gospels. Still the figure of the Christ, his character and life, dominate its thought.

Intellectual Protestantism is profoundly religious, but not in the institutional sense. It still takes the old attitude that the Pope is a mere hold-over from the Imperial pagan ages, a medieval ecclesiastical figure. But it is not vituperative and negative. It is scholarly and constructive. It holds that spirit produces form; that form does not produce spirit. It insists that every individual must secure for himself the factors of his religion, and that nobody can do your thinking for you. Religion is not to be handed out to men on a silver tray, even engraved with the papal arms. Religion is a work for men to do for themselves, and there is no substitute for individual thinking. Protestantism believes in complete freedom for the intellect. Much that has been defined and measured by the ancient theologues it dismisses as beyond human knowing. It does not put its trust in external observances but in interior spiritual attainment. It functions in the spirit, not in the machine. It places human charity above correct theological ideas. Just how far it goes in the rejection of ancient values or in the feeling that the revelation of God is progressive, is uncertain. It is decidedly individualistic, and its adherents differ widely in knowledge and attainment.

The old type of Protestantism is a dying cause. It will wane before the advance of education. The new is not yet fully formulated and by no means organized.

But between the extremes of Roman Catholicism and intellectual Protestantism there is still the middle ground of Anglicanism and the Oriental Orthodox churches. Of these the second holds, as the fundamental background of the faith, to the seven Ecumenical Councils, those great synods of the early church, in which so many details of doctrine, discipline, and worship were settled.

It interprets the Scripture upon that basis, conceiving truly that since the church existed before the New Testament was written and officially chose the books that compose it, the church is the sole authority and guide to its meaning, the creeds a compass in a sea of mystery. For the practical direction of its later affairs the Oriental churches have so much depended upon the direction of the emperors, tzars, kings, and princes of the nations in which they have existed that the Oriental Orthodox episcopate has virtually lost its autonomy and its structure is shattered in the event, as in Russia, of a revolution.

I shall hold no brief for Anglicanism, since that is my own position. But it may be said that the Church of England and the English colonies and the Episcopal Church in the United States represent that peculiar quality of illogical structure that is characteristic of the race. On the one hand the Anglican Church is strictly liturgical and prides itself upon having the episcopate, the priesthood, and diaconate. On the other hand it professes the Fundamentalist Biblical position for its final authority. It is a creature of the state in the mother country and is controlled by the laity elsewhere. But its scholars are for the most part liberally Modernist and, though it clings to tradition, it is alive to the most advanced critical theories and freely speculative.

There is little prospect that the world at large will accept the theory that Anglicanism is the middle ground appointed by God for the reunion of Protestants and Catholics—the *Via Media*. Its position is too vague and indefinite. Men are moved in history by clear-cut ideas, even when wrong, that can be easily understood and require little elucidation. A carefully balanced position, a yielding to both sides of the question, the compromising accommodations of diplomacy appeal only to the learned and the middle-aged. The *Via Media* is apt to become a line of cleavage.

The Orientals, separated from the Western world since the eighth century, are so remote and exotic as to be out of the question. When Pope Eugenius IV, at the Council of Florence in 1439, attempted to adjust the petty theological differences between Roman Catholics and the Orientals—differences of a slight wording in the creed, of the use of unleavened bread in the Eucharist, of the kind of images to be venerated in churches—the effort came to little or nothing. Orientals are very much set in their ways. And some of their ways are excellent.

### III

Now if Cardinal Newman was right and truth is to be found in extremes, I confess to a bewilderment of choice in the extremes of ecclesiastical ideals before the world. There are many things about Roman Catholicism that make it a very desirable religion. For example, worship. At its best, Roman Catholicism presents a form of worship beautiful, symbolic, dramatic, rich in color and in meaning, hallowed by ages of use in devotion, supremely simple and dignified. Only the jaundiced eyes of race prejudice would hesitate to admire it, and only the tasteless and slovenly ministrations of a careless priesthood can mar it, while Protestant worship at its best is cold, colorless, dull, without inspiration. Why should it be expected, in an age when even the manufacturers of automobiles are compelled to include beauty in the structure of their machines, that people should be content to sit for an hour or more staring at the vapid pipes of a large organ, three impossible plush chairs, and an enormous open Bible on a commonplace stand, while a man in a frock coat tells God the events of the past week and preaches a sermon? Yet this is what the Protestant churches provide as the chief act of worship. And the jazzy, hearty type is even worse. It pushes vulgarity to the very extreme. Architecturally, too, the difference is all in favor of the Roman Catholic.

Protestants profess a holy horror of Catholic superstition, of idolatry. Something of this is probably inevitable among the masses of ignorant worshippers. It is not of the essence of the faith. But what is more serious is the general intransigence of the theological position of the papacy. Roman Catholic theologians seem to think it necessary to cling with pleadings and apologies to ideas in religion that no intelligent person at the present time can possibly hold. Foreexample, the literal fall of man. The whole evidence of the study of biology is against the doctrine. Yet it is a matter of faith in that church. Just so, until the year 1829, every book that said that the world was round was put on the *Index Expurgatorius*. Why cling to old legends that nobody accepts as literal truths?

"With fullness of knowledge," says Lord Acton, the eminent Roman Catholic historian, "the pleader's occupation is gone and the apologist is deprived of his bread. Mendacity depended on concealment of evidence. When that is at an end, fable departs with it and the margin of legitimate divergence is narrowed." These words were written of history. They might well be pondered by theologians.

Religion may not be presented solely for the edification of the intellectual, but there is no use in alienating them. And the attitude of Roman Catholicism in this regard is perhaps the greatest obstacle to its success. The day is gone when religious obscurantism can avail to stop the free knowledge of mankind. It is due to the fearless and critical study of scholars defying ecclesiastical censure that nearly every advance in scientific knowledge for the benefit of mankind has been attained and given to the world. And this intransigence did not cease at the period of Galileo. It is still with us. The famous Eucharistic Congresses, held by Roman Catholics in some city of the world every year, began with an attempt on the part of Roman Catholic scholars to study the problems connected with



sacramental ideas. But what free discussion there was at the first was soon put to silence. The Eucharistic Congresses are now nothing but spectacles for arousing popular devotion and advertising the church. And if during them scholars read papers, they are lost in the clamor, or have become nothing but the most fulsome panegyric.

But after all what has all this theological clamor and ecclesiastical debate to do with actual religion? It is not religion at all. It has perhaps to do with the method of presenting religion, but religion itself is something infinitely greater than churches. It rises over and above them. It is invisible, like the Kingdom of God that cometh not with observation. It belongs to the infinite and the eternal. It is a matter between God and the human soul.

Protestants are right in declaring that spirit precedes form. And Catholics may be right in holding that if a man conforms to the ordinances of religion, the church will pull him through to the shores of salvation, though the devil works days and sweats nights trying to destroy his soul. It is all one. The man who is to be saved must in the end conform himself to the laws of God, for he cannot know that to which he has no resemblance. He must reach justice, mercy, and truth, or be damned. Whatever waits on the other side of life, it is certain that here at least the kingdom of God within us cannot be realized without our aspiration and desire. The particular theological tenets a man holds, the forms in which he participates, the church to which he belongs, count as nothing in comparison to the nature of his actual life in the everyday world. He is judged not by his creed but by his acts. His creed may inspire his imagination and affect his character. It must do that, or he is lost.

Unfortunately it is the curious infirmity of the human mind to substitute the means for the end. The institutional and the ecclesiastic always seem to emphasize the church rather

than God. The organization, the machinery of religion, too often take the place of religion itself. Professionalism is substituted for piety. Loyalty is felt to be loyalty to the formulated systems of men rather than to the truth of God. The religious mind, like the medieval mind, looks backward. Progressive knowledge is strangled in a skein of meticulous and petty precedents.

#### IV

President Dwight—he lived in a day when college presidents were still scholars—was right. If there were only one church in the world, it would be necessary for somebody to go out and start another one. Ultimate Truth in religion lies far ahead, and we shall be a long time in attaining it. Centuries of patient labor. The clash of conflicting theories. The discovery of new ideas. The elucidation of mystical experiences. The blending of scientific truth with traditional religious emotion. An understanding of the psychology of sanctity. And such progress implies division.

To attempt a synthesis of the extremes of recognized theological positions, to unite in a single authoritative body the churches, is a dream similar in kind to the schemes to eliminate poverty, to create a universal language, to destroy capitalism, to perfect governments, to make democracy safe for the world, to determine taste, to reach Utopia. It is the delight of Secretaries, the despair of honest men. Clergymen, always incurable idealists on the lookout for sermon material, fall for it regularly. Its deficiency supplies the explanation for its inefficiency. But it cannot be done.

The best that can be done is to aim at the ideal. It is well to remember that character is to be judged not by what it is but by what it tends to become. Let results take care of themselves.

The World Conference on Faith and Order, held last summer at Lausanne, was a gallant effort to bring about

corporate and spiritual church unity by a meeting of the religious leaders of the world for a discussion of the problem. Conceived about the same time as Mr. Ford's Peace Ship, it was destined to have about the same results. Always in the past such appearances of church unity as existed were the result of compulsion by the state. Either persecution, as in the Imperial ages, forced the churches to hold together; or the state itself, theoretically Christianized, as in the Middle Ages and down to modern times, made heresy and schism crimes. The old method worked badly. The thumb-screw, the rack, the faggot did not suffice to compel the church to keep united. Always there were new sects arising. The Emperors of old Rome could not stop them. The medieval kings, aided by the Inquisition, could scarcely keep them down. There were Waldenses, Albigenses, Jacqueries, rebellions. There were even at one time three popes. Finally, the rise of nations, the new learning, discovery, commerce, science brought about the Reformation and divided the church in Western Europe into the fragments we see to-day. Men began to dig up the sources of religion. They have been examining them with microscopes ever since.

But economic pressure, the falling away from religion of great masses of the population of the world, the confusion and dissatisfaction that exist at the present time, the inability of religion to control the waste and passion of life, to maintain peace, are exerting the same effect upon the churches as persecution did in the earlier eras. These things alarm and draw the churches together.

The World Conference on Faith and Order was an historical event of the first importance, though it passed almost unnoticed in the public press of America. The ecclesiastical historians a century hence will acclaim it as significant. It symbolized a need, a condition.

As was expected, the Conference accomplished no direct results. Its dele-

gates, drawn from some eighty sects throughout the world, had no authority to commit their churches. They acted merely as individuals. What authority they had came solely from their individual positions as scholars and men of piety. The Conference was overwhelmingly Protestant. The Pope refused to go. He not only did not go himself, but it was reported that he ordered that no representative of the Roman Catholic Church, clerical or lay—with the exception of two "unofficial observers"—should even attend as a spectator the meetings of the Conference. The Pope knows his book. Why in the world it should have been expected that he would attend passes understanding. At Lausanne the meetings were held in a cathedral despoiled by Protestants at the Reformation, the Cathedral of Notre Dame consecrated in 1275 by Pope Gregory X, a place of papal memories. And who could expect the head of the greatest body of Christians in the world, outnumbering all the others put together, to heed the call to unity in an assembly arranged by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York and presided over by the Bishop of Western New York? If the commission had had the tact to ask the Pope to call such a meeting and to preside over it, the outcome might have been different. Certainly the world would have sat up and taken notice.

Such reports on Faith and Order as the various committees made were naturally also Protestant. For example, the recognition as valid of any form of ordination that makes it evident that a man is ordained to the ministry of any church could not fail to disconcert the high-church Anglicans and to draw a formal dissent from the Orthodox Orientals present. Here was a shock, indeed. For what is Anglicanism without the necessity of episcopacy? In short, as in all democratic assemblies, conferences, *pourparlers*, round-tables, and similar talk-fests, where the object is to reach agreement, there was the inevitable



necessity of compromise, adjustment, watering-down, concession, acceptance of the lowest common denominator of conviction.

To assert that the courteous spirit and restraint of the members of the Conference in their speeches was an evidence of prospective unity is surely a mistake. The disgraceful scenes of earlier assemblies, when clergy flew at each other's throats and anathemas were freely hurled, belong to the ages of barbarism. Civilization and the amenities of modern life sufficiently account for the better manners displayed at the meeting. But the tenacity of opinion, the unyielding convictions, were even at a distance apparent. The majority of those present were able to agree—to differ.

The assembly, being Protestant with the exception of a few high-church Anglicans and the picturesque Orientals, was, it must be confessed, rather gray, rather somber, quite lacking in the color, spectacular splendor, pomp and ceremony such as appeal to popular imagination. Its deliberations, couched in the language of esoteric sentimentalism, failed to register in the public press. And since it was a foregone conclusion that every delegate knew beforehand exactly what his own position and that of his own denomination was, as well as what each of the others held, the value of such a conference may be questioned, except that it gave in the heat of summer at a lovely place in Switzerland a gorgeous junket to the commissioners and the secretaries. The conclusions could have been as well arrived at by correspondence. Except for the interest of clergymen and the editors of church papers, the Conference passed without notice.

## V

Any scheme of corporate unity, then, is beyond the diplomatic skill of even the most astute ecclesiastical leaders. It is not a matter of practical politics. If it is, as is so often asserted, the divine

will, then it is on a par with the other great and ultimate ideals. "Be united" can only be compared with "Have all knowledge," "Agree on Ultimate Truth," "Sustain perfect charity," "Be devoid of every prejudice." It belongs to the eternal categories. It is an excellent aim, but a mystical attainment. The individual may have the feeling for it, but he cannot materialize or demonstrate it. To arrive even at the emotion as a spiritual experience is to transcend all the churches.

There remains, however, a practical aspect of the problem in America that ought to be undertaken, not by impractical idealists, but by ecclesiastical statesmen. For in this country we have listed some 167 varieties of religion, and at least 40 more not listed. Besides the main and better-known divisions, such as the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics, there are many large communions of earnest Christians banded together and separated from the others, in competition with them. The divisions run largely along racial lines, it is true. The Lutheran, the Scandinavian, the Hungarian, the Greek, the Serbian churches witness to the importation of religion along with the national waves of immigration. And even in the Roman Catholic Church the same strains of race are found in the Irish, the Italian, the German, and other groups. But in addition to such divisions, which tend greatly to prevent the assimilation of the foreign-born, there are very many divisions among Protestants, based upon progressive or conservative theories or upon the special emphasis of some particular tenet, that foster discord and stimulate destructive competition. We have, for example, such sects as the Six Principle Baptists, the Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarians, the Duck River Baptists, the Pilgrim Holiness Brethren. There are two sects of Brethren, Conservative and Progressive, split on the question of whether a man's

coat shall have one button or two, the two-buttoners being Progressive. We have the Zarephath, the Holy Rollers, with a female bishop, the Pillar of Fire.

It is probable that nothing much could be done with the cranks who caricature religion by their extravagances. But with the greater and more respectable sects something in the way of unity ought to be accomplished. Their theological differences at the present time are little more than the differences between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Yet they divide the Christian heritage, split up the faithful, confuse the outsider, and engage in a wasteful and expensive competition for members and money that greatly weakens respect for religion and reduces the ministry of all churches to a condition of poverty and social inferiority. The enormous cost of upkeep, the extravagance of the missionary departments, the overhead of the boards, secretaries, field secretaries, archdeacons, bishops, presiding elders, and a swarm of paid officials who do no pastoral work but go about laying grievous burdens upon the ministers of all denominations in order that the competition may be kept up, are a few of the evils of the present divided state of the Christian churches in America. In most small towns a single church would suffice for the housing of all who desire to attend religious services. But you will generally find a dozen or more, where one would be fairly strong, struggling to pay their bills and cutting each other's throats in the effort to make one proselyte.

This condition is both disgraceful to America and injurious to our civilization. It presents religion without dignity. The very buildings, the houses of God, show by their inferior architecture the futility of the spirit within. The nation, in every other respect rising to heights of accomplishment, in this is failing wretchedly. Something practical should be done about it.

Some practical attempts to bring about greater unity among the various Protestant sects have in recent years

been made in Canada, Australia, and among the English missions in India. Of these the Canadian effort to unite the Methodist, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian churches is by far the most advanced. The union of these bodies has been only partially successful and is confined for the most part to the smaller towns, the larger city churches refusing to come in. But the United Church of Canada is at least an established fact, though it may still be too early to know whether it will absorb the greater part of the confederating churches or whether, as some of the secretaries of other movements declare, it but adds another sect to the already fissiparous condition of Protestantism. The movements in Australia and India are as yet not much beyond the paper stage. In these movements the Anglican Church has been active.

In the United States for the past twenty years there have been discussions, conferences, resolutions, and even some attempts to bring about at least some measure of reunion among Protestant sects. Little has been accomplished. Every business man interested in the subject realizes the economic value of a merger. The pastors, I think, would in many cases favor it. But the inherited nostalgia for customary forms and habits in religion of the laity, the vested interests, the suspicion and prejudice in relation to other aspects of Christianity, are seemingly irremovable barriers. The varieties of cultural standards and the divergences in moral theories also are obstacles.

There is still the possibility that at some future time the state, in spite of our boasted theories about the separation of church and state, may take over the matter of religion. America may yet have a state church established by law. The history of every nation in the world in the past has shown the advantages as well as the disadvantages of such an arrangement. The state can give a unity, a dignity, an authority to the church such as nothing else in the world



except the papacy can give. And since the same people who compose the state compose the church, the arrangement is convenient and natural. At the present time the churches are impinging more and more upon the province of legislation, insisting that the state put through their programs. The step may be easier than is commonly realized for the reverse process, in some emergency, to take place. The churches may some day wake up to find themselves a department of the state, rather than its counsellor and guide. This has happened before in history and may happen again.

## THE WIND ON THE HEATH

BY SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that I would gladly live for ever."

**T**HERE'S still the wind on the heath, brother,  
*And, oh, the wind is sweet!*  
*There are light, white clouds in a laughing sky,*  
*And grass for my tired feet.*

*I am sick of the ways of men, brother,*  
*Where pleasure is drowned in pain,*  
*Where souls are cankered by hates and lies;*  
*I long for the sun again.*

*My soul that was proud is a broken thing,*  
*My heart that was whole is torn,*  
*The song on my lips is silenced,*  
*I am weary and travel-worn.*

*I come with hands that are empty,*  
*With heart of hope bereft.*  
*My all lies lost in the ways of men.*  
*Nothing, nothing is left. . . .*

*Only the sun and the moon, brother,*  
*And the cool of the green earth's sod,*  
*Day and night and the songs of stars,*  
*And the wind that blows from God.*



# MEAT

A NOVEL

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

## PART I

*Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.—I. Corinthians viii:13.*

WHEN Tomlin Flagg was born he had a horn, above and a little in front of his left ear. Such a thing was not unknown in his line; it had happened at least once before. The somewhat goatish excrescence lasted little more than a week before it was absorbed into the shaping skull. Thereafter it remained simply as a hairless spot on the scalp, the size of a man's thumbnail and of much the same consistency. By and by the hair could be so brushed as to cover it.

Tomlin was never strong. He was never, in ways, altogether responsible. What is one to make of it? With the exception of Tomlin and of that one other almost legendary instance of a horned Flagg, the line was a line of whole, strong, sane, comely and spirited people. Like Anne, his cousin.

Tomlin lived to be nearly thirty-one. Then he was killed by a policeman. The details were never aired. Happily the Flaggs, together with the Jeromes and the Indias, into which families they had married, had influence. It was fortunate for the policeman that they were willing to let the thing rest, for it was admitted that he had shot on impulse. Perhaps it was because they were able to guess at the nature of the impulse, and at how it could come about that he would not know in the half-darkness what it was he was shooting at.

No telegrams were sent, even to relatives. The news was conveyed by letter. "... Tomlin died in Buffalo on August eighteenth."

But all this about Tomlin Flagg is another story, and the story is ended.

That is what Anne Flagg India thought to herself. "Ended." She dropped the crumpled note into a hole on the beach, filled the hole up with clean sand, and smoothed it smooth. "That's ended, thank God!"

Anne India weighed more on the scale than Sam India, her husband. And yet, though he was taller than she and no skeleton, no one ever thought of her as large. She was too light on her feet, too agile in humor, too flashing. With her black hair, her dark eyes, her candid coloring, her full-shaped and shameless vitality, she was too truly beautiful. Looking at her in the open, on the beach of summer, under the blue sky in a sky-blue bathing suit, there was nowhere one could place her, somehow, short of mythology. If ever there was a mortal woman sprung from earth to dare traffic with the gods it was Anne India. And a traffic, one would say, which could never conceivably eventuate in anything less numerous than twins.

But Sam India was no immortal, and even if everybody took the children for it, Flagg and Fern were not twins.



"Twins! How adorable!" people would cry. "They *are* twins, aren't they?"

"Twins, yes." Anne could be incredibly patient. The partly wistful comedy of the wink she would give Sam never dimmed. "Synthetic twins."

It would have taken more pains than it was worth, you see, to explain that the girl-one was not born their own, as the boy-one was, but only taken in when its widowed mother, who had been Anne's bridesmaid, died in childbirth in the same week in which Anne did not die.

And anyway—"Lord knows I've done everything *but* borned her, Sam!"

Anne could be so patient, for one of her temperament. Flagg, the boy, and Fern, the girl, were two years, two months, and various days old; and since it was high August and they Adam-bare to the heavens they were very brown all over. No one passing along the beach could fail to look at them, washing around in the sea-suds all by themselves, gulping, screeching, blowing bubbles, and getting spanked by combers eight inches high.

The passing females were the worst. If there was one there were twenty scandalized. "Those babies! Who *can* be looking *out* for them? What perfectly criminal *carelessness*! Lady—excuse me—but are those your children down there, by any chance? Well, I don't suppose it's any of my business, but if they were *mine*—"

If once, a score of times Anne explained. Very gorgeous in her crimson beach-robe and very supine on the sunny sand, she must have seemed distressingly unspiritual to the troubled ones had it not been for the dark light of earnestness in the upturned eyes.

"But you see, I've asked the life-guard about it, and he assures me it takes quite a long while for very young children to be drowned at all permanently."

Sam was a fit mate for her. Very lean and leggy, very prone, his high brown forehead wrinkled with his pains

to make things clear, he would elaborate: "And besides, something has got to be done. You see, we haven't been able to make up our minds yet which one of the two we ought to keep."

But there were things about which Anne could not be patient at all.

One happened to-day. The proprietor of the bath-houses at the Point came two hundred yards up the beach to them. He was a young fellow and he was embarrassed. He avoided Anne's eyes and addressed his own to Sam's. He opened his mouth fruitlessly several times, growing redder and redder. Sam finally had to help him.

"What's on the mind?"

He could not look even at Sam then, but had to gaze back over a shoulder at his umbrellas and his customers.

"There's a lady—well, I mean, I've had a complaint. I wouldn't for the world, myself, you understand—but this lady—it's about your young ones—about their not wearing—not having a stitch on."

Anne sat bolt up. "Those *babes*?"

"I know, ma'am, but what can I do? This lady, what she says is, she's got young children of her own, and she can't keep them from playing up and down the shore here, and she says she doesn't want them to be seeing—she says they're just at an impressionable age, and they're—"

"*The dirty thing!*"

Sam looked around at her and grinned.

"Bite 'em, girl!" But then his grin faded a little. "Listen here, old thing; don't let 'em get the goat, not really."

Anne turned over on her stomach. Her face averted, she made a dagger of her fingers and attacked the sand. She dug a terrier's hole deep into the dampness where the smelly things are. She had to do something blood-thirsty until she could get her proper voice back again.

Poor bathing-beach man! "I know, ma'am, but what am I to tell her?"

Anne got her voice back. "Tell her that God and I are sorry, but the world was made for *well* people to live in, first of all."

Norine, the nurse, who had come all the way from home by the electrics, descended the grassy bank with the mail. It was a godsend.

Anne had a letter. After a minute with it she said suddenly, "Oh!"

There was something about it that made her husband turn from his affairs to blink at her. "News, Anne? What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. Nothing in the whole good, clean, big, bright world is wrong, not any more. Oh, Sam! Cousin Tomlin—"

But then she jumped up. Casting the robe off like a crimson cloud she ran down to the water. She leaped over the babies. She threshed out, wide-armed. She dived.

The letter lay where she had dropped it on the sand. Sam would have given his right eye to know. What about that unappetizing cousin of hers, Tomlin Flagg? What the devil! to send her off this way, transfigured and galumphing? Sam would have given *both* eyes.

All Anne wanted was that one dive, deep through the bitter cleanness of the sea. Hands arrowed above her red bathing-cap she sailed up and out. She came back splashing the water white. She caught up a twin in either arm and held it high. Perilously balanced, clutching, laughing, shining, she bore them through the warm, golden wind.

"Aren't they beautiful! Aren't they gorgeous, Sam! Did you read?"

"Read what? This?"

"You wouldn't. . . . But look at 'em, Sam! Look! Aren't they thrilling? Isn't the whole round earth, the sea, the sky, the wind, the sun— Oh, Sam, my dear! Wait, Norine; catch! Hang on to 'em, idiot; don't you dare let 'em get all sand again. . . . You haven't read it, Sam. I'll tell you. Tomlin Flagg is dead."

There was already the hole she had dug. Crumpling the note she dropped it in with the smelly things; then she filled it up with clean top sand and smoothed it smooth.

"That's ended. Thank God!"

Stonebridge, Connecticut, where Indias have lived for five generations, is as truly a state of mind as Boston is said to be. But whereas Boston, in the saying, is the state of a mind that is made up, Stonebridge is the condition of one pulled four ways by four geographies. North and south the pulls are equal only because they are equally feeble; if the Berkshires are not much as mountains, the Sound is a mild sort of sea. East and west is the tug-of-war. Stonebridge is still New England, yet it is already New York. The cream in the coffee the Wall Street broker gulps down in time to catch his "eight-fifteen" is brought in through the woods by a man who plows with oxen and says "haow."

There was a time when the fit ones cleared out of this section and headed for the fatter west. At least most of them did. Sam Henry India, 2d, on the theory that the region which is emptying is the one where the elbow-room is going to be, remained. He farmed a large tract of bottomland, improved the local turnip, imported and acclimated a Rhineland grape, built a brick house in the Georgian manner on a hillside overlooking the Danbury road, and entertained therein visiting singers, New York and Boston merchants, western politicians, at least one prince of England and one president of the United States. Before he died, at a good age, he had founded two institutions, one of them the most New England of the New England colleges, and the other the finest wine-cellar north of Philadelphia.

Come of a line which had given at least one son in each generation to the church of the great dissenters, he was endowed with a strongly dialectic mind. The trouble was that he used it. He took the dogma of his fathers and looked at it. God, they said, was omnipresent and eternal. God had been present, therefore, everywhere, always. Everywhere and always, Sam Henry the Second decided, there had been good minds and true spirits, "one with the



Light." But no sooner was this assumption stated than it had raised the devil with the accepted codes of moral practice. Looking back, looking abroad, he could find hardly a Connecticut sin which had not been considered a good act by some body of these good minds and true spirits. His intelligence, compounded of shrewdness and humor, refused to accept here-and-now too overwhelmingly as against then-and-there. But then morality became a matter of usage, standards of righteousness multiplied and mutually canceled one another. Anarchy remained. Sam Henry the Second arrived at the wilderness where many men have been lost.

But he was not the kind to stay lost long. He still believed in God. He got back to that. He propounded a question. "Has God given me anything at all, then, to go by?" He unearthed an answer. "God has given me an intelligence with which to decide between a given right and a given wrong, and a will with which to act upon that decision. *But*—he has given these things also to my neighbor."

He caused to be carved in the oaken beam above the fireplace facing the door in his big front hall these words: I AM NOT MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

New England, the western cradle-place of a rigid and hard-disciplined sect, has had perhaps more than its share of these intense individualists.

From him, through an intervening Grant India, Sam Henry 3d, who was his grandson and the husband of Anne Flagg, inherited the house above the road to Danbury, its rebellious carving, and its peerless cellar, together with a share in a New York publishing business in Union Square, and a capacity for living at once with gusto and with moderation.

The view from the upper veranda of the India house had changed in seventy years. Towns grow, even in New England; what had once been the sleepy village of Stonebridge on the Boston

post road now reached an arm of mills and mill-workers' homes up the valley where Sam Henry the Second's fields had been.

It was lucky he had built his house high. Up here toward the ridge, with remnants of elm and nut woods around it, it still kept something of an illusion of room, of unhurried living and of air to breathe. And still it had its little river to look at, no matter if it was cut by chimneys standing here and there against it, lean and black.

Under the sunset this evening, deep in York State a cloud was rising, whitened now and then by summer lightning.

Lights had been on in the children's room, the south one facing the gallery. Now they went out, and there was the sound of Norine closing a door inside, with care. Almost immediately then there were rustlings, stealing feet; the dark rectangle of a window framed two whitenesses, hands and noses pressed against the screen.

"We see you," said Sam, from near the railing outside.

"Horrible, horrible children!" said Anne.

"We want to stay up," said Fern. "We would not go to sleep when Norie said."

"All right." Their father was reasonable. "But if you're going to stay up till all hours you've got to be bright awake. I'll take you both to the bathroom and give you cold showers, and then it will be all right."

This was a flat failure.

"Yes," said Flagg.

Giggles.

Fern said, "Come and do."

Anne paid no attention. She gazed at the darkening sunset, rapt, her hands clasped behind her. "One, two, three, four," she mused aloud. She counted very slowly. "—five—six—" There was in it something eerie, gloating, disconcerting, a kind of pixy cheer. "Seven—eight—nine—" But at nine there was a sound of whispery squeals and the frame of the screen was empty dark again.

Anne stood for a moment, her ears "laid back."

"Peace descends," she said.

"Isn't it wonderful, Anne, when it does?"

"And it isn't as if I didn't love 'em awake and ramping, either."

"Love 'em! It's not the word."

"No, and that's really true, it isn't. Because that's the word I've got to use for the whole world to-night. I love the whole world and everything that's in it, since that letter this afternoon. I mean—like this."

She spread her arms, her hands palms up. Lifting her face to the darkening sky she floated away toward the far end of the veranda, pirouetting on her toes. Lightly, lightly.

A flare from the distant cloud-bank came and whitened her, and Sam, watching, saw her for a wink as something strangely separate, something pure as stone, pitiless, exultant, pagan, the woman of Hellas who should have been the mother of the West and was not, because an Asiatic Mary was.

"I had no idea," he said, "you felt like this about your cousin Tomlin."

"It's going to storm, Sam. How good it feels in the air, coming."

"Because you've never said much about him."

"Dance with me."

"But hang on a second." Sam was mystified. "Why?"

"They never dared let Tomlin dance."

"I see."

"I wonder if you do." Night was coming, pressed on by the rain behind. Anne watched it. "I would forgive you for thinking it strange of me to act this way, after a death in the family. I know it wasn't Tomlin's fault that he was Tomlin. I know too that he would have been happier dead long years ago. I'm not thinking of him; I'm thinking of the things that healthy people are fond of, like loving, and playing. Like dancing. Tomlin did something to dancing that made it for me, for years—Sam, it's so hard to make it clear in

words. He took something away from dancing that ought to be given back to it. Am I silly, dear?"

Her husband was staring at her. "Lord God, but you're beautiful!"

"He took something away from all our straight desires, Sam. He never knew what it was to love anything, take pleasure in anything, savor anything. He only knew what it was to shudder and grab, grab and gulp. And that's another thing. Sam, I think I'd like a glass of wine."

"I'll go down."

"Go away down, down to the cellar. Is there anything there that's been hoarded and treasured—anything that's grown priceless—anything that there's only one of left in the world?"

"I see. He did something to wine then, too?"

"What he did to it, what it did to him, poor weird fellow, and what he did—yes, wine too wants something given back to it, Sam."

India returned presently with a bottle and thin glasses.

"I've got it, the very thing, Anne. But that squall's coming fast. Shall we duck inside?"

"No. Here."

"That thunder's going to have a crack in it all of a sudden."

"Tomlin was afraid of thunder and lightning. Stay here. What do you mean, the very thing? What have you found that's rare enough?"

Sam held up the uncorked bottle. "It's too dark to see, but it's a darned beautiful thing, the way the years have bitten it and the spiders written. I wish Grandfather India could see it himself now; it would give him more of a thrill than he ever got even from his '60' Burgundy."

"It's not the '60' then?"

"No, nor the 'China Market,' nor any of the museum pieces. It's humble. Hold the glasses. I wish you could—there, did you see it by that flash? The blood of the land. '*Laid down in 1858,*' in the old boy's own handwriting, '*from*



*the new vines east half Broken Hill.*  
The blood of Connecticut—"

"Shed for—"

India laughed, impressed. "Funny sacrament." Before he drank he spilled a little from his glass over the railing to the distant soil.

It was a wine! Savoring it slowly, even so little, it ran into their hearts and into their veins. The summer lightning had taken shape; thunder fell down the sky behind it in zigzag crackles. Black and white, erect, apart, unwinking, the woman came and went in the man's sight.

"Anne!"

"Yes?"

"You're—I don't know what I mean."

"When I was a child, Sam, I remember there was only one thing of which my father and mother made a mystery, only one truth they evaded with an awkwardness plain enough for me to feel. The thing they would never explain to me was their reason for wanting me to keep away from my cousin Tomlin on our visits there. Whatever that evasion did to me, I've had to fight it all my life ever since. And to-night it's finished. Tomlin's dead."

"Anne, I thought I knew you. And now I'm not altogether sure I do."

"Come and find me."

Huge raindrops, spinning on themselves, began to fall. They ran for the door, got through, and closed it. In the dark of their room they found themselves in each other's arms.

"Yes."

"I love you, Anne. But wait, wait."

"No, lover, don't wait. Nothing matters any more."

The hill up in the woods behind the house was not more than ten yards long, but to Fern and Flagg on their swooping sled it was like the bottom falling out of half Connecticut; you can't hold your breath forever.

Flagg considered himself a splendid steerer, but sometimes he was not. Every time things went wrong and the pair vanished in the bordering snow-

bank, sled and all, Norine would break the path still a little wider for them, chunking patiently up and down in her elephantine arctics.

Then she would look at the sky, where in the west the early sunset of February began to yellow the cold blue, and then inquiringly up at the children's mother, seated bundled in furs on a log at the top of the slide.

"You don't think, ma'am? It grows nippy."

"Oh, give them another minute; don't be such a worrier, Norie. Look at 'em! Cold? Not they!"

"But you, ma'am. Mr. India laid it on me that I should make you—"

"But I'm warm, I keep telling you. And anyway, you can wash your hands of me; there he's coming now."

India, in his city clothes, a brief case fat with manuscripts under an arm, turned away from the side door below when he heard the coasters' racket and came climbing with long steps. The first thing there was was a collision, the immovable object met by the irresistible force.

He picked them and himself up out of the drift.

"Hey! where do you think you're going? The idea, running me down!"

"You got *into* our way, you did."

"An innocent pedestrian. Of all the outrageous!"

"You did it *purpose*, you *know* you did."

Plastered with snow and infants he came on up to judgment.

"Woman, you saw 'em. Justice is all I want."

Anne's smile, these months, was luminous and museful. She shook her head at him in mock despair. "And here you are nearly thirty-three."

He put the kids down. "Scat!"

"And you," he challenged, "what are you, nearly? I'd say about six. Out here in the snow, and the sun gone down, and you *sitting*."

"I'm not cold, dear, not a bit. And don't scold. I've been so good all

day. I've watched my steps till I look silly, not lifted things, not reached." She put out her gloved hands to him. "Sam, it's going to be a good baby."

They went down hill behind the nursery mob, much more slowly. The sky at dusk was the green of ice. In the valley strings of lights glittered, as hard as cut diamonds. The pines on the hillside were turning black.

In a pocket between two of the pines Anne stopped. India looked around at her quickly, for under his hand he had felt a shiver along her arm.

"There, you *are* chilled."

She shook her head and tried to turn her eyes away, but he had seen them.

"Anne, what's happened? Something's happened to frighten you."

"No."

"Yes."

"It's these trees, I think, the black cold that comes out of them at this time of night. How can they be so—? Oh, nothing, nothing. Come along. I'm so hungry I could—I'm so ha-ha-happy—"

She was against him, her teeth chattering, her fingers winding into the stuff of his heavy coat. Sobs racked her, but there were no tears. Her face was white and twisted. "H-h-hold me, Sam! Put your arms ar-ar-around me! Tighter! Keep everything away, away, away!"

"Females are ridiculous," she told him by and by. It was when they had got down to the level, under the shadow of the house, where the yellow rays from windows fell across the snow. It was the first time in a long while he had heard her laugh aloud. "Ri-ri-ridiculous, Sam!"

In Connecticut, not even a day in June can be so rare as a morning deep in May. Nothing about May is solid or warranted or certain-sure. There is still a gossamer grayness through the green, still a note of arrival and restlessness in the song of the bird. Sunshine is gambler's gold, not yet safely won; rain-

clouds put their heads over the horizon and look around. Children cannot walk but have to run, cannot talk but must make a hullabaloo.

Norine had been told to keep the children away from the house, and she did her best. But Norine too was at the end of her strength after a night that had seemed as long as any year, and the "twins," nearly three now, sound-slept and swollen with spring, would have been a handful for Norine at the top of her best. If it wasn't Flagg chasing Fern, it was Fern chasing Flagg, out of sight and out of bounds down the hill. From moment to moment their miscreant voices, shrill as pirates', descended through the hangings of the wood, entered the windows, and stabbed at the knots in India's nerves.

"Damn 'em!" He walked from end to end of the long downstairs room, pressing the heels of his hands to his temples. "Oh, be quiet, be quiet, can't you! For God's sake, what's happened to that fool, Norine?" He hardly knew what he said. "Children, have a little pity. Go away! Be still!"

Doctor Blakeley watched him. The physician had taken off his white things and put on his black coat again. His attitude seemed to be saying: "My dear excited fellow, what a rotten time you're giving yourself, and all over nothing—perhaps." At last he protested out loud. "Why bother so much about those children, India?"

"But it was you, doctor, who said she *must* have quiet."

"I know, but I didn't mean that we should make the birds stop singing or the wind blowing or children running and laughing in the woods. Of all the sounds on earth, those won't hurt Mrs. India. Let her hear them all she can."

For at least the tenth time since Anne's baby had been born at three that morning, India lowered his head between his shoulders, knotted his brows, and addressed himself to the physician in a tone compounded of misery, distraction, and belligerence.



"Doctor, you don't get this. You don't seem to understand."

A door opened and a nurse stood in it, white and cool.

"Doctor Blakeley."

"Yes, is there something? The mother, or the infant?"

"The infant's respiration—"

"I am coming."

"He is coming, can't you hear?" There was an unwonted sharpness in India's tone. "Directly. Please shut the door."

When the woman had obeyed, he faced the medical man, feet wide, arms folded. He was wretchedly conscious that what he must say he could not say. All his training, all his inheritance, stood up against him. Deep color flooded his face. But there was the extremity of his need.

"Blakeley, I want you to listen."

"I'm listening."

"The—that—in the other room—"

"The infant?"

"It's not going to live."

"You don't know, India. It may. I should say, if we're wise enough, *and* lucky enough, there are at least two chances in three—"

"Blakeley, there's no chance at all. Get that through your head."

"You're tired, India. Will you simply take my word for it that the things you're making such mountains of this morning are no more than—"

"Doctor Blakeley, let's stop talking at cross-purposes. You know as well as I what I mean when I say it won't—*can't*—live."

It was the doctor's turn to widen his stance a little, harden his neck-muscles, and narrow his eyes.

"I'm beginning to be afraid I do."

"A moment's negligence on your part, or the nurse's, one humanly justifiable let-down, one humane mistake—"

"India, if you'll stop short there, perhaps I shall be able still to misinterpret the thing you're floundering around trying to say. I'll be glad."

The other shook his head fiercely, as if there were a wasp on it.

"Don't be blind."

"If physicians hadn't been 'blind' enough to keep on saying, 'It shall not die!' there would be no physicians to-day."

"Doctor, if a child were born with three legs, and you were attending—"

"Please!" Doctor Blakeley's eyes went down to the floor between them. "I've a right to say that I won't discuss it."

"The trouble is, you *will*. You don't realize what we're up against."

The doctor shook himself. Then he broke out laughing. "Quit it! Good Lord, look at us; you nearly had me going too, be darned if you didn't. As if I hadn't seen overwrought parents times enough before. As if I hadn't seen enough hundreds of funny-looking newborn babies in the past twenty-odd years. Man, what you need is your breakfast. Brace up!"

"What I'm trying to tell you, doctor—two or three times before, in my wife's family-line, babies have come into the world with horns like the one—"

This time Blakeley had to slap his thigh.

"Oh, *that*! Now please! If it's that bit of a bulbosity over the ear that's set you seeing ghosts! My dear man, I wish you could see *some* kids. The knobs and twists, the monstrosities and discrepancies that the human infant can iron out in the first few weeks of its life, given a tenth of a chance. Oh, India! If I'd known it was *that*! I'm sorry for snorting—but you fathers!"

India gave up. Where he could have met anything else, mirth found him helpless. After the doctor had gone to follow the nurse he went and leaned against the frame of an open window and stared out. Seeing nothing that was not green, salubrious and mocking, he closed his eyes. He wished so he could fall asleep.

Voices, like slim, gay little birds of life, flickered through the new leaves up-hill.

"Fla-aaag! I found a hop-toad, a teeny-weeny baby one. Fla-aaaag!"

"Foooling! You can't find me-eeee; I'm up in a tree-eeee."

India groaned. "Children, don't!" He thought of the room beyond the ceiling heavy over his head, where Anne lay, her windows open on that hill.

How long he stayed there by the window he could not have said. But at some time the white-starched nurse returned. "If you would care to go up now, sir, Doctor Blakeley thinks you may."

India followed her. He walked through a room and a hall and up a flight of stairs. He had been born here, and here he had lived for thirty-three years, yet this morning it was as if he were being guided through the ways of some other person's home. Some old contact had been snapped. It was not the case, of course, but he would have had the same feeling if someone had been through the house and turned all the pictures with their faces to the walls.

Anne lay on her back, her head in a deep hollow of the pillow.

As she closed the door the nurse said: "In a few minutes, Mrs. India, I shall be bringing the baby in."

Anne might not have heard. She might not have realized that her husband was there in a chair near the bed. Her eyes were wide open, fixed on the ceiling. Though the skin of her face was waxen, it was unlined.

India, in a confused, groping way, had tried to arm himself for them both, against anything. He had not counted on embarrassment. From moment to moment it deepened. He said to himself: "I ought to talk. I've got to break this ice, somehow. Otherwise, very soon, it will be too late."

He realized that the same thing had happened here that had happened between him and his house. Some familiar contact was broken. A picture was turned to the wall. . . . Panic began. Recollecting the doctor's strategy, he wet his lips and uttered a strained chuckle.

"Anne, silly girl! Look at the pair of us. No wonder Blakeley has to laugh.

Here we are, making all kinds of mountains out of a chance little molehill that anyone in his senses would know—"

His larynx quit working. Crimson overran his face.

What a thing to do! What a thing to say!

But the worst of it was that not even his hideous *gaucherie* had succeeded in reaching the woman there on the bed. A new mistrust began to grow. Last night, when the pains grew too bad, he had kissed her; there had been the shadow of a chance that it would be good-bye. It was a queer thought now. Was it, after all, good-bye?

"Anne!" He couldn't help it.

"Yes?" It wasn't like Anne's voice; it was like someone's else.

Joy sang in the wood on the hill:

"I'm a lion, Fern, and you're a trav'ler and you don't s'pect I'm here."

"Shhhh! Mother's trying to sleep, and we're to be quiet."

By and by there were other sounds, footfalls loudening on the stairs.

The doctor came in first. "There are always two ways of doing things," he said. "When the odds are anywhere near even I'm inclined to bet on nature. I think we'll have a try at nursing, Mrs. India."

The nurse entered and approached the bed, a flannel bundle in her arms.

"Mrs. India," the doctor repeated. "Mrs. India."

The nurse tried. "Mrs. India, it's the little one, the little boy." All the while she busied herself in pulling down the coverlet and laying back the soft swathings of her bundle. The doctor spoke dryly:

"Put him to the breast, Miss Ball."

Presently there came a sound of tiny trouble, a series of obstructed smacky noises. Blakeley nodded to the nurse. "Adenoids." Then, with a hint of haste, to India: "It's not rare. Small need to worry there."

The difficulty ceased. In its place there arose a wail, weak and gummy, mingled of choler and distress.



That reached Anne, at last. Asleep with her eyes wide open, she awoke and closed them so tightly that for an instant the lids turned blue. Reopening them she looked down across her chin into the little cave in the bedclothes. Beneath the clothes there was a convulsive movement as she took up her arm that had been lying dead and put it around the crying thing. Blood sprang to her cheeks.

"There-there! No, here, over here, little one. Try, my baby, try. Oh, try again. You can, you know. There-there-there-there."

The sounds of suckling were to be heard once more.

Anne turned her head in the depths of the pillow. Her eyes found the nurse and passed on, found the doctor and passed on, and came to her husband's. There they remained, fixed. Their light was beyond his comprehension. It seemed to say, indeed: "There's no use in your even trying to comprehend."

"What?" he asked aloud, as if she had spoken aloud.

Still it was all in her eyes, clear, ruthless, possessed, fanatical.

"Hands off of us!" they seemed to say. "Stand aside!"

It came to India that this was not Anne any longer, but a woman he had never known. It came to him: "After all, then, it *was* good-bye."

Sometimes India almost forgot that.

As for the "twins," when they were nine or ten they could not remember as far back as a time when they had had no little brother Rex. So they had no recollection of a mother any different from the mother they knew now, a mother in some abstruse way more particularly mother to the youngest, the weakling, just as father was more particularly father to them.

A large, brooding, omnipresent, uncannily-watchful woman they knew her, her hands and face of an opalescent pallor, and her eyes as quiet as a nun's, save at those rare, never-to-be-forgotten

moments when, at something gone amiss with the fortunes of her awkward one in their three-cornered play (a stumble or any small defeat, fault of his own more often than not) they kindled with a cold flame that left the two older children confused and trembling and stricken in conscience for uncomprehended sins.

But sometimes even Sam India himself was near to forgetting. Or if he remembered the Anne of those first few years, more and more as workaday time went by the memory came back to him not as clear pictures but as a shadow of nostalgia to lie on him a little while, a mood colored less by sorrow than by the oppression from which he was never quite free, which grew out of his inner sense of his failure toward his younger son.

He had always supposed that a father loves that which he begets as inexorably as grass grows from the seed where the sun has shone and the rain fallen. Anything other than this seemed a perversion of natural law, entailing shame. That he had to school himself in every word of tenderness, study every gesture of sympathy and protection he made toward the one who needed these things most, ate at his self-trust like a secret honeycombing worm.

There were moments when he flayed himself: "I deserve it all." Once, in his heart, he had committed a murder. Perhaps that was why he was to be forever ridden by this queasiness, this sense of guilty constraint, in Rex's presence, he who hated duplicity and all masks.

If from time to time there were elements of comedy in it, it was the kind of comedy that is salt on a hidden sore. One night in the child's fourth year when the rickets had got what Dr. Blakeley called "the jump on him" and it looked as though Rex might go under before morning for want of his very bones, India walked the floors of his house, driven by a panic as old as the race, praying prayers to anything for the safety of the least of his young. And then when he

came to the long room at the rear downstairs he remembered another day there, heard an echo snickering, and realized that the joke was on him. "Doctor . . . you know as well as I what I mean . . . a moment's negligence on your part, or the nurse's. . . ." Always he had hated double-dealing, and here he found it making of his own man two men.

Physically, by the time he was six, seven, Rex was beginning to get the better of the enormous odds against him, making a good fight. Although his limbs were still thin in shank and big in joint, Anne's pitiless care of them through the years of the rickets had kept them fairly straight; already he was within an inch of his age's height; there was an increasing probability, Blakeley told them, that he would be up with it by the time he was twenty-one. To strengthen India's faith, Blakeley pointed out how right he had been in his other prognostications; prompt removal of the adenoids had done magic for the piggy noises; the small, slightly goatish exostosis of the cranium, which had bothered the father so acutely, had been so far absorbed that it persisted now only as a corneous bald patch, almost entirely hidden by an overbrushing of the straight black hair.

Mentally and spiritually it was harder to say whether he was doing well or not. What does one mean by "well"? It is so much easier to say of a limb that it is straight or that it is not straight.

Bring it down to the very question of gusto. Was there anything in life, including life itself, for which Rex was as vibrantly eager as other children are? It would be easy to say no, and this because of the fact that the boy's face never "lighted up." Narrow across the temples and full-jowled, with close-set, lead-colored eyes, a full lower lip and an especially finely cut nose with sensitive nostrils, under its cowl of damp black hair and flanked by its outstanding ears, it gave in its bloodless repose an illusion

of an indifference to childish pleasures and treasures amounting almost to an emotional hebetude.

It may have been illusion only. If his face never "lighted up," for desire and expectancy he had symptoms to show that were peculiarly his own. A swift dilation of the cloudy pupils, a distention and fluttering of the wings of the nostrils, these were two. Then there was the sudden and really pitiful aggravation of his bodily weakness and ineptitude. Immediately the feet wanted to run toward the object of desire each was an enemy to trip the other; the fingers he reached out all turned to thumbs. When as a baby he was learning tardily to creep they soon found that the immemorial trick of putting a coveted thing a little way ahead of him would not serve at all. For if they did this he was immediately stricken helpless, did nothing but pivot on his belly, and by and by was sick on the rug. He was never known to cry either in plaint or in rage for a thing that was denied him. But the growing seriousness of the disorders that followed such denials, putting him to bed for days sometimes and throwing away the gain of months, became a problem to which there had to be found some radical solution.

Anne found it. She formulated it with the peculiar ice-bound calm of finality which was hers in everything touching Rex, and which was like a nun's inverted ecstasy. She abandoned a whole philosophy without a wince.

"If it won't hurt him, let him have it. If it will, keep it out of his way. That's simple enough, Sam."

Here was something for the grandson of Sam Henry India, 2d, to look at, privily, keeping his mouth shut and hiding as much as he could of his dismay. His own mind hopelessly divided these days, he felt the odds that would lie against it in meeting a mind as single, a goodness as self-immolating, as Anne's. Moreover, abeyant as it might rest for long periods of truce, he was still aware that the almost mystical hostility he had



seen born in her eyes on Rex's birth-bed was still a condition of their lives; it was not the least part of the strain of playing the loving father with Rex that he felt the eye of Anne's distrust always seeing clearly through him, just as an uneasy intuition told him that in his kobold heart the boy knew, too. Bit by bit it had succeeded in dominating him. He dreaded the resurgence of this enmity, dreaded the moment when the white light of zealotry should be rekindled to make Anne and him armed strangers again.

Still, he was an India. And though he uttered it casually, one day after luncheon in the sun-porch, he did utter it.

"I'm having Doctor Coward out one day next week, dear."

"Coward? Coward? Ought I to know him?"

"Oh, I supposed you knew of his place—his—it's like a school." He had the pamphlet, thumbed for weeks, where he could get it out quickly. There was a cut of the building on the front. "See, it's a fine looking plant. Above the Hudson, grand air." India talked rapidly, his eyes on the picture held at arm's length. "And of course Rex would have the day-to-day care there that only specialists can give. And so I suppose, now that he's getting old enough, hate like the devil to face it as we may, it's perhaps the thing."

When he looked up, having had no answer, he was surprised to find Anne studying him with a thin and acrid smile. She shook her head slowly.

"I never realized till now that you felt that way about Rex."

"Felt what way?"

The boy was on the gravel path outside one of the glass doors. She turned and called to him. As he entered, with his set face and his characteristic shuffle of obedience, she put her hands out toward him in a queerly vivid gesture, the arms coming away at a tight angle from the elbows. But before he had reached her his father was on his feet.

He darted and caught up the lad and held him in savage chancery.

"Feel what way? *What way?* Don't you suppose somebody is just as dear to me as ever he is to you, Anne? Don't you suppose it would be as awful a wrench to me as ever to you? Don't you suppose if I were thinking of anyone's good but his own, I'd sooner die than think of it?"

For the moment India really meant the words that came from his mouth; it was authentic indignation. His hand ran fiercely over the boy's head and pressed it into the hollow of his cheek.

The corners of Anne's lips still held their ferine curve as she watched it.

"Of any but his own good, Sam? And so you would give someone the care of specialists in place of the care of love. You would give someone the weak and sick to play with in place of the strong and gay and well."

India dropped his eyes. He felt humbled and conscience-stricken.

"That's true," he said. "You see more things than I do."

It was the beginning of his defeat.

On the night of the day Wilson was nominated in Baltimore it was dead hot in Connecticut, and Fern and Flag did a scandalous thing. At least it would have been scandalous if it had ever been discovered. But it was not, so it was not.

The escapade was like a chain of fortuitous links, lacking any one of which there would have been no escapade. The heat, to begin with. Overlong naps in the afternoon, and consequent wakefulness. The house's being painted and the painters' carelessness about where they left their ladders. And poor brother, poor little fellow, practically sick-a-bed these three days past from overdoing in the sun.

"He does have such a horrid time with things, doesn't he, Flag?"

"And if it makes *us* fidgety, hot and sticky like this, in *here*—"

"Yes, because I think it must be even hotter there in mother's room."

"Oh, yes! . . . Fern, I wonder if maybe it isn't getting cooler outdoors."

From her bed, with her chin over the edge, and from his, with his cheeks between his hands, the children stared down at the pattern of moonlight from the window on the floor between them. In the stillness, with its brightness, it was like something trying to hypnotize them, not to sleep, but to a more incorrigible wakefulness.

"I wish it would be just a little cooler for Rexie, Flagg."

"I wonder. I wonder if it isn't getting cooler outdoors, now."

"I think—I think I'll just go and see."

"If you're going out on the porch put on your moccasins. I am."

Stealthy as red Indians, white as little ghosts. So it began.

It was extraordinary what the moon rays, sliding down through a windless air opaline with humidity, did to a world they knew so well by day. The top veranda was still substantial to their feet, but all the scene below it was spider-spun and fairy-woven, distances were magicked out of all reason, mountains stood where hills had been, and in a silver valley as big as space a city of satin reared its pinnacles beside a river of silk. Even the flower garden, close as it was beneath the southern railing, had grown fabulous, groves hung with velvet shadows from behind which hamadryads beckoned to adventure, and broad savannas where bold pigwiggins stood waist-deep in jewels, hallooing: "See what the painters left—it's all the wicked painters' fault—come play with us—come down!" And sure enough, just there (if one wanted to look) were the black sticks of a ladder thrusting above the rail.

"Ooooo, no!"

"No! No-sir-eee! Mother *would* be—"

"But, still, just to climb down, just to the bottom, and back quick. If I go first?"

"No, but I'd go first, though. You're a girl. But Fern—wait."

"I know. Poor Rex. It is a little weency bit cooler out here. I think if mother *realized* how much good it would do him. Still, I suppose—and I don't know exactly how we could—"

"I do."

Under the moon-silvered crown of his sandy hair, in the shadow, Flagg's eyes had turned to poet's eyes, fixed a million miles away on nothing. There was a zest of the triumphant dramatist in his whisper. "Sssh! Come along."

Led, followed, they stole along till they came to the open window of mother's room. Mother's breathing they could hear, slow in sleep.

"Rex!" Flagg called in. He knew he had called, because, eyeing Fern, he saw her nod as much as to say that *she* had heard it at *any* rate. So he elaborated. "Come out in the cool, Rexie. Put on your moccasins, mind."

It was working wonderfully. No wonder he adored this sister. To the tips of her excited ears he saw that she heard the soft patter of slippers coming; to the bottoms of her starry eyes he saw that she saw when Rex was there in the tangled web of the moonlight with them, amazed.

"Fly, Fern. Take his other hand."

"You go first down the ladder, so if he should fall. I'll help above."

"Help! I like that! As if he needed help. That makes me laugh, doesn't it you, Rex? Look at you flying down the rungs, as good as a fireman. The trouble is, Fern, if you were only half as strong and quick as Rex you'd be glad. Here we are, bump, all safe on the ground."

"Ooooo!" Fern showed the whites of her eyes as she gazed back up the ladder. "And now I suppose—"

"What's that, Rex? I see. . . . Rex says, Fern, it's so *wonderfully* cool out here, if we'd only just steal over just only as far as the bird-bath—?"

The grass, at least, was cool. As for the dew, dew mixed with moonlight



can be a divine and fearsome medicine. Fern and Flagg had to trade glances of wonder at the fashion in which, between very leaps, Rex's legs grew round and comely before their eyes—the same eyes growing mistier and mistier with exultation, affection, and pride. If mother would only ever understand that Rex was theirs to worry over and shield and cheer along as truly as he was hers. If only she could see, now they had stolen him away to themselves, what curative enchantments *they* knew for a little brother, enchantments that she and father and the doctor perhaps had never even guessed.

If she could have seen them in that race from the bird-bath to the Forest of Rhododendrons. She would have said, beforehand, that Flagg would be first, Fern second, and Rex only tagging on. What would have been her confusion to see Rex India, then, hair flying, shoulders flung back like a soldier's, chest out, legs going like oiled pistons, eyes flashing, cheeks flushed—what would she have said to see him racing head for head with that champion, Flagg? She would have been so dumb-founded, at least, as to have forgotten completely that they were all in their pajamas and should have been in bed.

But *what* would she have said to Rex and the deer?

The deer had come into the Indias' garden in the days when Garfield was President. Its antlers were so magnificent that it had to lie down most of the time, and by daylight it rang hollow to thrown stones, and looked as though it might be iron, painted. But midsummer nights are other things.

Strength piled on Rex so fast that he beat them all to smithereens in the course to the deer. He beat them so far that he had time to laugh for joy before he threw a leg over the couchant creature's back, sat equestrian, and put commanding heels into its flanks. What would mother have said to see that stag arise, docile and tall in the argent night, arch its neck, a little like an Arab

charger, wheel soundlessly, and bearing the boy through striped light and shadow, trot away?

Through light and shadow. The light in taut ribbons, ghostly pale. The shadow rough-hewn in big blue-back polyhedrons. Olympian groves. Elysian glades.

The night was no longer hot, neither was it cool. The stag's pace was neither fast nor slow. Or was it both? Distances were nothing to that gait, sweeping, elastic, full of verve, yet stately. Mountains were but hillocks, shining rivers but longer leaps. Yet Fern and Flagg, running on either side, were never troubled to hold the pace; they might have been dawdling at a walk for all their breathing; their feet scarcely ever touched the ground.

Wizards had their minds, witches their wills; they neither marked nor cared where adventure led. (Flagg found a burr in his pajama pants next morning that could have come from nowhere but near the spring above the vegetable garden.) Their eyes were not for their feet, but only for their brother, riding like a wild brave prince across the sky above them there.

Mother would never have believed. Father would never. They would never, themselves, if they had not seen him, Rex come swiftly into his own, Rex bending the mettlesome stag to his will with strong hands on its antlers, Rex with the wind of flight in his hair, his eyes shining, looking ahead, his face transfigured with an unguessed beauty, Rex with really imperial legs.

Proud Fern. Proud Flagg. Because it was they that had known, they that had dared and done.

"See!" they kept calling to each other, kept commanding, imploring.

"Only look at the big fellow, will you!"

"Nobody else could ride so, could they? Faster, Rex!"

It hardly seemed, when they came back to the foot of the ladder, that they could have gone in a circle. It was

entirely possible that they had gone right away around the world.

"He must climb up first, Flagg."

"No, last, so he can catch us if we fall."

On the porch above they stood for a moment in leave-taking, arms over shoulders, making a tight ring-around of arms. Then the two let Rex go, calling after him that he should sleep tight. So, with a wave and a smile, the new-made fellow stole back in through the window-screen into mother's room—from which, of course, poor hot little big-kneed Rex had never *really* come out that night at *all*—never, that is, in any flesh more substantial than Flagg's fantasy, Fern's faith, and the glamour of the midsummer moon.

"You're so perfectly perfect to make-believe with," Flagg protested from his bed, when, teetering like burglars, they had got back in again.

"Mmmmmmm . . ."

"You're not asleep *already!*"

He popped out and crossed the floor where the beam from the window had been. But the beam had moved while they were out; it had climbed up to lie on Fern's pillow. She *was* asleep. Oh, what a beautiful! What a wonderful! He lay down beside her quietly, not to awaken her. He slid an arm under her neck, so that her head would lie on his shoulder, and he kissed her temple again and again. What would it be without Fern!

It had really grown cooler. A little breeze moved through the room. All Flagg's fidgets were gone too, and he slept.

They slept so late that Rex, truant from mother's room in the morning, came in without awakening them. He stood for a moment beside the bed looking at them, enwrapped there in each other's arms. He stood for moments longer, his pupils widening and widening. Mother found him pawing clumsily at their shoulders.

"Can't you wake 'em, old man? What is it?" Then she spoke more

quickly, with a catch in her throat.

"What is it you want, Rex?"

"Want to get in there. 'Tween them."

She grabbed him up and carried him toward the door, but had to pause.

"Rex, look at mother. What did you mean—try and tell mother—you wanted to get in between them?"

Questioning made Rex sullen, always. "I didn't know."

Turning her eyes over her shoulder Anne studied the sleeping "twins."

"Flagg!" she cried in a harsh, choky way. "Fern! Children! Get up! And how often have I told you—"

They sat up, startled, rubbing their eyes.

They remembered. The fidgets. The wicked ladder. The shameless deer. Confusion upon confusion—*mother knew!* Whatever else could have made her face as set and inclement as that? Their cheeks flamed. Their guilt stood in their eyes.

But it was queer; mother went whiter than ever at this sight. "Why, children, what on earth makes you look at me like that? What's wrong with you two? All I was going to say was, how often have I—"

All she had been going to say was: "How often have I told you two not to get into each other's beds, especially in summer, as hot as this." But suddenly now she thought better of it. Assailed by those memories of Tomlin Flagg from which she was never these years quite able to free herself, all her reckonings distorted and even innocence suspect, she could see nothing for the moment but the ear of this other Tomlin in her arms, cocked in who-could-know-what-avidity of waiting. What chain of darkling, precocious fantasies might not those innocent words set linking up in the queer, tight little black-haired head? What chain, indeed, was already linking? "Get in there between them."

It seemed impossible that this woman could ever have been brave or straight-thinking. Terrorized, there seemed nothing for her to trust but silence.



Smoothing her brow and pressing her lips together she carried Rex away.

In the half-hour before breakfast Anne started to do a score of things around the house, and completed nothing but her decision. She waited till after breakfast, when she was alone with her husband, to put it into words.

"Now that the painters are here, I think they might as well do over the twins' room. Don't you?"

"What will you do with the twins?"

"Fern can tuck away in the southeast room. As for Flagg—Sam, when Flagg goes back I don't believe I'll have Fern—I believe I'm going to put Rex in there with him after this."

Sam laid down his paper to study her. He smiled, as much as to say, "Now, now, my dear!"

"Don't smile. Do you realize that Fern and Flagg are nearing *ten*?"

"Pshaw!"

"Very well. But if we're going to decide to keep Fern here with us—"

"If we're—*what*?"

But then India picked up his paper and began to read.

More days of stifling weather, and another escapade.

But no, this was not, in the sense the other had been, an escapade. The whole thing, the children supposed, was prearranged and understood. For what happened it was hard to see how they could be blamed.

"Father, mayn't we all go down to the beach this afternoon, bathing?"

"A day like this? On the sand? What do you want to give us, Fern—a whole family of sunstrokes? No, I should think the best thing for us to do is to laze up through the woods by and by, if we feel like it."

"Well, then, in that case, how about the brook up there?"

"You mean, to go in? Ummm. For the life of me, I don't see why not."

So there!

Father had said "laze." It became apparent that he and mother meant it.

Snails could have given them a head-start up the ridge. Even with Rex on their hands, Fern and Flagg could never throttle down to a pace as dawdling as that. And why should they? Of course it was nice to be companionable—sort of keep in touch—by an occasional hail.

"Moth—er! Fath—er! Hoo-hooo!"

"Yes, children, coming. Don't let Rex go too fast, Fern. Mind!"

"Rex is all right. He's the best of any of us. Aren't you, Rexie?"

But meeting Flagg's eyes across the youngster's head then (they had him between them) Fern half flushed, half winced.

"He *is*, though!" Flagg protested, darkening and jutting an obstinate jaw. He, too, remembered a brave, supple fellow astride a moonlit stag. "You are, aren't you, Rexie Buster? Over this log you hop now, a mile high."

White\*Brook, brawling through the hollow beyond the first fold of the ridge, must have been named that because it was so dark a brown. In some of the pools where the shadow of the arching trees lay heaviest the water looked almost black, and this made it look cooler than any other water anywhere.

Nearly the best part of anything is the looking-forward. It was heavenly.

"It makes me shiv-viv-ver," Flagg played as he kicked off his clothes.

"My t-t-teeth are ch-ch-chattering," Fern gloated from the middle of the blue balloon of her smock.

Rex had to protest, poor fellow.

"Flagg, or one of you, I can't get my shoes untied. Do you hear me?"

It was Fern that heard him. "There, old fellow, there's one done; give me the other foot now. . . . Flagg, though, d'you think Rex ought—"

"Hi-hi! I'm first in, Slow Poke! Woooo!" A flop and a spatter. Bubbles. A dim green frog-flight. A head popping out, shiny as a seal's.

Fern apostrophized it: "Flagg *India*! Won't you listen! Should Rex go in before we know whether mother—"

"Mother'll be here before he gets undressed. Pokey, you! You don't dare dive."

"I don't, don't I? Oh, I *wish* these buttons— Don't, don't I? Here goes for your toes. . . ."

Frog-flights. Bubbles. White mounds erupting seal heads. Blowings. Spray fights. Beatitude. . . .

"Look at Rex, he's all undressed."

"Rex, no! You wait for mother."

"*You* didn't. *Fern* didn't."

"No, but you see father told *us*—"

"Flagg, hush. Rexie Buster, you wait, and brother and I'll come right on out, right away. . . . Flagg, you *must*. . . . Now, darling, see, we're none of us in, are we? Not till mother comes. . . . Moth—er? Fath—er? . . . Hear that, Rex? They'll be here any minute now."

"Well, jimminy, let's do something then. Not-it, for tag. But Rex is not-it. Well, I'll be it. Look out for me, Fern. There, *you're* it."

"All right. Rexie, I'm after you. What's the matter, Rex? Can't you run? Don't want to? All right, Flagg, I'm after you then, Flagg."

It's queer about twigs and pebbles; if you tread on them carefully with your bare feet they hurt like anything; but if you scorn them and jump on them, run like the wind on them and dodge like the rabbit, then they never hurt at all.

Among the dark rough tree-trunks, spattered with driblets of sunlight here and there white birches glimmered. It might have been a fairy tale, when the wicked enchantment is broken, Fern was so much like a shining birch turned back into a princess, and Flagg another, a shining prince. If only there could have been a magic for Rex too (like an iron deer).

They always had Rex on their consciences. Now, with his clothes off, standing rapt, glum, and a little knock-kneed in this summer greenwood, he did look ramshackle. Even though it allowed Flagg to tag her, Fern had to falter as she raced past.

"Oh, come on, Rexie, play. Please! I'm it now. Skedaddle!" She clapped her hands and jumped up and down. "There! You did want to, didn't you? No, silly, not *after* me. Run the *other* way, I'm after *you*."

She wanted to laugh, but she knew she ought not. It was funny how, sometimes, Rex could be absolutely deaf and dumb, and blind too; for the bigger his eyes got the less you somehow felt they saw. As he persisted in thinking himself "it," coming on for her at a pace that would not have caught a turtle, but doggedly, stiffening his knobby knees and gnarling his clumsy fingers, she appealed to Flagg. "*You* tell him." There was a catch of the breath in it. The thing was absurd, yes, but it was eerie, too.

Flagg came back, bellowing gaily.

"No, Rex, you don't understand. You and I run; Fern chases *us*." But then he said quickly, studying his brother's look: "Oh, what's the difference, Fern? Yes, all right, Rexie, you *are* it."

"Yes, Rex, catch sister. Catch sister. No, sister can't get away; you're too fast for her. Don't stumble, though, silly. There you come!"

"Fine for you, Rex! You've almost got her. There, tag her quick."

"No, just tag me, that's all you need. Here, on my arm."

"Rex, just *touch* her. Don't *grab*."

"Please, brother, it's tag, not wrestling. You're hurting. Please, I don't understand. What is it? Want sister to carry you, is that it?"

"Rex, quit it! Cut it out!"

"Oh, R-R-Rexie—Flagg!"

Then the things happened. One thing was hands coming down out of Heaven to snatch Rex up and away. The other thing was a voice from on high.

"*Fern!*"

They had seen their mother's face like that, but never *quite* like that before. And the worst of it was, you couldn't explain, couldn't defend yourself.

"Sam," mother said, hardly moving her mouth, "take Rex. And take his clothes that are there."



Father, who had come up behind, did as he was bidden, cheerful but mystified. "What's up, dear? Here we come, sonny; what's wrong? Ooo-oop! The old tummy again, is it?"

There was the sound in the background of Rex being sick on last year's leaves. But mother never turned her bedevilled eyes.

"Fern," she said, "*put on your clothes. Immediately.*"

Father must have understood what it was that was so bewildering to the children in the way she said it, so frightened and frightening, so horrid. For he cried sharply: "*Anne!*"

"Flagg," she said, "*put on your clothes. Straight away!*"

Poor children, they wanted to obey. But somehow, of a sudden, they had grown as inept as ever in his life their brother had been. Boy and girl, their glances met, fumbling, imploring. What is it, Fern? What, Flagg?

It was the first time they had ever heard their father speak in anger.

"What you're doing, Anne, is an abomination."

Abomination! Neither the boy nor the girl knew that word, but simply the sound of it did something they were never to be able to forget. Between two winks their eyes were opened and they saw that they were naked, boy and girl.

Cringing, Fern caught up her garments and ran away into the undergrowth upstream.

His eyes down, his face as red as murder, Flagg fumbled into his things.

For a full half of the way home, husband and wife said nothing. He was too angry; she was too far away. That she could be so far away, so buttoned-up and cold-blooded, only deepened his anger. It was a pity her instinct ran that way, and that he could be hoodwinked by it, and never guess what a shambles lay beyond the smooth white wall she reared.

Anne spoke first, but not to him. There was a rustle of a body moving

through brush down the hill fifty yards to their right, and she lifted her voice to call, "Flagg, dear, is that you?"

"No," India told her, "it's Fern, sneaking home. Flagg's behind us as far as he can keep, like a whipped pup with its tail between its legs."

"Poor twins. I'm sorry."

"*Sorry!* . . . Rex, run on ahead. . . . Anne, if you were sorry, how could you do to your own children a thing so abominable, so devastating?"

"Did you see Rex?"

"Are you sure, whatever it was that happened, that Rex was not to blame?"

"I know, as you know, that, whatever happens, Rex is not to blame."

"Who was, then? Was Flagg? Was Fern?"

"Neither. But it seems to me that we who can afford it have got to be willing to be hurt a little, hurt even a lot, now and then."

The maddening thing was that India felt that everyone would feel that he ought to subscribe, ought to bow his head, play the saved sinner to her saint. To keep from doing it he had to whip himself on.

"I know one thing. You were wrong once, and I was right. Then we could have taken our time. Now the break has got to be violent. The business of going away has got to be—"

"Going away where? To school?"

"To school, Anne."

"Yes."

He shifted a quick glance to her, surprised, and found her looking at him, or rather on through him, as she had looked through the ceiling on the day when Rex was born.

"Yes," she repeated. "This fall."

"No, now."

"Schools aren't open in the summer. But I know of a good camp for girls of Fern's age up near Stockbridge."

"*Fern's!*"

"We'll wire to-night. I can have her ready to leave, I should think, by Saturday."

India was tired. He was so much more than tired. It was late at night. Since coming down hill that afternoon nine hours had passed. When a man has beaten his fists for nine hours against a wall that, far from crumbling, shows not so much as a mark of his hands on its vitreous white surface, he is more than human if he doesn't want a chance to rest.

He was so worn out now that he would find that for moments past he had forgotten Anne, forgotten the argument, and even where he was. One of the ornaments of the library was a terrestrial globe. From where India stood, its shadow cast on the screen in an open window looked like a fat head with an enormous sniffing nose. A moth outside the screen was the eye in the profile; two others made the mouth. It was not only a head, but it was the head of Tubby White, the "Cicero shark"; India had hardly thought of the fellow since his prep-school days. Tubby White, heaped in his chair, smiling his gloating smile as the tidbit of a sub-junctive drew nearer to his maw along the ranks of the incapable. Smiling not with his lips alone but with his very eyes (for all three moths were creeping) till it grew a grin, a fantastic, demoniacal, Latin-lecherous leering.

India had to shake himself, had to pull himself out by the boot-straps from this pusillanimous wool-gathering, and double his fists for the wall again. There remained one blow in them. It had never occurred to him as a man of honor that he could be brought to use it against Anne.

"I wonder if you realize, Anne, how tremendously you have changed."

Anne's eyes, across the table, never offered to waver.

"Do you remember a time on a beach," he asked, "when something made you furious, and you put all you had to say about life in one furious sentence? 'Tell her that God and I are sorry, but the world was made for *well* people to live in, first of all.' Remember?"

He had known he would feel small for having shamed her. He did feel small, but it was because he saw he had not shamed her in the least. Being sensitive to shame is a luxury. It's a piece of baggage that can be done without, when one has to travel a narrow road, and travel light.

She could even afford to smile. The stir at the corners of her lips seemed to say, "*You have not changed.* You've not been down where I have been. There's no use, after all, in your ever trying to understand."

India was done; he had to catch at something. He caught at that. What if it was true that her eye *was* clearer than his? Her mystical pitilessness—what if it was only that, having passed through a deeper valley than he, she had seen a higher mercy than such as he could know. . . . Doubts multiplied. He grabbed at them greedily. What if this that he took to be the right was only his selfishness in disguise? What if it was simply that he liked to have Fern near him better than he liked to have Rex?

Tempted too far, he took the easy way, the primrose path, of self-abasement. "Well then, all right. Perhaps it will be the best thing for Fern, too. You're better and you're wiser than I, Anne. I guess women are."

A figure in the rug looked like a man catching a small animal by the tail. Just so, when India was a boy, Ben the gardener had caught a woodchuck. The woodchuck had doubled and bitten him. How Ben had sworn!

Fern and Flagg were tired. They were tired of asking "Why?"

They had given up. Fern, as a matter of fact, had not asked it out loud at all. For the three days since that afternoon at the brook she had been nearly wordless and had kept to herself as much as she could. Now, sitting out in the new touring-car with her new bag in her lap, ready to go to the station, she seemed to be much more interested



in the shiny dials on the instrument-board before her than in the group in the arch of the boxwood gate—father, mother, Rex, and Flagg.

Neither would Flagg look at her. He would look at no one. He was taking a beating, but they would get no whimper out of his mouth, no water out of his eyes. And one thing certain; he would not again ask "Why?"

But there was one that would. Rex, who alone had managed to get through the past three days without any trouble, appeared to realize now for the first time what was happening.

He began to tremble from head to foot.

"Father, is sister going away?"

"Yes."

"But why is sister going away?"

India reddened. He had thought that that at least was finished. He had done so much stammering, pretended not to hear so many times, drawn so many red herrings, he had made up so many half-answers these

days that it seemed to him now he would rather be damned than make up another one.

He turned his eyes to Anne, an ember of old mutiny in them.

"I'm all out of evasions, dear. You tell him why."

"Evasions, Sam?"

Rex tugged at her hand. "Mother, why is my sister going away?"

"Because she's not your sister, Rex, not your really, truly sister. Fern is an—you can't understand, but I'll explain it all some day."

India wheeled and ran for the car. He racked the door open and slammed it shut, cried to Hames, the gardener, to crank the engine and set it roaring—anything for noise. But noise, he knew in the heart of his bitterness, that came too late.

The little girl beside him had on a big straw hat. All the way to the station he could see nothing of her but the top of that.

*To Be Continued*





## DIOGENES LOOKS AT THE LADIES

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

OUT of the mouths of men comes forth the claim that women are without a sense of honor. Only the other day I heard a man remark that "women never have had any honor in them—since the time of Eve." I might have reminded him that men have had none too much—since the time of Cain, and that Diogenes failed in his search for a wholly honest man. Surely the tales of corruption in American politics and business should make any man blush for his sex. As one of their own sex—H. L. Mencken—points out, "Man, for all his boasting about honor, seldom displays it when he has anything of the first value at stake. In his wars and his business he invariably hits below the belt."

It must be remembered, too, that there are many conceptions of honor, and countless variations of those conceptions, depending upon racial culture and social training. The Anglo Saxons, for instance, are said to be the only race of people who have set up truth-telling as a prime virtue. Yet even this conception has not survived as an absolute one with us, for a man can lie and lie and be a gentleman still—depending upon the motive for his lie.

Is one to label as honorable or dishonorable the boy who lies to his mother about a misdeed but confesses to a judge rather than let his pal be punished in his stead? The man who takes advantage of a legal technicality in a contract, and yet rises in righteous wrath to denounce a club-member who cheats in a bridge game? The woman who finds a pocketbook and makes no

effort to locate its owner, although she is most scrupulous about paying her bills? The man who is an accomplished liar about little things, but who has a strict code which obliges him to tell the whole truth to anyone who has a right to know it? The able-bodied woman who mulcts a man for alimony and yet is so fastidious that she would not think of accepting money from a lifelong friend? And lastly, the man who juggles his income tax, although he is uprightness itself in all of his business relations? Since it is well-nigh impossible to label an individual categorically, it would seem equally rash to make any sweeping comparison between the sexes. There have sprung up, it is true, certain aphorisms which may have more or less significance, such as, "A woman will lie about little things, and a man about big things." If this holds, does it prove that women are more upright? Then again, the fact that there are practically no professional women criminals in this country (with the exception of "junior partners" who work with their lovers and menfolk) would suggest at first blush that women are more honorable than men; yet a sounder deduction might be that they are merely less bold and are more naturally subservient to authority.

Of more significance than any aphorism is the fact that our sex can boast of no word to correspond with "gentleman." As Katharine Fullerton Gerould pointed out not long ago, the word "lady" suggests merely a person of gracious manners and gentle breeding, while "gentleman"—at least in this



country—means a man who can be relied upon to treat other people honorably, no matter what his station in life. Assuming that language mirrors the social development of a people, would not this distinction in Anglo-Saxon etymology indicate that there is a parallel difference between men and women's sense of honor in so far as their relations with other people are concerned? And if such a difference does exist, if women do palpably lack a sense of fair play, is it because they have a blind spot in their make-up, or because society has hitherto assigned to them a far different role in life than it has to men?

## II

Anthropology tells us that the individual's standards of conduct are influenced not so much by sex as by culture and social tradition. A man or a woman who wants to keep the respect of his or her fellow tribesmen will avoid doing the thing that is tabu. He or she is not likely to say to himself, "I will be honorable," but rather, "What I do will please the gods and justify me with my people, whereas if I sinned against the laws they would cast me out." Indeed, it is doubtful whether honor originally derived from anything more than social and economic compulsion, which was eventually translated into the tradition of the tribe.

The women of the Zuni Indians, a tribe of the Pueblos now living in New Mexico, play the game with their men-folk very differently than do the twentieth-century American women who come to visit the settlement. Not long ago a Zuni man married a daughter of the Cherokees and brought her home to his people. In time he wearied of her and went to live with a Zuni woman, who bore him a child. The Cherokee woman stayed on, angry but implacable in her insistence upon her rights. Now it is a custom among the Zunis that man and wife shall divorce each other at will, and that it is not fitting to force oneself upon

one's spouse. The Zuni women, therefore, were amazed at the obduracy of the Cherokee. The man did not want her, so why did she not go home to her tribe? The few white people in the settlement were outraged by the man's actions and tried to force him to take his wife back. The Zuni women for their part were actuated by no conscious sense of fair play but rather by a conception of personal dignity growing out of their own economic independence. For the Zuni culture is a matriarchy to the extent that the women inherit all the property, and merely allow their husbands to stay in their homes, although the latter contribute their labor to the household. Furthermore, if a man builds a house for his bride, it is hers for all time; and even though she may divorce him the very next month—by the simple expedient of putting his bundle of clothes on the stoop—there will be no question about her right to the house. It is apparent that these primitive people, even like their more civilized neighbors to the north, have hardly gone so far as to evolve a logical code of fair play between the sexes. But it must be admitted that the women, by virtue of their economic freedom, are much more independent of their husbands than American women are, and as a consequence are fairer to them in that they do not attempt to hold them against their wills.

Psychology, in its turn, has failed to detect any fundamental difference in the moral capacity of the male and female, just as it has failed to discover any difference in their mental capacity. Messrs. Hartshorne and Strayer, of Teachers' College at Columbia University, have recently tested the moral traits of 1,500 children in both private and public schools, grading them as to truth-telling, honesty in written examinations, and fair play in games. Their results are not yet analyzed and ready for publication, but in general they report that they have noticed no marked difference between the sexes.

John Dewey, the eminent philosopher

and psychologist, dismisses as absurd the idea that girls are born with a lower sense of honor than boys, although he points out that they fall heir to a very different social heritage in this respect. "Girls are brought up much more subjectively than boys," he explains. "From the beginning they are encouraged to have more personal interests, and as they grow older their families and society make very different demands upon them."

The Child Study Association, in the course of its research work among children extending over a period of twenty-five years, has failed to discover any fundamental difference between a boy's and a girl's sense of honor, although they have noted that in very early years a differentiation appears due to suggestion and training. For instance, a little girl is taught to love and cherish one doll or a family of dolls. The experience may absorb her imagination for a number of years, so that the doll becomes her *alter ego* for all intents and purposes. A boy's interests, on the other hand, are rapidly shifting from giants to grasshoppers to football—all purely objective experiences.

When little girls are not nursing dolls they may be playing house and mimicking their mothers by formally calling upon one another. Or if they are invited to a children's party they will come home to tell who wore the prettiest dress, and who gave the nicest parties—matters of much less consequence than a boy's pride in being able to lick a bully who attacks a little fellow. Now it is quite obvious that such activities will teach a child nothing about the principles of fair play. So, unless a little girl has a very wise mother who insists upon the scrupulous observance of other people's rights, or unless she is a tomboy who plays with the boys, she is in danger of growing up with little or no sense of sportsmanship. One hears, however, that more and more little girls are now playing the rough-and-tumble games out of doors.

Furthermore, as boys and girls mature, very different demands are made upon them at home. It is true that girls are required to give more of their time to their parents, but in return they have the assurance that they will always be supported—if their father has any means at all. It is a rare father indeed who will throw his daughter out on the world after she has graduated from finishing school or college. Unless her college education has inspired her with sufficient ambition and zest for adventure to make a career for herself, she will eventually marry some man whose duty in turn it will be to protect her. It is not surprising, therefore, that such a woman expects to be given special consideration her whole life long.

### III

"But men enjoy giving women special consideration," a young lady from the South insists. It is true that the average American male likes to protect one woman or another—not only because he has some affection for her, but because he thereby gains special privileges over her. And the little courtesies which he performs for women in general gratify his sense of superiority. But he is not so pleased if the special consideration they demand seriously interferes with the pursuit of his business and pleasures. Ask any man how he feels about turning out for a woman driver who monopolizes a narrow road. Ask him what he thinks of the woman who carries on a protracted conversation over a public telephone while a line of people are waiting to use it. Ask him whether he respects a woman who drops out of a bridge or a poker game just at the moment when her earnings are the highest—or the one who loses with such an aggrieved air as to reproach her partner. And ask him, finally, whether he likes to transact business with women.

The executive of a large department store tells me that his concern has to write off a large annual loss due to the



extraordinary service which they are obliged to render to a good share of their customers. A woman will buy a child's suit that is guaranteed to wash, and six weeks later bring it back tattered and torn, complaining that she has laundered it only a few times and that it is "all faded." Numbers of women will take gowns out on approval in order to copy them. And others will purchase a fur or an evening wrap to wear on a special occasion and some days later blandly telephone the store to call for the merchandise. As everyone knows, a charge account can cover a multitude of sins. No wonder the stores which do a strictly cash business can afford to sell at considerably lower prices.

Not long ago I heard one woman say to another on a street car, "Oh, do you like this hat? Well, I don't at all. You see I bought it early in March and then didn't wear it for six weeks. When I put it on and discovered that it was too tight, I went right back to the store with it. But the saleswoman had the nerve to say that they don't return hats which have been worn. I made her call the floor-man, but he said I had kept it out too long. Considering the amount of business that I give that store, I think they were real mean not to take it back."

Another day in a store elevator I heard a woman crowing because she had been given a refund at the regular price, instead of the sale price, when she returned a pair of shoes which she had bought at a sale several days previously. In her triumph she never stopped to think that the clerk might suffer personally for his mistake, and that in any event the money hardly belonged to her.

Countless women "shop" just for the luxury of looking, when they have neither the intention nor the money to buy. They will paw over hundreds of pieces of merchandise while the clerk patiently assists them and misses the chance to make a commission on a real sale. Most of the women who thus offend have never been in business themselves, and do not stop to consider

what trouble and expense they may cause the department store. Or they may figure that the concern is so much richer than they that it is rather smart to get the best of it occasionally. The same reasoning, no doubt, has led more than a few women to take advantage of their health-insurance policies, with the result that a number of the large companies have discontinued writing such policies for women.

Yet when it comes to debts, a large surety company tells me, women are generally more scrupulous than men about paying them. The explanation may be that society has definitely tabued the debtor, and the law holds him or her liable. It is rather in borderline transactions, where the client or customer can hide behind a misstatement, or can take advantage of a concern's policy of service at any cost, that women show a regrettable lack of fairness.

It is well known that in Wall Street women have the reputation of being "pikers." Very few brokers welcome their accounts, and a number refuse point-blank to take them. A broker who has had as many as fifty women clients over a period of years told me of one disillusioning experience after another.

There was a very well-to-do woman, for instance, who had been in the habit of singling him out for special favor at every social affair where they met, because he had helped her make so much money. But there came a day when she turned against him. He had invested \$15,000 in a certain stock for her, and it had gone up thirty points, giving her a potential profit of \$40,000. He advised her to sell without delay, but she was greedy for still larger profits and insisted on holding on. In fact she wanted to buy more, and when he refused to handle the order she placed it with another broker. Not long afterwards the stock started going down swiftly and he had to ask her for more margin. She promised to send a check day after

day, but never sent it, with the result that the broker himself advanced \$2,000 and finally had to sell her out. When she saw all of her money gone by the board she criticized him bitterly, and has ever since been broadcasting aspersions on his reputation as a reliable broker.

Even more amazing was the following story of a widow who was a neighbor of this gentleman's on Long Island. At dinner one night she asked him if he wouldn't help her make some money. He refused to let her speculate, for he knew that her income was none too large; but he consented to buy some stock outright for her and, as it happened, was able to net \$1,000 on the transaction in a few weeks' time. Overjoyed, she now insisted that he take the money and speculate with it. At first he flatly refused, but finally gave in when she mailed him a check. As luck would have it, he invested the money in a stock which immediately started going down. When it had gone down nine points he was forced to sell her out. She was so wrought up over her loss that the broker saw there was nothing to do but give her the \$1,000 out of his own pocket. He did so, and at the same time wrote her that he preferred never to speculate for her again. She took the money without so much as a thank-you and shortly placed it with another broker, first inquiring from the first broker's wife what stock he was buying at the moment. She bought the same and came back for further advice, asking the wife to find out, as a great favor, whether her husband was going to sell or to hold that particular stock. She followed his suit, and sold. Then the next week it went up ten points, so that she would have made \$1,000 more if she had not sold. As a consequence she has never forgiven either him or his wife. When she meets any of the family on the street she looks in a different direction, and furthermore she has announced to mutual friends that she considers the broker liable to suit inasmuch as "he advised her to sell at the wrong time."

The truth was that she had solicited the advice at second-hand from his wife, and furthermore she had been gambling with money which he had literally given her!

The broker admits that this widow is an extreme example, but he claims that he has known a number of women who are only less unfair. They are the well-fed kind who crave more spending money and can think of no easier way to make it than by trading on the stock market. Naturally they adore a broker friend—so long as he makes money for them. And they think it's very sweet of him to hold the bag for them when they fail to put up additional margin. "It's just one of those things that a man likes to do for a woman," they say to themselves, while they blink the fact that he is actually giving them money. But if they are forced to suffer a loss themselves, big or little, they never let the broker or anyone else in the community forget it. Whereas if a man loses money he drops the subject, and rarely mentions it to his broker when he meets him at luncheon or on the golf course.

One does hear, however, of a few women who have proved excellent sports. The same broker recalls three—out of a total of fifty—but they were all self-supporting women. One was a stenographer who, when she lost \$1,000, which was all of her savings, wrote him that she knew it was not his fault and that she was going to save some more for him to invest. The second was a telephone operator who likewise took her loss without turning a hair. And the third was a widow who has had to support herself for a number of years, but who is promptness itself when it comes to putting up additional margin.

In betting, too, women have shown themselves to be very poor losers. There is a statute in many states which makes gambling contracts unenforceable. It is, therefore, possible for a person who has bet and lost a large sum on a horse race to sue a bookmaker for the return



of the amount staked. Such suits have been numerous, but ninety-nine per cent of them have been brought by women. I am told this by a lawyer who not long ago had occasion to read all the cases on record in American jurisdictions. He was defending a bookmaker in a suit for \$12,000, which a woman claimed should be returned to her, despite the fact that she had in the past made much more than that amount at the expense of the bookmaker.

One is tempted to infer from such stories that it is the women who have never had to earn their living by the sweat of their muscles or their brows who damage the reputation of their sex in financial transactions. There are, of course, numerous exceptions to the rule—women who have been born not only with a gold spoon in their mouths but also with a fine sense of justice; and others who have been taught by their parents to respect the other person's rights. But in the absence of such influences there would seem to be a dangerous tendency among the idle daughters and wives of the rich to say to themselves, much as spoiled children do, "To us who have should be given more."

#### IV

"But it is when women bump up against each other that their true feline nature comes out," proclaims man, the detractor.

Women's organizations, it must be admitted, are notorious for the squabbling that goes on within them, and for the scandals that actually defeat the aims of the group. Paid workers in philanthropic organizations are in the custom of calling their board of directors, "The Board of Lady Damagers." Many a club, too, is riddled by intrigue. A large association, for instance, was conducting an ambitious campaign and had employed a number of paid workers, including an ineffectual woman who had a little social standing but no income. Finding her job a very comfortable

sinecure, she was so indiscreet as to suggest to the women working under her that they one and all relax their efforts a little so as to prolong the campaign. Two of her subordinates were so shocked that they reported the plan to the woman in command. They were rewarded with dismissal, on the ground that they had been guilty of insubordination!

Many women like to hold office as a fillip to their vanity, rather than through any genuine interest in the work of the organization itself. Then when their vanity is wounded their actions are childish, to say the least. A friend of mine not long ago attended the national convention of her particular organization, and consented to share a room at the hotel with one of the older members from her own city, a professional woman who had outdone herself to be nice to her. In the course of the first day's business my friend was elected—through no efforts of her own—to an office which the older woman coveted. The latter was so piqued that she took the next train out of town, leaving my friend high and dry with a large double room on her hands. No great harm was done, of course. But one is struck by the pettiness of such an act, coming from a professional woman, at that. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a man's choosing just that form of revenge, no matter how much he coveted the other's honors.

Yet I know of several groups of women, mostly college-trained, who function together with admirable harmony, for they maintain a professional attitude toward their task, and they have learned in college to work shoulder to shoulder with other women. Surely the women's colleges are doing this one thing at least: they are teaching women to live and play and work together with a fine *esprit de corps*.

Let it not be forgotten, moreover, that men themselves are often guilty of pettiness. It is a matter of common knowledge, for instance, that one of our greatest professions—the one which does the most talking about ethics—is

marred by strife and jealousy which seriously affect its contribution to the public. Furthermore, the tale of intrigues which were rife in the army training-camps are none too flattering to the reputation of men. But, taking it all in all, it would appear that women do more bickering in their organizations than men do, and that they get much less joy and relaxation out of their clubs.

It is well known, too, that women find it hard to get along together in business. In fact their greatest drawback in this field is their suspicious and jealous attitude toward one another. An added illustration, however, may be to the point. In one of the big corporations down-town there were two young women doing stenographic work for the vice-president, a very busy man. They were supposed to be working on a par, and one of them, a self-respecting, very intelligent girl, was content to leave it at that: she would rest on the merits of her work. But the other planned a very different campaign. First she brought her "sex appeal" into play, with a fair degree of success; then from time to time she let drop slighting remarks about the other girl's occasional tardiness, her outside telephone calls, and so on. Once she went so far as to go through the other's notebook when she was away from the office, and to report to their employer that she had found some of her notes in longhand! The other sensed what was happening, but was too proud to fight her rival with her own weapons. In the course of time the plot worked and the self-respecting girl was discharged summarily by her employer, much to the regret of the other officers of the company who knew that she was far the more capable one of the two. The clever one now rules the roost, with an assistant whom she keeps well under her thumb.

Let us match this story with one about two men in business which came to my ears only the other day. One of the men, the older, is a bully, and he is in charge of the other. He gives him

practically no credit for the excellent work that he is doing even though it has been praised in other quarters. One day, emboldened by a word of commendation from the president, the younger man goes to the mat and tells the older exactly what he thinks of the treatment he has been getting. To his amazement the other agrees that he has been unreasonable, and promises to change his attitude. So they sign a peace pact, and part friends—ostensibly. Four hours later this executive goes to the president of the company, complains of the young man on a number of grounds, and succeeds in having him discharged forthwith. Here is a flagrant example of dishonorable conduct on a man's part. But I am inclined to think that the girl who scotched the other was a bit more of a cad. War had been declared openly between the two men, and the younger one must have known that he was risking his job when he took issue with the other, while the girl used her power to oust her co-worker before the other had even taken up arms.

It is said, too, that women are not loyal to one another in the domain of friendship. But is not this because so few of them have learned the meaning and the possibilities of friendship? For many centuries woman's attention was centered first on the man-hunt, and then on the home, with the result that her association with other members of her sex was a secondary experience that did not enter into the warp and woof of her life. Even to-day the average married woman who is able to afford any social life at all is seldom conscious enough of her own interests, or sufficiently immune to the conventional dictates of community life, to choose her friends when and as she pleases. Instead, she aspires to membership in a certain group on account of the prestige that attaches to it; or she willy-nilly accepts the wives of her husband's business associates. In either case her social contacts can be neither very sincere nor very spontaneous. She is not likely to have any



genuine affection for the women with whom she plays bridge, or those whom she entertains at dinner along with their husbands—to a chorus of “my dears” and effusive though empty protestations of friendship. Husbands who insist upon mixing business with social life are often to blame for this state of affairs. I have a friend, the wife of a banker, who is one of the most forthright, charmingly frank people whom I know. Yet she frequently entertains a woman whom she positively despises as a “snake in the grass.” “But *why* do you bother with her?” I demand. “For the simple reason that her husband is in a position to do a great deal for my husband,” she answers. What travesties are committed in the name of friendship!

Another friend of mine had an opportunity recently to test the sincerity of her women friends when she went through a very harrowing experience. With a worthless husband who had to be divorced, two small children, and a diminished income, she was faced with as difficult a problem as anyone could imagine. When she came to close up her affairs and sell her property in a California city she found that the outstanding men of the community were anxious to give her the benefit of their advice and help. She accepted their kindness for her children's sake as well as her own. Imagine, then, her indignation when one of the women of the town, who professed to be her friend, took pains to warn her that she ought to be a little careful because the wives of these men might object! Far from being a “man's woman,” she has a deep capacity for friendship with other women; yet out of all her acquaintances in the town there were only three women who proved staunch friends in the crisis, as compared with nearly a dozen men who came to her aid.

“But whoever heard of any woman's being loyal to another when it came to a show-down?” It was an Englishman who was asking the question, a man who has gone up and down the ways of the

world and known many of the men and women in it. He swears that he has never found a woman—no matter how fine her mettle or her breeding—who has played fair with a friend when there was a man in the case. As an example he told of Lady K., who undermined a man's affections for an absent and sick fiancée (who was also her friend) by retailing false stories about her. Lady K. had a husband herself and only wanted the young man for a plaything. It is an old, old story, one which has been enacted time and again and will be re-enacted many more times by the woman who is so uncivilized that she will stop at nothing to win and to hold the man she wants.

It is probably true that men are a little fairer with one another when they are competing for the favor of a woman. A man who has been brought up in the gentlemanly tradition may even lay his cards on the table and play the whole game aboveboard, never once taking an unfair advantage of his rival. Men may have been able to establish such a tradition, for the reason that women have never been the chief end in their lives. It makes small difference whether the knight loses or wins the beautiful lady of his heart's desire; he will ride off again to his business or his wars.

Women, on the other hand, have felt through the ages that their security, their whole life's happiness, depended on their winning and keeping some one man. And it is to be feared that our sex as a whole has not yet passed that stage of incomplete development.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a wife will take desperate measures to hold her husband. Yet I have known a few women who refused to strike back. I am reminded of a high-strung, nervous type of woman who might have been expected to turn on her rival when she found that her husband was slipping from her. But as a matter of fact she swallowed her jealousy and scrupulously refrained from blaming the other woman, because she was clear-eyed enough to

see that the attraction between the two was a very natural thing. She even gave him his choice between the two of them, for she was too proud to hold him against his will—illustrating that pride or self-respect lies at the root of any woman's sense of fair play.

But what of the woman who allows another woman's husband to fall in love with her? Has she violated the rules of fair play? I should say that she has, if she has used all of her feminine wiles to attract him and make him dissatisfied with his wife. But if she has good reason to believe that his affection for the former is dead, or that he is not getting all that his nature craves in the way of companionship and love, then she may feel justified in continuing the relationship, provided that she owes no fealty of friendship to the wife.

Let our gentleman critics observe, then, that there is a type of woman emerging who lives by her reason—and her honor—rather than by her primitive instincts. To this type of woman, friendship with her own kind is a very vital thing, for it gives a strong, steady current to her life which offsets the whirling eddies of emotion stirred up by the opposite sex. Furthermore, such a woman knows that her friends would, if necessary, do a great deal to help her, out of the wealth of their experience, just as she would do a great deal to help them, no matter whether the problem involved a man or a job. In this connection a visiting Frenchwoman paid a very pretty compliment to the American women whom she had met when she said, "*You are friends with each other, while we would not trust one another for a minute.*"

## V

Finally, men complain loudly and bitterly that they can never trust women to play fair with them. And herein, one is tempted to think, lies the reason for most men's aspersions on women's sense of honor. But let them remember that they have only their own

sex to blame. Surely it was not to be expected that a social system which circumscribed women's lives and gave men proprietary rights over them would inculcate in women any deep sense of honor toward men. For the latter through the ages have exercised these rights to the full, and have taken every advantage of women that society, having made laws for its own preservation, would allow them to take. What have they done, in fact, to encourage fair play between the sexes?

It might be answered that American men have done a good deal, for they have on the whole been very generous to their womenfolk, although they have not been particularly logical in their attitude toward them, and the broader-minded ones among them have helped women emancipate themselves.

In any event we must recognize that here in America there has come a remarkable change in the status of women—a change which challenges every self-respecting woman to cast aside the old men-and-women concepts and go about creating a standard of fair play which will be as new to men as it will to women.

Consider the change. Within the span of one generation women have been admitted to the business and professional world where they can at least earn a livelihood; they have been granted the benefits of education; and lastly, they have been relieved of their full share of responsibility in producing for the home. Our grandmothers made the family's clothes, kneaded the bread, churned the butter, spun the wool. How different the life of the city-dwelling housewife of to-day, especially that of the woman who has no children or who has plenty of servants to take care of the few she has. A drone among drones, she whiles away her time shopping for clothes and playing bridge, and woe be unto her husband if he cannot provide her and her daughters with as elegant clothes as the other women of their set wear.

The heroine of Somerset Maugham's play, "*The Constant Wife*"—a part



beautifully interpreted by Ethel Barrymore—is such a parasite, but is honest enough to admit it. She argues very frankly as follows: “Just because my husband fell in love with me some years ago and was obliged to marry me in order to satisfy that love, is that any reason why he should be expected to support me forever?” She argues further that, even in the face of her husband’s patent infidelity, it is only fair for her to remain faithful to him so long as she continues to eat his bread and honey. It was illuminating to listen to the comments of the women of the audience as they filed out of the theater. One was heard to explode, “Why, they should not allow a play like this to be produced: it will put bad ideas into men’s heads.” While another woman, in my own party, turned to her husband and remarked, “You know, Bob, it is all appallingly true, and yet to be perfectly frank with you, I don’t want to be anything but a parasite!” He patted her arm and murmured that he didn’t want her to be “modern” and that he liked her just the way she was. But I happened to know that this woman was not exactly an old-fashioned wife. She likes her dates *intime* with other men—the cocktail parties and tea-dances at which Mrs. Grundy no longer raises her eyebrows. And she likes the immunity from responsibility for her children which her husband’s income makes possible.

The members of our sex who enjoy all the prerogatives of the emancipated woman—and none of the responsibilities—are not truly modern: they are merely opportunists. There are women, for instance, who will go out and get a job because they are bored or because they want more clothes, but who will keep all of their earnings for themselves while their husbands continue to support the household. I heard of one young woman who got a job and banked her earnings while her husband applauded her as “a square-shooting kid.” But he changed his mind when she sued him for

divorce, keeping her savings and asking for plenty of alimony in addition.

The woman who rants about being “modern” is often more unfair than the conventional wife. Like Dickens’ Mrs. Jellyby, she races from one meeting to another, where she agitates for “women’s rights,” or she busies herself being “creative” while her house remains in disorder and her children ill cared for. It would seem never to have occurred to her that if her husband supports her she can do no less than maintain a home in some degree of comfort and order, and train her children in the way they should go, if she is capable of doing so.

Another ultra type manifests her modernity by going in for “free love,” which usually means that she—but no one else—shall be free to do exactly as she pleases. A woman of my acquaintance who inhabits Greenwich Village, some time ago explained to her husband that he did not satisfy her sexually, and that she needed a lover to boot. Being a very liberal man, he consented to her plan. But he now discovers that he is allowed no such privilege in return; in fact if he becomes even mildly interested in another woman his wife makes life very disagreeable for him. The reader may be tempted to call him a poor nincompoop; but what choice has he, if he is a peace-loving individual who cares for his children and is loath to break up his home?

When the unmarried woman goes in for “free love” she often turns out to be as possessive as the original cavewoman, for her affections are liable to become more deeply involved than those of the man. An educator who lectures on ethics to groups of college students tells me that he has had a number of young women come to him and beg him to persuade their straying lovers to do the “moral” thing and marry them. The educator admits that these girls have not as strong characters as they should have, but he is inclined to condone their actions on the ground that they have come out of the experience different

women from what they were when they went into it, and that they therefore have not the power to keep the bargains which they originally made.

In a similar fashion John Erskine would seem to condone—or at least not to regret—the actions of Elaine the first, depicted in his recent novel *Galahad*. The reader will remember that Elaine falls in love with the fascinating Launcelot, and—in the newest manner—commandeers him for one night, vowing that she will never again ask aught of him, for he has told her frankly that all of his affections are engaged by Guinevere. When the inevitable happens—as it invariably does in the best fiction as well as in the movies—Elaine faces the world with the child in her arms and exhibits admirable *esprit* and courage. Splendid—if she had stopped there. But no, she finds life so insupportable without Launcelot that she follows him to court and tearfully beseeches him to come home to her and her child. So, instead of the fearless young woman who thought she could shape her own life, she turns out to be the immemorial female. A sympathetic male will argue that she was in the grip of her passions and that she had not the free will to act otherwise; also that men themselves have never been honorable in the game of love. True enough, but is that any reason why a high type of woman—as Erskine represents her to be—should not place honor and self-respect above her own desires?

For those legions of women who want to have and to hold a man—whether he will or no—marriage is a highly desirable state, since our domestic relations laws have not changed from the days when women were helpless outside of the home and therefore needed every protection

which society could give them. To-day it is not a question of whether men would take a similar advantage of women if they found themselves in a position to do so. It is a question of whether women are going to seize upon the opportunity which the century offers them to win dignity and self-respect for themselves, and to establish for the first time in the world's history a basis for fair play between the sexes.

As we have seen, there is no congenital difference between men's and women's ethical sense. Honor, furthermore, is a relative thing which depends almost entirely upon the dictates of the racial and social group. Diogenes, no doubt, would have as weary a search to-day for the completely honest man—or woman—as he did twenty centuries ago. But it would appear that social and economic forces working through the ages have dowered men with a code of fair play which, imperfect as it is, is superior to the standards of women, whose lives have been more circumscribed. But the fact that there are a few women, comparatively speaking, who have consciously evolved a standard of fair play for themselves, and the fact that numbers of women have made fine records in amateur and professional sports, would prove that the female of the species is perfectly capable of fair play. It is to be hoped, therefore, that in the course of time women's wider activities in the business world, their increased participation in sports, and their college training will breed in the sex as a whole a true sense of fair play. But that will hardly come to pass so long as society in general, and husbands in particular, continue to condone their lack of sportsmanship in the various walks of life.





## PUTTING BUSINESS BEFORE LIFE

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

THE National Bank of Commerce in New York has recently published a booklet in which the Bank's clients are warned against a new enterprise that is being advertised by a "well-known concern." The enterprise is intended as an aid to salesmanship. For a reasonable fee the promoters offer to place manufacturing corporations and others in touch with a hitherto neglected class. The advertisement to which the Bank refers is as follows:

### OLD MONEY IN NEW HANDS A SERVICE

Here's a service that will interest you,—that is to say, if you are seeking prospects comprising individuals who have been left cash in amounts from \$25,000 to millions of dollars.

Through this service we give you daily reports of beneficiaries of Wills for Manhattan and the four other boroughs. We give you full names, addresses, and amounts received.

The writer of the National Bank of Commerce booklet satirizes the advertised service as evidencing a "unique spirit of enterprise," and comments on the modern American tendency to accept anything as legitimate in business that produces gainful results. He intimates, in effect, that salesmanship has overstepped the bounds of propriety, and that there is a tendency in certain quarters to claim for business the right of way over life.

Are these legitimate charges? Does modern American business tend to reduce the citizen to the status of a "prospect"? There have always been certain individuals who push their commercial

activities beyond the bounds of taste and who think of people only as consumers. There may be more such individuals now than there used to be. Yet the important question raised by the National Bank of Commerce booklet is this: How far have those who believe in the theory that business has the right of way over life been able to enforce their standards upon the general public?

A fair test of the progress of any movement is the openness with which its sponsors express their ideas; and it must be admitted that an examination of the business press of the country shows a surprising number of journals which editorially advocate the most arbitrary methods of salesmanship. From a multiplicity of examples I will present the following: The publication, *Selling News*, offers weekly cash prizes for winning sales ideas, and recently an award was made to Mr. J. L. Crenshaw for this fact-story:

I started out on Saturday morning with three appointments with the Torrington Electric Cleaner. The first place I went, there was no one home; the next, a lady was sick; the third one postponed the appointment until the following Monday.

I was determined I was going to demonstrate that cleaner before I gave up. Turning the corner after the last disappointment, I saw a lady shaking a rug out of a second story window. The door leading to her upstairs rooms was open. I went right in and up those stairs without knocking, greeting the lady with the remark, "Well I am here right on time. What room do you wish me to start in?"

She was very much surprised, assuring me that I had the wrong number. But during

my very courteous apologies, I had managed to get my cleaner connected and in action.

The result was that I walked out minus the cleaner, plus her contract and a check for a substantial down payment.

So a day starting with nothing but disappointments ended a perfect day by not giving up to those disappointments.

Certainly one wishes Mr. Crenshaw well in his career as a never-say-die salesman, and trusts he will enjoy the money he earned on his sale of a Torrington Electric Cleaner, as well as the prize money offered by *Selling News*, the journal for Salesmen Who Want to Grow. Yet interesting as is the actual sales exploit, one's imagination is inevitably more intrigued by the personality of Mr. Crenshaw himself. Did he dart up the stairway blithely, light-heartedly, or did he have to force himself to a distasteful task from a sense of duty toward his employers? Just what were Mr. Crenshaw's mental reactions when the lady assured him that he had the wrong number, and how did he word his very courteous apologies while he was getting his cleaner connected and in action?

Of one thing we may be sure. Mr. Crenshaw believes business has the right of way over life. But whether Mr. Crenshaw was born to this belief, or merely came to it through a period of intensive study and training, is a matter for further investigation.

Much as one would wish to give Mr. Crenshaw full credit for originality of thought and action, there is strong evidence to the contrary. It is quite possible that his beliefs merely reflect the opinions of men in more authoritative positions. We know, for example, that the editors of *Selling News* believe business has the right of way over life. Otherwise they would not have awarded Mr. Crenshaw a cash prize for his salesmanship exploit. Similar ideas are expressed in many articles appearing in other business journals. Perhaps a glance at some of these editorial utterances may give us a more clear appraisal of Mr. Crenshaw's mental background.

## II

Some editors recommend fear as a stimulus to salesmanship. In a business journal of national circulation there appears an article entitled, "Make Your Salesmen Worry a Bit," with the subtitle, "It Will Keep Them on Their Toes."

The text of the article is based upon an interview with the very successful district manager of a "sales organization . . . covering the entire country," and on the subject of inspirational salesmanship the district manager is made to say:

The man who goes to work for me does so with his eyes open. I tell each of them very frankly in the beginning: "I am going to assign these three or four counties to you, and I *hope* you will produce enough business out of it so that I won't even have to think about sending anybody else in to help you out. But I warn you right now that whenever you begin to fall down on the job, I am going to come in myself or send one of the other men in to get the business which we must get out of that territory—and I notify you now that you won't get a cent of commission out of this particular business, no matter how many calls you may have made on these prospects without closing them."

Another of my stunts is to twit one man about the good work of another until he is almost sore enough to be ready to fight. . . . A few weeks ago I decided that one of my salesmen had spent quite enough time on a group of large prospects in his territory so I laid my plan to bring him into action. One of the stenographers in the office writes a hand very much like that of another salesman who is this man's pet aversion. So I had this girl write these six names of prospects on a card and opposite each name she put a date two or three weeks in advance. Then we placed the card in the pigeonhole assigned to his enemy where the salesman couldn't help but see it.

I was watching him out of the corner of my eye when he visited my office that day and examined the memorandum card in the other man's box. His face turned white as his mind grasped the purport of the memorandum. Then his jaw set and he was strangely silent during the rest of his visit. But in less than a week he sent me signed orders from five of these delayed prospects.



One hopes that Mr. Crenshaw's prize-winning exploit of salesmanship was inspired by no similar fear-inspiring intrigue on the part of *his* salesmanager. Fear is a weapon to be used only toward slaves; and Mr. Crenshaw is, one feels sure, a one hundred per cent free American citizen. Yet there are weapons other than fear that may inspire to super-salesmanship. No free man, for example, will willingly lay himself open to ridicule; and perhaps it was in desperate defense of his natural dignity that Mr. Crenshaw invaded the home of an unoffending householder and attached his electric cleaner. One reads in another journal of country-wide circulation how the management of a prominent corporation recently stimulated the members of its sales force by cleverly planned ridicule.

There was a banquet, to which thirty of the corporation's salesmen were bidden. At one end of the banquet hall hung a chart showing their names and salesmanship records, and

at the other end was a small table for the officers of the company. Then, stretching away was the table with thirty places.

Place cards corresponded to the names on the chart. The best men sat up next to the officers and the poorest was at the foot.

Then the meal was served.

The man who ranked Number One was served with oysters, roast turkey, and a most elaborate ice. He had a special waiter placed behind his chair.

Salesman Number Two had no oysters. Number Three had soup and roast beef and ice cream.

And so it went on. Farther down the table there were plates of vegetable and beef stew, bowls of chili con carne. The man at the far end had a small plate of boiled beans and a couple of crackers, with only water to drink.

It was an inexpensive contest, but nevertheless full of real meaning. . . . Toward the conclusion of the meal the four men at the lower end of the table put in a request that the contest be renewed for a month so that they might have a chance to work their way up the table and be able to gloat over some other poor chaps eating boiled beans and drinking water.

One begins to suspect that Mr. Crenshaw's peculiar technic of salesmanship was not entirely God-given; that he possessed originally a mere germ of talent for go-getting, and that this has been nurtured and brought to full flower by astute executives of corporations by which he has been employed. When Mr. Crenshaw saw the providentially open door leading to the upstairs apartment it is likely he had no thought of self, but acted upon impulses that reflected the teachings of a long line of salesmanagers, and the earnest study of journals devoted to the interests of Salesmen Who Want to Grow.

### III

One thing we do know, definitely. High-powered salesmanship is a modern product and the theory that life exists for the benefit of business has come into being since the turn of the century. In my own business experience I recall a remark made by one of my employers during the Mauve Decade which now seems vastly significant. It was in the city of Greenville, South Carolina, where I chanced to have employment as third assistant salesperson with the firm of Snider and Greer, leading merchants of watches, jewelry, and chinaware. In itself the incident was trifling.

As a matter of custom one of our great Main Street show windows was always decorated with a display of china soup tureens, teapots, silver-plated tilting ice pitchers, castors, and other popular items of the period; but also, according to custom, this display was seldom changed, and in the course of time the beauty of the various items became marred by accumulated dust and sometimes, I must confess, by fine-spun cobwebs. On the occasion of which I speak our display had reached a state where action was deemed necessary; and another young employee and myself offered to return to the store of an evening to effect a change.

Captain Greer, a fine and courteous

gentleman, touched by our willingness, volunteered to keep us company. The armchair that he frequently occupied during business hours, tilted against the store front, was brought inside, and from this temporary throne he lent moral support to our activities. At length the soup tureens and tilting ice pitchers had been removed from the window, cleaned of dust and set upon a table to be distributed upon the store shelving. The question arose as to a new window display. We asked Captain Greer as to his wishes.

Then came his observation, so redolent of a civilization which the events of thirty years have all but driven out of America. He looked about the establishment in a harassed manner, endeavoring to decide the question. Finally his glance fell on the impedimenta we had taken out of the window and placed upon the table for redistribution in stock.

"You might as well put those things back again like they were," he said genially. "No one pays attention to what's in store windows. If people want to buy anything they come in here anyhow, and it isn't good taste to try and make them buy what they don't want."

Let us pass graciously over the unworthy thought that Captain Greer's orders may have been dictated by disinclination for energetic action rather than by sheer ethical bias. The significant fact is that his attitude reflected the prevailing spirit of the times. It *was* considered bad taste in Greenville, South Carolina, and all the other Greenvilles of America, to coerce people into buying one's merchandise. The Mauve Decade was, indeed, no period for high-powered salesmanship. One hesitates to imagine what might have happened to the ambitious vendor who darted up a private stairway of Greenville to demonstrate his electric cleaner. Even though he survived an angry citizenry, it is certain that no Magazine of Salesmanship would have awarded

him a cash prize for his exploit. One hesitates still more to imagine the fate of any corporation organized to sell names and addresses of Greenville widows and orphans who had been left cash in amounts from \$25,000 upward.

Decidedly, life took precedence over business in Greenville; yet on the whole both life and business went forward prosperously and pleasantly. We boasted a population of ten thousand souls, but there was no Chamber of Commerce; and the Luncheon Club idea was still fifteen years in the future, with its well-worked-out theory of Salesmanship and Service. No journal of business described the methods of corporation executives who inspired their traveling salesmen to superhuman effort through fear or shame. The drummers for New York or Baltimore wholesale houses who came to Greenville did not have to make a "quota." They put up at the Mansion House, called in a friendly way upon their merchant customers, and accepted with polite thanks any orders that were given them. I assume this sort of salesmanship to have been profitable to their houses, for the same drummers came year after year. In the stores along Main Street retail matters were conducted in similar fashion. In the Snider and Greer emporium there were no rules save the unwritten one that each person who entered was to be treated as a valued guest. If any of us had been detected in trying to sell a client something he did not wish, I imagine we would have been discharged; though as such a thing never happened it is impossible to aver this with authority.

Greenville in those days had, I regret to state, something of a reputation as a "bad" town. It was the rendezvous and play-city for the adventurous spirits of a number of factory villages and a wide stretch of mountain country, and during my year of residence we averaged almost one shooting scrape per week. Yet I think none of these shootings occurred over a matter of business. The nearest approach to commercial crime occurred



in a gambling house one Saturday night when two gentlemen engaged in a game of California Jack. The score reached five points each, and on the next hand each gentleman made two points and each claimed the pot. It became then a question as to whether *high-game* or *low-jack* carried greater authority. In the ensuing argument the gentleman who had won *high-game* shot and unfortunately killed his opponent. He was later exonerated by a jury of twelve men, good and true, who doubtless believed *high-game* really to have been the winning hand and the homicide, therefore, justified.

Although this affray bordered on the commercial, all the other shootings that I recall were absolutely free from any taint of venality. A man drew his pistol over affairs of the heart, over family feuds, or sometimes merely to prove himself a devil of a fellow. Life and business were two distinct matters, and life came first.

But, surprisingly, business did not suffer under such conditions. It was, in fact, quite the reverse. The drummers who came from New York and Baltimore wholesale houses were ordinarily genial fellows, chosen for ability to hold friendships rather than for cleverness in persuading prospects to sign on the dotted line. One would have a strong imagination indeed to conceive of one of the drummers of the nineties cringing under the threats of his salesmanager or shamefacedly eating beans at the end table on the occasion of a corporation banquet. Yet the absence of high-powered salesmanship had its advantages. As every business man knows, more commercial failures occur through overbuying than any other single reason. Because there was so little salesmanship pressure, merchants seldom overbought. Wholesale houses rarely lost money through bankruptcies of their retailer-customers.

There was even a sort of left-handed business acumen in Captain Greer's theory that people must not be tempted

into buying through too-attractive displays in shop windows. We did not excite the public to enter our store, and so there were scarcely any "lookers." Practically every person who came into the store was a purchaser if we had in stock what he wished. For that reason Snider and Greer required a smaller sales force to vend a certain volume of merchandise than would be the case to-day when two people out of three who enter stores do not buy. Another economy lay in the fact that there was practically no law-breaking for the sake of money. Is it an exaggeration to suggest that this happy state of affairs obtained in Greenville because there was little salesmanship pressure and people therefore did not crave the possession of goods to the extent that they would commit crimes to get goods? Perhaps this is too much to say; yet it is a fact that in the slow-selling nineties no Greenville merchant had to go to the expense of insuring his merchandise or his pay roll against theft or hold-up.

#### IV

The foregoing fairly represents the country's composite Main Street of thirty years ago. How does it come that American life has so changed in so short a time? There has been no such radical change in Europe. If our Mr. Crenshaw were an English salesman, or a French salesman, he would no more think of darting up a strange stairway to demonstrate his electric cleaner than his father would have thought of adopting such a course in Greenville, South Carolina, in the eighteen-nineties. It is, indeed, our recent tendency to confer abnormal rights upon business to which European writers and statesmen allude when they speak of "the menace of Americanization."

Let us see if there may be some peculiarity of American tradition or character by which high-powered salesmanship has developed here, but has not developed in other countries. There is one particular tradition in which we differ

from Europeans. In Europe it has long been recognized that everyone cannot have a fortune, and people adjust their lives accordingly. Our popular viewpoint is precisely opposite. We speak of America as the Land of Opportunity. We believe every American can be rich, has a right to be rich. Some years ago an editorial appeared in the Hearst newspapers, written by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, containing the statement that there were at the time fifteen million automobiles in the United States. "But this is not enough," Mr. Brisbane went on to say. "There will not be enough automobiles in the United States until every American family has its own car in its own garage."

I have no idea that Mr. Brisbane himself believed this statement except in an ideal sense. Yet the editorial not only served the cause of high-powered salesmanship, but doubtless enhanced the value of the Hearst newspapers as advertising media. It gave a sense of security, of optimism, to thousands of readers who were consequently turned into more liberal spenders than they would have been otherwise. Its high moral tone subtly conveyed the impression that ownership of a car and a garage was a patriotic duty. In the minds of those who took the editorial seriously salesmanship became linked with love of country.

It is interesting to note how frequently, of late years, business and morality are linked together. In his message to the Eucharistic Congress held last year in Chicago, the Chief Executive of the United States wrote:

Our country has long been under the imputation of putting too much emphasis on material things. Perhaps we have been the subject of that kind of criticism not so much because we are really more interested in material prosperity than others but because in that direction we have been more successful than others. . . .

If America is advancing economically . . . it is because of the deep religious convictions of its people.

Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, states in a recent magazine article:

I am more and more convinced that business is one of humanity's most promising instruments for its emancipation; that business . . . is to-day writing a new Magna Charta for the race.

Perhaps it begins to be clear why pure salesmanship has attained greater authority in the United States than in Europe. Europeans have learned from long experience that mere ownership of goods has little to do with morality or the reverse. But in America, so recently emerged from hard pioneer conditions, it has been comparatively easy to confound goods with morality. When to this is added the natural predisposition of a sympathetic and intensely patriotic citizenry, it may readily be conceived that many people will be willing to sacrifice something of independence in order that business may be unhampered in its good work.

High-powered selling in America has had another ally in the great capacity of the people for human sympathy. Americans *are* sympathetic. A story of hard luck here wins instant sympathy and relief. This is a heritage of pioneer days when men had to be mutually helpful to live. Because of possibly quicker sympathies than Europeans we have allowed salesmanship greater privileges. Even though salesmanship verges upon the impertinent, we see in the salesman a human being who is trying to get on in the world, and we overlook his forwardness.

Let us visualize again, this time from a psychological standpoint, the situation wherein Mr. Crenshaw suddenly appeared in a strange lady's apartment and proceeded to demonstrate his electric cleaner. The lady's first impulse was, doubtless, to order Mr. Crenshaw out. Had she been an English lady or a French lady, she would certainly have done so, and reported him to the police besides. But being American, the sym-



pathetic thought at once crossed her mind that here was a fellow human being wistfully eager to get on in the world, and as an American entitled to his chance at happiness. It did not occur to her, as it would have to one of her European sisters, that Mr. Crenshaw might have chosen the trade of street-cleaner or hod-carrier and still be a reasonably happy man. Moreover in the back of her mind was the conviction, planted by the splendid sayings of eminent men, that no patriotic or religious person should stand in the way of business. It was the lady's psychological background, one thinks, as much as Mr. Crenshaw's salesmanship skill, that won him his substantial down payment and his later reward at the hands of *Selling News*, the journal for Salesmen Who Want to Grow.

We have wondered what sales arguments Mr. Crenshaw may have employed while attaching his electric cleaner. As an earnest salesman he doubtless studies the columns of the trade press for constructive suggestions in salesmanship. Did Mr. Crenshaw's shrewd glance detect a hint of egotism in the lady's bearing? If so, his course was clear. Recently a leading corporation, the National Lead Company, has conducted a series of advertisements in popular American trade journals that give explicit instructions as to the handling of egotistic prospects. Although the National Lead Company's counsel is primarily for salesmen of paints, yet Mr. Crenshaw could easily apply its principles to the sale of electric cleaners:

Flatter him on his standing in the community. Tell him that a man in his position cannot afford to neglect the appearance of his house. Take the stand that his neighbors look to him to have a well-painted, attractive home. It is surprising how effective such a line of attack can be.

But what if Mr. Crenshaw, upon entering the lady's apartment, realized that she was not the person to be impressed by appeals to vanity? No matter. He has learned from influential

journals that the church is also an effective ally to salesmanship. Perhaps while attaching his electric cleaner Mr. Crenshaw spoke of religious matters. The idea is explained in detail by Mr. Hugo A. Hahn in a recent issue of the *Farm Journal Merchants Supplement*:

One of the most negligent things the business man does is not attending church on Sunday. . . . The church is the common meeting ground of all mankind. It is the greatest institution of the community. . . . Suppose that next Saturday you say to Farmer Brown when he comes in, "John, bring the family in to-morrow; come in about 10:30 A.M. We'll all go to church, and after church the Missis wants you and the family over to dinner." . . . Now what would that mean to your business? It would create the closest feeling between you and the farmer. With this you will gain a confidence which will be so strong that it cannot be shaken. You will find that your churches will thrive and throw out the radiant light over the entire community.

Along comes a man from a neighboring state to buy a farm-home. The real-estate dealer gets hold of him and starts to work, and what does he say to him? "We have the best little town on earth, four live churches." Will he buy? Of course he will, and won't even mind paying a few extra dollars for the land.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Crenshaw is a strictly one-price salesman and that he did not add a few extra dollars to the price of his electric cleaner in case he employed the methods recommended by the *Farm Journal Merchants Supplement*. But it may be that Mr. Crenshaw appealed neither to the lady's *amour propre* nor to her spiritual nature in putting over his sale. He may have resorted to physical violence. Extreme as this may appear, physical violence is considered a legitimate sales approach in certain quarters. Under the title, "How to Make a Dent in the Consumer," the editor of *Printer's Ink* recently lampooned this modern invention of high-powered business. The editor had

recently read the report of a speech of the advertising manager of one of the oldest

wholesale drug companies. This man said that his company had been offering to the trade a small table, with a railing around its top, to be used to display "specials," at a point where it will be directly in the path of customers, whose attention will be attracted to the articles upon it when they fall over it, bump into it, knock their shins on it, or otherwise come in contact with it. . . . Impractical as it may seem, the advertising manager declared that these tables were in heavy demand and had been added to the catalogs of other wholesale druggists.

After all, Mr. Crenshaw's exploit does not seem so wonderful when one comes to know all the efforts that are constantly being made to establish the dictatorship of business. The wonder is that the Magazine of Salesmanship considered it of enough importance to have awarded Mr. Crenshaw a cash prize.

## V

Life was, it must be admitted, a bit more dignified in the days when salesmanship was less glorified. The impression will not dawn that the selling of merchandise is accomplished at too high a cost when it is necessary to frighten or shame employees, to enlist the aid of the church, or to employ the stimulus of flattery on a country-wide scale. Let us see if these things are good business.

During the preparation of this article I interviewed a leading executive of one of the most powerful banking institutions in New York City and in the course of conversation asked: "Do you, in scanning a corporation's statement with view of making a loan, take into account the corporation's methods of securing business? If the corporation, for example, has attained its position through what is termed high-powered selling, would that influence your decision in extending credit?"

I am permitted to quote the banker's reply verbatim:

We go further than merely withholding credit. I might mention the name of a very prominent corporation from which this bank has recently declined to accept an account. Yet the corporation's financial position is at present absolutely sound. Its debts are not too much for its capital. Its volume of sales has shown an increase from year to year. It is paying substantial dividends.

But here is the fly in the ointment: The corporation has built its business on extreme high-pressure salesmanship. Each year it has decreed a certain volume of sales far in advance of the previous year and compelled its dealers to dispose of its excess product under every sort of condition. It has forced its salesmen to make public nuisances of themselves. I think I am not unduly critical when I say the corporation has lowered the tone of American life.

Some day the corporation will pay for these things. Already it has a healthy competitor that is doing business along lines of reasonable conservatism and making fair progress. The older corporation is in no position to meet competition. It has no organization worthy of the name. Secretly, the people who have done its high-powered work resent the things they have been compelled to do. If events ever begin to turn against it, the corporation's decline will be sensational.

These are the reasons why this bank declined the corporation's proffered account. If we accept its business now when it is prosperous we can hardly refuse to come to its aid in case of adversity. We have thought best to stay out of the corporation's affairs altogether.

Admittedly, supersalesmanship makes for a shabby sort of civilization. In the last analysis, moreover, it is not even good for business. Perhaps my old friend Captain John Greer of Greenville spoke more wisely than he knew when he averred that it was poor policy to sell people what they did not want to buy.





## SIX EASY PIECES

A STORY

BY CLARENCE H. GAINES

THE violin lesson scraped along:  
Tweedle, tweedle, tweedle—squeak;  
Tweedle, tweedle, tweedle—*squawk!*

In his study adjoining the living room Andrew pretended to labor at his unsubstantial task of authorship—a task of spinning straw into gold, or thistledown into silver—since, as he reflected, the material was of the lightest and the product, at best, none too valuable.

Ethel, he was aware, was playing out of a thin, red book entitled *Six Easy Pieces*. These compositions began deliberately on *do* and, after a few modest ventures up and down the scale, duly arrived at *do* again.

They were like the futile little excursions his mind was making. One began thinking with a certain mild expectation of getting somewhere, and then one said, "What is the use?" and returned to one's previous state of mind. What was the good of thinking the same old thoughts about a wife who miraculously embodied one's ideal, who had intelligence enough to know what was expected of her, and yet perversely wouldn't play the part? Of what use to go on thinking about a daughter who was quite capable of uniting in herself the subtle excellencies of a seraph and a "chum," and preferred to be a flapper?

That was Elizabeth; Ethel didn't count. Of course, she ought to count! "Very nice," he thought, "if I could be the sort of amiable dotard who consoles himself for his disappointment in every

other member of his family by idolizing his youngest child! But . . ." The bare, unlovely truth presented itself to his mind: he did not like Ethel. He could not even feel sorry for her, except in the impersonal, theoretic way in which one pities children who are spoiled. Her mother made it impossible for anyone to feel sorry for Ethel.

Easy enough to blame it all upon the "younger generation" or upon the degeneracy of the times! His mind revolted at such banality. In order to save one's mind alive one had to be, in these days, tolerant, or—curse the phrase!—"broad-minded."

Elizabeth would come home when it suited her—not sooner, and she would not tell him where she had been or promise not to do it again. The stage of promising not to do it again had passed with her along with the stage of being interested in fairy tales. What a beautiful phase that had been! There was nothing sweeter than Elizabeth's interest in fairy tales when she was little. And how inexhaustibly inventive a story-teller he had been! Then, as she grew older, his creativeness had inexplicably waned—merely, it seemed, because she was older. It was really he who, through some mysterious compulsion, had broken the elfin spell.

No use in thinking about old times—not so very old, either, but irrecoverable. Better present worry than old regret, even if one had worry in its acute, pernicious form, as Andrew incurably had it. On the contrary, any sort of senti-

ment was human and wholesome as compared with this insanity of worry. Or was it? Launcelot Gobbo's alternatives, exactly! Either way, the fiend awaited him.

The violin lesson wheezed along:

"All ready, now: *one and two, one and two. . .*"

"Tweedle, tweedle, tweedle," said the violin—and then, as usual, "*squeak!*"

Stories were impossible under the circumstances—at least, the delicate, polished, faintly optimistic affairs that were Andrew's characteristic product. Stories written now would have the seesaw rhythm of a violin exercise and the feeling-tone of a soul that suffers without dignity.

Suppose that just for once, instead of poetizing life with his wonted delicacy, he should write about what really interested him. That seemed simple and sensible, as commonplace advice usually does. In point of fact, however, it would be easier, he perceived, to tell what did not interest him than to particularize his enthusiasms.

"Adventure? No, no; I haven't the faintest taste for it—never had. The younger generation? Emphatically not! Marriage? No, for obvious reasons. Ironical view of life? A silly, superficial, too easy pose. The simple life? Hell! Daughters? Oh, dear! Can it be that artificiality offers the only escape from the too personal?"

Well, genius was said to ooze up from the subconscious, and this present bank and shoal of time gave as favorable an opportunity as any other for testing the theory. Foolish, of course, but it is a literary instinct to try to make use even of one's own foolishness. Why not write whatever came to him, in whatever style Providence, Ethel's fiddle, and his own aching nerves permitted? He drew a sheet of paper toward him and scrawled at the top of it, "Six Easy Pieces."

*Once there was a man* (his pencil moved almost automatically across the page) *who set out to travel across the con-*

*tinental in a flivver. As he was attempting to cross the railroad tracks just inside the corporation limits of his native village his car was struck by a freight train. He escaped with his life, but never left the township afterwards.*

Andrew eyed the screed scornfully. "Did I write that?" was his inner query.

Again he set his hand in motion. Facilely it wrote:

*Once there was a girl who desired to become a movie actress. So she dressed in her nicest clothes, rouged her cheeks, painted her lips, and obtained a position as waitress in an ice-cream parlor. Later she gave this up, married a young farmer, and led an estimable but excessively dull and laborious life.*

"This," thought Andrew, "can scarcely represent what I really think about life! Or does it? Well, no matter. Let's see, you fool, what else you have in you."

The next story wrote itself without hesitation:

*In former times the old brick house near the school-building was inhabited by an excessively good and puritanical man who secretly desired to have an adventure. Not possessing the native gift to plan wickedness, he built up a romance about the village dressmaker, a spinster. The result was that she married him. His last days were melancholy.*

"Now what," he asked himself seriously, "is this infernal *do to* which I so invariably return?"

A little variation of the subject matter, he subconsciously felt, would be desirable. Something rural suggested itself—an idyl.

Obedient to the suggestion, his hand wrote:

*You know the steep hill about a mile north of the village, and the meandering brook which eventually meanders across the road at the foot of the hill. Once a farmer accidentally upset a load of hay in that brook. The man who lived in the house with Doric pillars on the top of the hill suffered from profound ennui. So he*



*swathed one arm in bandages, put it in a sling, and going down to the brookside gave the sullen farmer superfluous advice as to the recovery of his hay.*

"The same note, essentially," he mused, "though in this particular random sampling of my brains, there seems to be a slight trace of wry humor—something no one hitherto has discovered in me." The experiment was really diverting him. "Come, come," he encouraged himself, "a little more of the purpose and color of life!"

This time his hand wrote more slowly, as if under the constraint of a conscious idea:

*In my youth I was acquainted with a man who devoted all his intellectual energies to playing checkers. On this one subject he was truly erudite. His bearded dignity expressed the inward peace of a mind consecrated, despite the trials of a storekeeper, to the pursuit of truth. His recreation was growing peonies. He was happier than you are, my friend.*

There was a confused noise at the door—the kind of inarticulate sound that keeps the nerves taut with expectation when one is waiting for the arrival of a too long absent friend. Not the stir of the music teacher's quiet departure, for the rhythmic squeaks had ceased long since.

The door banged inward. He heard Elizabeth's voice in offhand greeting to Ethel.

So she wasn't dead or lost, this time. The sense of life as worth living came flooding over him; bright paths for a moment appeared. He started to his feet. No hurry, though! His eye rested on his recent scrawls, and he had for an instant the somewhat vertiginous sensation of being about to think what he had had no intention of thinking.

"The trouble with those things," the strange thought pronounced, "is that there is not a particle of *heart* in them."

Then the thought, or the impulse that prompted it, flickered out, as a lighted match held in the fingers of one who gropes aghast in a dark passage is puffed out by some chilling draught that comes from God knows where, leaving only the charred match-stick in the fingers and a bright image on the retina. Andrew no longer felt like an inexperienced smoker who has inhaled a cigarette too deeply.

The door slammed outward. The sound of gears being shifted became audible—then the definitely departing sound of wheels.

He noticed that he had made his way into the hall, and that the words that seemed to have been uppermost in his mind for some time were incongruously enough, "Open Sesame." That was a story which the little Elizabeth had never wearied of. And now had he, like Ali Baba, forgotten his talisman?

"Of course," he said aloud, "I don't know what on earth I mean by *heart*. If I haven't it why do I suffer?"

Retiring once more to his den, he seized his pencil and wrote quite rapidly:

*Once there was a man whose daughter was stolen from him by the fairies. With the aid of a wise woman he recovered her, but he was discontented because nothing seemed the same. So he asked the wise woman to help him. But she laughed him to scorn, saying, "'Tis fairy ills have fairy cures. The sorrow you've got is not real sorrow—for there's no heart in it—better for you if it were; and real joy you'll never have. You're not a bad man surely, but what do you want at all? The devil himself couldn't cure you of being yourself." So he went on living.*

"Oh, nonsense!" he muttered. "Life is life, and I have wasted a whole morning."

Resolutely he applied himself once more to his endless literary task of spinning thistledown into silver.



## FOOTNOTE ON THE WEST

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

ANYONE can tell a New Englander from a Southerner by his speech. An expert phonetician can name the State from which a man comes, and usually the county, frequently the city, and sometimes the very street as well. There is, however, an enormous geographical division of this country which has few dialectical peculiarities and none that the layman can distinguish. An expert, hearing a native of these parts, must listen attentively in order to classify the subject. The native will eventually betray himself by a few inconspicuous signs. He will say "laig" for "leg," though he will not say "aig" for "egg." He will say "jest" instead of "just," though he will not say "jestice." There is one sound which he will invariably butcher, the sound of *au* in such words as "haughty," "naughty," "daughter," and "August." And, whatever his words, he will speak them in a tune that is just a little different, too little for untrained ears to identify, from that sung by any other group of Americans. It is a sort of *rubato* rhythm that retards the utterance of certain key-words in any sentence and, without stressing them, gives them the emphasis of prolonged time-intervals. This is the drawl, made notorious by one kind of fiction. The Southern drawl is a chant, but this drawl is a hesitation. And that, apart from differences of vocabulary, is about the sum of speech peculiarities in this vast portion of the country. It is a much smaller sum than that of the Middle West, New England, or the South.

Now there may be significance in this

fact. It may indicate something about the natives of these parts—may be an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual identity. There are two ways of looking at it. One may remark that a people so barren of speech idiosyncrasies must be a dull and unindividual race. Or one may observe that theirs is probably the purest English spoken on the continent. As a native of this section, one who faithfully flattens the *au* to this day, I have never decided which point of view comes nearer to suggesting the truth about the Intermountain West.

We are undoubtedly a race, we Westerners, though mostly we fail to understand the implications of our unity. If you are a Bostonian to whom Cincinnati seems so far west that it must be a Pacific port, or to whom Omaha is a State, you can offend us by lumping us as Westerners with Chicagoans, with the electorate who keep Senator LaFollette in office, and with the Ku Kluxers of Indiana. It is a graver offense to speak of us as Westerners along with Kansans, Nebraskans, and Iowans. But the outrage we will not permit is your bland impulse to call us Westerners and then, without a filter, to apply the same term to the people of Los Angeles. If Californians are Westerners, then, be assured, we live in the State of Maine.

Not the least hope that inspires this essay is the hope that I may help to attach to the word West the geographical implications it has in the part of the country to which it properly applies. Briefly, then, the West is the Intermountain West, the land that is domi-



nated by the Rocky Mountains. The fact that there are no ranges called the Rocky Mountains is only a minor paradox in this wholly paradoxical land, and need disturb no one. Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah are West. Nevada is West by attraction. The eastern fringe of Washington and Oregon is West, but the rest of them is something else—littoral, or Pacific, or what you will, anything to indicate that the life lived there differs in fundamental ways from that lived within the shadow of the Rockies. California is not West, oh, decidedly and emphatically and with all the insistence of our nature, California is not West. To our sorrow, Arizona and New Mexico are not West, for they are Southwest, and Spanish and Indian civilization separates them from us. We should like to claim them; we regret them more than any other part of the country, and much more (I cannot courteously point out how much more) than we regret California. The lines of this demarcation are sharp and the land that it sets off is an entity; it once had a separate civilization, and remnants of that civilization are part of us to-day. Actually, Cheyenne is not much farther west than North Platte, but spiritually, in thought and civilization, they are unmistakably distinct. Cheyenne is West, whereas North Platte is Middle West. And, we must patiently insist, there is a difference.

What is that difference? Perhaps I am no fit person to explain, for the necessities of the two professions I practice have forced me, the West being what it is, to spend a large part of my life elsewhere. Of the last twelve years, I have not spent a total of three in the West, and those three are the aggregate of temporary stays. And, it is only fair to confess, a number of newspapers in the West have accused me of intolerably misrepresenting my native land; and a number of organizations, of the kind that adopt Resolutions, have where-as-ed me half deaf with condemnation on the same grounds. But that is a custom of

the country and must not be thought of as heartfelt. And anyway, it is time that the Easterners who understand us, good folk like Mr. Struthers Burt, Mrs. Gerould, and Mrs. Rinehart, had some native annotations, and mine will do as well as any, pending the appearance of someone more acceptable to the luncheon-clubs.

## II

It happens that, while I write this, I am at the easternmost corner of Cape Cod, where the fog has not lifted for a total of twelve hours in four weeks. The last five years I have spent in Chicago, where, by local admission, there are two seasons, August and winter, the former occurring every fifth or sixth year, and where sunlight is as much a matter of rumor as the Southern Cross. The four years preceding the Chicago ordeal I spent in Boston, and the climate of Boston need not be more than alluded to. When I think back over these years of exile from the sun, I invariably conclude that such punishments are visited on Westerners who were tourists in previous existences, and Kim's Lama would understand them.

The glory of the eagle, you will remember, was looking at the sun. The West is the land of the eagle, for the sun shines there. Our sun is not an occasional visitor, for the unpoetic fact is that it shines on us thirty days (and from May to December, one more) out of thirty-one. Still less is it a reluctant luminescence veiled with mists. It is instead a vital, penetrating influence, a physical and a metaphysical immanence. It is a living element. As the elder god, it has been everywhere worshiped far oftener than any other, save in purely Nordic climates where as an absent god it has had an anonymous altar, and this vital principle moulds us Westerners from the moment we are conceived. Sunlight is bred in us. There is little chiaroscuro in our lives. We perhaps lose something in subtlety, bearing in mind that crepuscular, mist-born attenuations of mood

are well thought of by the more correct intellectuals. But on the other hand, as sun-worshipers, as folk whose lives are swayed by the elder deity, we have moods that are distinctly pagan—and paganism, I understand, is championed by the same people. I have sometimes wondered how a hearty paganism was attainable in Manhattan, where the sun is mostly a mere nimbus in the sky. No doubt the will is accepted as the deed, and a good fearless talk in Somebody's Stables will do as a substitute for such orgies as the Moquis or the Utes or the Blackfeet, or we Westerners, their vicars, indulge in at seasonable times.

In the West, too, we have seasons. In the last twelve years I have seen but one spring, and for that heaven sent me back to the mountains. Here in the West the four seasons are distinct and they come at the appointed time. Life, literature, and art are all bound up with the seasons, and folklore attests their importance. In the spring, for instance, the earth proverbially makes the sunwise turn, sap runs upward, nature germinates all about one, one's blood leaps with the reawakening, and desire looking toward birth rises with the warming earth. Folk festivals acknowledge the mystery of reawakening, whether as Easter or the Passover or the earthy frankness of the rites that Frazer discusses in *The Golden Bough*. Think now of spring as it comes to the fog-bound coast of New England, or, through sleet and chill, to the Great Lakes. There is no sun in it, no warmth, no budding of an inner fire, and I wonder that maids are ever married in these climes, or children ever begotten. For how can life make the sunwise turn when a chill wind is blowing black clouds off Lake Michigan to crowd the smoke pall still lower over Chicago? Jazz and hooch and peripheral stimulation, I suppose, must supply the place of the vital principle itself. Well, in the West we are a responsive people, having spring to respond to. So with the other seasons.

You will find in our blood vestigial impulses that may mean to puzzle Easterners that we are emotional folk, but are really the promptings of the Beltane Fires and Allhallow Summer.

Above all, the West is a beautiful country, even when it is hideous. It is, one must understand, both mountains and desert: they merge into each other, and you can step from one to its antithesis in three strides. At one hand will be a spruce forest or a field of melons, and at the other the ground will be corrupt with alkali and greasewood. You may choose either element or a blend of both. It takes a certain hardness to choose the desert, for one who is not habituated to it is oppressed by desolation. But the choice is repaid. No other life is quite so rich in colors or perfumes, and none is so intimately aware of the basic rhythm of the earth, the blueprint plans of creation. In the West we say that when a man has once lived in the desert, he will come back to it again. He will.

But the mountains are more lovely still. It is no part of my purpose to describe them, for I have never been able to deal seriously with those who have not seen them. It is enough that nowhere in the West are you out of sight of them. Men are impelled to love the countryside in which they live. Therefore it has always seemed to me a great pathos that the love of millions of people must be expended on the monotony, the swamps, the abortive hills, the flatness and the sameness of the Middle West. There will yet be a philosopher to explain the Middle West by its unimaginative landscape. That it is a soul-sick region is attested by its literature. Miss Cather, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Floyd Dell, Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius, Miss Suckow, Mr. Frederick, Mr. Muilenberg, and lesser novelists are significantly unanimous in reporting its frustration, dullness, and spiritual insolvency. The horizon of the Middle West is a flat ring, and nowhere that you go in it, save in upper Wisconsin, will you



find relief. It is monotonous as a picket fence, and its beauty is only that of flat surfaces, weak colors, and the tamed and cautious order of its farms. As a result, nervous depression is the commonplace mood of the Middle West. But in the West the horizon is a line of peaks, with gigantic perspectives, played over by barbaric colors that are a persistent fire in the mountain sun.

This great beauty of line and color definitely preserves the West from the neurasthenias of the prairies. I do not mean to say that the typical Westerner is a beauty-lover. Far from it. But one does not have to be eloquent about beauty, or even to be aware of it, in order to obey its influence. A very platitude of psychology says that loveliness is a spiritual antiseptic, a tonic. It is an inoculation against melancholy, and its baleful fruits of compulsion and inhibition. And even the worst atrocity inflicted on the West, the fiction of cowboys and stage-robbers, recognizes as a Western characteristic a certain spiritual resiliency backed by an inner serenity. The Westerner has a typical humorous irony, and the word I need to describe it is obviously "hard-boiled." He does not join the bonanza hunts of the mind and spirit. He is the only practicing cynic in America. You will not palm off on him any kind of millenium whatsoever: political, economic, or social. You cannot drum up anywhere in the West a corporal's guard of adherents to any plan for ushering in perfection—whereas the moment you unfold the standard in Indiana or Iowa, New York or California, oh, especially California, the mob rushing to raise it is a stampede. Nor will any swami, bahai, or mystical Hindu gatgoober convert him to concentration, rhythmic belly-breathing, or the music of the spheres. His soul is acidulous and tonic—because he has been reared in the hills.

The West, too, is a dangerous country. Now it seems to me demonstrated that the harder you must labor to support

life in a country, the more life will recompense you with an affection for the severities you have labored in. An agonizing dawn-to-midnight battle with glacial boulders and dismembered granite produced New England. The sweat of that swinking gave us the first autochthonous white civilization in this country, and incidentally created a love of the New England countryside that has become proverbial if not odious. Something of that process is observable in the West to-day, where survival has never been possible except by the utmost extremity of labor. St. Louis or Chicago or Des Moines cost but little in the building: economic necessity called them into life, and they grew as effortlessly as trees. But Denver and Salt Lake City and Pocatello were thrust into the desert a thousand miles from economic support. They were like germs of life blown into a barren planet and their function must always be at its maximum if they were to persist. They and the ranches that are symbiotically joined with them were won from the desert. Not from the woods or the prairies, not from the river bottoms or the canebrakes, not from great alluvial plains where soil was forty feet deep and forty inches of rain fell every year, not from land that rioted with vegetation whether or not it was plowed—but from the desert. I have said that the West is a beautiful country, but I would point out that danger and terror have traditionally a face of beauty.

I am spending this summer in Massachusetts. The press is grave, for this is a drouth year and there has been a forest fire. I must be pardoned a little disdain. I have never lived a summer in the West when there were not forest fires within a day's riding of my home, all summer long, or when the air of three States, each one of them larger than all New England, was not faintly acrid throughout August with the fires of another State five hundred miles away. This Massachusetts drouth has cut down the customary rainfall a full

quarter. And that quarter, in inches, is just precisely the total annual rainfall of the State where I was born. Two months ago, when I left Illinois, the press there was clamoring about the corn-borer, which might possibly destroy one-tenth of the crop. Two years ago, in the West, I rode through a valley in which one might have mislaid all of Illinois, and there a wearily familiar story was retold: armies of black beetles had come down out of the peaks, and there was no crop left at all.

The point of all this is that in the West we are, far more than any other part of the country, in touch with the earth and subject to it. Its winds and drouths and plagues are not rumors or spectacles to us, but realities that we must deal with. We sometimes are resentful of the earth, and sometimes we actively hate and fear it, but we are never forgetful or disdainful of it. Our awareness is very deep, and this awareness is a fundamental characteristic of us and our land. I would like to linger on it and emphasize it, for I have an idea that, possessing it, we escape a damnation that is evident in certain other places.

### III

The West, like all of America, was once frontier. It was frontier, however, longer and more vividly than any other part, and indeed you may still find portions of it where, alone in America, the frontier persists. Wherever homestead land is still available the old heart-breaking war goes on. You may drive through parts of Idaho, of Wyoming, or Utah where the sagebrush is broken every few miles by a weather-worn shack. To the door of that shack a faded woman will come to gaze at the dust of your automobile till the horizon has risen above it, and somewhere, unseen, her husband is hacking at the sage. But not the presence of the frontier but its memory is powerful in the West to-day.

The frontier has created an extraordi-

nary number of myths, and they have got themselves accepted as realities. So far as they make the rest of the world think of us in preposterous symbols, they do no great harm but rather add to our sum of laughter. But, alas, they have worked into our own thinking, and we see ourselves not as we are but as the myths have made us out to be. The result is only sometimes amusing, but it is always harmful to us and especially to our future. One myth, for instance, exhibits the West as the last great stand of American individualism—the place where a man dares to be himself against the world. Nothing could be more absurdly unrealistic. The West has never been individualistic and is not now. In the nature of things, no horde of individualists could have existed in the desert to which the pioneers came. Only a completely co-operative group, who shared the rigors of the land and banded together to resist them, could have survived. The rapidity with which frontier communities set up local governments is evidence of this anti-individual necessity. Some of these were in fact so outrageously repressive that their memory is perpetuated in grins, but they were always effective. I will be forgiven if I find still stronger evidence in those executive bodies that had no shadow of legality, the vigilance committees. No doubt they were required for the security of the common endeavor, and I rejoice in the realistic way in which they met the situation; but invariably, besides suppressing the desperado, they suppressed also quite guiltless citizens who happened to displease the majority. As John Gale almost wrote in a book I once attributed to him, the true individualist in the West was to be found at one end of a rope whose other end was in the hands of the vigilance committee.

Consequently, the West has always lacked one essential of civilization, a nucleus of minority or unorthodox opinion. There has never been any dissent, and no one can name any



leader, political or social or philosophical or artistic, of heretical thought. The name of Senator Borah may perhaps occur to you, but alas, he is a Middle Westerner who obeyed the Horace Greeley tradition, and I suspect that his acceptance in the West is due to our realistic understanding that, however horribly he may revolt in oratory, in the end he invariably votes with the rest of us. No, we have never been on the side of change nor have we ever granted the right of a minority to exist. We crushed them at birth on the frontier, and so formed a habit that has come to be a conditioned response. The Brahmin of the Back Bay and the Tory everywhere will jealously preserve the right of an opponent to differ from him, for he understands that he must do so if he is to preserve his own identity. But the West has never mastered this elementary principle, and its frontier tradition of suppression is still supreme. It will permit no eccentricity whatsoever in dress, behavior, or belief—or anything else.

If the folkways dictate the pasting of a bathing-girl on our windshields, we will create a corps of pasters to put them on all windshields found without them. If the Chamber of Commerce ordains a Smile-Damn-You!-week, there will be uniformed sentinels on the street-corners to make you smile. If we elect to hold a fête to commemorate the Pony Express or the coming of the railroad, and resolve to grow whiskers to revive the old days, then every male in town must grow whiskers. If he demurs, a committee waits upon him and forbids him to shave till the celebration is over. If he still asserts his right to wear his hair with a difference, the committee calls again and reminds him of its economic power to enforce its orders. Perhaps he can't grow a beard? Well, there is crêpe-hair on the market. He is a traitor, you see, for he has dared to oppose the community will, and he must be dealt with.

In moments of exasperation I have

sometimes thought that this committee was the complete symbol of the West, and though it is not that, it does represent a grave defect in our civilization. It is seconded by our complete inability to stand criticism. The New Yorker, or any other adequately civilized man, is always pleased when fault is found with his civilization; the Westerner is only convinced that the faultfinder is a bigamist, an embezzler, a Bolshevik, and probably an opprobrious kind of pervert as well. The West, he knows, is faultless—and only a corrupt and vicious man could pretend to see a flaw in it. Obviously a corrupt and vicious man is not entitled to the protection of the law; wherefore, to the vigilance committee with him.

Another favorite myth, and one that ties up neatly with this one, has to do with the nature of the pioneers. We will talk for hours about the superior quality of the emigrants who left the East for the rousing adventure of the desert. The Pioneer means to us a heroic compound of all the virtues, and chiefly of courage and intelligence. The fact is that, apart from mining rushes which attracted all the less stable elements of the East indiscriminately, there were just three classes from whom the bulk of the Western migration was made up: restless, unadjusted folk such as old soldiers, rivermen, and roustabouts; people who for one reason or another had occasion to evade the law, whether the criminal code or bankruptcy proceedings; and, by far the largest class, those who were driven West by economic pressure, which is to say those who had found competition in the East too strenuous for them, which is to say further, the unfit. The typical pioneer was a middle-aged chap with a half-grown family. He had been thrown out of work by a shutdown of Eastern mills or by foreclosure on his Middle-Western lands. What he expected in the West was only survival, only solvency, which may be expressed as free land. Though he came to work the land he was prob-

ably not a farmer at all and certainly not a good farmer. If he had been the latter he would have stayed on his own acres which, wherever they might be, were incomparably richer and more easily worked than any he could find in the West.

This fact joins up, on the one hand, with our aversion to personal freedom, and on the other hand it creates our democracy. The hand-clasp, you will remember, is a little stronger. Well, we have had our full share of the sumptuary legislation that goes with that hand-clasp, and I need not specify it here but only refer the interested to the reports of our law-making bodies, which have loyally expressed our taboos. Instead, I mention the democracy of our business—which is strangely out of keeping with our native cynicism. We have got so used to the General Confession as a public institution that we endure without a protest—nay, actually with the pride of democratic men—the Booster in the most awful purity of the type. And this is our heritage from inferior or defeated men—a great yearning to be as other men. Elsewhere, the Rotary badge may be laid away at bedtime or when men meet in secret over a pint of bootleg for the communion of male souls. But the Western Booster counts it secret treason when he has slept without dreaming of giving Denver a million by 1930, or waked without invoking the god of Florida real estate over his toothbrush. For other Boosters there may be occasional recess and surcease from function, but not for him. Tarantulas have stung him to make the West equal to the Middle West in vulgarity, in sameness, and in false values—and he will dance his obscene and desirous envy till he dies.

And this great lust to make the West democratically identical with portions of the country it has the great good fortune not to resemble is our most pathetic and most ridiculous characteristic. In the nature of things the

West cannot be the Middle West, no matter how much we will the identity, and the will is in itself preposterous. It is the inferiority-yearning, of course, and it means that the Booster portion of the West does not understand its country or its people. To profane the sanctuary of the mountains with the barbarities of the prairies is to soil beauty and to defile purity and, generally, to lay oneself open to the ribald laughter of the world. Fortunately, I repeat, it cannot be done.

#### IV

Whatever the date of its beginning, the bulk of Western settlement occurred during the Sixties and Seventies of the last century, an age almost incredible to this generation. The Forties we can understand, the Eighties are familiar ground, but the cynical materialism that followed the Civil War is incomprehensible to-day, even in the proconsulate of an Executive who goes to the Middle West and dons rodeopants (not, you must understand, ranchpants or *chaparajos*). In the Seventies the national taste reached the lowest level it has ever known. Look at the styles as they are preserved in Godey's. Recall the society that was edified by Jim Fisk. Inspect an 1870 room in a museum and take note of the glassware, the furniture, and the decorations. Think back to the literature of America after Poe and Melville and Hawthorne had died and the New England school had spent its force, and before such people as Mark Twain and Henry James had emerged. It was a nadir.

These tastes and sentiments, these intellectual and artistic impulses, the pioneers brought West with them. They at once took up their death-grapple with the soil, and the West has never thoroughly outgrown their tastes. In its whole extent there are not more than a dozen public buildings that are even decent, and practically all of these are concentrated in Denver. There is no



Western architecture—no native architecture developed from the Western soil and appropriate to the Western scene. The Southwest has achieved an architecture, native, beautiful, and appropriate, and southern California was on its way toward one before Iowa and the movies flooded it and put an end to all art. But not even a start has been made in the West. For all public purposes the Seventies are unchanged; for private purposes the Seventies have struck a compromise with the bungalow, and so an atrocity has begotten upon an absurdity a child that can only be called a monster.

Neither is there any other native art in the West. The explanation for this grave lack must be the corrupt taste of our formative period and the actual poverty that has attended our struggle with the desert. Artists enough, certainly, have been born in the West. A surprising number of the best in America—painters, writers, sculptors, and musicians—were born within sight of the peaks. To catalogue them here would be invidious, but I must mention one. Think of the poet, æsthetician, critic, controversialist, and complete boulevardier who is above all others the most utter of advanced folk—the purple-whiskered, fire-breathing, ring-tailed gyascutus to whom anyone's else farthest futurism is day before yesterday, the man who may be said to have invented E. E. Cummings and to have dreamed T. S. Eliot, the man who has created unassisted the gaudiest exoticisms of our most febrile arts. Then think of the Idaho desert, drab with sage, white with alkali, torrid with sun, waterless peaks rising above it, heat-mirage distorting its horizons—a place where, one thinks, only the most nerveless of Mr. Mencken's morons could survive. And then reflect that here, among the cowhands and the rattlesnakes, Ezra Pound was born.

They are born in the West but there is no native culture to hold or nourish them. The art galleries of the West

are non-existent; its journalism is mediocre; its libraries are rudimentary; its museums are antique shops; its universities, all but one, are high-schools; its music does not exist outside of the movie houses. Now and then a Chamber of Commerce will get behind a traveling orchestra or opera company and boost it for the glory of Snakeville, or a Legislature will solemnly authorize a fourteen-by-twenty-four panorama of the discovery of antimony in Cactus Gulch. But, as yet, there is no popular toleration of art, and an artist means, to the typical Westerner, a queer chap who is deficient in virility or has something the matter with his lungs. Wherefore our artists naturally stampede eastward, all of them that are worth a damn (I add the reservation to forestall the mail from Salt Lake City). I am not, however, particularly dismayed by this fact,\* for they go east from everywhere west of the Hudson, and south from New England, and north from Baltimore. And there is one significant difference. I can think of no reason why an artist should go back to Kan-kakee or Memphis. But our Western artists come home, from time to time. As we say, when a man has once lived in the desert, he will come back.

Finally, the Westerner not only has no desire for intimate beauty but displays an ominous tendency to corrupt his countryside. I know of no city, town, or village in all the West that is beautiful in itself, apart from its setting. New England villages, merely by the use of white paint and the discreet grouping of elms and steeples and roses, are lovely in themselves; and in the South and along the Green Bay shore of Wisconsin one is constantly delighted by the human scene. But in the West, one must keep one's eyes on the mountains or be constantly affronted not only by the unlovely buildings and groupings but also by an altogether unpardonable frowziness in their surroundings. If old abandoned mining shafts have sometimes been covered up,

then vast acreages of dumps neighbor with the city hall, and if sometimes the dumps have been suppressed, still no one has thought to paint the fences. And the West seems to have a diabolical determination to contaminate the mountains. You will hardly find a Podunk in all that expanse that has not its name or its initial in whitewashed cobblestones half-way up a commanding peak, illuminated at night and usually accompanied by a slogan as vulgar as the best minds can make it. Vast projects for covering the mountains with gingerbread-work are always on foot: schemes to pipe a new waterfall here, to set a searchlight on a peak there, to build an artificial ice-cavern elsewhere, and so on. My native town, for instance, has thus far been too poor to carry out its cherished dreams, but some day it will be able to afford them and then the long yearning will be satisfied. In that day, from the tip of a peak that rises a mile above the city will swing a sky-sign which will blaze the blessed syllables of "Ogden" to all the world, and at the entrance to our loveliest canyon, between bastions of granite a thousand feet high, there will be a thirty-foot arch of lath and plaster inscribed with some exquisite sentiment about the vales and hills.

## V

The conclusion is prophecy. It is apparent that when I have praised the West, in these pages, I have praised its countryside, and when I have rebuked it I have been talking about its cities. The Westerners, then, who are most in touch with the Western soil are altogether admirable, and it is only the towns that have gone a-whoring after the false gods of Boosterdom.

This strange aberration is all the more surprising because it is unnatural and against God. The Rotary button is an alien badge in a Western lapel. In Omaha, in Dubuque, in Moline its wearers are born to it and their lives are rightfully devoted to the concepts

for which it stands. For the true function of the Middle-Western town is to grow into a city, to increase the aggregate of its farm-loans and its bank-clearings, to bring more factory payrolls to its territory, and to aspire always upward till it has approximated as closely to Chicago as heaven will permit. But the West can never approximate Chicago. Our salvation is that we are earth-bound. Our enormous distances can never fill up. Hard facts of soil and climate and limited productivity will keep us always very much as we are. Denver can never become St. Louis, and never, never can Greasewood Corners become Peoria.

We are, I have said, a naturally cynical people, and we have never bought stock in any millennium. We did not suffer fools gladly in the old days when our towns were jumping-off places; we do not suffer them gladly now, in places where we are still desperately wrestling with the desert; and I do not think we shall suffer them gladly anywhere much longer. This strange delusion that fools can make desert crossroads into metropolises by shouting and handclapping is one kind of millennial dream, and must eventually be recognized as one. In that day the West will arise with a strong laughter and will lovingly slay its Rotaries.

The rest must follow naturally. The *nach-Chicago* ideal, with its luncheon-clubs and its bungalows and its bathing-girl posters, is an unhealthy cosmopolitanism and quite alien to us. The Booster is a man who yearns to make the citizen of one Portland indistinguishable from the citizen of the other, whose heart is set on forcing San Francisco and New Orleans to duplicate each other, who sees perfection as a nation of standardized cities living standardized lives synchronously. This is cosmopolitanism and it is dangerously allied to the dreams of revolutionists. Well, in the West we have been traditionally derisive of strangers, and we have resisted all their blights and vices but



this one. In that great day when we laugh our Boosters into paralysis, we will surge back to our native provincialism. We will rear us a great wall, man it with our Tenth Legion, and decree that no stranger shall tarry within it save he be silent, not giving tongue to his aberrant dreams.

A more thorough-going provincialism, a recognition that our ways are not the ways of Grand Rapids, is what the West must some day achieve. The West for Westerners! We are a desert folk, and the moment we acknowledge the ultimate conditions of our estate, that moment we shall be saved. Left to ourselves, we will do very nicely. Once we have got rid of alien ideals and alien ideas,

together with alien arts and architectures and institutions, evolution and inbreeding will develop a native civilization. We are healthier and saner and less trusting than our neighbors on either side, and we live in the sun. Our inheritance and the nature of our countryside are beyond the purchasing of others. When we come to admitting them and abiding by them, rather than aping the insanities of the mist-dwellers, well, in those days they shall look upon us, the foreign devils whom the tourist agencies bring among us, with a desolate and hopeless envy in their eyes. But, pending such a time, one remembers the bungalow and the plaster arch, and is dumb.

## INCOMING TIDE

BY RALPH EMERSON HACKETT

**I** *HAVE grown tired of being ever boundless,  
Burned by the Eastern sun, cooled by the West.  
Now in my body, infinite and soundless  
Wakes a desire for rest.*

*God, I have borne Your tempests in my deep,  
Crushed with Your strength the vanity of fools.  
Now let me find my valleys; let me sleep  
Once more in quiet pools.*



## SHOULD OUR COLLEGES EDUCATE?

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE duty of deans, I suppose, is to make colleges institutions of higher learning. The fruitlessness of their best efforts does not release them from the obligation of trying continually; hence it is unsportsmanlike to criticize them for their fierce and persistent efforts to introduce education into American colleges as one of the major interests. The deans represent the educational interest, and it's a poor lawyer who can't believe in his own case.

But to grant that the dean is entitled to exemption from criticism for his advocacy of education is not to imply that he is entitled to encouragement from the laity in his fight. An advocate's duty is to make the best possible case consistent with the facts; but not even in the interest of his client is he morally justified in refusing to admit the facts. It seems to me that of late American educators have been inclined to claim a little more than is their just due. They demand that education be made the main business of the colleges—which is permissible for deans—but they also demand that the public join them in lamenting their failure to establish education—which is a little too much.

Not long since a dean in one of the most awe-inspiring of American universities pointed out to me that the American A.B. is a bastard degree, without an equivalent in the educational system of any other civilized country, a degree without academic significance, without reason and without excuse. The holder of an American A.B., said this authority, is from the academic point of view nothing in particular, neither educated nor

illiterate, neither scholar nor ignoramus. He has received something more than the instruction indispensable to the making of a good mechanic, but not enough to make a man of science or of letters. Yet this nondescript product is the standard of education in America.

This is undeniable, and it is natural, and no doubt proper, for the dean to be exercised over it. But it was obvious that he expected me to be shocked, too, and in that I found myself unable to oblige him. Suppose the American A.B. is a nondescript, a bastard degree, signifying nothing in scholarship. What of it?

The dean would answer excitedly that it indicates that the colleges are not educating American youth. But what of that? Should they be educated?

### II

The answer depends, of course, upon the definition of education. There are those who maintain that education may be defined as any process that tends to make men nobler, happier, stronger, and wiser; and that Americans might be improved by a great deal of education in that sense is not to be denied—at least not by one who is affiliated with neither the Ku Klux Klan nor the Republican Party.

But to undergraduates, and to not a few faculty members education means taking a course of study leading to a degree. Specifically, to undergraduates it means the course leading to the A.B. degree, and to my friend the dean the courses leading to one of the doctorates, Ph., M., Sc., or what not. He is suspicious even of the A.M.



Now, far be it from me to decry the value of courses of study. I think they are fine, although I speak from observation, rather than from experience. Being but a lowly *Artium Baccalaureus* myself, and that more by the grace of God and an indulgent examining committee than by my own prowess, my acquaintance with courses of study is but sketchy. Nevertheless, such knowledge as I have of them supports the theory that they are altogether worthy.

But it does not necessarily follow that they are the prime need of American youth, particularly of American undergraduates. Memories of my own college days, observation from the outside of students in half a dozen other institutions, and direct contact with them as a faculty member in a representative American university lead me to the conviction that what the American college student needs—and what he gets—is not primarily education, but civilization.

Perhaps this should come to him in the classroom; but does it? Where are the excitement, the stress and strain, the triumphs and defeats, the thrills, joys, bitterness, and lingering memories—in short, the kick—in a man's college career? In the classroom? Sometimes, perhaps, but not in mine, my lords and gentlemen—as student and as teacher, assuredly not in mine. All the kick lay in what are well and unfavorably known as "student activities." For some it was found on the athletic field, for some in the debating halls, for others in the Glee Club, or the Debating Society, or the frat house, or the student publications, or the fascinating area of campus politics. The coach, not the professor, was the tyrannous but unchallenged master; and all the sad young men on the faculty observed with pain and agitation that students were coached so much and so incessantly that they hadn't time to acquire an education while in college.

But who created this condition? Why, the students, the lads who are putting up the time, the money, and the

energy expended in going to college, aided and abetted by alumni, that is, men who have themselves been to college and ever since have been slowly and painfully acquiring an education.

Now, having been a college professor, I agree fervently with the dictum that a student has no sense. But neither has a bee, yet the hive is a marvel of organized efficiency. The fact that an individual student subordinates classroom work to other things means precisely nothing, but when half a million students do so it means a great deal. If American students as a class are going in for things not prescribed in the catalogue, the chances are that there is a flaw in the catalogue. The condition indicates that the things they need most are not in the catalogue.

And what, indeed, are these prescriptions? They are adaptations of the courses of study originated in European, especially English, universities. Basically, they represent the sort of thing required to educate the son of an English gentleman, that is to say, an Englishman who has inherited money. What it takes to make a scholar of an English gentleman's son, that the catalogue has. But it is applied to the education of the sons of American farmers, storekeepers, plumbers, policemen, and street-car conductors, who have not inherited money and have made enough to send their boys to college only by years of intense concentration on their jobs, to the exclusion of purely intellectual interests. Secondary education in every other country in the world—Revolutionary Russia perhaps excepted—has always been and is yet highly selective, restricted to an extremely small class. Only America has undertaken anything resembling mass education in the higher branches.

If America is making something of a mess of it, that need occasion no surprise. The first experiment along any line is likely to be messy. But for my part, I decline to believe that anything of the sort is happening, because I believe that

the students are rescuing the colleges in the teeth of the deans, professors, pedagogical associations, and committees on academic standards. I think that the average American youth who goes to college gets something that he needs badly, in spite of the frantic efforts of the faculty to make him take something that he needs less.

There comes to mind the case of a boy who drifted into conversation with me one day after class. Theoretically, we were discussing some point in the day's work, but the talk shuffled around until the point was lost and the chap began to talk of what really interested him, namely the Glee Club. Then it developed that two years in the University had resulted in one complete alteration in his point of view. To that extent the University had functioned in this man's case, but it did not function in the classroom.

He had come to the campus with the desire to make the Glee Club; for in his native village he had been a member of a notable street-corner quartet and loved to sing. But when he attended the first rehearsal he was appalled, for the Glee Club was working on a program of old German chorales and medieval Latin hymns. He would have walked out in disgust but for the fact that the Glee Club was, after all, an organization of considerable social prestige. So he continued to hang around at rehearsals and at his seventeenth hearing of *Plorate, filii Israel* it struck him with the force of a sensational discovery that the tune had a kick in it! Then and there he was hooked, and into his subsequent successful effort to make the Glee Club he threw a passion, a fervor, a single-minded devotion that would have been good for an A-plus in the most difficult course open to freshmen.

As it was, he ended the term with more conditions than A's, and at the end of the year he squeezed into the sophomore class by a sickeningly narrow margin. He made the Glee Club easily, almost brilliantly, but deans shook their heads over his case, and instruc-

tors lamented the folly of a young man with an excellent mind who frittered away his time on outside interests, spending a year and a thousand of his father's dollars only to be left hanging on, so to speak, by his eyebrows.

But as he talked to me that afternoon my sympathy with the faculty point of view began to waver. I had hammered at him all the year, and the dint I had made in his consciousness could, perhaps, be detected with a micrometer but certainly not with the unaided eye. But he had been hammered into a new shape, all the same. Johann Sebastian Bach and Georg Friedrich Handel had been working on him, and he had paid attention to them, if not to me; and I decline to admit in public that I think him a fool for doing so. He had learned little Latin and less Greek. But he had learned that Palestrina is not the name of the Holy Land, and he had lost completely his former partiality for "The Red, Red Robin Comes a-Bob, Bob, Bobbin'." He had learned that music is an expression of civilization which affords to the intelligent listener a dozen kinds of pleasure apart from the tickling of his ears with concord of sweet sounds. Hence life will hereafter be to him interesting and amusing in a dozen new ways. As he talked to me that afternoon, with all his conditions lowering over his head, he was years farther along the road to becoming a civilized man than he was when he had heard *Plorate, filii Israel* only sixteen times.

### III

We may say he should have had all this before he came to college. A boy raised in a highly civilized home, the son of parents with leisure, money, and intelligence, does not have to learn appreciation of music in the Glee Club, or sportsmanship on the football field, or readiness in the debating society, or manners in the frat house. He may lack familiarity with the worlds of sport, art, politics and good society, but he is



aware of their existence. He is in a position to appreciate and to begin assimilating the essence of civilization presented in the works of men of genius which are the material of classroom study.

But masses of college students come to-day from homes in which the arts and graces of civilization are at most matters of hearsay; and they are not educable until they have had some experience of the matters of which the masters treat in their books. Student activities, for all their inanity, are to a certain extent a simulacrum of the world of the intellect, and participation in the affairs of this small world prepares the student for assimilation of information touching the great one.

It is unfortunately true that this preparation is not absolutely essential to the reception and retention of information, but only to its assimilation. The colleges are so perniciously efficient that they not infrequently graduate men without first civilizing them. These fill the world and, what is worse, college faculties with doctors of philosophy who are no more educated men than are so many Tennessee legislators, although they are stuffed with fantastic and perfectly useless knowledge.

There is probably nothing that can be done about this, or, rather, nothing that will be done about it. In view of our present mania for education mere advocacy of the abolition of a degree is something less than respectable. But to advocate the raising of standards is another thing. Why not raise the requirements of the Ph.D. by adding to the present examinations one or two designed to prove that the candidate is fit to live among civilized people? It should be simple enough. All that is necessary to clear him of the suspicion of monomania is to make sure that he knows something and can do something not related to his major, and unlikely in any conceivable circumstances to assist him in his career as a teacher.

As touching knowledge, he might be required, for example, to identify the

finale of the César Franck sonata for piano and violin played on a talking machine, or name the winners of the Kentucky derby for the last five years, or translate the cryptogram ABRHPOAE, or tell what three up and two to go means, or distinguish between the Widow Clicquot and the Widow of Windsor. As a test of virtuosity he might be given his choice among dancing the Black Bottom acceptably, driving not less than one hundred and twenty-five yards, walking a six-inch plank with five cocktails aboard, putting three place-kicks out of seven across the bar, or supporting a busted flush so impressively as to cause someone to throw down a pair of tens.

If some such procedure were adopted, the total acreage of Ph.D.'s would be reduced, to be sure, but the value of the remaining crop would rise so sharply that the result would be a net gain. It would make it impossible for a man to be called educated until he had first been at least partially civilized.

The American undergraduate has not known this, but he has felt it, dimly and vaguely. Somehow he is aware that when he comes to college he is not educable, and he casts around desperately for something to make him so.

In student activities he discovers a makeshift. It is unfortunately true that by the time he becomes mentally adult, and, therefore, fit to receive an education, his college days are so nearly over that he has not time to be educated before a diploma is thrust upon him and he is thrust out.

But does it follow that he has thrown away four years and anything from four to ten thousand dollars? I presume to doubt it. It is true that he is likely to spend from fifteen to fifty subsequent years snatching up odds and ends of knowledge that he would have received in school had he been able to assimilate it. But what of that? It amuses him and keeps him mentally fit; and the college did civilize him to the point at which he could assimilate information.

The man who thinks that American undergraduates are as a whole wasting a considerable proportion of their time and money simply has not lately come into intimate contact with college men. By chance I have had opportunity to compare collegians with young Americans selectively drafted into the Army. The best infantry regiment in the service might have the physical advantage over two thousand undergraduates taken at random, but beyond that the soldiers would have no show. And the physical superiority would not be great.

And so, in spite of the clamor of deans and committees on academic standards, I am at ease in Zion. The boys are all right. They are frivolous and light-

minded. They are indolent in the classroom. They make perfect idiots of themselves over football and other imbecile contests. They pay the head coach twice as much money and ten times as much honor as they pay the college president because, being realists, they know the coach is worth the difference. They come out of college woefully ignorant of books. But they get their money's worth, because they come out much more apt than they were when they went in to live like civilized men, and much less apt to join the Ku Klux Klan.

I wish, indeed, that I were quite sure that my days are as profitably employed as theirs.

## FOR SEVEN YEARS

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

*SHE is a lady who for seven years  
Has been like a tree blown on by an evil wind,  
The symmetry of its foliage is thinned,  
And if to the twisting boughs fruit still adheres  
It is small and bright and with a bitter sting—  
Only the roots have traced beneath the ground  
Tenacious patterns moving without sound,  
Only the bark grows thick and sheltering.*





## UP NEAR TAWAS

A STORY

BY M. W. MOUNTJOY

IT'S a funny thing, the way it happened.

I think it was in 1924. . . . Yes, 1924, because it was the same winter Jim Skelly froze two fingers off, driving over to look at the old fellow they pulled out of Connor's Lake.

I remember it was late afternoon. The wind had been in the north, or nearly north, all day, and it was getting dark early. I sat around reading some catalogue and dozing all afternoon, I remember, and it was about five when I got around to bank the fire and drain the pump and lock it.

I was inside here, just ready to switch off the lights when I spied him come over the top of yonder hill and a minute later he roared in here. He was in a big Lincoln coupé and he had been driving her hard. Man, them big cars are fine things. I knew the minute he brought her up she was the livest thing under that canopy.

If you've been around cars much, you can tell just like you used to could tell about horses. Do you know what I mean?

Well, he jumped out from under the wheel. "Fill her up," he says. He had on a khaki jacket and breeches but no hat, and he immediately lights a cigarette.

"You'll have to put that out first," I says, and he looked at the cigarette and then at me as if he didn't know he'd lit one, and flicked it into the snow.

It was getting pretty gray by now, and that little carbon bulb under the canopy

never lit things up very well. The car was still breathing hard. Every once in a while the water around the motor would turn over with a thump or two. There ain't another sound like it.

Well, I took the cap off the gas tank and stuck down a rule to get an idea how much she needed. There was just about an inch in the bottom. He was watching me.\*

"You're lucky to make it," I says. He looked at me a minute and then says:

"Yeh?"

"Sure," I says. "You'd never made Tawas, and if you'd got here five minutes later you'd have missed me. This is the only station along this road in the winter, and yours is the fifth car that's passed to-day."

Of course there is a couple more open along here now, but they're boarded up in the fall. There ain't enough in it for more than one after the tourist season. If the rest didn't close, I would. But seeing I been here the longest, they sort of grant me the privilege. I never mentioned it to any of them.

"Lucky, eh?" he says.

"Sure," I says.

Well, I filled the tank, and that sort of gave me a good day for the wintertime. She had quieted down now and that made me feel better. I always feel a little excited myself working around a big car that's all het up.

"Better look at the oil, too," he says. He was lighting another cigarette, but I didn't say nothing to him. He was

a fine-looking man somewhere between thirty-five and forty, I should say. He looked kind of pale under that carbon light, and I could tell he was nervous, the quick way he'd strike a match and snap it into the snow. But he wasn't built like the nervous type. I figured he might have been drinking some.

Well, I came in here and got a flash and a quart of medium-heavy oil. When I came out he was sitting on the running board with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. I went around to the other side of the car and used the flash to find the locks on the hood.

Well, sir, strapped there between the hood and the fender was just about the biggest buck I ever seen. I let the flash run over him and he was a beauty. He was upside down, and you could see his long, wheat-yellow belly. His neck was fine and full. I felt of him, and of course he was cold and stiff. But he didn't look cold even with his slender legs in the air and the light frost all over him. He looked warm and full. God, he was a beautiful creature—even there on his back.

I had some trouble getting the hood up. She needed oil, too. I poured the quart into her over the buck's belly. Then I went back for more. He was lying down with his back against the curve of the front fender and his legs along the running board, with his eyes closed, smoking.

"Well," I says, "it looks to me as if somebody had some luck."

"Yes?" he says. "What makes you think so?" He didn't open his eyes.

"Well," I says, "with the law allowing a man one buck a season, and with you with about the finest animal I ever seen brought out of those woods, I'd say somebody had some luck."

He smiled a little.

It was pretty dark by now and beginning to snow again. A slow, quiet snow. The wind had died down. I brought out a couple more quarts, and they sent the gauge up nicely. Then I

put the hood down carefully and locked it. I let the flash run over that buck again. The gash was in his neck just above the chest.

"So you think I'm lucky?" he says. He'd walked around the back of the car and was standing behind me. I didn't see him come, and it kind of startled me.

"Well," I says, "you may say it wasn't luck at all. You may say it was just a good, clean shot. But I still maintain it was luck that gave you the biggest buck in those woods to shoot at."

The way he looked at me I got the idea for the first time he was going to say more than six words. But then he looked up the road.

"How far up did you get him?" I asks.

"I didn't," he says. "He belongs to my son."

"Oh," I says. He didn't look old enough to have a grown son. "Did you leave the boy up there?"

"No," he says. "I brought him with me. I'm bringing them home together. He's in there."

He pointed into the coupé. It was dark inside and you couldn't see anything. I hadn't thought of looking before, because I figured the man must be travelling alone. It seemed kind of funny, for there ain't many who come up here deer hunting alone. Usually come in twos or fours or sixes. But I figured he might be coming back alone on account of business or something like that. He looked like a man of some account, and of course corner grocers don't drive Lincolns.

Well, I thought, the kid must be asleep in there.

"How old is he?" I says.

"Fifteen," he says.

"Well," I says, "he sure is a lucky kid."

"Yes?" he says.

"Sure," I says. "I know how my kid would feel if he brought home an animal like that. He'd be like to burst."

"Oh, you got a boy?" he says.

"One," I says.



He looked up the road again and closed his eyes. I was getting cold standing there with the empty bottles and the flash in my bare hands. He didn't have hat or coat on.

"What's his name?" he says suddenly.

"John," I says.

"Mine's named Franklin," he says.

"His mother named him."

What the hell, I thought, but I says:

"Well, he's a lucky kid, anyhow."

"Where is your boy now?" he says.

"Home with the missus, I guess," I says.

"Here's mine," he says. He reached over and took the flash out of my hand, and he was trembling. It was getting funnier all the time. I couldn't smell liquor on him.

Well, he stepped over and opened the door of the car and motioned for me to step over too. I suddenly got the idea he'd been wanting to open that door and show me all along. He seemed anxious to show somebody, it didn't matter who, I guess. I just happened to be the only one around.

Well, I stepped over and he turned the flash inside the car. The kid was wrapped in a plaid blanket low in the seat with his legs up under the dash. There was a leather strap around the blanket to keep it tight about him, I guess. Just his curly head was sticking out.

It was easy to see he was dead. There was a hard trickle of blood running out of his hair and over his cheek and down under the blanket. He was a good-looking kid. His hair was yellow and, if you stood so you couldn't see the blood on the farther cheek, his face looked almost like a carving. It was so white and clear.

Seeing him there didn't surprise me so much as you might think. The old man had been acting so queer.

"How did it happen?" I asks.

"Shot," he says.

"I know," I says, "I seen a lot come out that way. Do you know who did it?"

"Yes," he says.

"What are you going to do about it?" I says.

"I don't know yet," he says. I looked at him and he had a sort of sickly, sad smile on his face. "I did it," he says.

"Are you sure?" I says.

"Yes," he says.

I took the flash and came back in here. "Better come in and get warm," I says.

It was black outside by that time and the wind was picking up again. The stove was still warm, and we both stood over it, and I rubbed my hands. Then I sat down and he sat down, too. One minute he seemed anxious to go and the next he seemed anxious to stay. I knew it was way after five and the missus would be sore.

"That's too bad," I says.

"What would your wife do if you brought home your boy like that?" he says.

"God," I says, "I don't know."

"Would she cry or faint?"

"I don't know," I says.

"I don't believe Sylvia would cry," he says. "What would you do, walk in and tell her first? Or would you wire her?"

"I wouldn't wire her," I says.

"No?" he says.

"I might just carry him in and put him on the bed," I says.

"Christ," he says, "it'll be terrible." He was sitting on that keg and rubbing the palms of his hands hard against his knees. I sure felt sorry for him. He lit another cigarette and I didn't have the heart to tell him to put it out, but when he was going to toss the match away I says, "Give it to me," and I put it in the stove.

It seems he was their only kid. Kind of a mamma's boy, I gathered. Not girlish, you understand, but not extra strong. His ma was just wild about him, I guess, and wouldn't let him out much. Well, it seems the old man had been trying for a couple years to get her

to let him take the boy north with him. They got a small lodge up above Long Lake.

Well, they'd been up there three or four days, I gathered, when the kid, always walking a little ahead of the old man, came upon this buck on the edge of a small clearing and without a word from the old man, plunked him dead. They had a time bringing him in.

It seems they only had one more day then before the old man had to be back, so they went out early again the next morning.

He'd never come out without his quota, he says, and the fact that the kid had brought down such a fine specimen made him all the more anxious. Late in the afternoon they were coming back, it seems, without having seen a thing. The kid was running here and there like a hound dog.

Well, I guess the old man got a little careless at the last, and when he saw some brush ahead of him break, he shot. The kid fell without a sound, he said, and he found him belly down over an old pine log. He caught just the edge of the charge.

All of a sudden he jumped up and stepped on his cigarette and went out the door.

"Do you suppose she's got plenty of water?" I calls to him.

"Better look," he says and crawls under the wheel.

I went out and got a bucket and filled her up. I hadn't got the cap back on before he had the motor roaring.

"Well, she's full up," I says.

"How far to Tawas?" he says.

"About seventeen mile," I says.

"Straight along this road?" he says.

"Yes," I says, "except for that jog at the culvert a mile up."

"Is it bad?" he says.

"Well," I says, "it's pretty sharp and it's icy."

"Just a mile up?" he says.

"Just a mile," I says. We were yelling at each other for he had the motor roaring. He threw her into gear and tore out from under the canopy. I remembered then that he hadn't paid me, and I yelled at him. He heard me, but I guess he thought I was just yelling more directions, because he just turned and waved at me.

Well, I looked at my watch and it was after six. The snow was coming down faster and it was getting colder. I put out all the lights and locked up the shanty and started up the road. I remembered that I had given away twenty gallon of gas and three quarts of oil, but it didn't seem to bother me. The ruts in the road were filling up fast. I remembered I could probably have ridden as far as the house with him, but I was glad I didn't. It would have been hell sitting between that man and his kid.

Well, next day I wasn't open more than an hour when Jim Skelly, the under-sheriff, pulls up and tells me how they just found a man, a boy, and a big buck all minced up together under a big coupé below the culvert. It seems they missed the turn, jumped the culvert, and ended up against Old Hoskin's elm fifty or sixty feet above. Jim said the car must have been travelling at least sixty-five or seventy. And after me warning him just before he left.

Well, he was pretty upset, and I guess when a man's in a fix like that he don't care much anyhow.





# THE TRUTH ABOUT FASCIST CENSORSHIP

BY GEORGE SELDES

**“WE ARE bound by the worst censorship ever imposed. We must not write anything that might reflect on the Fascisti. We are confined to an apology for political assassination. It broke my heart not to be able to report the Matteotti case as it should be done, but it would have meant arrest and expulsion from Italy.”**

To me this extract from a letter written by one of America's best-known newspapermen, one who is still resident in Rome and who is proud to call himself a friend and admirer of Mussolini, is the most illuminating protest against the press situation in Europe to-day. Similar letters could be written not only about conditions in Italy, but in Russia, Spain, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Poland, and many other nations, colonies, and mandated territories in which foreign offices and military establishments make constant efforts to prevent truthful news from reaching America and to keep journalists in hand by the daily threat of deportation.

Ten years ago when I first came to Europe censorship was universal. Moreover, in time of war, with frontiers closed and every agency of international communications heavily guarded, it was effective. Since the armistice censorship as we knew it in war time has continued or reappeared occasionally in almost every part of the continent; and to-day, being largely ineffective by itself under peace conditions, it is supplemented by a subtler, more refined, diplomatic, and altogether more vicious system.

Italy and Russia are the best examples

of all that is old and new in the art of suppression. In both countries you will find the stupid blue pencil at work on cables, altering news, inserting propaganda, sometimes destroying dispatches completely; and side by side with these antiquated, discredited, and largely futile methods you will find the new policy of terrorism, or if you prefer a milder term, intimidation.

I went to Italy as the representative of an American newspaper after nearly two years as a correspondent in Berlin. I had previously been forced to leave Russia because I would not submit to the Bolshevik censorship; but I felt I had a right to expect that in Rome I should find comparative journalistic freedom. This was to be a permanent assignment; it followed four professional trips to Italy from the years 1919 to 1925, during the first of which I had reported the communist uprising in Milan and Turin and had visited Fiume, where the romantic d'Annunzio had organized the black-shirted, black-fezzed Arditi who were later to form the swashbuckling leaders of the Fascist militia.

I was soon disillusioned. “You must watch yourself here; you cannot write about the Fascisti as you do about politics in defeated Germany,” everyone at the Casa della Stampa Esteri, the press club, warned me. “You'll be expelled if you tell everything.”

“Is there a censorship?” I asked.

“There is, for the local press; you won't get much information from the papers; sometimes there is some news in the first editions, but the censor cuts it

to bits. There is no official censorship over cables. We wish there were. But the foreign office watches you, delays your cables, sometimes suppresses them, sometimes alters them. It's all done secretly. And if you write anything unfavorable to Fascism you will be expelled."

Within a few weeks I received a letter from the American Ambassador asking me to call. Mr. Fletcher was apologetic. He began by assuring me that he had informed Dino Grandi, the Under-secretary of State, that my news dispatches were no business of the Embassy. Yet he had consented to transmit to me a warning from Mussolini. Mussolini didn't like my work.

Strange how these grand dictators sitting in their Kremlins and their Palazzos always have time to look into some reporter's dispatches! Yet true. Almost everyone who has ever interviewed Mussolini and Trotsky or Tchitcherin will remember the colored pencil scanning the columns of the local or foreign papers. These great men seem to care so much for public opinion!

The Ambassador and I discussed the news to which the Fascist chieftains had objected. Certainly not to any item of the grandiose plans for a world-conquering army and navy, for magnificent colonies, for Italianization of the Mediterranean, for the "battle of the wheat" to make Italy self-supporting in food; not to my reports of the fight to stabilize the lira, or of the efforts to obtain a loan from American bankers. Certainly not to any of these items which came up almost daily in the carbon files. But there was an item about the persistent troubles due to the unpunished Matteotti murder, and there was another telegram about the revolt of five political parties under the leadership of Amendola, the only strong force left to the Aventine, the Opposition.

After a long talk with the Ambassador, who seemed to sympathize with the difficulties of the American reporters in giving the two sides of the Fascist case,

I wrote a long letter to the Foreign Office. It said in part:

It would not be honest for the Paris correspondent to give only the radical-socialist viewpoint, the Berlin correspondent to give only the coalition viewpoint or the Moscow correspondent to state the successes of Bolshevism and leave out the Soviet terrorism. For the same reason it is necessary for the Rome correspondent to give more than the official Fascist press viewpoint.

We are required to give the facts, to relate happenings; not viewpoints of foreign governments, but facts of interest to the American viewpoint. The American people are not satisfied with official governmental statements alone. The bankers, tourists, holders of foreign bonds, business men, the foreign-born, want the journalists to tell them the truths which the consuls and ambassadors send to the State Department in confidence. Sometimes this is most difficult, especially where censorship prevails, as in Bolshevik Russia. If you permit me to speak frankly, I will say that the greatest alarm prevailed in America when the Italian censorship was announced, and even to-day the greatest suspicion attaches to Italian news. Even your great friend, the correspondent of the Associated Press, representative of a co-operative society known for its disinterestedness, objectivity and honesty, has been forced to mail his telegrams to Paris this week, and from there these news items affecting Italy's foreign relations have been disseminated throughout the world.

My duty is to my American employers, who ask a fair, unprejudiced report of facts, and I must give both sides to every question. If you would read all my telegrams for the past three months I am sure you will withdraw your charge that they are "tendacious and alarming." They are a recital of events as they happen. I hope I have made my position clear.

There was no immediate reply. In the next two months much happened to bolster Fascist credit abroad, but the Matteotti affair stalked like a hundred ghosts of Banquo through every Fascist ministry, every session of the Chamber of Deputies, and every editorial room. Fascist signs appeared: "We have 6,700 martyrs, the Opposition one." Every



department of the government was furiously working to eliminate the Matteotti case from the public mind, and about once a week some important incident warranted a cable in which the assassinated deputy was mentioned.

My Italian assistant was approached by a minor official of the press bureau with the request that we refrain from naming Matteotti. "No correspondent of any nationality is mentioning this affair," the agent said, "and it will lead to unpleasantness if your paper persists."

"But the Matteotti case is the biggest news item in Italy; it involves the future of Fascism; it is the outstanding subject in politics to-day," I protested.

The agent shrugged his shoulders.

Then everything came to a climax.

General de Bono, chief of police at the time of the assassination, was freed from complicity in the murder of Matteotti for "lack of evidence." The collapse of all subsequent trials was forecast. Cesare Rossi, one of Mussolini's underlings, former secretary-general of the Fascist party, wrote a remarkable confession which began with the statement, "I refuse longer to be a scapegoat for the Duce," and contained the charge that Mussolini, informed of the plot to "put Matteotti out of the way of the progress of Fascism," had replied that if necessary the party treasury would bear the costs. Filippo Filippelli, editor of Mussolini's daily paper, likewise confessed participation and accused the triumvirate. The five Opposition parties prepared a protest to the King and a document embodying both confessions. The Fascisti issued a new order that, instead of suppressing editions of the liberal newspapers daily, they would suppress them altogether after three warnings. The confessions and the Aventine document were duly sent from my office and so keyed that within three days I knew they had been suppressed by the censor. We then telegraphed our Paris office, which had received by mail carbon copies for filing, to cable them to

America; and three days later Mussolini ordered my expulsion from Italy.

Again the Foreign Office attempted to force my deportation through the American Embassy. The letter spoke of "*tendenziöse ed allarmistiche*" telegrams, pleaded for "*serena, spediudicate ed obiettive*" news, and was supplemented by Dino Grandi's remark to Ambassador Fletcher that "he (Seldes) has represented the Mussolini Government in the worst possible light and given the views of the political opponents of the Duce."

This time the Palazzo Chigi appended the suppressed telegrams. No. 1 related the attempt to assassinate Amendola. The second most important figure in Italy had gone to a hotel at Montecatini for a rest cure. He left Rome secretly at night. But somehow the Rome headquarters of the Fascist Party heard of it, and the telephones rang in Fascist headquarters throughout the Montecatini district, so that shortly after Amendola arrived at his hotel a thousand blackshirts appeared, some of whom had traveled twenty miles. They demanded the surrender of the Aventine chief and, being refused, stormed the hotel, smashing down every resisting door, searching the rooms of American and European guests who had retired for the night, and threatening with death anyone who might be harboring the fleeing man.

Amendola was pursued in automobiles, overtaken, and clubbed by twenty Fascists. Many of his bones were broken and his seemingly lifeless body was left for dead in his wrecked car. (He expired three months later, and since then no man has arisen in Italy to lead the Opposition parties which have now been outlawed and crushed.)

Exhibit No. 2 began, "One hundred and seventeen members of Parliament out of the 140 comprising the five political parties of the Opposition have signed a document addressed to the people of Italy and warning the King not to ratify Mussolini's appointment of General de Bono as governor of

Tripoli following his release from prison for complicity in the Matteotti murder, nor to issue an amnesty for the five leaders of the Fascist party jailed charged with murdering Deputy Matteotti."

There followed a summary of the 15,000 word document which included the Rossi and Filipelli confessions which the courts had refused to read when they freed De Bono.

Exhibit No. 3 concerned Salvemini. Gaetano Salvemini is now well known in the United States, but at the time of his arrest and trial the chief interest in his case arose through the fact that it brought to official light the aforementioned confessions. Salvemini was accused of printing them. He was found not guilty by a Fascist court. Several hundred Fascisti, knowing there was no evidence against the venerable professor, gathered in tens and twenties at each exit of the palace of justice in Florence, and when the professor, his attorney, and the war hero Rosetti emerged, they attacked the three, beating them with clubs and stones.

Of the three items of news which Mussolini's office sent to the American ambassador, the first never appeared in the Italian press, the second appeared three days after my cables had been published in America and Europe, and the third appeared in one edition of a liberal paper, *Il Mondo*, which was immediately suppressed.

Now, it had been either my fortune or misfortune to obtain the first two items exclusively. Regarding the third, I know that the Italian head of one of the largest American press bureaus ordered his American assistant not to write anything about the attack on Salvemini because "such little things are of no interest in America," and that this young American secretly and at night cabled a report which was published everywhere. It was quite true that despite the threat of deportation my dispatches never toned down the news, never aimed to apologize for violence or veneer with propaganda

favorable to the Fascisti certain acts of which they were proud at home but which made a bad impression abroad and sometimes caused their loans to drop three points. Perhaps it was true that these items "depicted the Mussolini Government in the worst possible light." But such was the light that beat upon the throne in those days. There was no question of either the importance or the authenticity of the news. Moreover on the days when these reports of bloodshed and suppression were being sent abroad my office had also sent dispatches pleasing to those who cry out against "destructive" journalism. On the "constructive" side my file showed such items as these: "Complete recovery of Mussolini," "Economic improvement of Italy shown by Minister of Finance," "Italy scores success with artificial silk industry," and dozens of minor stories of Fascist triumphs in business and politics.

All of this I duly explained to Ambassador Fletcher. It was not the first time this envoy had fought for the liberty of the press; the time he banged his fist on Carranza's table and demanded the release and freedom of movement of American newspapermen in Mexico City is still well remembered.

Ambassador Fletcher went to the Foreign Office to protest against my expulsion, and the same day the American and British correspondents also went to the palace; to the Ambassador it was a matter of the rights of an individual citizen, to the press representatives it was the climax of a long battle against censorship and suppression. Concerning this protest meeting the Fascist *Epoca* could not bring itself to tell the truth. It said, "*L'on Grandi ha ricevuto a Palazzo Chigi S. E. Fletcher, Ambasciatore degli Stati Uniti, ed un gruppo di corrispondenti Americani che ha intrattenuto in cordiale conversazione.*"

This "cordial conversation" was a bitter dispute lasting a long time and ending with Grandi's statement that



"the Foreign Office would reconsider the case." The correspondents thought it was a victory. Jubilation and a banquet followed. But it was interrupted by an agent of the police who came to my apartment to tell me how much longer I had to stay in Italy. The Embassy was puzzled, too. At the Ambassador's suggestion I requested that a formal order of deportation be given me, and my office requested Secretary Kellogg to cable the Italian Foreign Office to safeguard life and limb. These things, however, are not important; it is important that in the four days allotted me to settle my Roman affairs I was visited by all the American newspapermen, many of the British, French, and German journalists, and some Italian ones; they came with one demand, that on reaching some free country, Switzerland or France, I publish a full report about the intolerable conditions under which the press of the world works in Italy.

## II

The hundred or more representatives of the foreign press in Rome have to ask themselves every day, "Is this piece of Fascist terrorism worth mentioning? Am I ready to risk being thrown into the Queen of Heaven Jail or being thrown over the frontier for this small item?" And the reply is always, "This is too small. Wait for something big; another Matteotti assassination; a national uprising, something big enough to warrant the risk."

Thus we voluntarily suppressed the truth about blackshirt terrorism, waiting for the big day. Occasionally we risked a small item, and immediately there would be a call from Baron Valentino's office, and the chief of the press bureau would complain that anyone who mentioned violence was an enemy of the greatest movement for the salvation of humanity the world has ever known.

Valentino spoke as an idealist. The real intimidation department was oper-

ated by Grandi, a subordinate in the Department of State of which Mussolini holds the portfolio. Grandi likes to work through foreign embassies, and by this method has had considerable success in keeping the French and German journalists in line. He tried it once with the representative of the *London Times*. This correspondent, instead of going to the embassy to listen to protests from Grandi, notified his paper, which is said to have replied: "Tell British Ambassador to mind own business; we mind ours." But the *Manchester Guardian* correspondents, who are frequently asked to report the true state of elections, crime, and the budget, the movements of the liberal elements and leaders, and news generally more interesting to a liberal newspaper, are continually being warned and threatened with deportation.

Hardly a day passes in which every correspondent does not learn of several happenings worth cabling if there were liberty of the press. When I was in Italy it was still possible to find in the first evening editions of the Rome papers a budget of items which were suppressed in later editions and therefore doubly interesting.

Here is a sample day:

Item: Boara.—As the result of a fight between Fascisti and Opposition, one Fascist militiaman killed; Fascist reinforcement arrived, killed two Opposition.

Item: Padua.—Fascisti staged demonstration, smashing office and printing plant of the *Popolo Veneto*, Catholic newspaper opposed to the dictatorship.

Item: Rovigo.—A Fascist quarreled with a shopkeeper. Both drew knives. The Fascist was killed. The Fascist local came in an auto truck, killed the shopkeeper and his brother, and wrecked the house. General de Balbo made a speech lauding the heroism of the first Fascist killed in the knife battle.

Item: Rome.—The public prosecutor asks that the parliamentary immunity of Amendola, leader of the Opposition,

be lifted so that he may be tried for criminal assault of a Fascist. Five Fascisti attacked Amendola with clubs but the Opposition leader, armed with an old umbrella, succeeded in driving the gangsters off, hitting one rather severely on the head.

Item: Milan.—Rioting in favor of the King of Italy and against Fascism was a new phase of the political situation when the sovereign came to inaugurate the cancer hospital. A large part of the industrial population engaged in a demonstration and strike. Battles between Fascisti and workingmen, many arrested. The laborers shouted "Long live the King, long live liberty" and "Down with Fascism." Leaflets were distributed calling for a return of free labor unions, free speech, free press, all the old constitutional guarantees promised by the King and suppressed by Mussolini. A banner was carried: "King Victor, restore us our former freedom."

None of these items was worth the risk of deportation. If I had had a three-year lease on a house in Rome, or a wife and children and other obligations there, I too should have waited for bigger news; having obligations only to my paper, I accordingly cabled the Milan story and it was recorded in the Roman foreign office against me and reported in the Fascist journal *Impero* as a libel on fair Fascism written by a "*grosso porco*," a fat swine.

Much more interesting for America were the attacks on two American consuls by Fascist mobs, incidents which the Government was afraid might hurt the tourist business if given wide circulation. Unusual efforts were made to suppress the news of these attacks.

Acting Consul General Franklin C. Gowen at Leghorn while watching a blackshirt parade had saluted the Italian flag but apparently had failed to salute a private Fascist banner. He was clubbed, then taken to a hospital.

Mussolini apologized to Mr. Fletcher. Weeks later Mr. Fletcher explained to us. Mussolini had said it was a regret-

table accident; Mr. Gowen had been mistaken for an Italian; Mr. Gowen's hospital bill of two hundred lire (eight dollars) would be paid by the Italian government.

Mr. Gowen was instructed to keep quiet. Secretary Kellogg told our Washington office to wire me: "Gowen incident settled satisfactorily." The Fascist foreign office asked all Italians representing American newspapers to pass over this "unfortunate affair." Mr. Gowen was transferred.

Then a year later Earl Brennen, American Vice Consul in Rome, was beaten unconscious on the streets by a uniformed Fascist militia police detail. The American authorities took the matter up with Washington but did not inform the press. The press reported the assault later but all telegrams were suppressed. Eventually one of Consul Brennen's unofficial friends came to Paris and talked. He was of the opinion that the attack was premeditated because the Fascist newspapers had been insulting American consuls generally ever since they began a rigid inspection of emigrants under the selective clauses of the quota law.

Mussolini apologized to the Embassy. The State Department reported the incident satisfactorily settled. Mr. Brennen in due time recovered from his wounds, and it is assumed that his hospital bill of perhaps eight dollars was paid by the Fascists.

Cardinal Maffi of Pisa, one of the intellectual leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, immediately after the Matteotti murder wrote a pamphlet entitled "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and addressed the Fascisti as "Ye, the Dynasty of Cain." It was suppressed. Cardinal Maffi then read it as a pastoral letter, published it as such, and circulated it throughout Italy for some time. It concluded with these words:

"Woe to the hand that sheds blood. Woe to the feet that trample on the corpse. O dynasty of Cain, carry on. But listen . . . where men fail, God



comes to the rescue, God who gives no quarter to culprits, but incessantly pursues them, crying out judgment over them: Accursed, Accursed, Accursed in time, Accursed in eternity."

In 1926 the pastoral letter of the Cardinal was again suppressed. There have been attacks on the Catholic Club of Pisa, and a church in the workers' section has been broken into by black-shirts. But it is dangerous to publish anything showing the Catholic Church and the Fascist regime at odds. When Mussolini, a professed agnostic, restored the crucifix in the churches, permitted priests to teach religion, re-erected the cross in the Coliseum—acts of political expediency—his press agents spread the good news of peace between the Pope and the Duce. But when the Fascisti attacked a procession of Catholic children and beat several of them, when the Fascisti burned an altar in Spezia and Monsignor Pizzardo brought the details of a series of similar outrages to the attention of the Pope and the latter, both through an editorial in the *Osservatore Romano* and in an address to pilgrims from Perugia, denounced Fascist violence, several correspondents who said that there was no great friendship between Church and State were rebuked by officials of the Foreign Office.

When the last Italian election farce was played, Rome, Venice, Milan, and other tourist centers were quiet. But the press knew by experience that terrorism is directed away from tourist cities. So several reporters went to dull, outlying industrial towns. Without any exception they were arrested or driven away when they saw the black-shirt militia commit every conceivable ballot-box crime. The powers in Rome announced a victory and an honest election, and it was impossible for anyone to cable the fact that a corrupt election had been held under the shadow of the *manganello*, the big stick, or to portray blackshirt volunteers, pistols in hand, suggesting that there would be shooting if one non-Fascist

ballot were found. The German correspondents sent some letters; the information was published a week late when the Italian election had become history. Nobody cared then.

And so it goes. Every newspaper representative in Italy, including perhaps the Fascist Italians still employed by American agencies and newspapers, could supplement these cases with scores just as important, many of them unknown to most of the Italian people. There was a time when non-Fascist newspapers published a small proportion of this sort of news; even the *Becco Giallo*, the satirical weekly, could hint unmolested at some acts of violence in the Fascist Utopia. But by a campaign begun in 1923 and concluded in 1927 the government has completely suppressed the liberties of the national press, so that to-day the average Italian knows nothing except what his masters want him to know.

### III

The suppression began with an edict prepared by Mussolini, signed by the King against his will in 1923, and kept on Mussolini's desk until the danger of a national mutiny followed the Matteotti murder in 1924. On July 12 the edict was promulgated. It provided for warnings (*i.e.*, suppression) "if any newspaper or periodical by false or misleading news causes any interference in the diplomatic action of the government in its foreign relations or hurts the credit of the nation at home or abroad, causing undue alarm among the people, or in any way disturbs the public peace . . . if the newspaper or periodical by editorial articles, notes, titles, illustrations or inserts incites to crime or to class hatred or to disobedience of the laws of the established order or upsets the discipline of those engaged in public service or favors the interests of foreign states, groups, or persons as opposed to Italian interests, or insults the nation, the King, the royal family, the *Summo*

Pontifex, the religion, the institutions, or the authority of the State or of friendly powers.

"Newspapers or other periodicals published in violation of the preceding provisions shall be suppressed. . . ."

On January 8, 1925, a manifesto of the Aventine group was suppressed but read at a meeting of one hundred members of the Chamber of Deputies—a private meeting because their immunity had simultaneously been abolished. (The date, therefore, is a landmark.) The document said in part:

The mask of constitutionality and normality has been thrown off. The government is trampling on the fundamental laws of the state and suffocating the free voice of the press with a despotism hitherto unheard of, suppressing every right of assemblage, but mobilizing the armed forces of its party, persecuting citizens and associations while it tolerates and leaves unpunished acts of devastation and destruction against its opponents which degrade Italy in the eyes of the civilized world.

In November, 1925, the *Corriere della Sera* was suppressed. The London *Times* editorially declared that Mussolini was making Italy a suspected and incomprehensible state, like Russia, and concluded, "It will be hard in the future to understand Italy and Fascismo. The disappearance of the independent *Corriere della Sera* is a serious loss to European civilization."

On December 31, 1925, a new censorship law was passed which almost completely suppressed independent journals and herded journalists into registered police dockets. The law contained ten points, No. 10 being:

Prefects of police are empowered to seize editions of newspapers which attack the government in its foreign policy, or which injure the national credit at home or abroad, or which alarm the people without justification.

In 1927 all non-Fascist newspapers and periodicals were abolished.

But even that was not enough.

In 1927 the directorate of the Fascist

Party divided all publications into two categories, those officially recognized by the party and those which do not enjoy that honor. The first category includes those newspapers "which by their origin, their activity on behalf of the Fascist cause, the political loyalty of their directors, editors and administrative staff, give secure guarantees of being worthy to be considered the true and real organs of the regime."

The second category is made up of journals *sympathetic to the regime*, and control over them will be exercised by means of the ordinary press laws in force. No non-Fascist writer may join the staff of a Fascist publication.

The perfect Fascist journalistic state has thus been achieved. The Fascisti have finally reached the same point as the Bolsheviki.

#### IV

Occasionally some intrepid soul still publishes a pamphlet or a secret sheet listing Fascist crimes. Immediately local terror is instituted. Suspected persons are clubbed, shot; their homes are wrecked, and any printing presses found are smashed. Sometimes an editor reaches Paris, sometimes he is exiled. The Italian government admitted in January, 1927, that in addition to the thousands of persons convicted by the regular courts, 942 persons tried by self-appointed Fascist courts had been exiled to the islands of Ustica, Lampedusa, Favignana, Pantellaria, horrible waterless criminal-infested islands which constitute Italy's Siberia. Mussolini once stated that only anarchists and communists are sent there, but it is a fact discovered by an American newspaperman that Liberal and Catholic deputies, editors, moderate Socialists, professors and professional men, most of whom have written something or spoken something unfavorable to Fascismo or critical of Mussolini, constitute the majority in exile.

The year 1927 heard the last death-rattle of the free press in Italy; it also



marked a new campaign to spread Fascist propaganda and stop criticism abroad. Numerous Italian and Italo-American publications are being subsidized. Their editors are given trips to Rome and permitted to shake hands with the Duce. A few big orders are placed with outstanding American concerns. Sometimes the equivalent of the French Legion of Honor ribbon is pinned on a leading citizen. Money and flattery and honors are lavishly given to the friends of Fascismo.

Whenever the Italian loan seems to float less easily in New York and when new loans are contemplated, important American visitors find that it is not so difficult after all to visit Mussolini. His handshake is cordial, his undeniable charm, his great histrionic talent, make delightful impressions. Senators, representatives, mayors, editors, big bankers and novelists, many of whom think the Duce the greatest man of this era, have all their doubts about dictatorships, all their beliefs in American democracy, delightfully transformed when they emerge radiant from the palace ready to carry the standard of Fascismo to the uttermost Main Streets of the United States. It is no mean honor to interview the Caesar and Napoleon of our own day. A few words from Mussolini, and all American traditions, the inheritances from Pilgrim forefathers, the ideals which roused an embattled nation in 1861 and 1917, and everyday opinions on political rights and personal liberties, are discarded as a cloak suddenly grown threadbare and shabby and unfit for royal company.

Some of these representative Americans come determined not to be personally conducted through the Fascist Utopia. They must see for themselves. They refuse foreign office guides and literature. They stay more than the week-end; they stay a full month, perhaps. They ask waiters and shopkeepers indiscreet questions. But they fail to see the tongue-in-cheek which accompanies the replies confirming the

official Fascist statements that democracy is a failure, parliamentary government ridiculous, a free press a danger to progress, and that the Italian people, owing to its economic, mental, and emotional make-up, has been made happy and prosperous through the only form of government fit for it.

This prosperity, which nobody can deny, is shown to every visitor. But it is prefaced always with the statement that Mussolini saved Italy from Bolshevism, a statement which despite repetition in every newspaper and every book by pro-Fascist apologists, is a historical untruth. I saw Bolshevism raise its red head in Milan and Turin in 1919, and hide it early in 1920; during the rest of that year and in 1921 and 1922, until the Naples convention determined the Fascist "march on Rome." I saw parliamentary government survive, Bolshevism collapse, and Italy slowly rise to her feet without violence or terrorism.

The American visitor is shown *faits accomplis*: a balanced budget, cleaner railway trains and trains that run on time; a people becoming more and more disciplined and imperialistic; much material progress. The same American visitor, could he enter Russia with the same preconceived friendly attitude, would find exactly the same material progress. Walter Duranty, the leading American authority on Russia, told me a few weeks ago that it is now possible for a stranger to tour Russia in comfort and safety, enjoying decent food and comparatively decent housing accommodations. But the Tcheka terror, although invisible, still rules and still crushes the soul of the Russian people.

It is impossible for the visitor to go behind the scenes. It takes months of residence and investigation and a trained as well as an open mind, to determine the feelings of a people living in fear and to obtain the news of how dictatorship works in the countryside, far from the prying eyes of tourists. No one is better able to tell the truth about Fascism and its censorship than the



American correspondents resident in Rome. I have already mentioned suppression of news by Italian Fascists or pro-Fascists representing the American press; the general attitude of the American corps, however, is not to compromise with truth, but to compromise with the powers. The men and women take circumstances into consideration. Sometimes it hurts to do so, but they must trim their sails to fit the Fascist winds if they are to remain at work in that stormy country.

The independents, those who do not conform, men and women alike, mostly American and British, some sunny day may find a detective on their front doorstep or at an adjoining table in the restaurant, who will take notes on every person seen, talked to; or they may receive a call from Baron Valentino, who lays before them clippings from their papers, news which never went direct from Rome by wire or wireless. Once they wondered where Valentino got the clippings; now they know that Mussolini has ordered every consul abroad to watch the press, to send clippings, and to report the attitude of every foreign newspaper, especially those in New York, Washington, and Chicago. Mussolini reads many of the clippings himself.

Nor are the Italian journalists abroad safe if their views do not conform. Their property is confiscated by the State, their citizenship is revoked; they are in constant fear of being beaten up by members of the Fascist locals which are planted by Rome in whatever country they may reside, and their lives are made generally miserable so long as they continue their non-Fascist attitude. The censorship, by fair means or foul, reaches throughout Europe and extends to the United States. An example is furnished by the following case reported to Sir Eric Drummond, secretary-general of the League of Nations.

Angelo Monti and Carlo a'Prato are two Italians of high reputation, members of the International Association of

Journalists Accredited to the League of Nations. Monti represented *Il Secolo* for twenty years; a'Prato was once secretary to Nitti, later to Count Sforza. He became associated with Don Sturzo, leader of the Catholic opposition to Mussolini, and was forced to flee for his life. He is representing a Paris paper in Geneva. The two journalists complained to the association that the Swiss police, at the request of the Fascisti, have done everything to make their residence in Switzerland unbearable, their work impossible. They have been arrested, their credentials frequently questioned, their expulsion threatened. The chief of police, M. Turritini, they alleged, is a pro-Fascist who enjoys terrorizing Mussolini's enemies when they escape to Switzerland. The association has determined to defend its members before the Council of the League of Nations, the International Press Conference, and, if necessary, the League Assembly.

A part of the European press is easily controlled by Mussolini. The pre-war system of selling "zones of influence" to governments, although curtailed by rearrangement of boundaries, still prevails. A Paris newspaper, for instance, may offer its services to two governments about whose politics France is not vitally concerned, say Hungary and Roumania; whichever pays the price will be supported in whatever it does in its zone, even in war, perhaps.

Support can be bought outright or by indirect means. Three big organizations, the Ente Nazionale per le Industrie Turistiche, now known as the C.I.T., the Grandi Alberghi Association of Hotel Keepers, and various associations of hotel men and tourist agencies, are heavy advertisers in almost every part of the world. These organizations demand subservience to Fascism as part of their advertising contracts. They dangle their millions of lire before business managers and withdraw their advertising if the editors mention Fascist violence in Italy. Following my expulsion from



Rome, the big hotel and tourist groups and the government railroads canceled their advertising in my papers and wrote many letters to say they would resume if unfavorable news were suppressed in the future.

Finally there is the splendid bribe of five thousand words a month free over the transatlantic cable for all correspondents and newspapers which agree to send and print propaganda favorable to the Fascisti. When I took over the Rome bureau of my paper I found that my predecessor, an Italian-American blackshirt enthusiast, had been given this award for faithfulness to the cause, and that other American newspapers had accepted it also. At my first encounter with the censorship I was threatened with its withdrawal, and at the second it was withdrawn. To-day nearly all the pro-Fascist organs in America are partly subsidized by this means.

## V

But somehow Mussolini cannot prevent the American reporter from telling at least a part of the truth. With the possible exception of two Italians who place Fascismo above their duties to their American employers, the corps representing America to-day makes every effort to break the censorship. Its methods are many and various. The easiest is the letter to a private address in Paris or London which eventually becomes a cable with a Swiss date-line. The second method is aptly termed the "grapevine." It passes from one side of the wall to the other. Somebody in Rome communicates (by telephone or letter) with an agent in Lugano or Chiasso or another frontier town. The agent crosses the border—a mere city street sometimes—and telephones to Paris. In all cases the Rome correspondent remains protected and anonymous.

The cleverest, most effective means of obtaining the news is "relay reporting." Floyd Gibbons first introduced the system of sending a stream of men

from country to country, each of whom was met by foreign office slings and arrows, really meant for a predecessor, and each of whom gave lengthy explanations, perhaps an apology, and departed to write freely at a distance of conditions that existed. The system was tried during the Irish troubles, the Silesian plebiscite scandal, the Fiume madness, during a score of European events concerning which it was really dangerous for a man to tell something of the truth and remain on the scene. To-day one New York newspaper (the *World*) has adopted the relay method with great success in Italy. Apparently three representatives of this paper were at the Matteotti trial in relays, and could, by going to Nice or Lugano, report the brutal Fascization of justice at Chieti. Readers of almost all the papers of the whole world got only a distorted, censored, almost totally untrue report of this trial which, if reported faithfully, might have undermined the Mussolini regime and certainly would have changed the sentiment of many people towards Fascism. Only one paper was able to report the truth. The other newspapermen simply broke their hearts and kept quiet.

But not for always. An important effort is now being made through the League of Nations which, while it may not prove successful, will at least officially call the attention of both hemispheres to the terroristic censorships of several countries. Under the leadership of Sir Eric Drummond meetings of two hundred accredited representatives of the press have been held in Geneva and a program adopted. It demands, first of all, the abolition of censorship in time of peace. The report says in its preamble:

Censorship in peace time is a fundamental obstacle to the normal exchange of international information and makes understanding between peoples more difficult.

Where censorship exists at present, the League committee asks:

1. That telegrams be censored promptly.
2. That journalists be informed of the censorship orders.
3. That journalists be informed of deletions and given an opportunity to withdraw their dispatches completely.
4. That money paid for suppressed telegrams be returned.
5. That all journalists receive equal treatment.
6. That a committee of journalists examine the case of any journalist whom a government would expel.

Russia is outside the League. Of the twenty or more League members which maintain censorships, either by blue pencil or intimidation, Italy is the only big nation which must reply to the above indictment. With the exception of Russia, Italy offers to-day the most flagrant example of journalistic terrorism in the civilized world.

All the censorship, propaganda, in-

timidation, and terrorism which beset newspaper correspondents in Europe concern themselves chiefly with American public opinion because America holds the money which Europe seeks, because America holds enormous investments in Europe, and because America has become a moral force affecting European politics and policies. Italy is bent on twisting American public opinion as she has succeeded in perverting it at home, among her own nationals. It has become the duty of American newspapermen in Italy to break all the restraints placed about them, to expose all propaganda, to relate the march of events truthfully even if they concern kings and dictators; so that no matter how much terrorism may prevail America, at least, may be able to enjoy whatever benefits there are from a knowledge of the truth.







## HEAD-HIGH-IN-THE-WIND

A TALE OF REVOLUTION AND COUNTER-REVOLUTION IN HUNAN

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I WISH she had a better name than Wang Su Chun. Jeanne d'Arc had a good enough name—fit to be filled through the years with the glory and pain of a soul. But how can "Wang Su Chun" convey the golden flame of youth in its high defiant choice of her own lover? How can "Wang Su Chun" express the mounting fire of her seven months of freedom, as her heart transmuted its joy into tasks for her sister women—prosaic tasks shot through with the light of a new gospel? And lastly, how can the awkward name of "Wang Su Chun" bear the agony of that hour when the jeering soldiery, spurred on by her own neighbors, cut the flesh from her bones slowly, and fired at last into the broken pieces of her body—seventeen shots to show the extremity of their hate.

For seven months young Wang was one of the "bobbed-hair girls" of Central China, challenging all the standards of Main Street as understood in a backward small town of Hunan. To-day, since the flow and ebb of the militarist reaction, she is one of the almost unknown girl martyrs, some of whom perhaps will some day be remembered by a new womanhood in a newborn China. Yet I, who never saw her, do not quite know what the girl Wang thought she died for—freedom of country, freedom of woman, or merely the freedom of her own heart's selection. Nor do I quite know the source of the hate that killed her—whether the rage of the high grafter she exposed, or the sadistic lust of soldiers,

or the entrenched morality of the ancient order she had flouted. These three hates combined against her—the hates that have killed all the martyrs of history.

I know that young Wang died for something she thought was freedom, something that sang in her soul like a shout of glad defiance. I know the most respected families of the town delivered her to the butchers. And that many more "able and beautiful girls" in the past few weeks have experienced in Hunan the same "unnatural deaths," in the modestly controlled words of my Chinese student friend. So much can be gathered even across the many miles of unknown villages that separate me from her death-place, and even through the faintly disapproving, faintly wondering tones of the Christian student lad who tells the tale.

Until September of 1926 brought the Nationalist armies to Hunan, Miss Wang, he assures me, was a very good girl, a Christian girl in a mission school. "Her brother and the man who became her fiancé were both my classmates. They live in Lingsiang, a small country town about one hundred *li* from Yochow city." Very far back in the heart of China, it is clear from his description. She went to the Ziemer Memorial School, established by American missionaries, and finished there the Junior Middle Course. Then her father sent her far into Fukien province to study in a Senior Middle School. He was a farmer, not rich but a Christian. Being Chinese, he

reverenced learning; being Christian, he believed that girls have souls. To-day that belief and reverence are ashes in his mouth as he considers the dishonored, dismembered fragments of his daughter, and wonders how much of her wild ideas of freedom she learned from the missionaries of America, how much from the intoxicating advance of the armies of the Kuomintang.

Shortly before the Nationalist armies marched into Hunan, Wang Su Chun came home from the school in Fukien. Shortly after the armies arrived she produced her first sensation by announcing her engagement to a young man of Lingsiang town. That statement lacks in America the world-defying thrill that is its due. It is the most startling sentence in this story, on which hangs all the rest. Girls in China do not announce engagements; respectable marriages are arranged by go-betweens with parents. Choosing her own fiancé was Miss Wang's first and greatest shock to the moral standards of Hunan. Swiftly and inevitably it led to others.

"I think he was the only Christian college graduate in the town," thus my Chinese student friend excuses her. "So if she wants to choose by herself any lifelong friend, this man Li would naturally be the man. She knew him all her life, distantly of course, as Chinese girls in a small town know at a distance the sons of family friends. Better perhaps than most, since both families were Christians. None the less, she would never have dared select her own fiancé if not for the new doctrines of the Kuomintang that came with the army propagandists. Some of those new free doctrines, I think, are good. But maybe a little bit dangerous to girls in towns like Lingsiang."

"But did the young man himself do none of the selecting?" I asked, surprised at the utter ignoring of his role.

"Oh, but such an able girl," cried my student friend. "She could please anyone she put her choice on." Twice I ventured inquiry regarding the personal

charms of the girl before he answered, modestly hesitating, "But, yes, she was beautiful. With dresses of the very newest kind such as you see in Shanghai and Hankow, but not much in the country. Long full skirt and only the smallest hidden trousers—'practically no trousers at all,' complain our old-fashioned country-women. The proper woman's dress in our part of China has very long, wide trousers and a long coat with long sleeves. Woman must all be covered, says our proverb. Bound feet, of course, are still the proper thing in Central China, but Miss Wang was a Christian girl with feet unbound. She also had a necklace with a watch on it, and a fountain pen."

Only by deft degrees could I draw from my student friend this much description of the feminine charms of Miss Wang. Women's clothing and women's beauty did not seem to him a proper subject of conversation, and he was slowly, courteously, deferring to my Western manners. But steadily the picture grew before me, as I marked each detail setting Miss Wang apart from her critical neighbors. Doubtless even before the advent of the Nationalist armies and her "free engagement," the sternness of her respectability must have been doubted by the more orthodox families of Lingsiang.

## II

Swiftly after the shock of Wang's engagement, there followed other expressions of her new freedom. As if to justify and confirm her defiance, she threw herself into the Women's Movement of Lingsiang. "She was a very active and talkative girl," says my student friend. "Maybe just a little bit *chu feng to*. There is, I think, no English word for that. It means, 'Head going out in wind.' It is a lofty head that sticks out above other heads like a cock on the steeple. It blows in the east wind, it blows in the west wind; it catches all winds first. It is high for all



to see. What you call 'prominent'."

"When you say 'prominent' do you mean compliment or criticism?"

"When we say *chu feng* to we mean maybe a little bit criticism, but not too bad criticism. Very high and very active. At the head of the fashion. Carried along by the wind, but not in a bad way. Showing also clearly what is the wind that is blowing, showing it clear in the sky without any confusions that the wind makes nearer the earth.

"That was Miss Wang. Head high in the wind, very sure, very clear. Maybe too clear, too sure. No soft and cautious ways. She got made president of the new Women's Union of Lingsiang. She added hundreds and hundreds of members. It was a very powerful Women's Union. People hated her very much."

"But if many people hated her, were there not many others who loved her?" I asked. The Chinese boy looked dubious.

"When she do so many bad things, I think nobody can love her except her own family, and one man, Li, her fiancé. Only those who are her own and must love her. But many people follow her."

"What were the bad things she did?" I asked again.

He approached the subject with evident distaste, speaking as he did to a Westerner and a woman. He would rather have remembered Miss Wang as the "very nice girl" of the early mission school-days. "The things that all these Women's Unions do," he said. "Women's rights, free love."

"What do you mean by free love?" I persisted immodestly. "Did Miss Wang, who was just engaged, believe in living with men without marriage?"

This time he was genuinely shocked to the point of forgetting his reticence. "Oh, no, how can Miss Wang believe such wickedness?" he protested. "But Miss Wang fall in love and declare love before she gets married. She choose fiancé before parents permit. This is free love, free engagement, free marriage.

It is very shocking to old-fashioned people in China."

His tongue was loosened. He poured forth a comprehensive summary of Chinese marriage as it might affect Miss Wang and the man Li:

"Miss Wang, of course, never got married. In the first place the young folks did not have any money to hold a wedding. In the second place their love was not yet ready for marriage. Both of them were still anxious for further education. So Miss Wang live with her parents, and Li live with his parents. By and by, they hope, maybe the families permit them to marry honorably. Then the bridegroom's father pay for the wedding.

"If a marriage is honorable in China, the parents of the groom will pay the money needed. They will send notes from the groom's father: 'On such a date my son will marry the daughter of Mr. So-and-So. Your presence is requested at the feast.' For this feast he will pay a very big, big sum of money. Sometimes for many years he will still be paying for the feast. But it is worth much to him, for at the wedding, all honor is shown to this old man, who will now be a grandfather since his son has taken a wife.

"But if the marriage be without parents' consent, then the young folks cannot be at home on their wedding day. A proper honorable marriage—it really cannot be done without the parents; otherwise all is disorder. There are only two ways for young folks like Miss Wang and the man Li. One is to wait and beseech the parents. Even if they do not like the girl, still they love their son, and if they see him always unhappy, refusing to take any other woman or to give them grandsons, in the end they will often give way. There is another way, a very Western way. It is for the young folks to work and save money, and then rent a house and have a friend give the feast in place of their parents. I know a student girl in Wuchang who is going to marry in this way an officer in

the Nationalist army; their parents are far away and they are very 'new style.'

"Nowadays, of course, under the Kuomintang, very little is needed for the law to call you married," continued my student friend with a flavor of apology in his tone. "You announce your marriage in a newspaper and give a feast and you are married. No formality at all under the Kuomintang. Either you publish the announcement yourself: 'Mr. A marries Miss B on such a date,' or you get a friend to print it for you: 'We congratulate Mr. A, who marries Miss B on such a date.' This last is more honorable because there is still in it a little of the go-between, something to show that sensible friends have also considered the marriage.

"Informal ways like this may do in Hankow under the Kuomintang, but not in a little backward town like Lingsiang. For Miss Wang herself, of course, no doubt her parents would be glad to get her any kind of husband, after the way she acted. But the young man's parents are the most important, since it is they who give the wedding feast and accept the girl to their family. Surely they would never have consented to take such a very modern girl as their daughter!"

Then the Chinese boy described that complexly symbolic thing which old China made of a wedding, till I saw what it was Wang Su Chun was defying, the most complete and permeating social institution yet produced by marriage in the world. Bound up with ancestors and with descendants, and with a host of living relatives, till the joint desires of the two who are mated become a triviality scarcely proper to mention. Miss Wang had mentioned it, brazening aloud her desires. Then she had openly urged other girls to do likewise. She had become a danger to established morality in that little town of Hunan.

I shall give only a few details of the many that made the picture. The go-betweens, one for each family; the pro-

cession of the groom to the home of the bride to receive her, with bugles, flutes, brass cymbals, and a "flowery chair" of red, gorgeously embroidered to hold the expected treasure; the shut gates at the bride's house; the pleading of flutes and bugles till they open the feast given to the groom by the men of the bride's family, lasting till they bring her forth, their last and best gift to him, and close her into the flowery chair. It is quite shut; no one must see the prized possession. When they come to the house of the groom, she is too shy and ashamed to leave the chair unaided, so there must be two women to lead her out. After this, behind the shut doors of her new home, come the candles and the shrine, with the characters for Heaven, Earth, Emperor, Parents, Teacher, to all of which she makes obeisance, accepting formally her husband's ancestors to be her ancestors and those of her children.

Miss Wang, of a Christian family, would have omitted some of this ancient symbolism, replacing it by a foreign church ceremony. But she would never have omitted the feast that comes after, when all friends come to "drink the happy wine" of the new pair. The bride gives countless presents as keepsakes of the occasion to friends. The bride and groom bow to the floor before each honored guest. Thus they are recognized and accepted into the ancient social fabric whose threads reach very far back through the generations. Such was honorable marriage in the little town of Lingsiang; into that relentlessly unrolling fabric Wang Su Chun had thrust the hands of her own desire. Surely, thought my Chinese student friend, no mere personal passion could have been so daring, were it not fanned high into flame by the great wind blowing from the south, when the armies of the Kuomintang marched through Hunan.

"Wang Su Chun," he continued, "had no money to begin even thinking of a feast. And the parents of Li had no thought of giving the feast either. So Miss Wang, instead of planning mar-



riage, went into the Women's Movement. These Women's Unions did very wild things in Hunan. Hunan people are very warm people. Quick to believe an idea, and quick to die for it. They make hot soldiers, the Hunanese.

"The Women's Unions in Hunan—they went into the streets with scissors, speaking to strangers, telling women to cut their hair off. They cut the hair off right then and there in the streets. They say that once or twice women who were over-persuaded, or maybe compelled to have their hair off, went home and strangled themselves for shame at the disgrace afterwards. The Women's Unions went into the houses, searching for bound-foot women. If they find a bound-foot woman under thirty, they give her a little time to get her feet unbound, so that it will not hurt too much. After that, they begin to fine her. Older women they do not bother, for feet cannot be unbound after thirty.

"These women make parades in the streets; they shout slogans. They hold mass-meetings together with men; they talk with strange men. They proclaim the new laws of the Kuomintang, that a wife may get a divorce if she is much tormented, or even if her husband takes a concubine. This last, I think, is a good law, for I am a Christian; but it is maybe a little sudden.

"Such were the ways of all the Women's Unions. And Wang Su Chun was of herself a little bit *chu feng to*. Blowing with the wind, with head very high in the wind. Maybe a little bit dizzy with the wind. I saw her last December, when I went home to Hunan. She was no more the good quiet girl of the mission school. Oh, but she was happy; she was drunk with being happy, as she swept more and more women, even old women, into her Women's Union. Even the man Li, I think, was hardly to her a man any more, so much as a sign of her great new freedom."

"But what did the fiancé think of the acts of Wang Su Chun?" I asked.

"How could any man approve of such

excess?" protested my student friend. "He is a very quiet man, while she is lively and talked much. He said nothing to me ever of his feelings for Miss Wang, neither of any good feelings nor of any bad feelings. I think he was maybe a little bit blind. She was his fiancée, you see. And the wind her head was high in, was a very strong wind."

What, exactly, was the meaning of that, I wondered. That the strong wind blew along with it even the man who had quietly defied his parents for the girl? Or that he watched, helpless and silent, with Chinese reticent control, while the strong wind blew the girl he loved to her inevitable doom? Not the least poignant figure in the tragic drama is this man, of whom we know only that against his parents' will he remained her betrothed till death, and never betrayed by a word his feelings to outsiders.

It is not hard to understand the hate that rose and spread around the insolent joy and freedom of the young girl Wang, from the old men and women whose lives had been bound and broken to ordered ways, who had strangled youth's desires in the name of the Family, and lost forever the power to feel what young Wang was shamelessly, openly feeling. It grew with the weeks from distaste to a bitter fury, while careless, carefree Wang swept on in glad defiance. The end came swift and crashing with the soldiers of Hsia To Yin.

### III

"When the reactionary armies came into the town," concluded the Chinese student lad, who had been her friend, "the neighbors in her own street turned her over to the soldiers. She could never escape; she was most prominent of all the Kuomintang people in the town. Her own neighbors, for the hate they had for her, brought the soldiers and shouted to urge them on.

"The soldiers were all about her—many soldiers and one girl agitator. That was what everyone called Wang

Su Chun then. The soldiers insulted her first with very bad words till they stirred their rage up. Then they cut her to pieces with knives and bayonets." He pointed grimly to his breast to show where they began cutting. "Then they cut off her arms; they cut off many pieces of her. By and by they shot seventeen shots into what was left."

"What were the shots for? Surely she was dead," I said in horror.

"Surely," he answered. "The shots were to show how much they hate her." Thus perished Wang Su Chun.

Very much one would like to know what perhaps no one has recorded: where the fiancé was at that last moment of horror. How long at the end she managed to keep her head high in the wind. But there was one important bit that I learned as aftermath, when I asked in wonder if nothing else than her fight for women's freedom had roused that blasting storm of hate.

"There was one special thing that maybe made it worse," he ventured. "There was a man in Lingsiang—what the Kuomintang calls 'bad gentry.' He was a sort of official, head of a farmers' organization. Many people said bad things of him. That he appointed policemen who were only bandits, and himself shared their plunder. That he arrested or took bribes from opium-smokers, yet himself was an opium-smoker all the time.

"Nobody dared accuse him, for he was rich. Then this girl Wang came home from Fukien and the Nationalists came from the south. And they say it was Wang who stirred up three men to give their evidence against this man. He was arrested and tried very quickly and shot. They say it was his family and friends that first stirred up the neighbors to give her to the soldiers."

"Perhaps she thought it her duty as a citizen to expose grafters," I offered.

He nodded, but looked stern. "A girl," he said, "and to stir up men that they take the life of a man!"

The evidence was all in; the pieces of

the drama were complete. They fitted with the inevitableness of an old Greek tragedy, in which each human pawn moves of necessity to its destined end. The revengeful family of the exposed grafter; the sex and blood lust of soldiers; the yet more deadly passion of an old morality outraged; and over against them the flaming youth of the girl, with just that touch of insolence which the old Greeks knew was fatal, the insolence of upstart man who defies the gods and perishes. Lucifer, son of the morning, Prometheus the fire-bringer, Jeanne d'Arc affronting the hierarchy of God with her voices, and the morals of a licentious court with her male attire—these and a host of others were of the same presumptuous race as nineteen-year-old Wang, dying in brutal shame on a blood-stained street in Hunan.

Were the seven months of Wang's freedom worth it? Such a sedate love-affair, "wishing still for education," "not ready for marriage." Such a slight fluttering of wings, paid for so grimly. Such small freedoms, compared with even the daily habits of Western women. Yet freedom's intensity is measured less, perhaps, by privileges gained than by strength of bonds broken. And Wang Su Chun was of a different world than the old Greeks knew. Never for her the belief that the fate of an individual life is final drama. Through her Chinese past she sensed the continuity of life, the generations in which she was herself but a single link. From her mission school she was told that to lose life in a high cause is to save it. Lastly, the army propagandists of the Kuomintang gave her the Revolution, which flamed through her being and blended her personal passion into its fiercer, universal fire. However much or little she reasoned it out, the instinct of that revolution told her what the wise Greeks never knew, that the insolent men who die defying gods sweep man on steadily to triumph, that the wind her head was high in and that blew her to destruction was clearing the path of history.





# THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME

OUR SPORTING THEORY OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE

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THE American people are great lovers of sport. It is quite common to hear discussions as to which is our favorite game. Some contend it is baseball, or football; others argue in favor of golf or bridge. The claims of many another sport might be advanced, but let us not overlook the leader—the Great American Game is the trial of a criminal case.

Let us step into the stadium, or rather the courtroom, and watch this interesting game in actual progress. A man is charged with a serious offense. Witnesses come forward with testimony which is amply sufficient to substantiate the charge and, as the defendant is unable to refute this evidence, he is found guilty by the jury. He then appeals. Does the prisoner ground this appeal upon any claim of innocence? No, he merely points an accusing finger at the end of the indictment and says, "Just look at this awful sentence! What terrible English! It concludes 'against the peace and dignity of State' whereas the conclusion should be 'against the peace and dignity of *the* State.'" The court of last resort studies this rhetorical problem with due deliberation and then penalizes the State one conviction for being off-side.

Do not for a moment think that I am indulging in fiction. Almost any lawyer can cite one or more cases in which a conviction has been reversed either for the reason stated or for one very much like it. Perhaps he will refer you to the

case in which a verdict of guilty was upset because the indictment concluded "against the peace and dignity of the State of W. Virginia" and the court thought the word *West* should have been written in full!

Let us return to the field of action. Again the supreme court of some state is reversing "a conviction because of a faulty indictment. "What is wrong?" the prosecuting attorney hastens to ask. "Could not the defendant see what was intended by this charge?" "Well," replies the court in effect, "he could no doubt tell what was intended easily enough, but you forgot to put in the word 'feloniously.'" In handing down still another reversal the court calls attention to the fatal omission of the word "maliciously" or the phrase "then and there" or the letter "S." These convictions are reversed, it should be noted, not because of failure to prove guilt at the trial, but because of some slight slip in the indictment which is not shown to have embarrassed the defendant in any way. Thus in one case a conviction was reversed because the indictment did not, in so many words, say a certain building was situated in South Chicago, the court adding that even proof that the building was actually located in South Chicago could not cure this defect.

In the interpretation of any legal instrument other than one which seeks to charge the commission of a crime it is considered important to inquire into

the intent with which it was drawn. If from the entire instrument it is clear what was intended the document is declared to mean just that. Not so with an indictment or an information in the Great American Game. In the interpretation of these the effort is not to find out what was intended, but to see if it would not be possible by some twist of logic (strained to the utmost if necessary) to read out of the instrument the meaning which was obviously intended to be put in. It may be interesting to see what result would be obtained by applying the same sort of logic to a simple everyday situation.

Let us suppose, for example, that a judge calls in his stenographer and says to her, "Please tell the office boy to come into the office at once." The stenographer promptly hunts up the boy and says, "The judge told me to tell you to go into the office at once." The judge waits for a while and at last in exasperation calls in the stenographer again and asks her if she conveyed his message. She replies that she did. The judge then hunts up the boy himself and reprimands him sharply for not coming to the office promptly as he was told to do. Whereupon the boy answers, "The laugh is on your stenographer, Judge. She told me that you told her to tell me to come into the office, but she forgot to tell me directly and positively to go."

The judge would not tolerate for a moment such casuistry from his office boy. If, however, a similar argument should come before the judge in the form of an objection to a criminal charge he would not only tolerate it but would add his own legal learning to support it. There is, as a matter of fact, a certain abstract logic back of the boy's contention. The stenographer was told to tell the boy to go into the judge's office, but that is not what she told him. She told him she was told to tell him to go, and stopped without adding the order for him to go. But while there is a certain amount of abstract logic in this conten-

tion, there is not even a trace of common sense in it. It is the most absurd tommyrot. And yet it is just this kind of absurd tommyrot which is still being used as a substitute for common sense in the interpretation of the pleadings in a criminal case. Let us see.

Here is a case in which the defendant is on trial for fraudulent banking. The evidence discloses that he was an officer of a bank and as such received a deposit, while the bank was insolvent, with full knowledge of the insolvency. This is contrary to the statute, and the jury brings in a verdict of guilty. The defendant appeals because, so he claims, the indictment fails to say the bank was insolvent when the deposit was received. Let us look at the indictment. It alleges the receipt of the deposit by him "after the bank was insolvent." Surely we have here a conviction which will stand; can there be any possible doubt as to the meaning of this statement? Again we are doomed to disappointment, however, for the court reverses this case also, giving in substance the following explanation: To say he received the deposit "after the bank was insolvent" is not a sufficient averment of the bank's insolvency at the time. The bank might become insolvent and later get back on its feet and be solvent again. A deposit made thereafter could be said to have been made "after the bank was insolvent." Of course the English language is not used in any such way as a matter of fact and nobody would so understand it, but such usage is theoretically possible, and hence the conviction must be reversed. Just think of that!

This case is much like another recent one in which a conviction of bigamy was reversed. The evidence at the trial had established the defendant's guilt beyond all question, but the appellate court could not find in the indictment any averment that the first wife was alive at the time he married the second. The defendant "well knew his first wife to be alive at the time," according to the wording of the charge, but this was held



to be insufficient. He could not possibly "know" his first wife was alive if she was dead; but the court, instead of using a common-sense interpretation of the language, resorted to the following formula which should have been discarded at least a century ago: "Every essential fact must be alleged directly and positively and nothing can be brought into the indictment by argument or intendment." Legislatures have endeavored to do away with this ancient formula by enacting that an indictment shall be sufficient if the offense is stated in ordinary and concise language and in such manner as to enable a person of common understanding to know what is intended; but such statutes seem to have been overlooked by the courts.

The same process of twisting the obvious meaning out of an indictment by outworn notions of the interpretation of such instruments was used in a case of larceny. The defendant was convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for stealing an appearance bond from the office of the county judge. This conviction was reversed because although the indictment averred that he did "steal" the bond from the office of the county judge, there was no allegation "that the bond was taken and carried away against the will or without the consent of the county judge, or with the intention of depriving the owner thereof or converting the same to his own use." We do not use the word "steal" to designate a transaction in which an article has been borrowed temporarily with consent of the owner. The word "steal" means a taking without consent and with intent to deprive the owner of the thing taken. But although, by the court's own admission, the word has this meaning in common use and when employed by the judge in instructing the jury, it means something else when used in an indictment for stealing an appearance bond; and so the conviction was reversed.

Any number of examples of similar

reasoning might be cited in cases of assault with intent to inflict great bodily injury. For instance, in one such case the defendant was convicted under an indictment which charged that he "did, with a deadly weapon . . . with intent then and there, wickedly, unlawfully, maliciously and feloniously to strike and bruise . . . inflict . . . a great bodily injury. . . ." This conviction was reversed on the ground that the indictment did not charge an intent to inflict a great bodily injury. The defendant, so the court suggests in substance, may have made this "felonious" assault with a "deadly weapon" with intent to commit less than a felony and the "injury may have been greater than was intended." But however logical this argument may be as a pure abstraction, the fact remains that the defendant had no doubt as to the charge which was intended; and as shown by the evidence, he struck his victim, a boy, over the head with a billiard cue, rendering him insensible and inflicting a wound which required eight stitches to close. Because the reversal of the case by this ancient logic is such an outrage upon justice, it is refreshing to find two justices dissenting upon the ground "that a person of common understanding would be in no doubt as to the offense which the indictment in this case was designed to charge."

We might go on with many more cases of the same kind, but technical reversals are not always due to matters determinable from a mere reading of the indictment itself. The same result is often reached because of some slight and insignificant variance between the averment in the indictment and the proof at the trial. What is generally recognized as the outstanding classic in this field is a Delaware case in which the defendant was convicted of stealing shoes. The indictment charged him with the larceny of a *pair* of shoes and his theft of two shoes was quite clear from the evidence. But in the excitement of the moment it seems he picked up two shoes both for the right foot. Because of this fact the

conviction was reversed on the ground that the indictment said he stole a "pair" of shoes while the proof showed two shoes for the same foot and hence not a "pair."

There is a more recent case, however, which is entitled to serious consideration for the blue ribbon in the absurdity contest. This is an Alabama case in which the defendant was convicted under a statute making it grand larceny to steal "a cow or animal of the cow kind." The evidence disclosed that he had stolen a steer, whereupon the court in all solemnity declared the defendant could not be convicted under the statute because a steer is a male and hence not "of the cow kind." After reading this decision it is a relief to learn that the Alabama statutes dealing with homicide use the phrase "human being" instead of the word "mankind"—otherwise it might be no offense to kill a woman!

To show how slight and insignificant a variance will sometimes result in a mistrial, a few instances of mistakes in names will be useful. Thus evidence that the accused committed a crime against nature upon a little girl named Rosalia M—— could not support a conviction under an indictment saying he committed such an offense on "Rosetta M——"; evidence that the defendant forged the name of Oatha C—— could not support a conviction under an indictment saying he forged the name of "Otha C——"; evidence that the defendant was guilty of using counterfeit labels could not support a conviction of this offense because the indictment gave the name of one of the partners as "Matt Von G——" and the proof showed it might be Max; and a conviction of embezzlement of property of a partnership had to be reversed because of a mistake in the name of one of the more than thirty partners.

The shocking feature of all these cases is that the inquiry into guilt or innocence is completely lost sight of while the court worries about something else.

Technical reversals, unfortunately,

are by no means limited to mistakes in the indictment. The admission or exclusion of evidence offers an excellent opportunity for the reversal of cases on absurd technicalities. Anyone expects a conviction of crime to be reversed if the evidence at the trial was insufficient to establish the defendant's guilt; who but a lawyer would expect the conviction to be set aside because the evidence showed too much? Yet this is not unknown. Thus in one case there was no doubt of the defendant's guilt of the crime of murder, with which he was charged, but the conviction was reversed because the evidence showed also a rape committed by the defendant upon the victim's wife immediately following the murder. And in another murder case the conviction was reversed because the trial judge admitted evidence which showed a robbery connected with the killing. The instructions given or refused by the court are also a frequent source of technical reversal.

Before going on we should refer back a moment to a case of technical variance which emphasizes a point not mentioned as yet. In a certain case a conviction of robbery was reversed because the indictment said the person robbed was "Wesley Duke" and the evidence showed the robbery of "J. W. Duke" by the defendant, but failed to identify Wesley Duke and J. W. Duke as one and the same. This was undoubtedly a mere oversight on the part of the prosecuting attorney. But listen to the statement of the court: "The defendant was under no duty, when requesting the affirmative charge, to bring the failure of proof to the attention of the court." In other words it was a very clever move for the defendant's attorney to keep silent as to this oversight until too late to correct it, and then, if the first jury decided against him, to demand a new trial. What matter if justice is defeated with the connivance of an officer of the court so long as the rules of the game are observed!

In fact, our criminal procedure is so



overburdened with rules which exist for some reason other than to aid in the search for the truth of the matter that there is hardly a step in the whole proceedings where some slight slip will not result in the case being disposed of on a technicality rather than on its merits.

## II

Dissatisfaction with the administration of justice is by no means a new thing. It is "as old as law." Nor is dissatisfaction with criminal law and its administration a local or American phenomenon. It was world wide at the beginning of the second decade of the present century. The ancient nature of this complaint and its widespread scope in recent times suggest the possible existence of certain inherent difficulties in the administration of criminal justice. It is well to recognize the presence of such difficulties and the impossibility of devising a plan of criminal procedure which will be perfect in its operation. The cases referred to above all have the objectionable feature of having been decided on some point of procedure rather than on the guilt or innocence of the defendant. It may be difficult to eliminate such decisions entirely. But certainly it will be possible to move a long way from our present position, which is causing dissatisfaction with the methods of American criminal law to increase from day to day.

Inquiries among representative citizens of one of our great cities a few years ago brought out the fact that three out of five considered the better enforcement of our criminal laws to be the most important public question of the time. In the press, over the radio, from the pulpit and the platform, and in general conversation we are constantly reminded of the general breakdown of our machinery for the enforcement of criminal justice, and of the ineffectiveness of our out-of-date methods of trying criminal cases. The absurdity of our technicalities in criminal procedure has seldom

been so well pictured as in these words which appeared in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*: "To a layman, such insistence upon worn-out and useless forms seems as absurd as it would have seemed to Goldsmith's Chinese traveler if he had been told that a certain murderer had escaped punishment because, in the course of the proceedings, the clerk of the court, in affixing the seal, had committed the error of moistening it with a sponge, instead of following the time-honored and strictly legal method of licking it with his tongue."

The writer once asked a juror why he voted for a verdict of not guilty in a certain case. All the evidence pointed unmistakably to the guilt of the defendant, yet the jury had reached a unanimous verdict in his favor on the first ballot. The juror's reply was interesting. He said, "There is no doubt of the defendant's guilt, but the state didn't show it." And yet this same juror answered under oath on the *voir dire* that he knew nothing at all about the case. In other words, before the trial he had no opinion on the subject at all; after the trial he had not the slightest doubt of the defendant's guilt; and yet he voted for acquittal on the ground that the state had not shown the defendant to be guilty. As a matter of fact this juror (and the other eleven in the same case) had become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the game being played in the courtroom that he forgot all about the question of guilt or innocence and gave his decision to the lawyer who seemed to him to play a more skillful game than his opponent.

This point of view is not limited to the members of the jury. Every step in the trial of a case and in the proceedings looking toward a new trial or a reversal is taken as if in a game. The one outstanding feature of importance is to see that the play is conducted according to the rules, and the judge is merely an umpire to enforce them. If we could only wipe out this pernicious sporting

theory of justice and come to view criminal procedure as a part of our general scheme of social engineering we should materially hasten the time when here, as well as in England and in Canada, the search for the real truth would overshadow all matters of form and technicality, and the outstanding purpose of a criminal trial be recognized by all to be the undivided effort to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the person charged.

### III

The cases which I have referred to emphasize the undue advantage given to the criminal by our antiquated system of criminal procedure. Let it not be supposed for a moment, however, that this is the whole of the picture. There is another side which is no less distressing. The difficulty of getting at the facts in the courtroom induces a certain type of mind to seek for this information elsewhere where restraints are not merely less rigid but are lacking altogether. The result is the "third degree." Thus while over-tenderness for the accused causes many who are guilty to escape their just punishment, the indirect result is to cause many to suffer humiliation and even physical torture of a nature not authorized by law even for the guilty—and some of these sufferers are innocent of any crime. Let us add, parenthetically, that a legal system which encourages law-enforcing officials to act outside of the law must be held accountable not only for the direct ill consequences of such unlawful conduct, but also for the general lawlessness which it thus breeds. For who has such a large responsibility to live up to the full spirit of the law as the officer whose duty it is to enforce it?

The long delays of our criminal procedure give unfair aid to the man who is guilty. When his trial finally does come the public may have lost interest in his case and important witnesses and valuable evidence may have disappeared, thus making it much easier for him to

obtain an acquittal than would have been possible shortly after the offense. But while the excessive delay works to the advantage of the man who is guilty, it is a distinct handicap to the man who is innocent, at least if he happens to be without sufficient funds or friends to secure bail. For not infrequently an innocent man remains in jail longer, while he is waiting to establish his innocence, than would have been required to serve out his term if he had been convicted in the first place. And after he gets out he finds his job gone and probably encounters difficulty in securing a new one because of the taint which has attached to his name by reason of his long stay in jail, notwithstanding the ultimate verdict of not guilty.

The harm done by the shyster lawyer and the professional bondsman in warding off punishment in cases where it should be inflicted is too well known to require repetition at this time. This, however, is not the only harm they do; for while they render undue aid and assistance to the man who is guilty, they do not hesitate to exploit the unfortunate man who is innocent.

Thus our machinery for the trial of criminal cases tends to give undue benefits to the guilty and to place unnecessary hardships upon the innocent. Not even this statement does full justice to the situation. Our sporting theory of justice, our overemphasis upon the rules of the game, transform the judge into a mere ringside referee whose business is not to concern himself with whether or not the case reaches the proper result, but merely to see that the contestants do not overstep the rules while the game is on. And the pernicious influence of this system goes beyond the mere opportunity for miscarriage of justice in the case on trial. If a witness wilfully commits perjury on the stand it is proper for the jury to be made aware of this, if possible; if his word is very questionable because of his unsavory character there is no reason why the jury should be kept in ignorance of this fact; and if he makes



unintentional mistakes in testimony they should be pointed out and corrected. But the rules of the game as it is played to-day place no proper restrictions upon the treatment to which a witness may be subjected in the courtroom. What matter if clean character be aspersed by false charges or insidious insinuations if the cause of one side or the other be promoted in this way? What matter how obviously honest a witness may be if by clever cross-questioning he can be confused and the effect of his testimony weakened in the minds of the jurors? What matter how truly a witness may merit his good reputation if blackening it by groundless questions and suggestions will tend to discredit his statements?

Probably very few lawyers set out with a deliberate design of abusing witnesses to such an extent as to cause upright citizens to shrink from testifying. Yet our unfortunate system tends to accomplish this result. To assist in reaching the proper decision in a criminal trial should be the delight of every law-abiding citizen. He should be glad to step forward and volunteer any information which may be of real value in deciding the case. And yet how many are moved by this desire? How many of those of high standing in the community do not prefer to remain silent rather than be exposed to the abuse of counsel in the courtroom? It gains us nothing to dodge the issue by saying that upright citizens should not allow such intimidation to keep them from performing their duty. It gains us little to point to the large number of leaders of the legal profession who scorn the resort to abusive tactics in the trial of cases. The fact remains that our system permits—perhaps we should say induces—so many lawyers to use such tactics that there is a widespread fear of the courtroom among even the finest people in the community. We cannot expect very satisfactory results from a system which tends to silence the most upright witnesses.

## IV

Having seen the many defects of our present system, it is only natural to wonder why it was ever developed. At this point we are sure to encounter the suggestion that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one who is innocent to be punished. But if, for the sake of argument, we concede the strength of this suggestion, are we to infer therefrom that the conduct of the trial as a game, in which the important object is to enforce rules rather than to get at the real truth of the matter, is necessary to protect the innocent? Since when did an innocent man require an absurd technicality for his acquittal? What has an innocent man to gain by emphasis upon form rather than substance? What has an innocent man to gain by long delays while the unjust charge is hanging over him? The answers to these questions are too obvious to require statement. Our present system of criminal procedure is decidedly detrimental to the man who is innocent of the charge against him.

To find the cause of the development of our present system, therefore, we must examine factors other than the effort to protect innocence. There is very little, if any, of our sporting theory of justice, of our losing sight of the substance in the form, to be found in the trial of a criminal case in England to-day. But our system was copied after that once used by the English. They have since cast it aside in the junk heap of legal absurdities together with the earlier trial by battle, and yet we must look to the English criminal procedure of a century or more ago if we are to understand why the system, to which we still cling, was developed.

Since such a system quite obviously was not necessary for the protection of the innocent, the inquiry arises was it developed to protect the guilty? The answer seems to be yes. At a time when the English law provided punishments which were out of all proportion to the

seriousness of the offense committed, when conviction of almost any crime called for the death of the prisoner, there was a "humane conspiracy" to defeat the law and acquit the defendant. This must not be interpreted to imply the existence of a well-formed purposive endeavor to develop a judicial machinery of a particular type for the trial of criminal cases. It was quite otherwise. Time and again the judges found themselves confronted with an individual case in which the law called for the death of the defendant if duly convicted, but in which the moral sense of the time cried out against so heavy a penalty for such misconduct. And time and again the judges seized upon some technicality or other to save the defendant. On many another occasion the judges were confronted with some situation which was quite similar except that the heinousness of the crime quite justified the severe penalty, or the penalty had been reduced to what seemed proper under the circumstances. And in each case of this sort the judges refined upon refinement in the effort to let justice claim the penalty. Thus it was that the judges, leaning far backward in one case to avoid the infliction of a punishment which seemed outrageously excessive, and leaning equally far forward in another case to hold the prisoner to a penalty which seemed entirely just, established precedents of procedure which later judges deemed themselves bound to follow regardless of the justice of the particular situation. So by mere chance were developed those "rules of the game," the letter-perfect enforcement of which now entirely overshadows the effort to distinguish guilt from innocence.

The recent Sacco-Vanzetti case has roused more world-wide interest and discussion than any other criminal case on record. It has divided the peoples of all nations into three camps, so to speak: those who are convinced of the innocence of these men, those who are satisfied of their guilt, and those who feel that the

question of innocence or guilt was not tested by a fair trial. Hopeless as the conflict of opinion has been, there is one aspect of the matter on which all should agree: namely, that no greater judicial catastrophe is to be found in American history. If these men were innocent, they had suffered unpardonable mistreatment by reason of their long imprisonment, even before the execution itself. If they were guilty, justice was subverted by the long delay which cast a glow of martyrdom over the closing scene. Neither the individual nor the state receives fair treatment by such a tedious process. It breeds only dissatisfaction.

There was a time when it was quite common to dispose of a criminal charge by personal combat between the accuser and the accused, the notion being that Providence would intervene and give the victory to him who was in the right. And just as this ancient trial by battle had to go when the people lost faith in its efficacy to distinguish innocence from guilt, so our modern trial by technique must give way before the ever-increasing demand for a mode of trial in which the one great outstanding purpose shall be the search for the facts which show whether the defendant really did or did not commit the offense with which he is charged.

## V

There are some members of the bar who bitterly oppose all suggested reforms of procedure of any kind. They insist it is nothing but an effort to make them "learn their law all over again." This is worth considering. The real lawyers, those who have attained something of a mastery of the great fundamental principles of law, would be inconvenienced very little by a change of procedure which would make it easier to get at the real truth of the matter. These, however, are not the ones who get red in the face whenever any change is mentioned. In fact, from Chief Justice Taft down, the real leaders of the bar are in favor of



it. But there are certain individuals who have been admitted to the bar—I refuse to call them lawyers—who have never attained anything like an acquaintance with the great fundamental principles of law. In fact, they have not even the vaguest notion of what it is all about except for being as wise as owls in regard to a few tricks and schemes of legal procedure. And a change which would eliminate all trickery from the trial of cases and have each issue disposed of according to the real merits of the case, would in very truth repeal all the law known to such individuals. It would very likely put them out of business (which, by the way, would seem to be a sufficient reason for making such a change if no other existed). When a case comes to such pseudo-lawyers it never once occurs to them to inquire as to the right or wrong of the matter. The only thought they have is whether there is some trick of procedure by which the case can be won. Their interests as practitioners are not entitled to consideration.

Not all who practice law, however, are included either among the outstanding leaders of the bar who are in favor of reforms of legal procedure or among the pseudo-lawyers at the bottom who are unalterably opposed to all such changes. The majority of attorneys, the rank and file of the profession, do not occupy either of these positions. A great many of them are opposed to the change—not because they would have great difficulty in adapting themselves to new methods, but simply because they follow the established order as a matter of course. If the need for improvement can be shown to these men there will be real hope for progress. If not, the public will have to insist that the legal system emerge from the dark ages whether the lawyers wish it or not.

Old ways of doing business have yielded to new; old systems of transportation and of communication have been supplanted; and now it is time that

cumbersome out-of-date methods of administering criminal justice were giving way to new methods more in keeping with the needs of the twentieth century. In this country we have made numerous excellent improvements in our procedure in civil cases; the time has come when we must give thought to reforming our criminal procedure. England has shown us the way by discarding her archaic criminal procedure for an improved and simplified method of trying offenses. We cannot use our reforms in civil procedure as such, in the trial of criminal cases; for civil procedure is one thing and criminal procedure is another. Nor would it be wise merely to shut our eyes and substitute the English criminal procedure for our own without giving thought to the question of its adaptability to our needs, for England is England and the United States is the United States. Most important of all, the reform of criminal procedure should not be regarded as a matter which someone can dispose of by dictating a few changes to his stenographer while he smokes his midday cigar. The need of the hour is a deep appreciation of the urgent demand for reforms in our administration of criminal justice—reforms which will require not a superficial tinkering here and there, but the most sweeping changes both in the machinery to be used and in the mental attitude of lawyers and judges in regard to the use of this machinery.

Because of their ignorance and superstition our ancestors may be pardoned for relying upon form and ceremony in the trial of a case instead of upon careful investigation into the real facts of each particular issue. In vain, however, do we search for plausible excuses to justify the sporting theory of litigation in the second quarter of the twentieth century. We have played with the administration of criminal justice far too long. The nation has grown from childhood to maturity and should now view the trial of a criminal case as very serious work.



# THE APARTMENT

A STORY

BY LIBBIAN BENEDICT

SHE could tell by the ring that it was Mike, and as she neared the door she heard voices. He had brought someone with him, then, God bless him. No matter how long she hadn't heard from him—and he wasn't the kind one heard from often—he was sure to show up at an "at home" of hers and bring one or two other men with him. Always the right kind of men, too, men who fitted into the tone she wanted for her "at homes" and even raised it a little. She wanted men who could be silly and yet very definitely give the impression that they were profound and intellectual. The fact that they were silly in her apartment was gratifying; it meant that they felt at ease there and that they took her intellectuality for granted just as she took theirs. They weren't afraid of displaying only froth because they knew that she and her friends could gauge the depth beneath it.

"Lo," said Mike, "see you've got a gang here to-night. Meet some friends of mine. Stanley Aarons, advertising man, hell of a bright fellow, and Bob Dougherty, accountant, but he's more interested in the theater than in accounting. Nice boys, both of them. And very thirsty."

Anne fixed three highballs, humming securely against the sound of talking that came from over the screen. To-night was going to be a gala night; she could feel it in the air. And she was doubly happy because it had come unexpectedly, after a lonesome day. She had somehow neglected to look after

her Sunday that week, telling herself whenever she thought of it that she would spend the day reading. But days set aside for reading always seemed ill-chosen; the desire for solitude never came by previous appointment. It was easy enough to keep busy during the week; by the time she had eaten her dinner in a restaurant or prepared something for herself if her funds were running low, the evening was well on its way. Later on someone had generally promised to drop in. That might mean at any hour, but it did not matter as long as it was there to look forward to. And when no one came, there were enough stockings to wash, or a few dresses to iron, or some general cleaning up to do. It was a grand life.

Her Sundays she always manipulated several days ahead of time, and saw to it that she was occupied until late in the afternoon, so that she would have to rush in order to get the sandwiches ready for the evening party. Rushing was a sensation she enjoyed. The appointment for the afternoon could be arranged casually; she called up a girl she knew, talked of a dozen things, and then said:

"By the way, what are you doing Sunday afternoon? There's going to be a very interesting lecture at the Labor Temple—I forget what it's about, but I remember thinking it would be interesting when I read the announcement. Wouldn't you like to run in? We could come down here afterward." Or perhaps simply, "How about going



walking Sunday afternoon? I haven't had a breath of air all week."

It could be managed. And it was only part of the time that she found it necessary to make the overtures; often they were made to her before she had got around to it. Most of the girls she was acquainted with seemed anxious for the same casual arrangements. Some Sundays four or five of them got together in that way, and then gathered in her apartment to help her prepare the sandwiches and to wait for anyone who might drop in. But to-day Sunday had pounced upon her too quickly; she had not arranged anything, and her pride kept her from 'phoning around for the chance of a last minute appointment. All afternoon, prowling about her room, she had been frantic with the thought that perhaps the whole day would pass in lonesomeness, that no one would show up.

And now a whole gang had come. God bless them all, Mike in particular, for having brought two altogether new and very nice men. One of them was an advertising man, he had said, and the other an accountant who was more interested in the theater than in accounting. Excellent!

"Say," came a wail from the bridge table as she brought the newcomers their drinks. "Are you forgetting all about us? Don't you realize we're all dry again?"

"Forgetting you? No, Albert, I wasn't forgetting you. How could I?"

"Anne never forgets," put in Mike, smacking his lips, "she's the best little hostess I know."

"And you know a good many, don't you?" asked Elsie, very broadly sarcastic, so that no one could possibly think her question was prompted by anything like personal interest. Anne wished she would keep quiet. Elsie was new at the game; she hadn't yet learned that one should never probe. Probing was old-fashioned; it wasn't in keeping with the camaraderie that she wanted to rule in her apartment.

"No, no. Anne never forgets. I know that as well as you do, Mike. I was only kidding." Albert laid down his hand of cards as she brought the glasses to the table, pulled her over to him and kissed her on the cheek, holding her clasped to him just long enough to make her think that for the moment he was oblivious to everyone except her. Anne caught an expression of dutifulness in the gesture, but she enjoyed it. There were eight men and six girls in the room, she counted as she leaned against his shoulder. What an achievement! In most places the proportion would be the other way around, if that good.

The two men Mike had brought with him were already very much at home. They had a box of nuts between them on the piano-bench and were munching away. Elsie detached herself from the group watching the bridge game and moved toward them. Picking up the box of nuts she put herself in its place and set the box on her lap. In a reflex action, both men immediately leaned their heads on Elsie's shoulders. Anne was annoyed; Elsie was getting more and more out of tune. She lacked subtlety.

Mike was floating around alone, as usual, and frowning. Mike's restlessness was what made him so interesting in a group; he always looked as if he wanted to undo something he had done. Now he walked over to the radio, twisted the dials around until he found a jazz program, and went pirouetting around the room. He looked more bleary than the one highball she had given him warranted. It occurred to Anne that his two friends did also. Where had they been before they came to her? The question bothered her often, but very deliberately she squelched it, to-night as always. Even thinking questions was old-fashioned and contrary to the rules. And anyhow, wherever they had been, they had left there to come to her. Greater compliment than that there was none.

Mike turned off the radio and wan-

dered behind the screen to the kitchenette, where she heard him taking another drink.

"What's eating your friend? He looks worried," Elsie said to the two heads on her shoulders. Her eyes had followed Mike; her glance always had a wide range when it came to men. The two heads did not answer but merely snuggled themselves harder into her shoulders.

"Don't move," one of them begged, "I'm comfortable." Elsie forgot that she had asked a question and glowed.

"These nuts are delicious," said the other, "I'm coming up here every week. Nothing can keep me away now." Anne took the compliment to her heart and hugged it, then went on about her duties happily. Everyone was happy. They were all doing exactly what they felt like doing, no manœuvring, no forcing on her part and none on theirs. She felt like an invisible good angel, and it was the invisibility, the very martyrdom of it, that gave her a feeling of warmth and munificence. Moving around, she set imperceptible wrongs aright, shoved an ash-tray closer to Albert, so that he would not have to stretch his hand so far, shifted the lampshade a little away from someone else, so that the glare would not be in his eyes.

Mike was standing near a window he had opened a while ago.

"Oh, Lord. Spring again," he said suddenly, shutting it.

"April," murmured Elsie, and rose rudely. The two heads were not as disconcerted as they had threatened to be. They resumed their vertical positions expressionlessly and went on munching nuts.

"Say, how long have you been in this apartment anyhow, Anne?" asked Laura, dealing the cards. "Isn't it almost a year?"

"Gosh, it's hard to believe, but it is almost a year. It'll be a year on the fifteenth of May. As a matter of fact, I've got the new lease in the drawer of that desk."

"Ray!" yelled Albert. "Almost a year. Why don't you throw a party on the anniversary day?"

"That's a fine idea, Albert. I never thought of it. I think I will. Remember, everybody—the fifteenth of May, no matter what day of the week it is."

"I'll be here," said Bob Dougherty, "and for fifty-two Sundays after that. These nuts are grand."

"And what about the sandwiches?" put in Aarons, the other newcomer of the evening. "Anne knows how to make sandwiches."

Anne took her cue and passed the plate around, inwardly liting. It always thrilled her to hear herself referred to by her first name in an altogether new voice. Mentally she marked another line on her tally of friends. Anne knows everybody, Anne has a lot of friends, you can always meet a crowd of interesting people in Anne's apartment. She could hear them saying it.

"Why won't you have a sandwich, Mike? You're insulting me!"

"Thanks, kid, but I'm really not hungry," he said, and feigned a lunge at her, but no smile broke into his face to give his jocularly any credence. Then he went behind the screen again and she heard a gurgle. She began to wish he wouldn't. Not that she begrudged it to him; Mike was the last person on earth she would begrudge anything to, but because the stuff was expensive, and she tried to keep a neat line between hospitality and sheer extravagance.

"Say, I was just thinking of something funny," said Albert, the bridge game being over. Anne sat down expectantly on the footstool and waited. Albert was often a nuisance, but he could be depended on for one thing—he was always sure to drop a serious note into the talk just when its fragility was in danger of becoming boring. "I happened to be looking through some old copies of the *Times* the other day, in connection with some research I was



doing . . ." The phrase fell weightily on Anne's ears. Research. "And I happened to strike some reproductions of a set of cartoons that had been awarded prizes, all the way back in 1910, I think it was. The contest had been run by the Anti-Suffrage League—"

"Anti-suffrage," echoed Elsie. "I smell moth-balls."

"Yes, don't you? Well, you should have seen the cartoons. One of them was called 'The Three Sexes.' It showed a man, a woman—one of the delicate, clinging kind, you know—and the third sex, the suffragette. You should have seen how she was depicted. And another cartoon showed the traditional American home—baby, dog, rocking-chair, pipe, and all the rest—in danger of being crushed by a huge rock which some suffragette was trying to push down on it." There was loud laughter. "The world do move, I said to myself as I looked at those cartoons."

"I'll say it do," said Elsie. "What would those virtuous artists have thought of this—a girl alone in an apartment, throwing parties, serving drinks. Why, when I think of that, I am almost glad to be alive. I am almost ready to grant progress to this old world, after all."

"Progress, hell," said Mike, circling the last inch of his drink around in the tall glass. "Where do you see progress? There ain't no such thing. The world just sleeps on, only every once in a while it turns over on the other side and shakes the bed, and we call that progress."

"Be careful, Mike," said Elsie. "You're taking too much progress for granted already. Even in a girl's apartment it isn't proper to switch the conversation to beds all the time. We're trying to be serious."

"The hell you are. Well, so am I. And I wasn't going to say anything to make you blush, either. Here's what I mean. We were born in a day when the world was sleeping on one side and all of a sudden it yawned and turned over on the other side. And we go crazy

cheering. We think it's grand because a big bunch of husky guys like us can crash in on a girl's apartment any time we want to and not have to answer charges in court the next day. But what's grand about it? Honest to God, can anybody tell me what's grand about it?"

"Thanks, Mike," said Anne, nervous at the way the talk had turned. "You're being very appreciative this evening. I think I'll recall my standing invitation."

"It mightn't be a bad idea, kid. Yeh, we think it's grand. The girls think it's grand and the fellas think it's grand. What's grand about it? I ask you, what's grand about it? What are we anyhow, fellas? Do you know what we are? A bunch of gold-diggers, that's what, gold-diggers with pants on. We crash in on a girl, drink her booze, eat her candy, wear off her furniture, and then beat it without even knowing what color eyes she's got, although God knows how many times we've kissed 'em. Our fathers weren't angels, either. But at least when they kissed and forgot they had to buy the booze and the candy and pay for the furniture, if it went that far. But we're different. We're miles ahead. Miles ahead. Believe me, the blondes the gentlemen prefer haven't got a thing on us; they're altruists in comparison."

"Shut up!" said Albert. "You're drunk." For some reason, Mike's finger had been wagging at him all through the tirade.

"I won't shut up. You can't make me shut up until I've told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It's been gnawing at me for months and months, like a worm. . . . Gold-diggers. Gold-diggers. Gold-diggers. And we're good stuff, too. That's the best part of it. Not scum. First-rate stuff. How's this for an ad, Stan? Do you think the *Times*'ll take it? High class males, college graduates, 'guaranteed to read at least a book a week. Price one sandwich, two highballs, and half a pound of nuts."

Anne got up from the footstool and forced her way through the silence to the screen.

"Where are you going, Anne?" asked Albert, grinning weakly, his tenor voice a tiny falsetto.

"To make some black coffee," she said.

The next morning she flung the covers off her before she was fully awake and had to lie for a minute wondering why she had hated the feel of them so. She remembered in a rush, and tumbled out of bed to spare her body the contact with any part of it. But that was not enough. Even the floor against her feet was painful and the sight of the walls against her eyes. Half a pecan lay on the rug where Dougherty had dropped it. She picked it up and crushed it to flakes between her fingers. The exertion brought tears to her eyes and started a flood, but she stopped crying when she realized that it blinded her and delayed her in dressing. She had plenty of time, but she wanted to get out of the room as soon as possible. She did not prepare any breakfast for herself and did not eat anything outside. The sight of food in the restaurant window nauseated her. Long before nine she was at her desk begging solace from its solidity and smoothness.

It was a large desk of beautiful walnut, the tangible symbol of all the arguments she was trying to conjure up now in order to forget last night. Five dollars had been her weekly wage when she first finished business school; twelve times that was in her pay envelope now. Her annual bonus still made her gasp. Besides, there was all the honor that came with her job—the honor of sitting in the large, carpeted, fireplaced sanctum with the boss himself, listening while the future of whole blocks in every corner of the city was being decided, and watching millions drop silently from one coffer to the next. And then there was the respect—the respect she got from the huge staff of workers, underlings, sitting

in the stiffer, brighter space outside the private office.

If it would only last longer than it did! The day was too short, not the work of the day, but its spirit. At half-past five every evening it was over. Even while she was on her way out to wash her hands, she could already feel the crumbling of the regime under her and the wobbling of her perch. The other girls, whether they were much younger than she or not, were clannish, bound together by foolish interests, and they talked to her only perfunctorily when they talked at all. The men were a crew apart. Under the strain of the business day she sometimes thought their attitude might be interpreted as friendly, but when that was ended, its coldness was indisputably evident. Her solitude as she watched the reflection of her hand gliding over the shiny surface of her expensive desk was pleasant as long as it denoted superiority, but when the superiority was whisked away it remained solitude and nothing more.

For years, ever since she had had nothing else to worry about as far as money was concerned, she had fought against a steady crescendo of irritability. The frothiness of her existence and its superfluosity grew on her; she was like a bit of foam that the river of progress had whipped up on its rush onward, and some day, like the foam, she would burst into air and not be missed. She wanted something to hold on to after office hours just as she held on to her desk during them. Books, concerts, theaters—they were all part of the foam. She was tired of rushing onward. She wanted a pool.

She had gone to live by herself. Her mind had not labored its way to the decision; it had leaped. And she had never stopped marveling at how apt the leap had been. All the rankling she had been articulate about was gone, and most of what she had been inarticulate about. She couldn't figure out to this day how she had come to meet all the people she had entertained in the



last year. She didn't know where they had come from, nor did she know where many of them had gone to. The turnover had been tremendous, and it was the turnover that brought elation and the feeling of movement and adventure. Gangs and cliques and intimacies—things she had never met with before in her life—flared up and died down again before she could clearly grasp their shape. Secrets and intrigues kept her awake with their importance one week and made her laugh at their childishness the next. Men and girls alike had passed through her door in the procession and had disappeared, smiling and friendly and complimentary, leaving in her mind only the indistinct memory of a shifting triumph. But the turnover had been greater in men than in girls; the girls had stuck by, most of them, appearing with frequent regularity and with a changeless expectancy in their eyes. Of the men only Mike had wandered in and out and in again, restless and undependable, but sure to reappear eventually and to have some-one worth while in tow.

Occasionally he came up alone and they spent a few hours together chatting and making love within the limits tacitly set and accepted. When he had gone, Anne knew that an emptiness had prevailed over the whole evening; the promise made by his restlessness when there was a crowd never materialized when they were alone. He was only another one of those who almost stirred her, but not quite. Still she let him come, and still he came, because there was nothing else to do. But she realized that when, at seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, she began to wonder whether he would show up that night, it was not Mike she wanted to see. It was the people he might bring. She had never gone so far as to phrase the thought to herself, but she was honest. People. Nice people. Intelligent people. That was what she wanted. Perhaps the girls understood it; if they did it was because they felt that way themselves,

so they kept quiet. The men did not know, she had been sure of that.

And last night she had discovered that the men did know. Now, as she clung to her desk, the guilt brought the red to her face in hot recurrent waves, all through the morning and all through the afternoon. She had been found out. She had been found out; that was the guilt. She had been found out, and she was ashamed, terribly ashamed.

On Monday evenings she generally washed a few odds and ends and cleaned up the miniature wreckage of the Sunday party, but going down to her room that night immediately after work was out of the question. Instead, she traveled uptown to pay a surprise visit to her mother. She decided on that because she could not think of anything else, but as she neared the place she became afraid to face the family array. She was uncertain of what would happen to her backbone in front of them. But bravely she bought an extra large ball in the corner stationery store for her sister's baby and went up. The family was there in full force, her mother and her brother and her brother-in-law and her sister and the children. With a gayness that she made brazen she let their usual sarcastic greetings roll off her back.

"Hurrah, look who's here! Look, sonny, your high-toned aunt who lives all by herself in a swell apartment has come to pay you a visit. What an honor!"

Things of this sort she did not mind because they were so broad, but she could not meet her mother's glance. She was sure that her mother had sensed her vulnerability, and although she knew that the more she cringed the more it would be sensed, she could not help herself. It was only a matter of time until the attack would begin.

"Almost a year since you've been away, isn't it, Anne?" said her mother finally, with a casualness that made Anne wonder whether she had not been wrong, after all. "Last May, I believe."

"May the fifteenth. They've just sent me the new lease."

"The new lease? Is that so? How time flies! Have you signed it already?"

"No, I don't think I have. I'll attend to it to-night when I get home." She picked up a paper and made believe she was going to read.

"Are you going to sign it?"

"Why, of course I'm going to sign it. What a silly question!"

"Perhaps you won't sign it?"

"Are you starting that all over again?"

"Who's starting anything? I only asked you a question. I said perhaps you won't sign it."

Anne did not answer.

"You know, I can't understand it yet. I've tried, but I can't. I think we fed you well here, didn't we? I'm a good cook, everybody seems to like my cooking."

"For God's sake, don't start that."

"Again you tell me I'm starting something. What's the matter with you? You don't look so well. Did you have a hard day at the office?"

"I'm all right. I probably haven't got enough rouge on my face, that's all."

"If you took better care of yourself, you wouldn't have to depend so much on rouge. I'm sure you don't eat right."

"I do."

"All right, I won't argue with you. Tell me, don't you like this apartment?"

"This apartment? You mean here? Of course I like it. Why do you ask me that?"

"I don't know. I thought maybe that was the reason. Did we ever keep you from doing anything you wanted to do?"

"I'm not going to answer another question."

"All right. Don't get so excited. I won't bother you any more. Only I thought maybe you'd change your mind and not sign the lease."

Later the drizzle that had begun just as she came in changed to a steady down-pour. Her mother took it for granted that she would stay overnight; she had done it before when it rained. To-night

she dreaded the few extra hours there, but she simply did not have the strength to refuse. In the mirror she watched her mother making the second bed in her own room, the bed that had been practically unused for a whole year. She had never seen her mother so careful and so particular with a bed before; one might almost have thought it was a cradle. And when it was ready she stood over it for a while, then bent down again to smooth a last wrinkle out of the sheet. Anne bit her lips and clenched her fists. She didn't want anyone to smooth her sheet for her any more; she wanted to smooth her own sheet, in her own home.

"When will you come again?" asked her mother in the morning, just as she was escaping.

"Oh, I'll drop in one of these days, like I always do."

"You'd better 'phone before you come," said her sister. "We always like to fix up the house for strangers, particularly for strangers who are better than we are."

Anne slammed the door. Yet she felt that she was leaving truth behind her, and going out into lies. All through the day, as she worked, she was a battlefield. Every inch of her was fought over, captured, and recaptured. She worked at a furious speed, blindly, wondering how the pages came out as decently appearing as they did. When she looked into the shiny surface of her desk she saw how ugly and distorted her face was reflected in it. Several times she was afraid that it was not the reflection, that she had really become that way. But her pocket mirror reassured her.

She remembered having made a tentative appointment for dinner and theater that evening with one or two girls, but she had no mind for facing it. As soon as she could, she rushed back to the apartment. Being there might calm her, she thought. But the sight of the room when she opened the door made her gasp. She had forgotten



that she had left it untouched; everything was in its morning disorder, intensified by two days of dust. With the same impetus that had driven her through the day at the office she set about cleaning the place up. But even that did not do any good. When she had finished and eaten, she sat down on the footstool and tried to force herself to be peaceful. All around her were her walls, the beautiful creamy walls. No, the despicable walls. She hated them. On the floor was the rug she had almost starved herself for. More than once she had sat as she sat now, filling her eyes with its rich mulberry color and trying the depths of it with her fingers. It warmed her this evening, too, for a moment, until she remembered feet. Feet crushing and mauling it. The feet of strangers. Strangers. The word was fire in her brain. They had all been strangers, walking in and out again in an endless snake-walk, taking it no more seriously than they took a snake-walk. Where was a friend among them? Mike. Mike? She thought of the word that could apply to him. He was playing an old role, but playing it inversely. She knew now why he was so restless; it was his conscience. And her shame was no different from the shame of men when the illicit half of their lives is discovered. The world had turned over on the other side.

Her eyes rested on the etching hanging on the wall opposite her. So many had rapturized over it in the past year. She could still hear their praises for it and for her good taste. False! They had all been false, it was all a fake. Everything was a fake, her hospitality, their appreciation, their rapture. Even their immorality was a fake; Mike had flattered them in his tirade. They only made believe they were doing things. They did nothing. Absolutely nothing. It was all nothing.

The fury was short-lived and intense, as all her furies were. But it tired her. For a long time after it she sat quietly, not only calm, but reconciled to her

calmness and to the reason for it. The walls around her were beautiful walls once more, but they were no longer her walls. The thought that she had once loved the room hovered around her like the feeling of an amputated finger, but there was no pain. She smiled to think how easy it was going to be for her to close the door behind her and know that she was closing it forever.

Just as she was getting ready to go to bed the telephone rang.

"Anne?"

"Yes."

"Mike talking. What are you doing with yourself?"

"Oh, nothing. Just sitting around. Reading."

"Do you feel like seeing anybody?"

"Why?"

"Listen. I've been blowing around your part of town with a friend of mine. Hell of a nice fellow, newspaper man. Thought you'd like to meet him. He'd certainly like to meet you. If you don't mind, we'll run up for a while. Will it be all right? . . . Hello, are you there?"

"Yes. . . . I'm here."

"I thought we had been cut off, you were so quiet. Well, will it be all right?"

"Of course. Of course it will be all right."

"Fine. We'll be up in about fifteen minutes. Sure we won't be disturbing you?"

"Absolutely. I'll be waiting."

"Say, Anne—"

"Yes?"

"Got any of that stuff left? You know what I mean."

"A little bit. Enough for you."

"You're a good kid. See you soon."

With half a dozen swift motions she pushed the blankets and the sheets underneath the mattress of the couch and threw the batik pillows over it. Singing, she drew on her stockings and ran to the closet to choose another pair of shoes. Then she hurried into the bathroom to wipe the cold cream from her face.



## WHAT PRICE DOCTORS?

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN, PH.D.

**H**OW to meet the cost of sickness is a major problem with most people. It is a fortunate family, especially if there are young children, that can pass a year without a case of serious illness. The cost of medical care is always an important item in the budget; but when an illness of long duration or one involving hospital care or requiring an operation occurs, the cost is usually staggering. Such an event, especially when it curtails the income of employed persons, at once forces many families into the unfortunate position of having to accept medical charity. Large numbers of middle-class families pay their bills, but chafe under what they generally consider the unjustifiably heavy cost of medical service. Only the very rich can afford a serious sickness without concern over their medical bills. Everywhere, within and without the medical profession, there is the feeling that something is seriously wrong with the economics of medical service. Neither doctors nor patients are satisfied with the present situation. I propose here to discuss some recent developments in the direction of more efficient and economical medical service, although I should explain at the outset that we are far from having arrived at a solution of this vexing problem.

The best estimate of the aggregate cost of sickness in the United States is over two billion dollars a year; the same total as for public education. This is three and a half per cent of the country's income. The huge figure is occasioned by the need for an army of professional workers and lay assistants to care for the large number of sick. For two per cent

of the population are at all times so ill as to require medical service of one kind or another. They employ approximately 150,000 physicians, whose average net income is a little more than \$3,000 a year. About 50,000 dentists have a similar average net income. In addition, 140,000 nurses doing private bedside work average \$1,500 a year; about 150,000 practical nurses and 100,000 more employees of various kinds such as orderlies, stenographers, and assistants in hospitals and in the offices of private physicians have an average annual income of about \$1,000 a year. The total annual income of all concerned with the care of the sick is over a billion dollars. The cost of hospital service covering eight hundred and sixty thousand beds adds five hundred millions, and the cost of medicines and drugs is not less than five hundred millions more. These figures are of necessity rough, but they total well over two billions of dollars a year.

A number of independent surveys of the cost of sickness in individual families help to confirm this total. A few years ago, the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the United States Government made a study among twelve thousand wage-earners' families and found that the average medical expense was a little over sixty dollars per family per year. The amount actually spent among these families varied a good deal with the size and income level of the family. Those whose income was between fifteen hundred and eighteen hundred dollars a year had an average expenditure of \$67.85; between eighteen and twenty-one hundred dollars,



\$73.75; and those between twenty-one and twenty-five hundred dollars, an average of \$81.77. Another study conducted by a life insurance company among its large clerical personnel discloses a figure of \$80 a year per family for medical and health purposes. This figure is exactly the same as that allowed by an important social agency in its outline of a budget for workingmen's families. We believe it, therefore, to be truly representative of conditions the country over at the present time if we include all economic and social classes. Of this amount from forty to fifty per cent is spent in payment for physicians' services; six to seven per cent for hospitals; fifteen to twenty per cent for dentists; three to five per cent for nurses and from twelve to sixteen per cent for medicines and incidentals.

If the average family spends \$80 a year for sickness, the twenty-seven million families of the country together spend a total of over two billion dollars.

A cost of \$80 per year would seem not too great a burden for the average wage-earner's family to bear, and there would be no difficulty were this amount fixed for and foreseen by each family. But, unfortunately, the amount of sickness varies considerably among different families and in the same family from year to year. One may go along for a year or two with very moderate expenditures and develop a false sense of security. The year following a serious illness costing hundreds and even thousands of dollars may occur, and the chances are that there will not be sufficient funds to meet the expense. It has been found that in any community one out of every four families will have at least one serious illness in the course of a year. A major operation or a large dental repair job is almost certain to embarrass seriously the typical wage-earner's family. It is this phase of the cost of sickness which is so disconcerting. An average of \$80 is a combination of smaller and larger expenditures; the amounts vary all the way from next to nothing to thousands of

dollars a year. Just so long as the amount does not exceed the average, it is easily met. When it exceeds this amount, troubles begin. The family, to avoid embarrassment, will in many cases not call in the physician although he is needed; or having called one, will find it self unable to meet his charges and be compelled to accept charity, or go into debt in order to pay the bill. Many families in these circumstances will resort to patent medicines or to quackery. The high cost of medical care partly explains the popularity of the numerous medical fads and cults now flourishing.

The problem is most acute among the large group of families whose income is over \$5,000 a year and under \$20,000. This class suffers most from the present organization of medical service and its high cost. The small average figure of \$80 per year does not apply here. Unfortunately, we have no accurate data of their expenditures. But there is every indication that their average is at least several times that of wage-earners. These families do not avail themselves of free or inexpensive medical service as do their poorer relations. They are usually charged in accordance with their economic resources. A major surgical operation will rarely cost less than \$1,000 when all items are included. Some leading surgeons charge a fee of ten per cent of the year's earnings. The birth of a baby in such a family usually costs the best part of \$1,000 when all medical, hospital, and nursing fees are included. Hospital costs are especially high for this group. The use of a private room and special nursing care, together with the other incidentals of hospital treatment, make a total which is often prohibitive.

We are not concerned, in this discussion, with the cost of medical service for the rich.

## II

The physicians of the country are not unaware of the existence of this problem. They meet it every day in their work.

Many of them have attempted to solve it, as it affects them individually, by scaling down their fees, on occasions, to what they think their patients can afford to pay. But this expedient has its limitations. While many physicians and surgeons show their readiness to take care of the poor by reducing their fees markedly, others will not take patients unless a minimum fee is paid, and this may well be beyond the ability of the patient. Physicians generally agree that this method of reducing fees is not particularly satisfactory. Unscrupulous persons will sometimes give their doctors a false impression of their financial condition. Patients often require the use of expensive laboratory facilities, as well as x-ray examinations, bacteriological and other tests before an accurate diagnosis can be made. Such services are in their nature expensive and it would be difficult to cut their cost because they are rendered by laboratories and institutions which are independent of both patient and doctor. It is altogether clear that a method of payment which involves a flexible fee varying with the economic condition of the patient is unscientific and offers no real solution to either physician or patient. No other service is paid for on this basis and physicians will always have great difficulty in justifying this procedure however generous it may appear to be. A better way must be found.

It is easy to develop a critical attitude toward the medical profession in considering this subject. It is true that many prominent physicians make a great deal of money, and that specialists charge large fees for their services—out of all proportion to those of the general practitioner. There is also, unfortunately, much evidence of poor work and of fee splitting on the part of some physicians. Although all this is true of other professions equally, many people believe that the medical profession as a whole is unreasonable and even mercenary in its relation to the public. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There is

no more high-minded and devoted profession in the world than the medical profession. As we have already seen, the average annual earnings of the physician are very moderate indeed, considering his training, the many years of his preparation, the expensive equipment which modern medicine calls for, the responsibility, the hardships and rigors of the profession, and the need for long vacations and study periods to keep abreast of the times. Many doctors, moreover, devote considerable time and effort to work done without any compensation, such as service rendered to the poor in hospitals and clinics. One estimate places the amount of time given to such work as one-sixth of the doctor's working time. Research work and community activities of various kinds are making larger inroads on the physician's time and correspondingly reduce his income. All of these items justify earnings well above what the rank and file of physicians actually receive. Three thousand or thirty-five hundred dollars a year is small compensation and is incommensurate with the value of the physician's skill to the community or with the compensation of men in other professions or in business. If there is legitimate complaint against the cost of medical service, it should not be directed against the doctors. They, as well as patients, are victims of a system which is not well adapted to the need of the times.

### III

It is the present high cost of hospital service that more than anything else makes serious illness a heavy burden. The increased elaborateness and effectiveness of medical equipment, the centralization of medical and surgical skill and the presence of other trained personnel, the elimination of home worries and the avoidance of cross infections make it highly desirable that cases be treated there rather than at home. The average city-dweller is not likely to receive the necessary care in



his small and congested apartment. Sickness surveys made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company some years ago showed that twelve per cent of the cases of incapacitating illness are regularly hospitalized. In large cities the percentage is probably higher. But as the need for hospital care has increased, its cost has likewise risen. Typical hospital cases now entail an expense that seems incredible. Excluding the fees of attending physicians and surgeons, actual records selected at random show that a private case of myocardial insufficiency requiring a hospital stay of fifty-five days cost \$1,166, approximately half of the expense being for private nursing care and most of the remainder for room and board. A case of appendicitis cost \$450; of mastoiditis, over \$750; of sinus infection, \$360; of carcinoma almost \$1,500, and of neurasthenia, \$800. The inclusion of the doctor's charges in these cases would raise the totals materially.

Hospital managers should be very much exercised over this situation. They realize only too well the economic hardships that are involved for the large number of patients who desire to pay for their service. The very poor, as we have said, may receive care for almost nothing. Members of a typical workingman's family, accommodated in wards, will usually pay fees much below the actual cost of the service. But those above that economic level are expected to pay fixed charges. These, on their face, are above the true cost in order that the hospital may make up the deficit resulting from the free and partly free service. In New York City, the hospitals reporting to the United Hospital Fund gave almost half of their total hospital days to patients who paid only a part of the cost of their care. It is robbing Peter to pay Paul that makes the problem so distressing for Peter.

Yet it would be very unfair to give the impression that this hospital situation is not changing rapidly for the better. Only thirty years ago the income

of representative New York hospitals covered only about one-third of their total expense. It now covers two-thirds, and most of this gain has been derived from ward patients. While a large amount of free work is still done, there is more and more insistence on the part of hospital managers that those who can afford to pay in full or in part for their care, do so. Between 1917 and 1923, the eighteen general hospitals reporting to the United Hospital Fund increased their receipts for ward service from \$1.46 to \$2.67 per day. The average ward rates now charged in the majority of cases are between \$3 and \$4. There is a small added charge for x-ray work, and for pathological and chemical examinations. Accurate cost accounting which hospital managements have installed indicates that hospital service satisfactory to most cases can be secured for something like \$5 a day including all items, except physicians' fees. Possibly in smaller communities, the cost may be brought considerably lower. Better hospital management, continued reduction in the amount of free service, and the more general use of small wards and semi-private facilities should make possible the scaling down of hospital costs to reasonable proportions. But it is only fair to note that the increased income from these sources has not as yet resulted in reducing the charges for private patients.

The seriousness of the problem of medical economics has resulted from the present organization of medical service. The care of the individual patient in the office of the private physician is bound to be expensive. The time which the average doctor devotes to his private practice must be well paid for if he is to earn a decent living. For one thing, the overhead of the physician's office is a large item and may reach about a third of his total income. The cost of equipment is ever increasing. Nor is the physician's time entirely occupied during office hours. Patients are not always at hand and unprofitable time may be

spent waiting for them. All this necessarily raises the cost of service. To meet this situation and to provide care for people of moderate means, the last twenty or thirty years have seen a large development of what may best be termed "group or team medicine." This consists of medical service in clinics, in out-patient departments of hospitals, in general and special hospitals, in industrial plants, in health centers, in universities and in other social and philanthropic agencies. The clinics are characterized by the presence of a staff of physicians representing the several medical specialties. There are usually available the most recent equipment and appliances which the average general practitioner cannot afford to have. Lay assistants are usually at hand to save the doctor's time and make his work more telling. Patients, moreover, come by appointment and the doctor is kept continuously busy during his working hours. Such economies of operation enable the patient of modest means to consult skilled specialists, if they be needed. Accurate diagnosis is much more likely under such care, and the duration of treatment can be materially reduced. The business-like organization of such service makes accurate cost accounting possible and shows what medical service costs per patient. It would be most desirable to determine the cost of similar services under the conditions of private practice. But although such data are not now available, there can be little if any doubt that the actual cost is very much higher than in group practice. Group medicine has already grown to enormous proportions and points the way to the partial solution of our problem.

#### IV

Clinics and out-patient departments of hospitals represent the most striking development of group medicine to-day. In 1900, there were only 150 clinics in the United States. In 1925, there were over 5,000. At the present time about ten

million people throughout the country are receiving clinic care. This growth has taken place especially in the large medical centers where hospital facilities are ample. The smaller towns and the rural areas have as yet scarcely any such service. Though clinic patients are up and about, they suffer from every variety of complaint; from minor surgical conditions to the early stages of the more serious disorders such as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and even pneumonia. Venereal disease and mental and nervous disturbances are frequently encountered. The majority of the patients are women and children although men are also represented in large numbers. It has been estimated that as high as fifteen per cent of all ambulatory cases in many large communities are treated at such clinics. In New York City about a million patients make six million clinic visits annually.

The most significant fact is that these clinics are now giving fair medical service and are becoming self-supporting at the same time. The early institutions were originally established for the destitute poor and did little more than dispense set prescriptions instead of giving medical service in the modern acceptance of the term. That is how their name "dispensaries" arose. But to-day, conditions are very different. The last two decades have seen a complete change in their character and purpose. Excellent physicians are attracted to them and serve on their consulting staffs. Patients are being examined and treated with much more care. They are, moreover, expected to pay whatever they can for the service they receive. In New York City, for example, the clinics associated with the United Hospital Fund reported that fees collected from patients covered sixty-one per cent of the total cost of their operation. In these organizations, the average amount received per visit from patients was fifty-five cents, the actual cost to the institution being about ninety cents. At the present time, few of these organizations pay



any compensation to staff physicians. If medical salaries were included, as they undoubtedly will be in the future, the price of clinic service will be raised; but the fee will still remain moderate enough for the majority of the poor to pay it without undue hardship.

A number of clinics, where the patients are expected to pay the full cost of the service, including the salaries of the attending physicians, have already been organized to provide better and more economical medical care for middle-class families. They are intended for patients more prosperous than those entitled to out-patient hospital care, but who have incomes insufficient for consultation with private specialists. They attract especially patients whose ailments require elaborate diagnostic facilities, long-drawn-out and expensive treatment, and the more costly appliances necessary for specialized medical work such as gastro-intestinal and renal diseases require. Only a comparatively small number of their patients complain of acute illness; most of them suffer from chronic complaints or diseases which have not hitherto yielded to successful treatment. The fees charged in such clinics usually cover the full cost of the service including, as we have said, the salaries paid to the attending physicians and surgeons, although some of them do not include full overhead expenses in their accounting. On the other hand, there are a number of clinics organized on similar lines which are a considerable source of profit to their managers, of which probably the most famous is the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota.

The Pay Clinic of the Cornell University Medical College in New York is a particularly interesting experiment in medical practice and demonstrates admirably the possibility of providing adequate care for people of moderate means. It offers its service only to patients able to pay the prescribed fee; others are referred elsewhere for treatment. In determining which patients lie within its scope, it takes into account

the size of the family as well as the income and the type of disease from which the patient suffers. For it is conceded that conditions likely to require long-continued treatment, or the use of elaborate equipment and costly laboratory facilities should be included, even if the family income would ordinarily be large enough to pay for private care. For the most part, patients belong to families having an income of about \$2,400 a year. The clinic was opened on November 1, 1921, and on that day, over 1,000 persons applied for treatment. Many were in line for hours awaiting their turn. During its first six years, about 115,000 patients were registered. Together with the old patients on the books, about 21,000 people are treated each year and about 475 patients now come to the clinic each day. Over 130,000 visits were paid last year and the attendance is steadily growing.

This pay clinic at Cornell University replaces a charity clinic which was formerly considered a necessary part of the teaching equipment. The free clinic was operated at a considerable deficit. At the end of the second year after installing the new plan, the deficit of the clinic was reduced a half, and during the last few years it has been entirely wiped out. The clinic is now said to be self-sustaining. Patients are charged a flat fee of \$1.50 per visit, but pay supplementary fees (at cost) for x-ray plates, for laboratory tests, appliances, eyeglasses, medicines, and other special items. In the year ending June 30, 1927, operating costs including depreciation on equipment amounted to \$314,000, or an average of about \$2.39 per clinic visit. As we have said, the charges for this service covered the cost, but the average amount paid by patients, including the extras, varied considerably according to the type of service required. In some departments, the average cost per clinic visit exceeded \$5, whereas in others the cost was only \$1.60. At all events, patients are receiving excellent medical service for about a third of what

they would have to pay to the same physicians at their private offices.

All who know the work of this clinic are agreed that the standard of service is of a high order. This is further indicated by the enthusiastic response the clinic has received from its patients. The average number of visits per case is now close to five, a higher number than is usually paid at other clinics. Patients recommend the service to their friends, and this is largely the source of the new clientele. Physicians likewise refer many of their patients to the clinic. Thirty-five hundred doctors of the Metropolitan area have sent more than twelve thousand of their private patients to the clinic for diagnosis and consultation, and this type of service for private physicians is constantly increasing. The Cornell Clinic has established itself as an indispensable part of the medical equipment of the city. Its demonstrated efficiency in caring for cases which ordinarily would be difficult and expensive to treat will undoubtedly have a very large effect in further extensions of similar service the country over.

## V

A similar method of supplying effective and economical medical service is the development of student health work in American secondary schools, colleges, and universities. Many educational institutions are located in small towns where private medical facilities are inadequate to care for the large number of students. The school authorities have, therefore, found it necessary to provide facilities of their own using, largely, the excellent personnel and medical equipment of their own medical faculties. Such service is now very widely available; perhaps the most interesting examples being found in the Universities of California, Michigan, and Minnesota, each of which cares for about ten thousand students.

In these institutions, the service is all-inclusive. The incoming students are

carefully examined and receive advice as to their physical condition, what exercises to take, and how they may keep well. When a student is sick, he is encouraged to come to the clinic for the examination and treatment of even minor affections. If the ailment is serious, or if it be a source of danger to others, the case is at once hospitalized and treated for a sufficient length of time by the most approved methods. There can be little doubt that the service is of the best type and that the students are kept in excellent physical condition.

What interests us particularly in these demonstrations is the very low cost of the service. Dr. Sundwall, describing his work at Ann Arbor, says that each student is taxed six dollars a year for health service and that this amount is adequate to cover medical and nursing expenses together with the cost of equipment. This small sum is also the amount of the annual fee per student at the University of Minnesota where an excellent service is rendered. The fee will be increased to nine dollars with the new semester. At the University of California, the actual cost of the service is more nearly \$12.30 a year.

These college health organizations prove that a reasonably complete medical service can be rendered at an extraordinarily low cost. The small fees in the above universities cover virtually everything including drugs, laboratory tests, examinations, and hospital care. At California, the only additional charge is apparently a low and uniform fee for surgical operations. At Minnesota, small additions are charged for dentistry and a few other items. At Ann Arbor, the average cost of a clinic visit is only eighty-five cents; at California, it is only a little more. Hospital care costs the college about \$2.50 a day.

The movement for good medical service is spreading to students at most American colleges. More and more colleges are supplying this service for students at low cost. In a few institutions the faculty members are receiving



similar care, and in a few others a movement is on foot to make the service available to the families of the faculty. These experiments will have a definite bearing on the problem of the cost of medical service. Their appeal is not only because of low costs. The service rendered is of a high order and at the same time democratic, eliminating the distinctions which ordinarily follow differences in economic status. The poor and the rich pay the same fees and receive identical treatment.

## VI

There is little general appreciation of the extent to which medical service has been provided by industry for its workers and the number of employers who have found it to their advantage to organize medical departments.

In the beginning, a few progressive firms established dispensaries for employees injured in the course of the day's work; but the presence of a physician and a nurse in a plant, almost of necessity, resulted in extensions of the service. The passage of more stringent compensation laws which penalized employers heavily for industrial accidents and diseases likewise influenced this development. The industrial physicians began to examine applicants for employment and at regular intervals thereafter. In many cases they found physical defects which could readily be remedied. Since this could not always be accomplished by the workers themselves, many employers offered facilities for securing and guiding the treatment, hoping in this way to prevent the physical breakdown of their workers. An important factor in the growth of this movement has been, on the whole, its favorable reception by the workers.

The theory and practice of medical service in industry is that both the employer and employee are mutually benefited by keeping the worker in good physical condition. A liberal interpretation of this idea results in services

which not only take care of obvious physical disabilities but also disclose incipient conditions while they can still be corrected. The actual responsibility for such remedial work usually rests with the employee. Industrial medical service will cost the employer something like ten dollars per capita per year, although the sum cannot be definitely fixed, as it will vary considerably from industry to industry and from plant to plant. Generally speaking, it does not appear that the standards of service are low because of this small cost. Economy results from the employment of full-time medical attendants, from the continuous use of equipment, and from good supervision.

Some industrial organizations carry their medical service still further. A few have built hospitals where employees receive treatment at small cost. In some plants the employee is charged a small annual sum which entitles him to general medical care when necessary. In a few unusual cases the members of the worker's family are included in the medical service which covers even confinement care, infant health supervision, the protection of children with toxin anti-toxin, and even school health work. Such fairly complete medical service for workers and their families in one large plant costs about \$30 a year per employee. In most other establishments it would cost considerably in excess of this low figure. Such service can be undertaken only in isolated communities where the industry is the controlling factor in the life of the people.

Granting the rarity of these inclusive services, the great run of industrial medical departments serve workers economically and efficiently. Millions of people are benefited to a greater or lesser degree through these agencies. Millions of dollars are profitably spent in this way to safeguard the health of wage-earners. Wherever effort has been kept within modest bounds it has rarely met with the opposition of the medical profession. Lesser afflictions and com-

plaints which otherwise would not have received medical attention at all are now cared for, and many serious conditions which would have been undiscovered until too late are now brought to light and called to the attention of private practitioners. Industrial medicine, in this way, has served to bridge the gap between wage-earners and the medical practitioner.

## VII

What remedies can we propose for the high cost of medical service? We have already discussed some suggestive developments which promise relief. Group medicine, through the organization of physicians into effective working units, will undoubtedly eliminate much of the waste of current individual practice and reduce the cost to the patient. The near future will undoubtedly see many more pay-clinics patterned after the Cornell University model. These will serve for the diagnosis and treatment of obscure ailments and will be well adapted to the financial ability of many middle-class patients. But for the treatment of illnesses occurring among wage-earners and their families there will be need for still greater development of out-patient departments of hospitals. Such clinics will charge larger fees than at present to cover the entire cost of operation including the adequate compensation of physicians on the staff. For the service of bed cases, hospitals will in like manner work out a plan of domiciliary service adapted to patients of moderate means. The success of such plans will depend a great deal upon further reduction in the amount of free service rendered by hospitals. In fact, free service must be entirely eliminated as a factor in hospital management. The cost of service for the destitute must be met in the future through public funds; but the amount of such relief ought never to be large in America. Finally, industry and business will still further serve their personnel along medical lines which experience has proved to be sound. These

developments are distinctively American in origin and well adapted to our temperament and our genius for organization.

But there is another equally important remedy which even if it does not reduce the cost of medical treatment will assure funds with which to meet medical bills conveniently when serious and expensive sickness occurs. It is not concerned with medical organization—whether doctors work privately or in groups. It does, however, supplement group organization of physicians with group organization of patients. By this means, people in vast numbers join together and by the payment of fixed premiums while they are well provide a fund adequate to pay sickness costs. This is essentially health insurance—the best method yet proposed for meeting the cost of disabling sickness. There are fortunately enough private insurance companies in the United States able to conduct this type of business both efficiently and economically. In fact, many persons in comfortable circumstances are now carrying sickness and accident insurance in existing insurance organizations. A half million American wage earners are now covered by group health insurance contracts in strong life insurance companies, and possibly several million more are affiliated with lodges and mutual benefit associations which to a greater or less degree provide medical service. The solution of the economic problem we have been discussing will come only when sickness insurance becomes as popular among working men and their families as industrial life insurance is now. Such a system will leave people entirely free to choose their own physicians just as they do now. Doctors will likewise benefit; for under this plan they will be assured of compensation for services rendered.

The cost of such insurance, if limited to cases of serious illness involving disability, will not be excessive. Non-disabling ailments, although of frequent occurrence, do not lend themselves to



insurance coverage. The mechanics of handling enormous numbers of claims for petty amounts would add heavily to the cost of the insurance and could, therefore, be of little advantage to the patients. It may be good practice in the early stages of this development to scale premiums down to cover only from two-thirds to three-quarters of the actual present cost of medical service in serious cases. The cost of such health insurance would be still further reduced and brought within the means of virtually all families if it could be written on large numbers of persons at one time (group or wholesale insurance). This is not the occasion, however, for a detailed outline of such a health insurance system. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that the cost of such insurance will be well within the means of the American people. The insurance machinery now available will run smoothly in administering this system. Only a nation-wide educational campaign is necessary to popularize such a plan. When this has been successfully consummated, the menace of the present situation in which only the very poor and the very rich can obtain medical service without worry will be ended.

It is not difficult to foresee what the reaction of physicians will be to the above suggestions. The method of insurance protection to cover the cost of medical care will, I believe, be welcomed by the rank and file of physicians, for this will benefit them by assuring full compensation where there is now so much uncertainty and delay in payment of the larger bills. It is even conceivable that the profession will lend its organized support to furthering such business arrangements, provided it can be assured that there will be no curtailment in the personal relationship between physicians and their patients. But the suggestion of group medicine has never been favored by many practitioners, and it is not expected that it will now be accepted with any joy. There is much justification for such an attitude. It is difficult to expect doctors to be among the

first of the professions to adopt standards of compensation which emphasize community rather than personal advantage.

Nevertheless, I believe that group medicine will have no adverse effect on the finances of the medical profession. It will not result in any lessened demand for the doctor's services but should rather increase the amount of his work. Thousands of people who now find it difficult to consult physicians because of the expense will find in the pay-clinic a ready means for doing so. The propaganda for periodic health examinations will work in the same direction; for the clinic is especially adapted to render this type of service. It is to be expected that under such extension of group-medicine doctors will devote much of their time to the clinic—but they will be well paid for their service. There will always be a large number of people, however, who will insist on the old-time intimate relationship existing between doctor and patient. Patients confined to bed will also require individual care. The private practice of medicine, even if somewhat curtailed, will always remain indispensable. But the time devoted to private office practice should, under the new conditions, be paid for on a more lucrative basis than at present. It will then be pertinent to determine what a fair charge for this highly individual and private service is. A scientific determination of the charges will involve evaluation of such items as the cost of the doctor's training, the cost of his equipment and overhead, the time that he has available for private patients, having always in mind the standard of living which the community expects him to maintain, and a margin sufficient to provide for reasonable leisure and the protection of his old age. There is altogether too much guesswork at the present time about all these factors. Such an evaluation conducted along scientific lines would be a first-class contribution to the solution of the economic problem of medical practice.

## The Lion's Mouth



### "WIPE YOUR FEET ON THE MAT, DEAR"

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

ONE of The Just So Stories describes the adventures of the first man and the first woman. A high point in the tale is reached when they move into the first cave and the woman says, "Now wipe your feet on the mat, dear, and we'll begin to keep house." Most people, however they take this—whether as a Beginning or as an Ending—would regard it as a happy one. But if you will stop and ponder the significance of that episode you will find that it has possibilities of discord and unhappiness. Fix your gaze upon the Mat. The Mat, ah, there's the rub! Man—Everyman—comes to his home longing for relaxation and for an escape from rules and organization, and on the very threshold he stumbles over a rule. "Wipe your feet." "Be damned if I will," says Everyman. Everywoman meets him at the door and finds him about to track mud into her spotless hall. The monster! That just shows how he needs the refining influence of home.

Bear with me while I try to expound the symbolism of the Mat. What it means is that men and women have fundamentally different ideas about the nature and purpose of the home. Under the conditions that prevail in our world to-day most men find their lives falling into two distinct spheres, their public life and their private life. The requirements of the former impose a good deal

of restraint. There is the routine and formality of the office. Engagements have to be kept punctually. Appearances have to be maintained not only in regard to the relatively minor matters of dress and deportment, but in observing what the dignity of the office or of the profession demands. The most persistent strain of public life comes not from the strenuousness of competition but from the constant necessity of taking oneself and one's job seriously.

For the man, Home is or ought to be the place to which he can escape from the more or less artificial postures of public life. The ideal home is the place where you can drop formalities, shuffle into slippers, eat in your shirt sleeves if you feel so inclined and, in general, give free play to the impulses of the natural man. It is where you don't have to be punctual for meals or for anything else. You have had enough punctuality all day. It is where organization and efficiency should show their ugly faces as little as possible, where tidiness and system and the doctrine of a place for everything and everything in its place are abominations. Are we not sated with neatness and orderliness and schedules and filing systems in the office? The change into old, comfortable, and perhaps disreputable clothes is the outward and visible sign of an inner transformation. The ideal home, as the man pictures it, is a city of refuge, a castle of freedom, informality, and irresponsibility.

The ideal home, I said. Of course there are no actual homes like that. Women have taken good care that there shall not be. Not chiefly on account of the practical difficulties, but because the ideal itself is repellent to them. They have a different theory. They think



of the home as an agency for taming and domesticating man. I say domesticate, not civilize. Woman cannot civilize because she is herself uncivilized. This statement is intended to carry neither praise nor blame. It is offered as a dispassionate scientific observation. What I mean by it is that women are too intensely individualistic to care about human solidarity. Their feeling for the claims of the particular instance is stronger than their regard for the universal rule. While men emphasize standards women emphasize the exceptions. Sometimes I think that women look upon men and their civilization—men with their Justice and their Laws and their Diplomacy and their Industry—with the same detached half-contemptuous air that they adopt towards men's sports and clubs and conferences. Ah, the poor creatures, they seem to say, how amusing it is to watch them taking themselves and their occupations so seriously! Women have profounder realities to ponder in their hearts. And so I repeat that woman's ambition is not to civilize but to domesticate. If it be true, as George Meredith said, that woman is the last thing that shall be civilized by man, it is no less true that man is the last animal that shall be domesticated by woman. In her eyes he is dirty and untidy—think of what a room looks like after an evening of poker!—and coarse and given to wandering and, in general, full of unpleasant feral impulses. He must be broken and disciplined and taught decency and manners.

The woman, I think, for the most part fails to do justice to the man's need for free-and-easiness in the home. Only under protest will she allow him room to stretch himself after the cramping artificiality of the day. She is fond of saying, "If you think it necessary to be on your good behavior outside, how much more careful ought you to be in the home." That is preposterous. I will even go so far as to assert that the man should be allowed the privilege of being

rude to his wife, or at any rate, she should not insist on his showing good manners to her. One's wife (or husband) is or ought to be one of the few persons to whom one can be rude or casual without the possibility of misunderstanding.

On the other hand, there is one element in the woman's theory of the home which men with their usual obtuseness fail to see. The general principle is this: it takes much effort to achieve the appearance of lack of effort. It takes centuries of breeding and training to produce natural good manners, years to produce a natural swing at golf, and a small fortune to buy a perfectly simple frock. For civilized and sophisticated people naturalness is not to be had without much labor and forethought. Similarly, the comfort and the easy domestic informality that men demand would cost far more than most of them either would or could pay. You cannot have these things without an elaborate if inconspicuous organization and without well-trained, amiable, long-suffering and, therefore, exceedingly expensive servants.

And yet I do not think that this reflection by any means disposes of the man's domestic philosophy. The woman may still learn something from it. There is plenty of room for simplification in the average modern home and for the comfort that comes from simplification. The feminine tendency is to clutter the house up with a lot of stuff which creates endless obligations for her and is only a nuisance to the man. She builds up a machine which she finds herself required constantly to tend; but the product of the machine is of little or no value. Think of the furniture that has to be polished, the floors that have to be waxed, the wood-work that has to be cleaned, the draperies that have to be . . . well, whatever one does do to draperies, the rugs crying out to be beaten, and then throw in the accumulation of vases and ornaments and heirlooms and generally useless bric-à-brac all demanding attention, and you will begin to realize

what an insatiable monster the average home has become. Of course when one could afford to keep a staff of servants to care for the monster not much harm was done—except to the servants. Now, however, few families can afford it, yet the rites and ceremonies of the traditional domestic religion persist unchanged to the manifest discomfort and inconvenience of all concerned. The great feminine superstition upon which I hope man will make war until he has destroyed it is the belief in the intolerableness of Dirt in general and Dust in particular. Here are two examples of how women are enslaved to this superstition. I call up a friend and ask her and her husband to come and play bridge. She replies that she cannot come because all the books in the library are on the floor and she is cleaning. Of course she may have been doing it for the fun of the thing. If so, well and good. But I am inclined to believe that the library had been on her conscience for some time and that she had been saying to herself, "Now as soon as Christmas is out of the way I must get at those library shelves." What a ghastly waste of time and energy! Why not have left the dust where it lay, invisible, and innocuous?

I know a household where the following procedure is observed when the family goes away for the summer. First of all the entire house is stripped—like a battleship going into action. Then a squad of cleaning women is called in to scrub and sweep and dust. Then everything is swathed in newspapers or cloths, hatches are battened, and the house hermetically sealed. God help the unfortunate male at such times! If he ventures inside his own home it is to fall over a pile of rugs or to blunder upon a phalanx of charwomen with their embattled brooms. A week before the family returns the cleaning women are once more let loose on the house to repeat the performance. A magnificent display of system and energy, I grant you, but after all, is it worth it? Surely home would be a pleasanter place, with less

worry, disturbance, fatigue, and nervous wear and tear if women would resign themselves to a certain amount of friendly dust, if they would accumulate fewer possessions that demand their care, if they would cease to envisage domestic life as a prolonged warfare upon the invading forces of Dirt and Disorder.

Yet I may be doing women an injustice in using the word superstition. Perhaps their domestic zeal is a symptom of something less reprehensible. Shall we say that women, for the sake of self-expression, self-respect, and happiness, feel the need of a job and that, therefore, the married woman who either through lack of skill or by force of circumstance has been denied a career seizes the only opportunity open to her. If she cannot lead the perfect life of being "beautiful, idle, and useless," or if she is not content to pass her days in a round of fatuous social activities she will try to find an outlet for her energies and for her creative impulses by organizing the home as a Going Concern, by training and educating her children, and by taming her husband. Why should he be the only one to know the satisfactions of organization and management and efficiency and general participation in that vague thing called the Work of the World?

Well, perhaps that is the truth of it. But the situation itself is not altered by this explanation. What the home is, still remains as violently opposed to what the man thinks it ought to be as before the analysis. The only practical suggestion I can make is that we might take a hint from the farmers of New England, of Rumania, and of many other countries. I propose that in every household where the husband and wife are proceeding on different theories of the function of the home and suffering mutual exasperation thereby there should be a Best Parlor. Into it would go all the best furniture, all the valuable rugs, all the family heirlooms, all the delicate stuffs and the fragile bric-à-brac. It would never be used, not even to doze in after dinner on Sundays. But it



could be kept immaculate. It could be cleaned and dusted and ventilated and arranged so that it remained a perpetual marvel of neatness and order. To Enlightened Minds the Best Parlor is merely a theme for superior mirth. It is one of those quaint and mildly ridiculous customs peculiar to rural communities here and abroad. But in reality it expresses a profound idea. The institution of the Best Parlor recognizes and tries to satisfy religious needs. The objects of religion are intended to be contemplated, to be enjoyed, and to be worshipped, not to be used. Praise, the beautification of the temple, the loving and assiduous care of the sacred objects of the Cult seem to the sober pragmatic mind excessively wasteful. So they are. But the criticism is irrelevant, for they were never meant to serve any economic purpose. Now the attitude of women towards many precious possessions of the home is really religious. The best silver, the best china, the best linen—to use these things would be a kind of sacrilege. We shall keep them spotless, contemplate them, display them, even, from time to time, but bring them to table, never! Domestic life becomes difficult and confused if these sacred objects are suffered to mingle with the gross secular linen and silver of daily use. Why not, therefore, openly admit the difference and segregate them in a Best Parlor which is frankly a domestic shrine? Then when the husband found his wife in there and saw her tenderly smoothing the laven-dered linen or polishing the silver to a starry brightness he would think of her not as “one of these poor misguided women” but as a priestess about her task. The hand of reproof would be stayed as Hamlet’s hand was stayed when he realized that the King was at his prayers.

There is another way in which the impulses of religion are engaged in the care of the best room. Life at its best as at its worst offers no finality of attainment. The vanity of the pursuit of riches or of other material things is an

old story. The more you have the more you want. Happiness is elusive and the Bluebird turns out to be a Wild Goose after all. But the vanity of moral idealism is a story as true, if less obvious. “Lord, how oft shall my brother offend against me and I forgive him? Unto seven times?” “Yea, I say unto thee, and unto seventy times seven.” The time will never come when I may say that I am as charitable as I need to be and that there is nothing more for me to do in this respect. There is something infinite and therefore tormenting about moral ideals. The only certain thing is that if any man says complacently, “Now I am honest, sincere, unselfish. *J’y suis, j’y reste,*” he is in bad way morally. It looks as though to be moral one must forever be beginning all over again. This is intolerable. It is religion that offers escape from this indefinite postponement of satisfaction. Religion gives us Heaven, a place where the fight is o’er, the battle won. When we get to Heaven, thank God, we shall be done with the necessity for being up and doing; we shall just contemplate Perfection throughout eternity. Now domestic routine provides an exact parallel to the vanity of human wishes. One feeds the family only to strengthen their appetite for to-morrow’s meals. The clothes that go to the laundry this week will come back and later return to the laundry again. The dishes that are washed to-day will be dirtied again to-morrow. So it goes. In the home there is no progress, there is only a cycle of drudgery. Every housekeeper is plowing the sand or writing her name in water. From this hell of frustration the Best Room offers salvation. Imagine a woman as she makes a bed paralyzed by the sudden question, “What’s the use? It will all have to be made over again to-morrow, and the next day, and the next.” That is the moment when she needs a Guest Room to flee to, a room, I need hardly say, which no guest is permitted to enter, a sacrosanct chamber, a Domestic Paradise in little. As she

gazes on the ideal bed with its snowy linen and its uncreased counterpane will not her insatiable aspirations be appeased for a space in the contemplation of that untroubled perfection? Will she not murmur

"Thou wast not meant for rest, immortal bed!

No sleepy generations crush thee down."

Yes, I think she will. And gradually in the serene atmosphere of that place tranquillity will flow in upon her and take possession of her weary and mutinous spirit. And after half an hour, or an hour maybe, she will emerge ready to take up again her daily duties and to face a husband the less intractable because all the sacred objects that might cumber his way or cause him offense will be far from his path behind the locked doors of the Shrine.



#### IN MEMORIAM

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"DO YOU know whom I miss more than anyone else?" said my wife, a few days ago.

"Yes," I replied. "Hootie Biggs."

Maude looked at me in surprise for a moment, then we both laughed, for it had not been a case of mental telepathy. It had been, rather, an instance of a given stimulus acting identically on associated minds, for, a moment previously, through the open, screened windows, on the heavy summer air, had come the sound of a small boy imitating a hoot owl. Or, possibly, he had been imitating Hootie himself, the master imitator of hoot owls, also of railroad trains, patent medicine orators, cooing doves, wildcats, and countless other beasts and birds, many of which he probably had never seen. In any case it was a bad imitation—the small boy's—and

one at which Hootie himself would have laughed with derision.

It is now two years since William Tecumseh Sherman Biggs, otherwise known as "Hootie," passed from our midst, and he died as he had always lived—in wassail. He was as black as the traditional ace of spades and his features were pure African, but his temperament was the odd result of grafting a tropic soul on a lifetime spent among the traditions of a staid little New England village. This result was to make him a local historian of rare and minute accuracy, a poet, a Tory, a romanticist, a sportsman, a man of stately and florid manners, and an incurable self-dramatist. I will not say, exactly, that he was also the town drunkard, for that is an honor that has never been accurately awarded in our village; but, as the tennis players would put it, he was certainly among the ranking ten.

It was not, however, the mellowness of his single vice that rendered him charming. It was that in connection with his other and contradictory talents. One November morning I met him on a frozen road at an hour when, as I surely intended to tell him, no gentleman should get drunk. As far as I could see him approaching, I could tell by the narrowing contours of his circles that he was getting himself into shape for the encounter. I was prepared for any one of the normal excuses that he might have made, but not for the actual greeting with which he disarmed me.

"Mistah Phil," he hailed me, from a dozen yards off, "you're just the man I want to see. What was the name of your grandfather's second brother? I know he married a Gaylord."

"His name was Ephraim," I said, as I tried not to laugh.

"Thank you," he answered, with the absent air of an old curator whose mind has just slipped on the third king after Rameses. "I knew there was Philip and Thomas and Henry and the girls, but I couldn't quite think of Ephraim."



At another time a summer visitor, a lady, was walking along a lonely road when, to her terror, she rounded a turn and came upon a half dozen negroes fighting on a bridge. She stopped and wondered whether she dared to run when, from the midst of the group, our friend Hootie stepped forth and bowed low with his old straw hat.

"Madame," he said, "you are perfectly safe. Come straight ahead. I won't let any of these rough niggers touch you."

With the manner of a gentleman usher he marshalled his somewhat astonished companions against the rails of the bridge and escorted his trembling protégée through them. The joke of the incident was that, as it later developed, Hootie himself was the only one of the group who was really drunk or who had been making any trouble. The others were distant relatives and friends, who were trying to get him home before the eye of the constable should light upon him.

In his cups, with his low brow, his bloodshot eye, and his broad, flat nose, poor Hootie was a terrifying sight to a stranger but actually he was perfectly harmless. More than that, he was powerless. Two of our farm boys, neither aged more than fourteen, once threw him all over the road and nearly punched the life out of him. There was neither danger nor glory in crossing him when drunk. One push of the hand would topple him over or a single sharp word from a white man would bring him to terms and, as a result, most of his sprees were in solitary grandeur. He would walk out the country roads in a world of his own, in a land of his dreams, but as he kept up a steady stream of contemplative talk, it was easy to discover what his dreams were made of.

Oddly, in these dreams, he was always a hero. At some period of his life he must have steeped himself deeply in romantic literature, for his favorite amusement was to go along, crying, "Here comes Old Hank Star, the crack shot of the prairie!" At other times he

would stand before a respectable gate and roar out in stentorian tones, "One bottle of the great Kankakee nerve tonic will restore you completely. For men, women, and children, and only one dollar, ten little dimes, or one hundred cents. Now, Professor, just a little music—" (which he would then proceed to furnish in a rich barytone) —"I thank you, one and all."

On possibly his greatest occasion, during the War, a whole regiment of uniformed home guards was paraded on the ball grounds, and that evening Hootie was a general at least. Late at night we could hear him passing the house shouting, "Stand in line! Fours to the front! Double time, March!" It took no imagination to see a thousand massed men behind him and curiously, knowing Hootie, those men would be white.

Even in his sober moments this hero complex had a great deal of influence in Hootie's life. He liked to refer to himself, deprecatingly, as "Old Hank Star" and speak of combats, of fisticuffs or "wrassling," in which he had come off a hard-pressed but ultimate victor. Oddly, however, all these affairs had taken place in other towns where negroes congregated or in times long past. Nor was it really necessary for him to build up his fame artificially. His imitative talent could do that in its own right. This was the one thing which was genuinely admired and on which he could always fall back when his claim to public attention seemed to be waning. He could not only imitate a hoot owl at a distance, which is easy, but he could imitate the throaty, eerie sound of the same owl near at hand. He had a marvellous imitation of a railway whistle coming through a fog; and in the old days, when the arrival of the daily train was a real event and the station platform was always crowded, Hootie would stand near a crate or box and begin to coo like a shipment of pigeons. Little by little the waiting passengers would become aware of it and would pass along, looking furtively into all the boxes to find the birds.

Reviewing these memories of colorful moments, one becomes aware of how unfortunately it is true that in the lives of notable men a single vice or a single misstep can overshadow a host of virtues. There were many moments when Hootie was not drunk, but in those moments he was retired from the public eye. He was floating in his boat among the lily pads of a placid mountain pond, he was setting his traps in winter, or was peacefully and efficiently mowing the village lawns. He was mowing our own lawn, in fact, one election-day morning, when I asked him whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. His eye lighted with surprise at the innocence of the question, then he answered quietly, "My race owes a great deal to Abraham Lincoln."

At some far date in the past Hootie had had a family. He had also had tragedies. His wife was gone and unremembered. Three of his children had disappeared out into the wide world and there now remained only one daughter, a hunchback, who lived with him in a little hut far up on the mountain and deep in the woods. Hootie himself came to town almost every day, but the daughter never. She would merely go to the point where the woodland trail met the highway and sit down and wait. I saw her there once when Hootie came up the hill. At sight of him she waved her hand, called, "Hoo-hoo—Poppa!" and the little chuckle of glee and the mirth in her eyes were a happily surprising omen of what their home life must be. The daughter died about two years before Hootie, and one day in the woods he showed me a view through the trees, saying, simply, "I always stand here for a minute or two, because the girl and I liked to stop and look off."

Hootie was about sixty when he died, but he had looked exactly the same for at least thirty years. Prohibition had made not the slightest difference in his life, as he had long since had his own taste in liquors. Jamaica ginger, essence of wintergreen, or a two-ounce bottle of lemon extract, tilted upwards and taken

down at a single gulp, were *apéritifs* and cordials with which he had long been familiar. He made his fatal mistake when he went to a party in a neighboring township and someone suggested oil of birch. The name sounds harmless, but when the news came I looked it up in the dictionary and found that it is a compound used for tanning leather.

The funeral was set for Saturday, in the gray, stone chapel, and a strange thing happened. Between my wife and me, of course, there was no question. We surely must go. We wanted to go anyway, but we also looked on it in this wise: "Poor Hootie. A great many people in town are not perhaps as liberal as we are and it *would* please him to have at least one or two of his white friends present." And, amazingly, everyone else in town seemed to have figured it out the same way. The chapel was packed. There were negroes, of course, dozens of strange negroes who drove up in motor cars, and old, picturesque, patriarchal negroes with white beards and canes.

But there were also white people by the score, the village steadies and the "summer crowd," for they all knew Hootie. There were men in morning coats and there were men in knickers, there were men in white flannels, and women in Paris gowns. Frankly, it was the smartest funeral that we had ever had in town. The clergyman was a newcomer just out of the theological seminary and was apparently the only person in town who did *not* know Hootie, so he stopped me at the chapel door and asked me for any facts that I could give. I told him about Hootie's father who had been a veteran of the Civil War. I told him about the poor, crippled daughter and of how she used to wait for him on the woodland trail. I told him about Hootie's love of the woods, of his knowledge of birds and wild things, of his quaint philosophies—and I didn't tell him any more. But the clergyman made the most of it. In three minutes he had us sobbing, all over the chapel, black and white. It was one



of the few funeral services that struck me as just right. The preacher said his "Amen," a colored brother echoed with his "amen," and then we passed out.

And we had amongst us but a single thought. "How Hootie himself would have loved it!"



## A NEW USE FOR ANNUAL REPORTS

BY EDWARD A. MUSCHAMP

UNTIL recently I have always suffered from the most extreme embarrassment whenever I have been left alone with a group of business men. Awed by their intimate familiarity with Big Finance and the Biggest Kind of Big Deals, and conscious of my own abysmal ignorance of these always (to me) more or less mysterious subjects I have, except for an occasional "Yes, sir" or "No, sir" remained virtually speechless. But a great change has come over me, for I have discovered that I, too, am a man of not merely Big Affairs but of Vast and Gigantic Operations, to say nothing of Future Tremendous Developments.

At least that is what the Board of Directors of one of "my companies" have just told me in their Annual Report. To be exact, they have told me no less than twenty-five times. In fact, that Annual Report is just one "your company" after another from beginning to end, and any board of directors that are as positive as all that about anything must know what they are talking about.

Consequently I have decided that I am no longer that completely insignificant human microcosm which has no connection whatever with the world of Big Affairs and in whom no Big Men ever repose any confidences.

In a word, all I want now is an opportunity, and the first one of my business

friends that starts to give me the "low down" on some big deal that he claims to know all about is going to get the shock of his life. Because the instant he pauses for breath I am going to break in on him with:

"Why, my dear young fellow, those friends of yours are just plain pikers. Let me tell you something! In the first place, when we closed our books on December 31st how many customers do you think we were serving? Never mind, I'll tell you—exactly 998,330! Not so bad, eh? And just remember, that means a net increase of 53,937 new customers over 1925. What's more, there isn't a day passes that at least 4,000,000 telephone calls come into our various offices. Why, just to provide the necessary facilities to take care of this new business and to maintain our usual high standard of service to all our old customers we spent on plant alone during the past year \$13,316,402. Yes, sir, to-day we own and occupy no less than 106 buildings, have two more in the course of construction, and in addition we use all or part of more than 350 rented buildings.

"And *confidentially* (business of lowering voice to a whisper and casting cautious glances around to make sure that there are no eavesdroppers loitering nearby) I don't mind telling *you*—but I don't want it to go any farther, that during 1926 we spent for additions to our central office equipment alone the sum of \$3,534,392! What's more—and I got this straight from the Big Chief himself . . . "

At this point I shall begin quoting verbatim paragraphs from that Annual Report, and I shall keep on quoting them until my victim begins to show signs of grogginess. Then, at the psychological moment I shall deliver the Knock-out. Clapping my hand down on his shoulder, I shall say in a kindly but slightly condescending manner, "Not at all, old man, not at all. Just give me a ring any time you think I can be of any service to you. Only too glad to help you if I can."



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## *Editor's Easy Chair*

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### SUN SPOTS AND JUSTICE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**I**T MAY be recalled that last winter at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which sat at Philadelphia in the holiday season, there was read a paper of Professor Tchijevsky of Moscow about the unusual sun-spot activity that would prevail this year and next year and the disturbances that might be expected to attend it. The newspapers reported what they could about this paper—it was much too long to be given in full—but the upshot of it was, as noted in this department of this magazine last March, that all great mundane disturbances followed or attended these periods of sun-spot activity. That was the burden of the Russian professor's discourse. He said these operations in the sun followed eleven-year cycles: three years of minimum excitability of human beings; two years of increasing excitability; three years of maximum excitability, and then three years of decline to the minimum that closes the cycle. This year and until 1929, we are told, the sun-spot activity now proceeding comes to its maximum, "with resulting human activity of the highest historical importance, which may again change the political chart of the world." So said the Russian professor, and he thought the prevailing excitability would be all the livelier because the present high mark of the eleven-year cycle coincides with the maxima of sixty and thirty-five years. The Russian gentleman thinks the deportment of the sun has a great

deal to do with human behavior. Another scientist, an engineer of note and an expert in violet rays, holds that it has a great deal to do with the weather and that the prevailing solar disturbances are responsible for the Mississippi floods and the wet season.

There may be something in these suggestions. Certainly we have had a curious summer both as regards the weather and the excitability of the human mind. The idea that we are creatures of circumstance is no new thought, but this suggestion that humanity at large is poignantly affected by the influence of the heavenly bodies is to this generation a good deal more novel, though ancient knowledge took notice of it and made it a factor in calculation.

At any rate, the Russian scientist in declaring that the unusually agitated condition of the sun presaged corresponding agitations in the minds of men seems to have hit it pretty accurately. We have had unusual reactions of the human mind to stimulations all through the year. The Hall-Mills case, Lindbergh and the flyers, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, were all curious, and all very thorough jobs of widespread mental disturbance. The Hall-Mills case was bad. The immense enthusiasm over Lindbergh seems to have been useful. The Sacco and Vanzetti case was very remarkable indeed and had about it something that made people wonder whether there was not in it a revolutionary quality which made it comparable



to the famous case of the diamond necklace that preceded the French Revolution.

Sacco and Vanzetti have been executed, and it may be that that is the end of it. It may also be that it is not the end of it, but on the contrary a great emphasizing fact which secures the matter against being forgotten. One thing about the case may profitably be noticed. When Governor Fuller called upon Messrs. Lowell, Stratton, and Grant to examine the trial and report on it it seemed that he had solved the problem of allaying the doubts about the fairness of the trial and that the report of those committeemen, whatever conclusion they reached, would be accepted as just and conclusive and would allay the more important part of the disturbance in the public mind. The report said the trial was all right. It found no serious fault with anybody concerned with it except it said that the Judge had been indiscreet in some things he said out of court. The report did allay the disturbance of a good many minds, of some of them permanently, of others for a day or two; but when it had been duly discussed by the opposition, the objections to the trial and to the execution of the prisoners broke out as strong as ever, and the efforts to get a new trial for the convicted men or commutation of their sentence went on impetuously to the last moment of their lives. The feeling opposed to the report was that the committeemen simply represented the established order and saw everything with its eyes and reached conclusions that were foregone, not so much from the facts of the case as from the training and the habits of the minds that considered them. The committeemen believed one set of witnesses and disbelieved another. The assailants of the proceedings believed some of the witnesses whom the committeemen rejected, and the committeemen refused to rate as important facts which the assailants considered cast a shadow of doubt over the verdict. That shadow of doubt remained in many minds, and

pretty good ones as minds go, undispersed by that report. At this writing the shadow is still operative and is pretty sure to inspire further examination of the facts of that case and an effort to mend the criminal procedure in Massachusetts, with results possibly affecting criminal procedure in all other states.

One cause to which is attributed the immense noise about this case, and also about Lindbergh and about the Hall-Mills case, is the unprecedented efficiency for certain purposes of the contemporary publicity machine. As a dispenser of sensations it beats any machine that we know of. A large proportion of the strongest newspapers of the country are in a competition for readers. This makes them primarily attentive to such stories as the most readers will buy and inclines them sometimes to emphasize criminal news and scandals to the partial neglect of things, like the story of the Mississippi flood, which are much more momentous. That flood tale has only been half told, and not for the reason that newspapers are not willing to print it, but that newspaper readers preferred to read about something else—the something else usually being murders, holdups, and details of crime generally. It is nothing new that there are more readers for crime than for good behavior. There always have been. What is novel about the present times is that facilities for giving readers what they want have been so enormously developed, and that the advertising business, which is the life blood of current papers, depends so considerably on circulation.

CERTAINLY some of the murders make very interesting reading, and the more wicked and the more callous they are, the more interesting readers find them. Mere death by accident or motor car attracts little attention. In this morning's papers there was a heading about six men who were killed by a current of electricity that leaked into a wire they were working on. Will

that attract attention? Scarcely any! About seven thousand people a year are killed nowadays in the United States by motor cars. That does attract some attention by the number, but the individual case goes for little in the general news unless there is an element of crime connected with it. It may be, however, that these multiplied killings by accidents, which are incidental to the high speed of our mechanical civilization, help in a subtle way to undermine the respect for human life. Certain it is that homicide is appallingly common in this country at this time.

There is another thing that is increasingly common: disrespect and disregard for authority. Both of these factors were involved in the Sacco and Vanzetti case. The Italians were tried for murder. They had about as fair a trial as Massachusetts could give them and were convicted. There was only moderate interest in the killing but eventually an enormous interest in the trial. The theory grew under careful nursing that the Italians, being Reds, were being sent to the chair by the established order in Massachusetts which did not like their politics. It may be that seven years of delay used by good lawyers and an efficient publicity bureau for the diffusion of doubt about the justice of a verdict in a murder trial would destroy public confidence in any trial that was ever held. So far as that is true, the culprit in the Sacco case was the legal procedure in Massachusetts which made the long delay possible.

Most of the complaints about the Sacco and Vanzetti matter are based on the feeling that perhaps the convicted men were not guilty and that their execution was a miscarriage of justice. That feeling is set forth with unusual vehemence in some of the Radical weeklies. As to the fact of the innocence or guilt of those parties no one in sight knows absolutely; or if he does, he won't tell. There may be some persons who do know absolutely; for if five did the killing and three got away, as appears

to be understood, the three who got away and have not been recovered probably know the whole story. I talked to Silas Shacklepate about this idea that so many people have that possibly these executed men were not guilty of this crime of which they were convicted. Silas is a lawyer and possibly takes a legalistic view of such matters, though he is particularly strong about the duty of resisting some laws if we do not like them. He would have nothing to do with the suggestion that maybe the men were innocent. He had read the general literature of the case, particularly the reports of Governor Fuller and of his advisors. That was enough for him. He said that these men seemed to have had a fair trial and quite a lot of it, and there was no reason for letting them off. To let them off would amount to evasion of the laws of Massachusetts by the authorities chosen to enforce them. Silas does not believe in that. If laws are going to be violated he wants it done unofficially by volunteers who take chances in that adventure. The constituted authorities he considers under obligation to enforce the laws if they can.

He told a story of two judges, one a good deal younger than the other, walking up the street in conversation on the way to the elder judge's court room. When they reached it the younger man shook hands and said: "Good-bye! Go in now and do justice!" Whereupon the departing elder turned around: "Justice!" he said, "What has that got to do with my job?" Courts, said Silas, can't do justice, though they may happen to. It is not their job to do justice. Their job is to determine questions put up to them, according to the law as it exists or as they understand it. Eastern autocrats like Solomon might do justice, but imagine two women coming to one of our courts disputing over a child and one of our judges using Solomon's method to determine who was the real mother. It would not do at all.



No. The great function of courts is to provide order. They do it by making decisions according to law as it exists, which they interpret to the best of their ability. Silas, being satisfied that Sacco and Vanzetti had had a fair trial as trials go, adventured with their case no farther. "That is all you can do," he said. "You must not expect justice from courts. You may get it and you may not. When you come to court with a question, you get an answer. That is valuable. We could not get along without it. When a court has done its best, that is all you can ask. Take it and go."

That is a comprehensible attitude. Are you satisfied with it? Those people, not counting the Reds, who were so insistent that Sacco and Vanzetti should not be executed, were not satisfied with this point of view that Silas has. It was terrible to them to think that men should be executed about whose guilt there was a shadow of a doubt. The Eastern peoples accepted the fiats of their despots for better or worse. If they went against them, they set it down as fate. They had no newspapers to make a row in, no publicity machine; but they had to have decisions in their disputes or about their misbehaviors or the accusations made against them, and they took them as they came, and went on living if they were allowed to. That we clamor for "justice" may be a sign that we and our institutions are better than they and theirs are. I hope we are. But do the common run of us think that justice is done in court except off and on, or do we think that the man who gets it to suit him is usually the man who has the best lawyer?

Police-court justice is more like the Eastern type than that which is reached by the more elaborate proceedings in the higher courts. The police judge is more like a *cadi*. He takes in what is before his eyes, turns over everything in his mind, and takes action on it. But even police-court justice is liable to miscarriage. In the paper the other day there was a story of a man out of prison on

probation who got a little excited with bad rum, was impressed with the fact that the streets were dirty, seized a broom from a street cleaner's kit, and began sweeping the streets. The street cleaner complained of him for stealing his broom. He was taken to a police court; some Javert in the court recognized him as a man on probation, and what happened to that unfortunate man? The papers said he was to be sent back to Clinton Prison to serve out eleven years of his sentence—and all for borrowing a broom to sweep the streets!

My gracious! Do you notice that everybody who can afford it, and who is sufficiently scared, insures nowadays against the action of the courts, particularly in accident cases? They do not dare to take chances on motor-car accidents or on accidents that may happen to people whom they employ. They think that if they do they may be ruined overnight.

No, no! Justice is hardly got by law in this world. But this order that the courts are so instrumental in keeping is extremely valuable. Life adjusts itself to what the courts do, adjusts itself particularly to the need of keeping out of them. So there is no real basis for revolution in the Sacco and Vanzetti case; there may be basis for reforms in procedure, reforms, indeed, of the laws affecting criminal cases. If we are not even getting such justice as is possible, we surely should improve our methods. The old judge of whom the tale is told above was by no means careless of doing justice. The point was that he appreciated the limitations of his power to do it.

Perhaps it is the sun spots that have made us take all these things so hard. At any rate there are proceeding in these times curious, subtle changes of mental attitude about a good many things. We have considerably lost respect for law as law, thanks quite a bit to prohibition. We know that laws do not make right and wrong, but must conform to common human judgment about those matters if they are to be any good.



## Personal and Otherwise



**C**HURCH unity is a very pleasant thing to talk about, but is it in sober truth either possible or altogether desirable? Answering this question in the light of what happened at the Lausanne Conference, the Reverend *Herbert Parrish*, rector of Christ Church, New Brunswick, New Jersey, and author of many striking magazine articles, confronts the ecclesiastical world with some formidable facts and unsentimental conclusions.

*Wilbur Daniel Steele's* remarkable record in short fiction is familiar to most of our readers. During the past ten years he has been honored in the annual awards of the O. Henry Prize more frequently than any other writer. Recent *HARPER* stories of his, such as "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" (which gives its title to the newly published volume of his tales), "When Hell Froze," "Blue Murder," and "Bubbles," are vividly remembered. Not so many readers, however, are aware that Mr. Steele was an artist before he turned to writing. Born forty-one years ago at Greensboro, North Carolina, where his father, a distinguished Methodist minister, was then serving as principal of Bennett Seminary, Mr. Steele graduated from the University of Denver in 1907, came East to study at the Boston Art Museum, continued his studies in Paris and New York, and devoted, altogether, several years to art. When he began to write, it was at once apparent that he carried over into his new medium the artist's keen eye for the pictorial quality of a scene and the artist's sense of structure and emphasis. These and other gifts which his maturing years have added to his equipment have established him so firmly in the front rank of American writers that an eager welcome for his new five-part novel is assured.

The subject of honor among women is one which will enliven the deadliest dinner party

and disturb the calm of the happiest home. *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*, a Middle-Westerner now living in New York who identified herself last month as a feminist, new style, and previously wrote for us two articles on divorce ("The Ethics of Alimony" and "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce"), has been out with her lantern and now returns to display her evidence.

Beginning his business career at sixteen in a jewelry store in a country town, *Jesse Rainsford Sprague* spent many years as a salesman, went into business for himself in 1900 at Newport News, and later operated a retail business in San Antonio. During the past year, having retired from active business, he has drawn upon his wide experience and wider observation and thought to write several articles for *HARPER'S*: "Big Business on Trial," "The Go-Getter Abroad," "Confessions of a Ford Dealer," and "Religion in Business." This month he says some things about super-salesmanship and good taste which have long needed to be said. Let us hope the seed falls on good ground.

*Clarence H. Gaines*, one-time member of the editorial staff of *Harper & Brothers*, has been for some years professor of English at St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York.

A Westerner himself (he was born in Utah), *Bernard DeVoto* studied at Harvard, served for several years as a teacher of English at Northwestern University, and has now resigned his assistant professorship there and gone East to Massachusetts to write. He is the author of two novels, *The Crooked Mile* and *The Chariot of Fire*; he collaborated in *The Taming of the Frontier*; and he has written considerably for the magazines. We have published two essays of his, "College and the Exceptional Man" and "The Co-ed: The Hope of Liberal Education," as well as a story which appeared last August, "In Search of Bergamot."



**Gerald W. Johnson** wields for the Baltimore *Evening Sun* one of the ablest editorial pens in the country. He was for a time a professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina. Everybody who has ever been a professor has ideas for publication about American education, but few have so much to say that is both lively and worth hearing.

A new contributor, **M. W. Mountjoy**, of the *Detroit News*, sends us "Up Near Tawas" from the city upon which all good garage-men depend for their living.

One hardly knows what to believe about Italy these days. The careful newspaper reader is learning to look askance at almost every item of news from that country. This attitude of distrust would seem abundantly justified by the facts set forth by **George Seldes**, who was the Rome correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* until, as he recalls in his article, he was forced to leave Italy on account of the objection of the Fascist Government to certain of his dispatches. He is a brother of Gilbert Seldes, critic of the seven lively (and other) arts.

At this writing, **Anna Louise Strong**, an American newspaperwoman and a new contributor to HARPER'S, is presumably in Moscow. After observing conditions in China, she has been crossing the Gobi Desert, with Moscow as her ultimate objective.

The author of "The Great American Game," **Rollin M. Perkins**, is not only professor of law at the State University of Iowa, but also chairman of the Council on Wrongs of the Association of American Law Schools. For more than ten years he has made a special study of criminal law and criminal procedure. During that time his book, *Iowa Cases on Criminal Procedure*, has appeared in two editions and he has been retained by the State of Iowa to annotate the penal provisions of the Iowa Code of 1924.

**Libbian Benedict**, a young New York writer, makes her second appearance in HARPER'S with "The Apartment." Last February we published her story, "Engaged."

As statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, **Dr. Louis I. Dublin** has

at his elbow a wealth of facts, widely collected and accurately compiled, bearing upon the cost of medical service.

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**Charles A. Bennett's** usual door-mat is in New Haven, for he is associate professor of philosophy at Yale, but at the present moment he is on leave of absence in his native Ireland. **Edward A. Muschamp**, of Narberth, Pennsylvania, is a newcomer to the Lion's Mouth. **Philip Curtiss**, on the other hand, is as inveterate a contributor as Professor Bennett. Mr. Curtiss lives at Norfolk, Connecticut, in a house built by one of those Curtiss forebears with whose history Hootie was so well acquainted.

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**Frank Weston Benson**, whose etching, "Marsh Gunner," we reproduce as the frontispiece of this issue, had established himself firmly as a painter, had become one of the group of American artists known as "the ten," and had won innumerable prizes for his portraits and other work in oils before he turned much of his attention to etching and began the series of plates of ducks, geese, and hunting scenes with which his name is now most widely associated. Mr. Benson's deft water-colors—especially of fishing scenes in the north woods—are an additional proof of his versatility.

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The following paragraphs are copied from the proof-sheet of Freshman English material given to all first-year students at Pennsylvania State College:

This year the student, instead of providing himself, as heretofore, with a single volume of representative English essays for supplementary reading, is required to get and read eight issues of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. . . . A special arrangement has been made with the publishers and with the athletic store by which these eight numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE may be obtained. . . . The eight issues of HARPER'S will be used by the student throughout his Freshman year. Whenever a reading assignment is announced in the Calendar, the student is required to bring with him to class his current copy of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Why is this supplementary reading assigned as a part of the course, and how is the student likely to profit by it? This is a reasonable question and deserves a brief answer.

1. The student is expected to write standard English, and yet by actual reading and study of well-written English he has not become familiar with the standards and the requirements of the written language. His knowledge of standard English is likely to be hazy, fragmentary, and imperfect. His everyday use of the vernacular is so different from the literary language that he urgently needs example as well as precept to accomplish his purpose. Wide reading and extensive practice are both essential parts of the process of learning to write well.

2. The assignment of supplementary reading in a well-edited magazine will help the student to acquire the *reading habit*, which he will find indispensable to his success as an educated man. It is foolish and futile for anyone to suppose that he can become a student in any real sense without cultivating the reading habit. Reading will do quite as much as class work in stimulating his intellectual interests.

3. Such reading will also give him a helpful acquaintance with the different literary forms, with a variety of writers, with a stock of new ideas, and with the main currents of modern thought. Only thus can he keep in touch with human progress in art, letters, science—with those subjects and interests which are vital to the nation and the world.

It is for reasons such as these that a body of interesting current reading has been prescribed. It is hoped that the student will take this requirement seriously because of its reasonableness and its helpfulness.



A reader in Los Angeles sends us the following communication, accompanied by a newspaper picture of a judge showing "dainty Audrey Ferris" where to sign her name on a motion-picture contract:

The most recent development of what I might term judicial paternalism, such as Mr. Flynn's learned and illuminating article in the September issue discussed, has just now become operative in the California state courts. Ponce de Leon's quest of eternal youth was solved by motion picture magnates here when they obtained a legislative enactment which, conceivably, might extend nonage to, through, and beyond senility!

The Los Angeles *Times* reports that "heretofore

the legal incompetence of minors to make contracts to which they may be held has been a cause of uncertainty and considerable litigation in Hollywood. Juvenile actors have been signed up for a period of years, have been made famous by promotion work, and then have renounced their agreements in order to collect higher salaries elsewhere. To meet this situation the latest Legislature enacted a law providing that a minor's contract for dramatic work shall be binding if approved by a judge of the Superior Court."

So now we are to have legalized peonage in California, sanctioned by the imposing dignity of the Superior Court, and the juvenile actor who attains his majority and finds that in his nonage he was thrown to the wolves of cinemaland to make a celluloid holiday will face jail for contempt of court if he attempts to void the contract on the grounds of the common law rights descended to him through the ages.

It is to be noted that the beginning salaries offered juvenile actors by the motion picture industry are relatively small, while the increases under the terms of the contracts are optional with the producers. I have personal knowledge of one young woman who received \$150 a week under the terms of a producers' contract, and these same producers made a profit of \$850 a week from her services by "farming her out" to other producers for \$1,000 a week. Under this new law, she would be "stuck" for whatever period her contract happened to run. But in this particular instance, she voided the contract when she obtained her majority. And who would not?

There was an amusing interlude recently when a prize-fighter's manager attempted to place his juvenile "white hope" under contract, as provided by the new law, but withdrew hurriedly when he learned that his protégé would be limited to "dramatic performances." Personally, I can't see why he balked, for that's the only kind of prize-fighting we have in this state (or elsewhere) anyway!

I would thank you to convey to Mr. Flynn my thanks for the enjoyment I obtained in reading his masterly exposition of what I conceive to be a very serious problem. Our judicial oligarchy constitutes a serious and growing menace, and the sooner the facts are confronted the better for all concerned.



By way of comment on an article in the August issue, Dr. Joseph Blickensderfer, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, meditates upon the honesty of deans, and proposes a delightful educational innovation:



## EDITOR HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

Professor Boas's "Sonata Academica" is a delightful composition throughout, and also it gives one seriously to think. The andante movement was particularly interesting to me. It makes the Dean a liar, for he signs Jake Schmutz's diploma which states that Jake has satisfactorily completed the studies, and so forth. In so far as the Dean is concerned, his mendacity is his own affair; but all the fellows in the "frat," and probably many more, know what was done, and therein lies the far-reaching demoralizing influence of the crooked Dean. We all know the Dean's plea—we have heard variations aplenty on that theme; but the question that always comes up in my mind, clothed in the language of the wild West, is this: "Is Oralia a Philosophy Joint or a Bull Ring?"

I should like to suggest a remedy which I think would solve this whole problem, for it is a problem. My suggestion is this: Let there be in the University a College of Athletics. Admission thereto would be on examinations, muscular, nervous, circulatory, etc., with a very little of the three R's. The Curriculum would be almost entirely physical, with sufficient English (including Baseball English, Football English, Prize-Ring English, and other special dialects) to enable a graduate to read and understand a contract employing an instructor or professor of football, and to sign his name.

It seems to me that the advantages of this scheme are many and obvious. May I not point out one or two of them? A. The degree bestowed, say B.P.C., Bachelor of Physical Culture, would indicate quite clearly what the holder had done in college, just as another's A.B. or S.B. indicates what that other has done. Here one is tempted to indulge his imagination a little and see the

students "majoring" in boxing, baseball, tennis, or what not, and then taking post-graduate work and earning Master's and Doctor's degrees, which brings us directly to— B. The salary which a young graduate of such a college could command as a coach or instructor would certainly far exceed the income of a young A.B. or S.B., and think of the students, glory, and perhaps gate-money that he could send to his beloved Alma Mater!

Is it not worth considering?

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Occasionally it is pleasant to receive a note of good cheer which has nothing whatever to do with the contents of the Magazine and greets us, not as editors, but merely as human beings. The following, for instance:

MY DEAR EDITOR:

I hope you are well and enjoying this month that is so full of plenty. Is it not sad to think of "tears, idle tears"?

MRS. CALLIE W. STIFF.

We have never had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Stiff, but we salute her. In the corner of her postcard is written "Good Fortune." The same to you, Mrs. Stiff!

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Our friends may be interested to know that of this issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE we are printing 146,000 copies, 16,000 more than for the November issue of last year, which in turn was 10,000 more than for November, 1925.

